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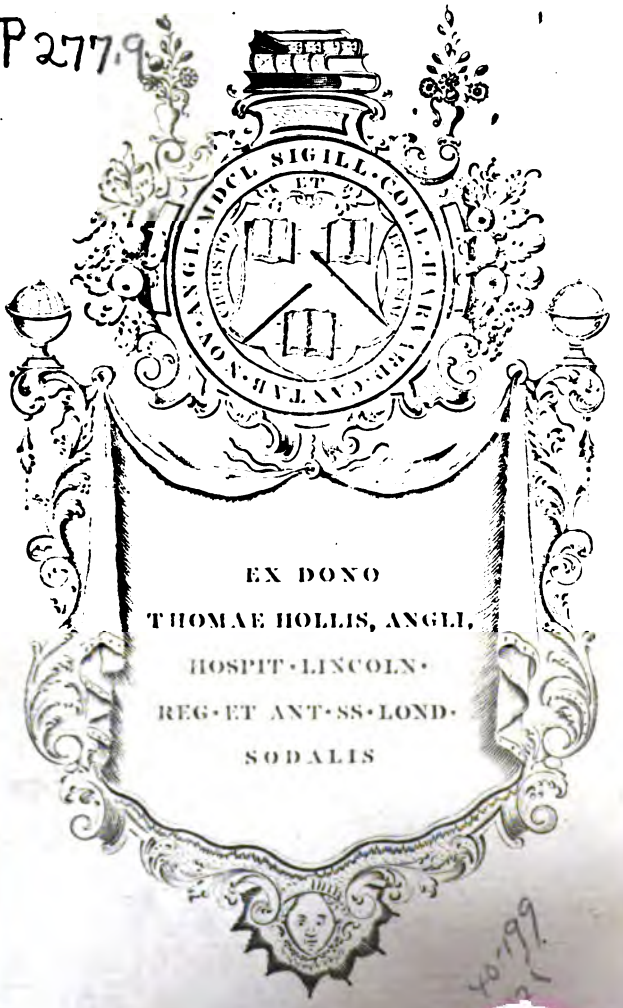

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THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

AND

BOSTON REVIEW.

CONTAINING

SKETCHES & REPORTS

OF

PHILOSOPHY, RELIGION, HISTORY,

ARTS AND MANNERS.

EDITED BY A SOCIETY OF GENTLEMEN.

Omnes undique flosculos carpam atque delibem.

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THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

JANUARY, 1808.

ADDRESS BY THE EDITORS.

FOUR years have expired since the first publication of the Anthology, and we have now commenced the fifth volume. It was originally undertaken by a society of gentlemen for their own amusement, and for the diffusion of literary taste. As it was begun without any sanguine expectations of success, the mortification of disappointment was precluded; and the proprietors, satisfied with a subscription sufficient to defray the expense of publication, have cheerfully continued their labours, without the prospect or desire of pecuniary remuneration.

They are fully sensible, that the Anthology has never been a favourite with the publick at large, nor were they ambitious of popularity; since they scorned to discuss the trifling topicks of the day, and to gratify the malice of tattling gossips with the little tales of private slander. But from the ablest pens in the United States they have received praise, more than enough to satisfy reasonable vanity, and from the liberality of their patrons, sufficient encouragement to induce them to persevere. Amongst the subscribers to the Anthology they may proudly boast of the first names in the country, of those most distinguished by political knowledge, general information, extensive learning, the integrity of their publick conduct, and the virtues of their private life.

Without promising improvements, which may not be realized, they may reasonably flatter themselves, that the future numbers of this work will not be inferiour to the former, as the literary labourers will be increased. It is their ambition to diffuse useful knowledge, and inspire a taste for literature among their fellow-citizens. If they should

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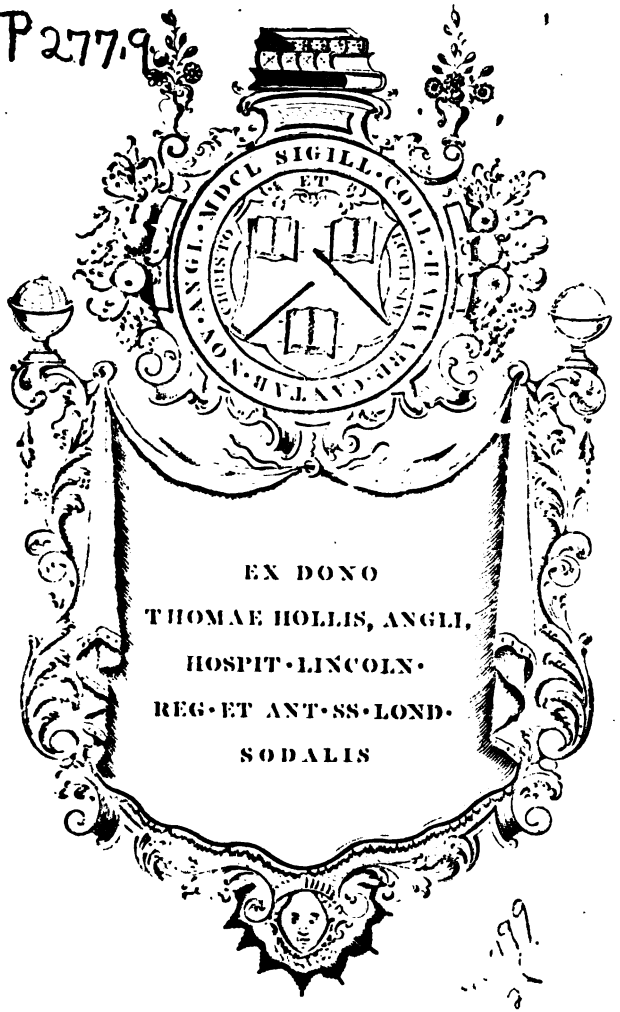

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a descent of stones, in the province of Bahar, made all possible inquiries into the circumstances of the phenomenon, among the Europeans who happened to be on the spot. He learnt, that on the 19th December 1798, at 8 o'clock P. M. a luminous meteor, like a large ball of fire, was seen at Benares, and in different parts of the country; that it was attended with a rumbling, loud noise; and that, about the same time, the inhabitants of Krakhut, fourteen miles from Benares, saw the light, heard a loud thunder-clap, and, immediately after, heard the noise of heavy bodies falling in their neighbourhood. Next morning, the fields were found to have been turned up in different spots, which was easily perceived, as the crop was not more than two or three inches above the ground; and stones of different sizes, but apparently of the same substances, were picked out of the moist soil, generally from a depth of six inches. As the occurrence took place in the night, and after the people had retired to rest, no one observed the meteor explode, or the stones fall; but the watchman of an English gentleman, who lived near Krakhut, brought him one next morning, which he said had fallen through the top of his hut, and buried itself in the earthen floor.

Several of the foregoing narratives mention the material circumstance, of damage done to interposed objects by the stones, supposed to have fallen on the earth. In one instance still more distinct traces were left of their progress through the air. During the explosion of a meteor, on the 20th August 1789, near Bourdeaux, a stone, about fifteen inches diameter, broke through the roof of a cottage, and killed a herdsman and some cattle. Part of the stone is now in the museum of Mr. Greville, and the rest in that of Bourdeaux. It is singular that this fact is not mentioned by M. Izarn,* nor by Vauquelin, although he examined a specimen evidently taken from the same stone, and received a *procès-verbal* of the manner in which it fell. We take the account from Mr. Greville's paper, (Phil. Trans. 1803. part I.); and he appears to have received it from M. St. Amand, Professor of Natural History at the Central School of Agen.

It is quite impossible, we apprehend, to deny very great weight to all these testimonies; some of them given by intelligent eye-witnesses; others by people of less information, indeed, but prepossessed with no theory; all concurring in their descriptions; and examined by various persons of acuteness and respectability, immediately after the phenomena had been exhibited. Without offering any farther remarks, then, upon this mass of external evidence, we shall only remind our readers of the main points which it seems satisfactorily to substantiate. It proves, that, in various parts of the world, luminous meteors have been seen moving through the air, in a direction more or less oblique, accompanied by a noise, generally like the hissing of large shot, followed by explosion, and the fall of hard, stony, or semi-metallick masses, in a heated state. The hissing sound, so universally mentioned; the fact of stones being found, unlike all those in the neighbourhood, at the spots towards

* *Des Pierres tombées du Ciel, ou Lithologie Atmospherique, &c. &c.* Par Joseph Izarn, Professeur de Physique, &c. Paris, De la Lain, fils. An. XI. (1803.) pp. 427, 8vo.

which the luminous body or its fragments were seen to move: the scattering or ploughing up of the soil at those spots, always in proportion to the size of the stones; the concussion of the neighbouring ground at the time; and, above all, the impinging of the stones upon bodies somewhat removed from the earth, or lying loose upon its surface—are circumstances perfectly well authenticated in these reports; and, when taken together, are obviously fatal to any theory, either of the masses having previously existed in the soil ready formed, and having been disclosed by the electrick fluid—or of their component parts having existed there, and having been united and consolidated by that fluid.

II. While the internal evidence on this question, that is, the inference arising from an examination of the stones themselves, agrees most harmoniously with the conclusion to which the narratives above analyzed force our assent, and greatly strengthens that conclusion, it also leads to a farther knowledge of the subject, than the mere external evidence could of itself have afforded us.

The reports from all those who observed the meteors, and found the stones in the neighbourhood, after the explosions, agree in describing those substances as different from all the surrounding bodies, and as presenting, in every case, the same external appearance of semi-metallick matter, coated on the outside with a thin black crust, and bearing strong marks of recent fusion. This general resemblance we should be perfectly entitled to infer from the various accounts of eye-witnesses, even if no more particular observations had been made by men of science, to whose inspection many of the fallen bodies were submitted. But fortunately a considerable number of these singular substances have been examined, with the greatest care, by the first chemists and naturalists of the age; and their investigations have put us in possession of a mass of information, capable of convincing the most scrupulous inquirer, that the bodies in question have a common origin, and that we are as yet wholly unacquainted with any natural process which could have formed them on our globe.

M. De la Lande appears to have examined the stones which fell near Bourg, in the province of Bresse, 1753, with some attention. He remarks their external coating of black vitrified matter, the metallick or pyritical threads interspersed through them, and more particularly the cracks filled with metallick particles. His chemical analysis is very meagre and unsatisfactory; but such as it was, its results, as well as the general observations of external character, corresponded with the inferences drawn by him from a similar examination of the stone which fell, in 1750, near Coutances, in Normandy, at the distance of three hundred and sixty miles from Bourg.

The external appearance of the three stones presented to the Academy of Sciences, as having fallen in different parts of France during the year 1768, was precisely the same. But Messrs. Lavoisier, &c. the committee appointed to examine them, performed the chemical analysis with much greater accuracy and fulness than M. De la Lande had done. That which fell in the Maine, and was presented by the Abbe Bachely, underwent the most careful process. It was

found to contain, of sulphur, 8½ per cent. ; iron, 36 ; vitrifiable earth, 55½. It must be remarked, however, that this decomposition was effected by means of experiments performed upon an integral part of the whole stone, considered as a homogeneous substance ; whereas, it is in fact a congeries of substances, which ought to have been separately analyzed. This consideration will, in part at least, enable us to account for the apparent discrepancy between the results obtained by the academicians and those of later experimentalists. Messrs. Lavoisier, &c. also examined particularly another stone, said to have fallen in a different part of France, and obtained very nearly the same results. The only difference was, that it did not give out sulphurated hydrogenous gas when acted upon by the muriatick acid ; a peculiarity distinctly observable in the other substance.

The description which Professor Barthold gives of the external character of the stone which fell near Ensisheim, in the fifteenth century, corresponds exactly with the descriptions given of these stones, and of the ores examined by M. De la Lande. The results of his analysis are somewhat different ; but he examined the whole heterogeneous compound, and not the parts separately. He concluded, that this mass contained 2 per cent. of sulphur, 20 of iron, 14 magnesia, 17 alumina, 2 lime, 42 silica. Mr. Howard has very justly remarked, that the Professor's own account of his experiments is at variance with the idea of lime being contained in the substance ; and that he has given no sufficient proof of the existence of alumina. It is also to be observed, that from the exceptionable method of analysis pursued both by Barthold and the academicians, the metallick particles were not examined with sufficient precision. The specifick gravity of the stones examined by the academicians was to that of water, as 3535 to 1000. The specifick gravity of the stone of Ensisheim, as tried by Barthold, was 3233 ; that of the stone examined by Gassendi (who saw it fall) was 14, common marble being 11 ; and, taking the specifick gravity of marble to that of water, as 2716 to 1000, the specifick gravity of the stone observed by Gassendi will be to that of water as 3456 to 1000. So near a coincidence between observations, made at such a distance of time, upon these various substances, cannot fail to strike us as very remarkable, and to prepare us for that fuller demonstration of their identity, which was reserved for the labours of our countryman Mr. Howard.

This excellent philosopher has elucidated the subject of our present consideration, by a course of experiments, as interesting and instructive as any that the science of chemical analysis can boast of. He fortunately obtained specimens of the stones, which fell in several very distant quarters of the globe ; the Benares, and in Yorkshire (as we have already described) ; near Sienna, and in Bohemia, according to evidence not altogether so satisfactory, as that upon which the other narratives rest.

He began his inquiries, very judiciously, by a minute examination of the external mineralogical characters of these four substances ; and in this part of his task he was indebted to the learning and expertness of the Count de Bournon. The substances were found to resemble each other very closely in their general appearances, and in

the nature of their component parts. The chief difference consisted in the different proportions in which the same component parts were combined, so as to form the aggregate of the heterogeneous masses. Their specifick gravities were nearly the same, unless that the abundance of iron in one of the masses caused a considerable increase of its gravity. It may contribute to the formation of a precise estimate, if we present, in one view, the results of the experiments made to measure the specifick gravities of the most remarkable specimens hitherto examined. The four last in the list were calculated by the Count de Bournon. The specifick gravity of water being 1000, that of the

Ensisheim stone is	3233
Gassendi's* ——	3456
Bachelay's† ——	3535
Yorkshire ——	3508
Sienna ——	3418
Benares ——	3352
Bohemia ——	4281

All the stones examined by Count de Bournon and Mr. Howard were found to consist of four distinct substances; small metallick particles; a peculiar martial pyrites; a number of globular and elliptical bodies, also of a peculiar nature; and an earthy cement surrounding the other constituent parts. It was only the stone from Benares that Mr. Howard could separate into its constituent parts, with sufficient accuracy, and in sufficient abundance, for a minute analysis of each. He found, however, that the nature of the metallick particles was the same in all; they were in each case an alloy of iron and nickel. In the pyrites of the Benares stone, nickel as well as iron was detected; and the easy decomposition of the pyrites by muriatick acid, in all the specimens, afforded a distinguishing character of this substance. The globules in the Benares stone contained silica, magnesia, and oxides of nickel and iron; the earthy cement consisted of the same substances, very nearly in the same proportions. In the other stones these globules could not be easily separated from the cement and pyrites. Mr. Howard, therefore, after freeing the aggregate as well as possible from the metallick particles, and several of the globules, was obliged to satisfy himself with analyzing the heterogeneous mass. Still the composition appeared wonderfully to agree with that of the basis and globules of the Benares stone; as the following Table, collected from Mr. Howard's experiments, and reduced to the parts of a hundred, will clearly evince.

	Oxide of Nickel.	*Oxide of Iron.*	*Magnesia.*	*Silica.*
Stone from *Benares* { Globules	2.5	34.	15.	50.
Stone from *Benares* { Cement	2.5	34.	18.	48.
—— *Yorkshire.* Basis, *i. e.* earthy cement, with some globules, and the pyrites deprived of its sulphur	1.3	32.	24.6	50.
—— *Sienna.* Basis.	2.	34.6	22.6	46.6
—— *Bohemia.* Basis.	2.7	42.7	17.2	45.4

* Found in Provence.

† Found in the Maine.

About the time that Mr. Howard was engaged in these interesting researches, and before he had published the result of them, M. Vauquelin happened also to be occupied with the very same subject. He analyzed, though by a different process, the Benares stone, and two others which fell in 1789 and 1790 in the south of France. The results of his experiments agreed with those of our distinguished countryman in every particular; and we are now entitled to conclude, with perfect confidence, that the stones, that have at different times fallen upon the earth, in England, France, Italy, and the East-Indies, are precisely of the same nature, consisting of the same simple substances, arranged in similar compounds, nearly in the same proportions, and combined in the same manner, so as to form heterogeneous aggregate whose general resemblance to each other is complete. We are further warranted in another important inference, that no other bodies have as yet been discovered on our globe, which contain the same ingredients; and, more particularly, that the analysis of these stones has made us acquainted with a species of pyrites not formerly known, nor any where else to be found.

The general analogy between these stones and the masses of native iron found in different parts of the world, was too striking to escape the eminent inquirers who have investigated this subject. They resemble each other in their external character, though not by any means so closely as the stones: but in one circumstance of their chemical composition they have a remarkable similarity, both among themselves, and towards the stony substances. M. Proust, a considerable time before the date of Mr. Howard's discoveries, had proved that the enormous mass of native iron found in South America, contained a large portion of nickel in its composition. Mr. Howard was led to the same conclusion by analyzing another portion of this body; and he found that the solitary masses discovered in Siberia, Bohemia, and Senegal, contained a mixture of the same metal with iron, though in various proportions. The Bohemian iron is an alloy, of which nickel forms eighteen parts in the hundred; in the Siberian iron, it forms seventeen; and in the Senegal iron, five or six. But what is still more striking, and tends to place the similarity of their origin beyond all doubt, the Siberian mass is interspersed with cavities, containing an earthy substance of the very same nature, as the earthy cement and globules of the Benares stone; nay, the proportions of the ingredients, according to Mr. Howard's analysis, are nearly alike, if we except that of the oxide of iron, which is considerably smaller in the Siberian earth. This curious fact excites the strongest prepossession in favour of the idea, that the Siberian iron owes its origin to the same causes, which formed and projected the different stones supposed to have fallen on the earth: and, coupled with the other details of the analysis, it naturally leads us to conclude, that the masses of native iron, as they are called, differ in no respect from the metallick particles, or the alloy of iron and nickel, which constitute one of the four aggregate parts in every stone hitherto examined.

It may be remarked, that, excepting the tradition of the Tartars respecting the fall of the Siberian iron from heaven, no external evidence has been preserved to illus-

trate the origin of those masses of native metal which have been analyzed by chemists. A tolerably authentick testimony has, however, been lately found to prove the fall of a similar body in the East-Indies. Mr. Greville has communicated to the Royal Society (Phil. Trans. 1803, pt. I.), a very interesting document, translated from the Emperour Jehangire's Memoirs of his own reign. The prince relates, that in the year 1620 (of our æra), a violent explosion was heard at a village in the Punjaub, and, during the noise, a luminous body fell from above on the earth. That the aumil (or fiscal officer) of the district immediately repaired to the spot where the body was said to have fallen, and finding the ground still hot and burnt up, caused it to be dug; when the heat increasing, he at last came to a lump of iron violently hot; that this was sent to the court, where the Emperour had it weighed in his presence, and ordered it to be forged into a sabre, a knife, and a dagger; that the workman reported it was not malleable, but shivered under the stroke; and that it required to be mixed up with one third part of common iron, when the mass was found to make excellent blades. The Royal historian adds, that upon the incident of this *iron of lightning* being manufactured, a poet presented him with a distich, purporting that, 'during his reign, the earth attained order and regularity; that raw iron fell from lightning, and was, by his world-subduing authority, converted into a dagger, a knife, and two sabres.'

The exact resemblance of the occurrence here related, in all its essential circumstances, to the accounts of fallen stones formerly detailed, and the particular observation upon the unmalleable nature of the iron, give, it must be confessed, a very great degree of credibility to the whole narrative, and bestow additional weight on the inference previously drawn from internal evidence, that the solitary masses of native iron, found in different quarters of the globe, have the same origin with the stones analyzed by Vauquelin and Howard.

We have now gone through the whole evidence, both with respect to the circumstances in which these singular bodies are found, the ingredients of which they are compounded, and the outward appearance and structure which they exhibit: we are now to consider the inferences respecting their probable origin, which this mass of information may warrant us to draw.

Independent of the distinct negative which the external evidence gives to any such conclusions, we are fully entitled to deny that these bodies are formed in the ground by lightning, or existed previously there, both from their exact resemblance to each other in whatever part of the earth they have been found, and from their containing substances no where else to be met with. It cannot surely be imagined, that exactly in those spots where fire, of some unknown kind, precipitated from an exploded meteor, happened to fall, there should exist certain proportions of iron, sulphur, nickel, magnesia and silica, ready to be united by the heat or electricity. Still, less conceivable is it, that, in every such fall of fire, those ingredients should first combine, by twos and threes, in the very same manner, and then that the binary and ternary compounds should unite in similar aggregates. But, least of all is it reasonable to suppose, that bodies

formed in the earth should, upon being dug up, be found enveloped in a crust different from the rest of their substance, and bearing evident marks of having undergone the action of heat in contact with the air.

The same unquestionable resemblance which prevails among all these bodies, and, still more, the peculiar nature of the pyrites which they contain, prove very clearly that they have not a volcanick origin. Even if such an hypothesis were liable to no other objection, it would be inadmissible on this ground, that we know of no volcano that throws up so small a portion of matter, and so uniformly of the same kind. But though we were to admit the existence of this volcano, where must we place it, that its eruptions may extend from Bengal to England, France, Italy, and Bohemia; nay, from Siberia to Senegal and South-America? And if we are forced to admit the existence of a series of such volcanoes, which are known to us only by these peculiar effects of their eruptions, do we not acknowledge that we are compelled to imagine a set of causes, without any other foundation for our belief in them, than our occasion for their assistance in explaining the phenomenon? In short do we not account for one difficulty, by fancying a greater? But if it is alleged that the stones come from volcanoes already known, we demand, what volcano exists in the peninsula of India, or in England, or in France, or in Bohemia? And if it is said that these bodies are projected by Hecla, Ætna, &c. to all manner of distances, we must ask, whether this is not explaining what is puzzling, by assuming what is impossible? It is surely much better to rest satisfied with recording the fact, and leaving it under all its difficulties, than to increase its wonders by the addition of a miracle.

The same remark may be extended to those, who have fancied that the constituent parts of the stones exist in the atmosphere, and are united by the fire of a meteor, or by the electrick fluid. We have no right to make any such hypothesis. We have never seen iron, silica, &c. in the gaseous state. These bodies may, for ought we know, be compounds of oxygen and azote or hydrogen, &c.; but as yet we have no reason to think so. Besides, he who amuses us with this clumsy and gratuitous explication, will probably account for every other phenomenon by a similar process of creation: He may, with equal plausibility, conceive the earth to be formed by a union of burnt gases, and then cover it with vegetables, and people it with living creatures, by a few more conflagrations and explosions. Such, however, is the theory most heavily expounded by M. Izarn—spun, with tiresome and unprofitable industry, into cobwebs, which touch every fact, without catching it—and enveloping in the mist of general logical positions, which faintly conceal the fundamental postulate—an entire act of creation.

From the whole, we may safely infer, that the bodies in question have fallen on the surface of the earth, but that they were not projected by any volcanoes, and that we have no right, from the known laws of nature, to suppose that they were formed in the upper regions of the atmosphere. Such a negative conclusion seems all that we are, in the present state of our knowledge, entitled to draw. But an hypothesis may perhaps suggest itself, unincumbered by any

of the foregoing difficulties, if we attend to the following undoubted truths.

As the attraction of gravitation extends over the whole planetary system, a heavy body, placed at the surface of the Moon, is affected chiefly by two forces; one drawing it towards the centre of the Earth, and another drawing it towards that of the Moon. The latter of these forces, however, is beyond all comparison greatest at or near the Moon's surface. But as we recede from the Moon, and approach to the Earth, this force decreases, while the other augments; and at one point between the two planets, these forces are exactly equal—so that a heavy body, placed there, must remain at rest. If, therefore, a body is projected from the Moon towards the Earth, with a force sufficient to carry it beyond this point of equal attraction, it must necessarily fall on the Earth. Nor would it require a very great impulse to throw the body within the sphere of the Earth's superiour attraction. Supposing the line of projection to be that which joins the centres of the two planets, and supposing them to remain at rest; it has been demonstrated, on the Newtonian estimation of the Moon's mass, that a force of projection moving the body 12,000 feet in a second, would entirely detach it from the Moon and throw it upon the Earth. This estimate of the Moon's mass is, however, now admitted to be much greater than the truth; and upon M. De la Place's calculation, it has been shewn that a force of little more than one half the above power would be sufficient to produce the effect. A projectile, then, moving from the Moon with a velocity about three times greater than that of a cannon ball, would infallibly reach the earth; and there can be little doubt that such forces are exerted by volcanoes during eruptions, as well as by the production of steam, from subterranean heat. We may easily imagine such cause of motion to exist in the Moon, as well as in the Earth. Indeed, several observations have rendered the existence of volcanoes there extremely probable. In the calculation just now referred to, we may remark, that no allowance is made for the resistance of any medium in the place where the motion is generated. In fact, we have every reason to believe, from optical considerations, that the moon has no atmosphere.

A body falling from the Moon upon the Earth, after being impelled by such a force as we have been describing, would not reach us in less than two days and a half. It would enter our atmosphere with a velocity of nearly 25,000 feet in a second; but the resistance of the air increasing with the velocity, would soon greatly reduce it, and render it uniform. We may remark, however, that all the accounts of fallen stones agree in attributing to the luminous bodies a rapid motion in the air, and the effects of a very considerable momentum to the fragments which reach the ground. The oblique direction in which they always fall, must tend greatly to diminish their penetrating power.

While we are investigating the circumstances that render this account of the matter highly probable, we ought not to admit one consideration, which lies wholly in the opposite scale. The greater part of these singular bodies have first appeared in a high state of ignition; and it does not seem ea-

sy to conceive how their passage through so rare a fluid as the atmosphere could have generated any great degree of heat, with whatever rapidity they may have moved. Viewing as we do, the hypothesis of their lunar origin as by far the most probable in every other respect, we will acknowledge that this circumstance prevents us from adopting it with entire satisfaction. And while we see so many invincible objections to all the other theories which have been offered for the solution of the difficulty, we must admit that the supposition least liable to contradiction from the facts, is nevertheless sufficiently exceptionable, on a single ground, to warrant us in concluding with the philosophical remark of Vauquelin, 'Le parti le plus sage qui nous reste á prendre dans cet etat des choses, c'est d'avouer franchement, que nous ignorons entierement l'origine de ces pierres, et les causes qui ont pu les produire.'

If, however, a more extensive collection of accurate observations, and a greater variety of specimens, shall enable us to reconcile the discrepancy, and to push still farther our inquiries into the nature of the new substance, a knowledge of the internal structure of the Moon may be the splendid reward of our investigations. And while the labours of the Astronomer and Optician are introducing new worlds to our notice, Chemistry may, during the nineteenth century, as wonderfully augment our acquaintance with their productions and arrangement, as she has already, within a much shorter period, enlarged our ideas of the planet which we inhabit.

For the Anthology.

NOTICE OF GRIESBACH'S EDITION OF THE NEW-TESTAMENT, NOW PRINTING AT CAMBRIDGE.

We are extremely glad to find that proposals are issued for printing at the University press, Griesbach's edition of the Greek Testament, with a selection of the most important various readings. The edition from which the American is to be exactly copied, was published at Leipsick in the year 1805, under the inspection, we understand, of Dr. Griesbach himself, and by its size is intended for common use. His large critical edition in two thick vols. royal octavo (commonly called the duke of Grafton's edition) is not so convenient for academies and schools, or for the daily reading of theological students, as it is for reference on the shelves of the library. This large edition is also extremely scarce, and cannot now be procured even in England, except at a price which few of our clergy can easily afford. After the theological world had waited impatiently for the second volume of this standard edition, as soon as it appears, it is found that first volumes cannot be obtained; so that a complete set of this valuable Testament is hardly within the reach even of the few, who know how to prize so laborious a work. We consider the publishers of this small edition as rendering a great service to the studious and pious portion of the community, by placing within the reach of every student and especially of ministers, a pure text and

select reading, of the Greek Testament.

Dr. Griesbach's accuracy, fidelity, and industry are well known to the learned in every part of Europe. He is a Lutheran by profession, and orthodox it is said in his religious opinions; but he has no where discovered in his few alterations of the received text the slightest bias, or want of impartiality. Marsh, the learned commentator on Michaelis, and now Margaret professor of divinity at Cambridge, loses no opportunity of praising his unwearied labours of more than thirty years in this kind of criticism, his scrupulous exactness, and above all the fairness with which he has quoted authorities, and the unbiassed judgment he has discovered in his decisions on the relative value of readings. His principles of criticism are to be found stated and justified in the Prolegomena to his critical edition, which we have mentioned above, & are very nearly the same with those adopted by Wetstein his great predecessor. But Dr. Griesbach's edition derives a value superiour to every other, from the more accurate collation, which has been made in late years of some of the most important manuscripts, from the discovery and examination of many others unknown to Mill and Wetstein, from the aids which biblical criticism has received from the various labours of the learned in the last half century, and more especially from the great discovery, which Dr. Griesbach has sufficiently substantiated, of the division of MSS. in families, or as he terms it *recensiones*. Those who wish for full satisfaction on all these subjects, may consult Michaelis's introduction, as it is enriched with the notes of Marsh, and the Symbolæ Criticæ and other works of Dr. Griesbach.

It is also proposed, if this commodious edition should meet with the expected encouragement, to publish a supplementary volume, which shall contain an English translation of Griesbach's Prolegomena to his large critical edition, and the authorities, extracted from this, for every departure which he has made from the received text, and for every reading, which, tho' he has not ventured to insert it in the text, he considers of equal authority to the received. Perhaps also some other treatise or extracts may be added, calculated to awaken a curiosity, diffuse a taste, or promote a knowledge in biblical criticism.

There can be no doubt, that every man who feels a due respect for the sacred oracles, and especially every clergyman who must take them for the ground of his publick instructions, will be solicitous to have them in the purest form, in which they can be obtained by the aid of sober and accurate criticism. Enthusiasts in classical literature spare no labour or expense to obtain correct texts of the immortal authors of Greece and Rome; and shall the most valuable of all ancient writings, the books of the New Testament, be more incorrectly edited than the works of Homer and Virgil? No man would read his Homer or his Virgil in a common sixpenny edition picked up at a stall, if he could use the standard edition of Heyne; and is it of less importance that the word of God should be studied in its most correct state?*

* The following extract from Griesbach's Prolegomena, contains this sentiment eloquently expressed. "Cæterum quidquid ad sacri codicis integritatem tuendam, puritatemque textui sa

For the Anthology.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

From an American Traveller in Europe to his Friends in this Country.

LETTER THIRTEENTH.

Naples, Dec. 31, 1804.

MY DEAR SISTER,

It has been observed with great justice, that the modern Italians, though they fall very far short of their ancestors in the nobler qualifications and traits of character, yet have many points in which they still strongly resemble them. These particulars, very interesting in the history of the human character, as they serve to shew the permanent and irresistible force of habit, shall be hereafter the special subject of a letter. In no one trait do they more strongly resemble their ancestors than in their extravagant fondness for extensive palaces and magnificent villas. Rome, its environs, and indeed all Italy, were filled anciently with palaces and villas. We do not recollect a single great man, who had not, in the later periods of the Roman history, his country seats, his baths, and often his private theatre. The same rage still prevails among the Italian nobility, though undoubtedly more limited in consequence of their poverty. Almost every pope has ennobled, enriched, and aggrandised his family. Every great palace or villa belongs to some noble family, which traces a pope in its line of ancestry. These villas and palaces are in many points superiour to those of any other nobility, or even of any monarchs Europe. Paul V. was the founder of the illustrious house of *Borghese*. This family possesses an extensive palace and two villas, which on the whole may be considered as the most interesting at Rome. An Italian palace or villa, in point of dimensions, architecture, and ornaments, is an object of admiration; but there is a want of neatness, comfort, and taste in some parts of them, which renders them infinitely less pleasing than those of the English nobility. The Palais Borghese is situated on a fine street, leading from the Piazza d'Espagna to St. Peters. It is, like almost every Italian palace, a large quadrangular building, each of whose several sides cannot be less than 200 feet in length. You enter under an arch, made through one façade of the palace, into a vast court yard of perhaps 100 feet square. This court yard is surrounded with corridors, under which you pass, secured from the weather, to the different parts of the building. The whole lower floor is usually devoted to stables, coach-houses, and other offices, and is, as you would conceive from the habits of a filthy people, in a state extremely offensive to the senses. The Palais Borghese is, however, an exception to this rule; it is more neat, and its lower rooms are devoted to the gallery of paintings.

There are in this palace about fifteen or twenty apartments, kept always open to the visits of stran-

gers, and regularly attended by a concierge, to whom you pay a trifling compensation. In each room you find a printed catalogue of the paintings, which are all numbered, and you pass round and admire or censure at your leisure. Your catalogue is your companion; your taste your guide. I do not know the number of original paintings in this palace, almost all of which are however by the first masters; but, as I recollect no room with less than forty in it, there must be at least one thousand fine originals.

Every body enjoys these luxuries more than the owner. His habitation is aërial, perhaps in the third or fourth story; and I have little doubt, that, though surrounded with this rich banquet of genius and talent, which his pride will not let him dispose of, he often dines on soup meagre for want of *funds*. I do not mean that he literally wants bread, but I am assured that these princes are often in want of a guinea to pay their debts.

The house of Borghese, however, will probably be provided for. The young prince has lately married the widow of general LeClerc, the sister of the emperour Napoleon. To the Bonaparte family he *brought* rank, palaces, and the richest treasures of painting and sculpture; and he only demands in return a little Spanish or Neapolitan gold, which twenty thousand French troops can at any time command.

I understand that young Borghese is a very stupid, silly prince; but as his wife has talents, at least for the theatre of love, and *fraternal* assistance, *his* want of talents is of no moment.

As the Palazzo Borghese is the most splendid of the Roman palaces, so the Villa Borghese is the most distinguished of the country seats in the Roman territory. It is a very large and elegant seat, laid out with great taste, in a style between that of the French and English pleasure grounds.

Decorated with fountains and jettes d'eau, in which the Romans excel all the world, ornamented with artificial lakes, temples, and ruins, shaded by groves, and laid out in walks, sheltered by lofty hedges, it boasts more magnificence, and affords more variety than any thing of the sort I have met with in Europe. The Romans indeed have a great superiority over all the rest of the world in this species of decoration. They can erect statues of heathen gods, and of illustrious men; they can distribute temples and ruins, without offending taste, or violating probability.

What an absurdity would it be in our country to erect the ruins of a Roman temple, when our history excludes the possibility of such a fiction! If we would adhere to probabilities, we should confine ourselves to wigwams and beaver-dams, instead of ruined palaces or shattered theatres.

The moderate nature of the Italian climate is equally favourable to delicious retreats of this nature. Their hedges are composed of the Laurustinus, now in bloom, of the laurel and the myrtle. The box and myrtle put forth their leaves and flower buds in December, in this climate, and are in flower in January and February.

When you peep through the hedges, you see the orange sinking down under its golden burden, and the citron arrests your attention by its fragrant perfume.

No place in the world unites all these charms in a higher degree than the Villa Borghese. It has a

fine carriage road throughout its extent, and it is very liberally thrown open to the publick for a promenade.

The palace of this villa is as superb as its grounds are enchanting. Of an imposing magnitude, richly decorated with antique bas-reliefs in the front, its exteriour gives you some promise of the noble feast within. Nine elegant rooms on the basement story, whose pillars, floors, and even wainscots are of the richest marble, of infinite variety, are laid open for the display of the finest exhibitions of sculpture existing in any *private* cabinet in the world.

I shall not attempt to describe them ; many excellent remarks have been made on them by Dr. Moore, but there are a few, which I cannot refrain from noticing.

There is a Grecian bas-relief, though of a Roman subject ; Curtius on his horse, leaping into the chasm to save his country. This is executed in marble. The expressions of terrour in the attitudes and countenance of the horse, and of despair in that of Curtius, are inimitably fine.

There are three pieces of statuary of Bernini, who lived about a century since, and who is therefore classed with the moderns, but whose works are, I think, equal to those of any ancient artist. The first is David with his sling, and his hand drawn back in the attitude of immediate attack ; his countenance is severe ; anger is inimitably expressed, but I think, with *many others*, that it is deficient in dignity ; it is the anger of a mean mind ; it is not the soul of David, commissioned, as he must have felt himself to be, by the God of battles ! The anatomical accuracy of this statue, and its attitudes, appear to me fine. The second is Æneas, in the act of bearing off his father, with the little Iülus by his side. It is a tender, pathetick story, but I do not think that Bernini has rendered it as touching as he might. But his third piece makes ample amends for any trivial defects in the other two. The subject is one of Ovid's ; the flight of Daphne, and the pursuit of Apollo. The sculptor has chosen the moment when the god of musick and of light had overtaken the Nymph, and when she was to spare her disgrace, converted into a tree. The attitudes of both figures are enchanting. Her uplifted hands are already springing into leaves, and the tender feet are striking roots into the earth. Nobody would have conceived that marble could so well have expressed this singular mythological fable. The *connoisseurs of our party* give this piece a preference, in some respects, to even the Apollo di Belvidere, or the Venus di Medici, at Paris.

A group is undoubtedly more interesting than a single figure, and Bernini has here had it in his power to unite the beauties of both the Apollo and the Venus ; in addition to which he has contrived to shew his skill in the representation of the Metamorphosis.

In this admirable villa there are also the celebrated Seneca, dying in the bath, too exquisitely done. Death, with all his horrours, is too accurately described by the faithful chisel. The beautiful Hermaphrodite, lying on a couch ; the fighting Gladiator ; the Centaur conquered by Cupid, are all chef d'œuvres of Grecian artists. On the whole, I can say without enthusiasm, that had there been no other palace at Rome but that of Borghese, I should have thought myself amply repaid for the visit.

But I much question, whether we derive more pleasure from this superabundance of beauties, than if they were more limited in number. We should visit them oftener, and have more correct, definite, and stronger impressions.

I shall leave the description of the Palais Doria, Giustiniani, Barberini, Aldobrandini, Medicis, and Ludovis, till my return, and shall now take my leave of Rome, to introduce you to wonders of another species; to smoaking mountains, and flowing lava; to boiling springs, and excavated hills; to sulphurous exhalations, and mephitick vapours. You will pardon me, if my letters *smell* too strongly of these topicks, for I consider myself writing upon volcanoes, and rambling over subterraneous fires.

Adieu.

For the Anthology.

REMARKER, No. 29.

——'And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wished not to control.'

The expressions, applied to particular classes of our sentiments and emotions, have the form of solecism. The effect of certain objects and representations upon the feelings is described in phrases of a paradoxical structure. It is called melancholy satisfaction, and soothing melancholy, pleasurable pain and painful pleasure, the joy of grief, agreeable sadness, and delightful woe. By those, who are unused to the 'melting mood,' or who think it worthy of their wisdom and dignity to guard themselves, and of their benevolence to guard others, against the weaknesses of fancy and feeling, this language is not heard with any great respect or sympathy. They are inclined to suspect it, as delusive or hurtful, or deride it, as a species of refined jargon. It cannot be denied, that phraseology of this kind is frequently the vehicle rather of vanity, than of tenderness; the cant of an ill-directed, ill-governed, and factitious sensibility, and wayward imagination, rather than the dictate of unadulterated nature, or the mirrour of just perception. On the other hand, it must be admitted that these and similar expressions allude to real phenomena of human nature. They are not ill chosen to picture those states of the mind, which have a tinge of sadness, and are yet agreeable; in which pleasure and pain are blended, but in which pleasure prevails. They indicate something, to which the soul is conscious, solemnized, and affected by the objects of religion, softened by contrition, and bowed by humility, but cheered by hope, and exalted by the spirit of devotion. They answer to that grief for departed loveliness and worth, which is mellowed by time, and chastened by resignation, but which delights to hold in affectionate remembrance the buried friend or child. The heart-aches, that belong to the tender passion in its less violent symptoms, are thought to be rightly denominated pleasing pains. There is a luxury in the indulgence of

that soft and elevated melancholy, which is widely different from gloom or malevolence; which is serious, yet affectionate; which sometimes prefers the stillness of solitude, and the murmur of the woods, to 'towered cities,' and the 'busy hum' of men; the sober-suited night to the 'gairish day;' which readily vibrates to the tones of sorrow, and yet has an ear for the song of gladness:

'There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
That wings the soul, and points her to the skies.
When tribulation clothes the child of man,
When age descends with sorrow to the grave,
'Tis sweetly soothing sympathy to pain;
A gently wakening call to health and ease.'

The expressions, we have recited, have respect to our sympathies with distress, real or imagined. It is believed to be a law of our mental frame, that in certain circumstances we shall derive pleasure from affecting objects and representations. The origin of this pleasure has been a subject of speculation; for curiosity is necessarily interested to disentangle it from its apparent complications; and the moral character of human nature is in some measure involved in the result of the inquiry. The Remarker invites his readers to join him in a brief examination of this part of our constitution. They may find that light is reflected from one of the dark sides of our nature; and see a new proof of benevolence in the author of our frame; who has placed an ally of the unfortunate in the strong holds of self-love, and ordained that 'pleasure shall be raised from the bosom of uneasiness.'

We are affected at the sight or representation of fellow beings affected. We suffer to a certain extent in their sufferings. It cannot be supposed that exhibitions of misery are in themselves grateful; that sobs and groans regale our ears, and spectacles of woe feast our eyes. If this ever happen with any, it must be with those only, who are under the operation of the most dark and malignant passions. Yet experience and observation prove, that men in general have some disposition to converse with misfortune, and find a pleasure in being moved with objects of distress. I shall remark on the fact, and the cause; shall sketch the natural history of our sensibility to the sufferings of others; and trace the origin of the pleasure apparently found in compassionate, sympathetick feelings, excited by the presence or the representation of human beings in situations difficult, trying, and calamitous.

The aptitude to be moved by the emotions, and to suffer with the sufferings of our fellow beings, is expressed in a variety of terms and phrases. It is called rejoicing with those who rejoice, and weeping with those who weep. Sympathy is used to indicate the state of our feelings, when we enter into their painful sensations. We are inclined to feel for all that feels, or that is intimately associated with what is sensitive. An inanimate object is regarded with interest on account of its connexion with something animated. A staff, which has been long a companion of our walks, is prized with a sentiment like affection. A dwelling, which has been a home, the seat of our best enjoyments, is forsaken with regret. Ruins, are objects of sentiment, calling back the mind to the days of other years, and seeming conscious to the actions

of the mighty dead. The power of strong passion to convert things inanimate into sympathising beings, is evinced by the personifications of poetry. In elegiack verses the trees, and fountains, and rocks are described as sharing the griefs, which the muse bewails. Few persons are wholly indifferent to the sufferings of the brute creation. The joy of the chase, celebrated with so much enthusiasm in hunting songs, is not espoused by the pitiful so strongly, as the fear and anguish of the animal flying from its pursuers. Many an eye has been moistened at the catastrophe of the 'high mettled racer,' and all readers of Virgil and Lucretius enter with fellow feeling into those passages, where they describe, the one the sorrow of a steer for the loss of his fellow, and the other the affliction of a cow deprived of her calf.* The dead, considered as cut off from every agreeable appearance of nature, every loved connexion of life, and shut up in the cold and dreary tomb, are viewed with pity, though reflection teaches us that these sad associations exist only in our minds. We feel for those, who are insensible to the circumstances that raise our emotion. The dubious prospects of the unconscious infant, deprived of its parents; the gaiety of the maniack, 'laughing wild,' excite compassion. The sympathy, of which we are treating, is the fellow feeling, which we have with a being like ourselves, in situations of distress or under painful perturbations of mind. We are said to harmonise with his condition and feelings; to make his sensations in a greater or less degree our own; to adopt his emotions. We see, hear, or imagine his misery, and our souls are attuned to correspondent vibrations.

The mode, the expressions, the degree, and the attractiveness of this sympathy, are diversified by a multitude of causes within and without us. The effect is much determined by the manner, in which the suffering is presented to our attention; whether by sight, by the report of an eye-witness, by the plain narrative of the historian, or the high-wrought fiction of the novelist; whether it appear in the tones of musick, in painting, sculpture, and statuary; in the descriptions of poetry, the pathetick addresses of eloquence, or in dramatick writings and exhibitions. In the efforts of art to raise emotion the success must vary with the skill and dexterity, which are exerted; and depends on the conformity of the characters, the incidents, the sentiments, and language; the intonations, looks, gestures, and attitudes to nature and truth. Numerous other circumstances are known to influence the direction and force of the sympathetick affections. The activity of the imagination, and sensibility of the heart, and delicacy of the temperament, are concerned in the impression made by scenes of woe. Some persons are too stupid to comprehend any sorrows, but their own. They witness and learn disasters with serenity undisturbed, as 'Dutchmen hear of earthquakes in Calabria.' This dullness of the imagination, which feels only what is presented to the senses or fixed in the memory, and makes no combinations of its own, is thought to 'account in part for the effect which exhibitions of fictitious distress produce on some persons, who do not discover much sensibility to the calamities of real life. In a

* Beattie's Essays, p. 182.

novel or a tragedy the picture is completely finished in all its parts, and we are made acquainted, not only with every circumstance on which the distress turns, but with the sentiments and feelings of every character with respect to his situation. In real life we see, in general, only detached scenes of the tragedy; and the impression is slight, unless the imagination finishes the characters and supplies the incidents that are wanting.' There is a cold, unfeeling temperament, an icy hardness, whose pulse never throbs with tender sensations. Others are as much too easily moved. They have a morbid delicacy, which may well make them wish to avoid the sights and sounds of misery. A readiness to be affected by images of sorrow is a characteristick of the female heart. When was woman ever wanting in compassion? Connexion with ourselves, our private affections, our interests, and experience, has a necessary influence upon this class of feelings. 'He jests at scars, who never felt a wound.' 'He talks to me,' says the weeping mother, 'he talks to me, who never had a son.' In the near relations of life, our sympathy with others is often identified with personal suffering. What they feel we feel, perhaps without the mitigations and supports, which they experience, and in a greater degree than they. Selfishness, in its different forms, is an antagonist of compassion. Pride keeps us at a distance from vulgar and inelegant distress. Avarice hardens the 'mind against the compunctious visitings of nature,' though it will allow us to weep at artificial misery, which does not need a friend. The gaiety of disposition, or the selfishness of temper, that often accompany prosperous fortunes, or a dissipated life, are at variance with a sentimental, participating heart. Accustomed to live for self-gratification, their affections begin and end at home. They have few of those feelings, which prompt us to claim kindred with the fallen and the unhappy. Shall the tear of pity dim that eye, which is kindled with joy? Shall the gloom of sympathetick sorrow be allowed to gather on minds, which good fortune enables to dwell in the day-light of perpetual cheerfulness? Shall he, who is intent on pleasure, turn aside from his pursuit to behold a sight of distress? Shall the soft indolence of his mind be disturbed by images of misery; or the noise of his mirth be interrupted by the cries of affliction? If he must contract acquaintance with misfortune, let it be only the mimick sorrow and fictitious woe of tragedy and romance, which it will cost him no pain nor trouble to compassionate. There is a laughing tribe, who cannot be expected to be very pitiful. So long as they have no affliction of their own, they retain a constant disposition to wit, humour, and ridicule, to the comedy and farce of life. It has been said of this temper, 'that a certain degree of vanity, or light pride, is necessary to feed and support it; and though it is never, perhaps, allied to dark envy or atrocious malignity, it is never entirely free from a share of sordid selfishness; for as the perpetual smile of gaiety can only flow from the heart, which is perpetually at ease, it can only flow from *that*, which carries the ingredients of perpetual ease always within itself; and these are affections, which never diverge far from its own centre.'

Novelty, education, custom, fashion, habit exert their influence on

this part of our constitution. When the revolutionary scaffold in Paris was daily smoking with the blood of its victims, the spectacle lost its interest with the people. The monster, Robespierre, who then governed, in the latter days of his power, is said to have procured the condemnation and execution of nine young and beautiful girls, who presented a chaplet to the Prussian commander at Verdun, merely to 'rouse the wearied attention of the populace by a more affecting exhibition.' The events of Europe, and especially in one country of it, for the last sixteen years, consisting of a succession of crimes and horrours, of civil massacres, and bloody wars, have operated by excess of stimulus to impair the sensibility of mankind. Age debilitates the feelings; and the professions, which occasion a familiarity with sufferings, tend to convert the humanity, which at first was instinct and emotion, into principle and habit. The rude vulgar know nothing of refinements of feeling, which belong to the cultivated. Customs and manners increase or diminish the susceptibility. Roman gentlemen and ladies enjoyed the fights of gladiators in the bloody arena.

The opinion of merit and propriety always enters into our sympathies. Selfish, frivolous, and excessive sorrows, unbecoming the character of the subject, whether real or feigned, indicative of pusillanimity or atrocity, we refuse to partake. In real life we revere and love those persons, who appear to feel much for others, and little for themselves; who are at once affectionate and humane, patient and magnanimous. These are some of the properties and operations of our sympathetick feelings. Are these feelings ever productive of pleasure? What is the cause of this pleasure? What is their value and use in respect to character and enjoyment?

For the Anthology.

SILVA, No. 35.

Silva rerum & sententiarum comparanda est.——CICERO.

GARTH.

THE *Dispensary* of Garth, though deservedly celebrated and much read at the time of its appearance, has of late been much neglected. This is naturally the fate of all works, which treat of temporary topicks. Hence an author, who writes for immortality, will always select such subjects, as will be interesting to posterity. The following lines from the poem above mentioned I have never seen quoted. They are excellent, and speak the language of philosophy, uninspired by revelation, on an important subject, in terse and musical numbers.

'To die, is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
The wise, through thought, th' insults of death defy,
The fools through blest insensibility.
'Tis what the cowards fear, th' unhappy crave,
Sought by the wretch, and courted by the brave.
It eases lovers, sets the captive free,
And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.'

ANOMALIES

will exist in language, as well as in nature. The rules of a language must be supplied by itself; and the si volet usus of Horace answers a thousand objections of half-learned criticks. Priestley says, 'The word *means* belongs to the class of words, which do not change their termination, on account of number; for it is used alike in both numbers.' Campbell, who, in grammar, is a yet better authority, is of the same opinion. 'No person of taste,' he remarks, 'will, I presume, venture so far to violate the present usage, and conquently to shock the ears of the generality of readers as to say, *By this mean, by that mean.*' Even Webster is ashamed to contend for such phrases. Yet one half the lawyers and clergymen of this metropolis are continually labouring to reduce this noun *means* to the obedience of common law. Let them turn to Lindley Murray, who adduces examples against them from fifteen authors of the first celebrity. In vain, therefore, am I told, that *means* and *amends* were once trained among regular troops, when I know that they now are enlisted in the corps of dragoons; and that in that service they have been honoured with the commands of Addison, Atterbury, Blackstone, Burke, Pope, Swift, and other literary heroes of the same rank.

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BURKE AND LAHARPE.

It is not a little curious, though not perhaps surprising, that Burke, the earliest of the anti-revolutionary enthusiasts in England, and Laharpe, the most eloquent of the anti-jacobins in France, should have seized upon precisely the same image, to depict the unnatural odiousness of the worst of those factions, which successively exercised the democratick tyranny of the revolution. The celebrated letter to the duke of Bedford was written in 1796. Who remembers not the following passage? 'The revolution harpies of France, sprung from night and hell, or from that chaotick anarchy, which generates equivocally "all monstrous, all prodigious things," cuckoo-like adulterously lay their eggs, and brood over, and hatch them in the nest of every neighbouring state. These obscene harpies, who deck themselves, in I know not what divine attributes, but who in reality are foul and ravenous birds of prey (both mothers and daughters) flutter over our heads, and souse down upon our tables, and leave nothing unrent, unrifled, unravaged, or unpolluted with the slime of their filthy offal.'

Laharpe, at the re-opening of the Lyceum in the year 1794, after the fall of Robespierre, delivered a discourse, conceived in a style of splendid, indignant, exulting, and vehement eloquence, which is hardly inferiour to the philippicks of Demosthenes, and not unlike the declamations of Cicero against Antony. No man in France, and except Burke in Europe, had then dared to speak in such a tone of energetick indignation of what Laharpe then first called the *reign of monsters*. We have translated the following passage. He has been speaking of the intrusion of the ignorant and brutal creatures of Robespierre at the meetings of the Lyceum. 'In one word,' says Laharpe, 'this irruption of our tyrants, to overawe and pollute the peaceful festivals we here enjoy, can be represented only by one of those fabulous inventions, which enable the mind to conceive of those that are real, (by the creation

of imaginary monsters.) In the present instance the justness of the resemblance must atone for the hideousness of the objects compared. It must be permitted us to make use of images, which are faithful, though somewhat disgusting. Of these men we cannot speak without polluting language, as they have polluted human nature, and I wish that our language were as flexible in its tones as that of Virgil, when he described the harpies ; that it might present you a picture of those hideous, filthy, and voracious animals, coming with their shrill cry, their infectious plumage, their hooked claws, and fetid breath, pouncing upon the banquet of Eneas, and besmearing with their excrements the meats, the table, and the guests, before they carried away their prey into the air.' Burke has quoted the original in a note.

'Tristius haud illis monstrum, nec sævior ulla
Pestis, et ira Deûm Stygiis sese extulit undis
Virginei volucrum vultus ; fœdissima ventris
Proluvies ; uncæque manus ; et pallida semper
Ora fame.'

—

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY is better known as a friend of Elizabeth's and patron of Spenser, than as a favourite of the muses. His pastoral romance called the *Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia*, contains, together with much quaint, punning prose, many specimens of verse in different measures, some of which are not destitute of harmony, sprightliness, and wit. There are few probably, who ever read the whole of the Arcadia. It would require as much patient perseverance, as to labour through the pages of Ossian : but the reward would be greater. Sir Philip attempted hexameter, pentameter, sapphicks, &c. He had his share of taste ; but the English language had not then acquired that flexibility, nor that harmony of combination, which have been exemplified by poets since his time. Many of his pastoral pieces are highly poetical in thought and figure, even when destitute of the melody of later bards.

The following lines, framed for the Echo, and intended for hexameter, will shew the impotence of our language when arrayed in dactyls and spondees :

'Eccho, what doe I get yielding my sprite to my grieves ? Grieves.
What medicine may I find for a griefe that drawes me to death ? Death.
O poisonous medicine ! what worse to me can be than it ? It.
In what state was I then, when I tooke this deadly disease ? Ease.
And what maner a mind that had to that humour a vaine ? Vaine.
Hath not reason enough vehemence the desire to reprove ? Prove.
Oft prove I ; but what salve, when reason seekes to be gone ? One.
Oh ! what is it ? what is it that may be a salve to my love ? Love.
What doe lovers seeke for, long seeking for to enjoy ? Joy.
What be the joyes which for to enjoy they went to the paines ? Paines.
Then to an earnest love what doth best victorie lend ? End.'

In his songs and sonnets, his sapphicks and anacreonticks, Sir Philip was not wholly unsuccessful. They exhibit more of the poetry of fiction, than of the harmony of numbers ; and more happiness of thought, than gracefulness of expression. The lover may here quaff to his full, and present delicious draughts to his mistress. The cultivator of romance may find in Arcadia something fit for every soil ; and the heroes and heroines, swains and lasses, though accustomed to wan-

der in its groves, may be transplanted to any climate by the skilful hand of fiction.

—

SIMPLE SONGS.

THE decay of simplicity in our songs and ballads has given me great uneasiness. Those beautiful compositions, whose authors never proudly aimed at description and sentiments above the comprehension of the lovelorn cookmaid and romantick hostler, are now seldom heard. That most delectable offspring of untutored nature '*the Caledonian maid*' now rarely visits our fashionable circles; but her place is filled by other Scotch lassies of Burns, or by *Exiles of Erin* or *wounded Hussars*. But the writer of that song will forever receive the benedictions of the most numerous class of readers, and of hearers, who are unable to read, for bringing terms of art and abstract science into his humble work, adapted, like our popular geographies, *to the level of the lowest capacities*. With unequalled pathos he explains the reason, why she could not express the '*innate cause*' of her sorrow.

'Ere reason form'd her tender mind,
The virgin learn'd to love:
Compassion taught her *to be kind*,
Deceit she was above.'

How many amorous maids, pierced by the shafts of the unrelenting god, before their tender minds were fortified by reason, will view in this mirrour a perfect reflection of their own unhappy features; where once inanity of mind stared through unfixed eyes, and shed a cheering simper on the face, now clouded by doubts and deformed by jealousy.

But the most charming effusion of simplicity, uncontaminated by thought, in language impressive and perspicuous by frequent iterations, is the divine ode, called '*the blue bells of Scotland*.' Here is no refinement of sentiment, or involution of expression: all is instantly intelligible, and to this κτημα ες αει the sublimest homage will constantly be paid by the lover of *pure naturals*. The phrase has perhaps never been used in this sense before. It means, verse unburthened by that weight of sense, which destroys simplicity, restrains imagination, and vitiates sentiment.

In imitation of this ballad, the favourite bantling of the muses, I have attempted a new song in the same strain of simplicity, and it may be warbled with equal passion by the cowherds of the country.

1
O where and O where is your little piggy gone?
O where and O where is your little piggy gone?
He's gone across the fields,
In search of nuts to roam,
And 'tis O in my heart I wish him safe at home.

2
In what dress in what dress was your darling piggy clad?
In what dress in what dress was your darling piggy clad?
His nose adorn'd with iron,
His neck a yoke it had.
And 'tis O in my heart I love him like my dad.

3
Suppose and suppose that your darling pig should die?
Suppose and suppose that your darling pig should die?
The bassoon should play over him,
I'd set me down and cry.
And 'tis O in my heart I hope he may not die.

I sometimes flatter myself, that this may supersede the original; but let not the unknown author of the '*blue bells*' regard me with envy, for I confess, that whatever of sublimity, of ease, of dignity, of

forcible description, of simplicity and irresistible pathos, is found in this effusion, it is all drawn from his fountain.

Perhaps some carping rival may object, that the illustrious subject of my ode is not cloathed in all his proper habiliments.

> His nose adorn'd with iron,
> His neck a yoke it had.

But the first article is intended to excite in the mind an exalted opinion of the hero's courage, as the second must of his patience. Besides, I may urge, that my noble predecessor, in arraying his '*Highland laddie*,' has mentioned only his bonnet and waistcoat; and surely nobody can suppose, that so great a personage wore no other dress, however unprotected his countrymen are usually described.

In the adaptation of musick for the funeral dirge I may have been unsuccessful; but this must be attributed to our ignorance of what might be most agreeable to the illustrious shade. The bassoon was selected as nearly resembling the melody of the departed pig.

Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite, Graii,
Nescio quid majus nascitur Piggiade.

PUBLICK SCHOOLS.

The system of thought and action, the character, manners and acquirements, which the young will possess at their entrance upon active life, depend in no small degree upon causes, which our wisdom cannot see nor foresee, nor our power control. Much however depends on human endeavours. These endeavours constitute education. Education is conducted in families and schools. Domestick care is a most powerful agent in the formation of character. Men of great authority have given to instruction in the family, where this instruction can be obtained, the preference over the common places of publick education. They have maintained, that, under the eye of a parent and private tutor, morals would be more secure, and diligence insured, and improvement effected by avoiding the neglect arising from the confusion and hurry of a large school. On the other hand it has been replied, the partiality and indulgence of the family, prove, in general, greater impediments to morals and improvement, than any contagion or neglect incident to the assemblage of numbers in one place; whilst many important advantages belong exclusively to publick schools. In these the pupil is aided by system. From sympathy and imitation he acquires the spirit of order. Here compulsion and correction are employed. The learner is stimulated by rivals and assisted by friends. Honour and shame exert their whole force, and society gives animation both to his studies and pastime. Comparing his acquisitions with those of others, he estimates them less by his vanity, than by the standard of truth. Living on terms of equality with his fellows, he gains a manly and generous disposition: and he is preserved from that insolence and pride, which the solitary pupil, who is the chief object of attention, is prone to indulge.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF MRS. MONTAGU.

Mrs. Montagu to Mrs. W. B.

Chaillot, Sept. 19, 1776.

DEAR MADAM,

'I had the pleasure of receiving your obliging letter from the hands of a very lively polite French lady. Who she is I cannot learn, for at Paris every body does not know every body as at London. Miss G—— and I were going to step into the coach with an intention to pass one night at Paris; but I changed my scheme, and insisted on Madame C—— staying the evening: she has travelled a great deal, and is very amusing. I have called twice at her door, but did not find her at home; she wrote me a very obliging note to express her regret. I do not know whether I mentioned to you, that I was disgusted with the noise and dirtiness of an hotel garni. I had the best apartments in the best hotel at Paris. In my drawing-room I had a fine lustre, noble looking-glasses, velvet chairs; and in my bed-chamber a rich bed with a superb canopy. Poets and philosophers have told us, that cares and solicitudes lurk under rich canopies, but they never told us, that at Paris les punaises lie concealed there; small evils it may be said, but I assure you as incompatible with sound sleep, as the most formidable terrours or the wildest dreams of ambition. I did not rest well at night, and in the day for the few hours I was chez moi I did not enjoy that kind of comfort one feels at home, so I was determined to have an habitation quite to myself. I got a pretty small house at Chaillot with the most delightful prospect; it was unfurnished, so I hired furniture. I had not brought house linen, but I found a Flemish linen-draper; then I composed my establishment of servants; I have of English, French, Italians, Germans, and Savoyards; they cannot combine against me, for they hardly understand one another, but they all understand me, and we are as quiet and orderly as possible. I was not ten days from the time I hired my house before I inhabited it. I made use of it at first as an house to sleep in at night, and to visit from in the day, but I soon found out that it was an house in which one might dine and ask others to dinner. I got an excellent cook, who had lived with the Prince of Wirtemberg, and have since had duchesses, and fine ladies, and learned academicians, to dine with me; and I live a la mode de Paris, as much as if I was a native. I have usually only a pair of horses; but when I go to visit, or any where at a distance, the man of whom I hire them furnishes me with six and a postillion, so that I have all manner of accommodations.

I placed the boys and Mr. B—— at a French school, half a quarter of a mile from hence, where they have an opportunity of talking French all day, as well as learning it by rule. If they had been here, the boys must have been continually with servants, for my nephew being too old for a plaything, and not yet a man, it would have been impossible to have introduced him into company. A little child is the prettiest of animals, but of all companions, to be sure a human being before it is at years of rational discourse is the worst, except for those who have a parental

affection for them; and though I think it no shame to own I have a wonderful delight in my nephew, whom I have, in a manner, brought up, I should be very absurd to expect other people should take more pleasure in my nephew, than I do in their nephews: nor do I think the conversation of mixed society very good for children. Things are often thrown out in a careless imperfect manner, so as to be very dangerous to young minds: as indigested food fills the body, indigested opinions do the mind, with crudities and flatulencies; and perhaps there is not any place where a young person could be in more danger of being hurt by society than at Paris. Till I had conversed so intimately with the French, I did not imagine they were so different from us in their opinions, sentiments, manners, and modes of life as I find them. In every thing they seem to think perfection and excellence to be that, which is at the greatest distance from simplicity. I verily believe, that if they had the ambrosia of the gods served at their table, they would perfume it, and they would make a ragout sauce to nectar: we know very well they would put rouge on the cheek of Hebe. If an orator here delivers a very highly adorned period he is clapt: at the academy where some verses were read, which were a translation of Homer, the more the translator deviated from the simplicity of Homer, the more loud the applause: at their tragedies an extravagant verse of the poets and an outrageous action of the actor is clapped. The Corinthian architecture is too plain, and they add ornaments of fancy. The fine Grecian forms of vases and tripods they say are triste, and therefore they adorn them. It would be very dangerous to inspire young persons with this contempt of simplicity, before experience taught choice or discretion. The business of the toilette is here brought to an art and a science. Whatever is supposed to add to the charm of society and conversation is cultivated with the utmost attention. That mode of life is thought most eligible, that does not leave one moment vacant from amusement: That style of writing or conversation the best, that is always the most brilliant. This kind of high colouring gives a splendour to every thing which is pleasing to a stranger, who considers every object that presents itself as a sight and as a spectacle; but I think would grow painful if perpetual. I do not mean to say, that there are not some persons and some authors, who, in their conversation and writings, have a noble simplicity; but in general there is too little of it. This taste of decoration makes every thing pretty, but leaves nothing great. I like my present way of life so well, I should be glad to stay here two months longer; but to avoid the danger of a winter sea and land journey I shall return, as I intended, the first week in October.

I had a very agreeable French lady to dine with me to-day, and am to dine with her at Versailles on Sunday. As she is a woman of the bed-chamber to the Queen, she was obliged (being now in waiting) to ask leave to come to me; the queen, with her leave, said something very gracious concerning the character of your humble servant. The French say so many civil things from the highest of them to the lowest, I am glad I did not come to Paris when I was young enough to have my head turned.

We are going to sup with a most charming Marquise de Dufants, who, being blind and upwards of four score, is polite and gay, and I suppose we shall stay till after midnight with her. I hope to contrive to get a peep at you in my journey through Kent.

Miss G—— desires her best compliments. I have sent you a copy of Voltaire's saucy letter on a translator of Shakspeare's appearing at Paris: he was very wrath. Mr. Le Tourneur, whom he abuses, is a very modest ingenious man. Voltaire is vexed that the French will see how he has often stolen from Shakspeare. I could have sent you some very pretty verses that were made on your humble servant and Miss G——; but I think satire is always more poignant than praise, and the verses on us were high panegyrick.

I am, Dear Madam,
Your affectionate Sister and Friend,
and faithful humble Servant,
E. Montagu.

For the Anthology.

OBITUARY.

In the decease of the aged we see nothing peculiarly alarming. It awakens indeed a sentiment of melancholy, and induces a train of serious meditations. We deplore the vanity of our nature at its best estate, and the rapidity with which its glory declines, though shining to the age of fourscore years. When idleness, dulness, and ignorance are carried to the place where there is no work, device, nor knowledge, we submit without a sigh. Or when ambition and vice, those scourges and scorpions of the earth, are palsied by the coldness of death, we exult in the decrees of a righteous God. But resignation to the will of heaven is mixed with far different sensations, when youth, and beauty, and talents, and virtue are consigned to the tomb. It is, therefore, with no common regrets, that we here record the death of Winthrop Sargent, A.B. which happened on the 11. inst. in the 25th year of his age. He had those advantages of person and education, which were suited to attract the notice and conciliate the kindness of the world. He was young, and he had all the ardour, enterprize, and hope, which the young naturally possess. He had wit, which made him terrible to dunces; but as it was seldom barbed with the severity of ridicule, and as it never was indiscriminately hurled, it endeared him to the lovers of humour. He had fancy and taste, of which his poem, entitled 'Boston,' is no unfavourable specimen: it was published in 1803, when he left the University, and has received the commendation of respectable criticks. He had learning; and his habits of diligence promised richly to increase his stock. He had travelled, not to partake of the corruptions of foreign countries, or imitate their follies, but to improve the health as well of his mind, as of his body, and to render himself a more enlightened and useful being in his native community. He had morals, without which the strongest intellects and the most splendid acquisitions, instead of diffusing light and comfort around them, cause nothing but darkness and distress. He had benevolence,

and it was in an overplied exertion of generous sympathy that he laid the foundation of that disease, which long wasted and finally consumed him. He was, lastly, happy in the midst of affluent friends, and on the eve of an union with whatever can impart a charm to prosperity and consolation in sorrow.

In penning this tribute to the worth of an amiable young man, and in expressing the various grief which his loss occasions, we are impelled by something more than motives of ordinary justice. For nearly two years past, the deceased was an associate in the literary toil of maintaining this publication. Previously, indeed, to this period, he had not unfrequently contributed to its support; and his sprightly and elegant aids were the more valuable, as they were always undertaken without apology, and furnished without delay.

We bid him adieu with a mixture of tranquil and painful reflections. We reflect with gratitude that he lived not in vain; that he gave somewhat to the illumination of the publick and the refinement of his age, more to the emulation and improvement of his coevals, and most of all to the joy and satisfaction of those, with whom he was connected by bands of consanguinity and love. But the scholar laments, that such a portion of mind, in such a friend of the Muses, is thus early extinguished. Fraternal affection has received a wound, not easily to be staunched. A parent mourns the loss of much filial tenderness, and a thousand blasted expectations. And more afflicted than these is the widowed heart, which, with unutterable anguish, though with pious submission, remonstrates to its Maker, 'Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness.'

POETRY.

From Fawcett's Poems.

....

TO A ROBIN,

Whose nest had been taken out of the author's garden, where it had been accustomed to build.

SPARE thy reproach, thou more than tongue,
That little, lively eye!
It was not I that stole thy young;
Indeed it was not I.

With pleasure equal to thine own,
I've watch'd thy tender brood;
And mark'd how fondly thou hast flown
To bear them daily food.

Nor e'en than thine with less delight,
I look'd and long'd to see
The first attempts of infant flight,
With patience taught by thee.

And now that restless thou dost rove,
And with sad note repine,
Think not, lorn mourner, that I prove
A pang less keen than thine.

Ah, base were he, whose hand could stain
Fair hospitality,
With act so foul as thus to pain

Pursue me not from spray to spray:
How shall I teach my tongue
Some sound that may to thee convey,
I did not do thee wrong?

Oh, that I knew, sweet innocent,
The language of thy kind;
Or could some lucid sign invent,
Fitting thy feeble mind!

This spot indignant do not quit:
Thy confidence replace;
And here with generous trust commit,
Once more, thy tender race.

For here thy young have oft before
Securely spread the wing;
Oh grant my shades one trial more,
Here pass one other spring.

Meanwhile this comfort I will take,
Not long thy woes shall last:
All hearts but man's soon cease to ache:
Thy griefs shall soon be past

For him, whose hand hath broke thy rest,
Be this his curse through life;
A mind, by the mild muse unblest,
Base care and vulgar strife.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR

JANUARY, 1808.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. PLIN.

ART. 1.

Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Vol. IX. Boston, Munroe & Francis. 8*vo. pp.* 284. 1804.

THE close of one year, and commencement of another should remind us of all omissions and delinquencies, as well in fulfilling our dues, as in performing our duties. The enforcing of those moral obligations, which the season suggests to us, as immortals, or of those pecuniary adjustments, which it recommends to us in the relative concerns of business, belong not to this department of our miscellany. As reviewers we may just remark, that it was our purpose to have terminated the last volume of our labours with clearing off all arrearages, to have balanced all accounts current, and to have commenced a new series of articles, with a new ledger. This we now effect with the society, whose publication is under review. In the progress of our four years' business, we have disposed of eight parts of their consignment, in some good measure to the approbation of our own consciences for integrity, however we may have dissatisfied them, for a want of punctuality, or a too moderate estimate of their commodities. We can only add, that we shall be glad to attend to their future commissions, and tender them the customary salutations. To them, as applies to their future productions, and to all our literary customers, we cordially 'wish' that the 'new year'—'felix faustum que futurum.'

The first article of the Collections, now under review, is a continuation of the 'Ecclesiastical history of Massachusetts.' This most interesting subject is here pursued with great candour, with much deep attention to facts and principles, and the inferences are just and useful. The manner has an originality, peculiarly apposite to the narrative of such times, and the biography of such men. Many passages are interspersed of truly classick elegance. A more methodical arrangement, and a stricter attention to chronological order, would help the memory, and make it more convenient for a book of reference. A copious index will remedy the inconvenience, if any arise to readers in general, from a too desultory collocation. The period, embraced in this section of our ecclesiastical history, may be stated as about twenty years, say from 1629 to 1648 or 50. Within this space were included the settlement of churches at Dorchester, Boston, Charlestown, Newtown, Salem, Watertown, Glouces-

ter, and Woburn; the famous controversies with Roger Williams and Mrs. Hutchinson; and the two first synods. These, together with incidental difficulties and occurrences, form the ground-work of this paper; and the curious inquirer will find in *most of them*, satisfactory information, and on all, the best and completest which can be obtained, from any one publication. A few extracts will at once afford a sample of the entertainment to be found here, and we doubt not excite an eager desire and quick relish for a full repast.

'The fathers of Massachusetts, Winthrop, Dudley, Johnson, and others, who came over in the Arabella, will not be denominated very rigid puritans by those, who read their address upon leaving their native country. In this they show their affection and esteem for the Church of England. We must suppose they were upright; and that they did not contemplate making such a separation, as took place when they reached these shores, and joined their brethren, who had been laying out the settlement. The words of their letter evidently mark their resolution never more to be under the galling yoke of Episcopacy; still they had a great respect for the doctrines of the church, nor did they make particular exceptions to their manner of worship.' *p.* 10.

'Our fathers were the offspring of the old non-conformists, such as did *not* deny the Church of England to be the true church; but that they retained the essentials of faith and order; yet they could not content themselves to live under the wing of the Episcopal government. When they came to America they only complained of the ceremonies; but very soon after they cherished prejudices against the discipline and government thereof; and attempted to form churches according to their ideas of the primitive method, or the pattern described in the word of God, and practised by the apostles, evangelists, pastors, and teachers, mentioned in the sacred history. Their intentions were good, though they might be mistaken in some points. "We of the congregation kept a fast,* (says governour Winthrop,) and chose Mr. Wilson teacher, Mr. Nowel elder, Mr. Gager and Mr. Aspinwall deacons. We used imposition of hands, but with this protestation by all, that it was only as a sign of election and confirmation, not of any intent that Mr. Wilson should renounce his ministry he received in England." Mr. Neal of London, who is another of our historians, says, that Mr. White preached the sermon at Mr. Wilson's ordination; that Mr. Wilson was then chosen pastor, who, though ordained minister of the church of England, submitted *to a re-ordination* by the imposition of hands, such as the church invited to pray for a blessing on his labours.' *p.* 12.

'The church of Charlestown divided the latter part of this year, and a part settled Shawmut. Particularly Mr. Isaac Johnson, who built a house on a spot, which is now considered as a most eligible situation, and then was called Tremontaine, from three hills approximating each other. It retains the name of Tremont-street, and is an elevation which commands very beautiful surrounding prospects. Mr. Johnson was the husband of the lady Arabella, who died at Salem, and was doubtless one of the most amiable of women. He was a very popular character, of a generous, noble spirit, much interested in the settlement of the country, and, on his death-bed, rejoiced that his eyes had seen the promised land. He was buried in the ground, since called the Chapel burial-place; and as others died, they desired their bodies might be laid near him. It is natural to wish that the kindred dust may mingle, though many think it a weakness, who are very rational and cold in their conceptions; but it is something like a sentiment of the heart, and must certainly influence where there is a glow of the social affections.' *p.* 19.

'Many of the present generation with justice smile at the absurd account of Mrs. Hutchinson, related in Winthrop's Journal; but the report at the time obtained general credit. It came from a distance, and there were none to contradict it. The prodigies and strange events, mentioned by ancient historians of the first name, do not des-

* August 27, 1630.

troy the general belief of their writings. In the pages of Livy and Plutarch the grossest absurdities are mingled with that luminous narration of truths, which constitutes the excellency of their history. Is it any wonder that grave and pious men, in this secluded part of the world, should mention as facts in their narrative, what men of a wiser age cannot receive, and know to be absurd? But it does not deprive them of their reputation even for judgment, when we make proper allowance for the times in which they lived, and the prejudices of people in the early state of society. We may consider likewise what passed in the old countries of Europe, at this very period. There were men in England, and other places in that civilized part of the globe, as much the slaves of a credulous imagination, as the people who settled these plantations. No exception is made to the abilities and character of chief justice Hale, who lived years after Mr. Winthrop, yet, in certain parts of his writings, he discovers as much imbecility of mind, as we see in the pages of the New-England Journal.' *p.* 30.

'A synod of our Congregational churches is a religious assembly, called on special occasions, for giving advice and counsel in case of difficulty. It consists of the ministers and lay messengers, such as each religious society chooses to send, who debate upon the subject before them, and present the *result* for the approbation of the brethren of the several churches. No synod is allowed to pass censures, or to exert authority, jurisdiction, or discipline; but the weight of their opinion is very considerable, and had no small influence in the early settlement of Massachusetts.' *p.* 32.

'In the same year, three very eminent divines of this country were invited to the famous assembly of Westminster. The letter, which was sent to them, is preserved in Hutchinson's History, signed by several of the nobility and members of the lower house, as well as the ministers, who then made a figure in England, and had influence among the members of that ecclesiastical body. Mr. Cotton, minister of Boston, was first of the three, to whom probably the letter was directed, and who thought it *a call of God*, which he ought to obey. Mr. Hooker and Mr. Davenport, both of Connecticut, were joined with him; but did not receive the invitation with the same lively and impressive force. One supposed it unnecessary to go so far upon a business of this nature, and the other could not feel it his duty to leave his church, where he certainly was very useful. These gentlemen had all written upon church government; they differed in some opinions of discipline, but were all sound in the faith of what were then called the doctrines of the Reformation.' *p.* 39.

'In the year 1646 was the second synod at Cambridge. This year also was a body of laws composed; and that they might be agreeable to the scriptures, there were appointed in every county two magistrates, two ministers, and two able persons among the people; these were confirmed by the General Court in 1648.' *p.* 49.

In page 32, the first synod is said to have been in 1677. Such mistakes, in writing or printing, ought to be avoided with extremest care in the volumes of a learned society.

Art. 2. 'Memoir and poem of Stephen Parmenius of Buda.' p. 49. This is a Latin composition, celebrating the voyage of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in 319 hexameter verses. Though many of the lines run with ease, and some few rise to elegance, yet we cannot but infer a 'plentiful lack' of materials, when such a poem, and still more such a *translation*, are imposed on the purchasers of 'Historical Collections.' Of the latter, if the reader can find any ten lines, which have either the *sense* we expect in *prose*, or the *sound* we seek in *poetry*, he will be more successful than we have been. The memoir prefixed is a neatly written and satisfactory morceau; as is that 'of the Moheagan Indians,' which forms the succeeding article of this volume. p. 75.

'On the authenticity and correctness of this account you may entirely rely;

for, in passing through Moheagan, the last of September, I obtained it of James Haughton, Esquire, one of the Overseers of this tribe, who lives within its limits. To this paper, which is exactly copied, I have nothing to add, respecting the present state of the Moheagans, but what that gentleman related to me: That the land belonging to these Indians, consists of about 2700 acres; that it was holden by them in common, till the year 1790, when it was divided to each family, by the legislature of Connecticut; that a convenient school house has been built for the benefit of their children by the legislature; that John Cooper, the richest man in the tribe, possessing a yoke of oxen and two cows, was then their religious teacher; that there were not more than 80 persons of this tribe remaining; and that, with all their advantages for improvement in agriculture and other useful knowledge, they were still distinguished by the characteristick indolence, intemperance, and improvidence of Indians. A. Holmes. Feb. 1, 1804.' *p.* 75.

4. 'Extract from an Indian history.' p. 99.

5. 'Journal of the siege of York, in Virginia, by a chaplain of the American army.' p. 102. At this distance of time to republish the hasty memoranda made by zealous, though honest and well-meaning *partizans*, seems to have no excuse. The virulent hatred of Britain, and devotedness to France, which appears in this paper, does not argue the good sense, if it consist with the christian character of the writer.

6. 'Memoir of Ebenezer Grant Marsh, from Dr. Dana's funeral discourse.' A judicious commendation of a man of much value and vast promise.

7, 8, 9, 10. 'Topographical descriptions of Catskill, N.Y. (p. 111), Newton, N.Y. (p. 120), and of Brimfield, (p. 127) by Rev. Clark Brown; and of Waterford, (p. 137) by Rev. Lincoln Ripley.' These articles, displaying considerable local knowledge, contain no striking excellencies, or gross faults.

11. 'Chronological and topographical account of Dorchester, by Rev. T. M. Harris.' p. 147. This is a production of an higher character than either of the former, No. 1 excepted; and with that it may be considered, as disputing the palm, for industrious research and successful inquiry concerning events and characters. Compared not only with the other pages of this volume, but with similar tracts in those preceding, it must be pronounced one of the three most complete, ingenious, and elegant pieces of topography. Let our readers decide for themselves between the descriptions of Dorchester, Newtown, and Cambridge.

'In giving an account of Dorchester, I propose beginning with some particulars respecting the first settlement and subsequent history of the town, extracted from authentick records, and recited principally in the words of those who relate the facts; next describe the ancient boundaries and present situation of the town, interspersed with such topographical remarks as seem worthy of notice; and then furnish some brief biographical anecdotes of the former ministers, and others, whose talents and virtues claim a grateful remembrance.' *p.* 147.

These several topicks are treated in order; all judiciously, the last with peculiar felicity. It is difficult to exhibit, in such short extracts as are allowable, the features and colouring of a piece like this. A few *scraps* only can be given as specimens.

'This settlement was formed a month or two before Governour Winthrop, and the people that came in ships with him, arrived at Charlestown; so that Dorchester is the oldest town in the Massachusetts colony, except Salem and Charlestown.' *p.* 149.

'After the departure of the first settlers, [they removed to Windsor, Conn

ticut, in 1635] there was an essay towards gathering a new church in Dorchester, April 1, 1636; but as the messengers of the churches convened for the purpose were not satisfied concerning some that were intended members of that foundation, the work was deferred until August 23, when a church was constituted according to the order of the Gospel, by confession and profession of faith, and Rev. Mr. Richard Mather was chosen teacher.

At this period the records of the church begin; and they not only contain many minute particulars respecting the discipline of its own members, and entries of admissions, deaths, baptisms, &c. but, as Mather was a very eminent man and employed at all the synods, councils, and ordinations in the province, the annals of the church of Dorchester, during the time of his ministry, more than thirty years, are a brief ecclesiastical history of this part of the country.' *p.* 154.

'1695. October 22. A church was gathered in this town, and Mr. Joseph Lord (who had been sometime employed as a school-master) was ordained to its pastoral charge. The church was formed with a design to remove to South-Carolina, "to encourage the settlement of churches and the promotion of religion in the southern plantations." The assisting churches were from Boston, Charlestown, Roxbury, Milton, and New-Cambridge. Mr. Lord preached from Matth. v. 15. '*Ye are the salt of the earth.*' Mr. Morton gave the charge, and Mr. Hobart the right hand of fellowship.' *p.* 156.

'In honour of the place from which they emigrated, they named their new settlement *Dorchester*. It is situated on the north-east bank of Ashley river, and about eighteen miles west northwest of Charleston.' *p.* 157.

The first mill built in Dorchester, and 'the first in the colony' was erected by Mr. Stoughton, by leave of the plantation, on Neponsit river, in the year 1633.

There are now belonging to the town ten mills; viz. three paper mills, two chocolate mills, three grist mills, and two fulling mills, situated on Neponsit river, and a grist tide-mill on a creek which runs up from the mouth of the river on the easterly part of the town,' *p.* 164.

'When a new church was gathered at Dorchester, Rev. Richard Mather was installed the pastor. He was born at Lowton in the parish of Winwick and county of Lancaster, in Great-Britain, in the year 1596.' *p.* 170.

'He sailed for New-England, May 23, 1635. Two of his sons, who were ministers, came with him, also Jonathan Mitchil, then only a child of eleven years of age; afterwards the famous pastor of the church at Cambridge. The ship encountered a most violent and dangerous hurricane on the American coast, but providentially arrived safe in Boston harbour, August 17, 1635.

Mr. Mather tarried some months with his wife and family in Boston. Immediately several invitations were made to him from Plymouth, Roxbury, and other towns to settle with them; but by the advice of Messrs. Cotton, Hooker, and other friends, he accepted the request from Dorchester, and began the gathering and forming a church there (the first church having moved with Rev. Mr. Wareham to Connecticut) in August, 1636; and on the 23d of that month was constituted their teacher.

Notwithstanding many pressing invitations to return to his people in England, he continued in Dorchester till his death.' *p.* 171.

'As he was attending the synod at Boston, of which he was chosen moderator, he was taken with a violent fit of the stone, which in five days put a period to his life, April 12, 1669, in the seventy-third year of his age.' *p.* 172.

'He left four sons in the ministry, one of whom, *Eleazer*, pastor of the church at Northampton, died about three months after his father. *Samuel* was teacher of a church in Dublin in Ireland; *Nathaniel* minister of Barnstable in Devon, Great-Britain, and afterwards of Rotterdam in Holland; and *Increase*, minister of Boston in New-England.' *p.* 172.

'1650. William Stoughton, A.M. son of Col. Israel Stoughton. "A person of eminent qualifications, honourable extract, liberal education, and singular piety." For a number of years he was a preacher of the gospel, with great acceptance. His sermon at the annual election (April 29, 1668) has been ranked "among the very best delivered on that occasion."

He was ambassador from the province of Massachusetts to the court of Great-Britain; chief justice of the su-

periour court; lieutenant governour under Sir William Phipps, and after him commander in chief till the coming of his excellency Richard Earl of Belmont; lieut. governour with him during his stay in the country; and after him commander in chief again till his death. He deceased July 7, 1701, aged 70. He was interred at Dorchester, July 15, "with great honour and solemnity, and with him much of New-England's glory."

The incription on his monument is published in the Collections of the Historical Society, vol. ii. page 10.

He was a generous benefactor to Harvard College. Stoughton hall was erected at his expense. He also left a tract of land in Dorchester for the support of scholars at the college, and another for the benefit of publick schools in the town.' *p.* 180.

'Graduated Noah Clap, A. M. This gentleman was a descendant from one of the most ancient and pious families in New-England; and inherited and exemplified their simplicity of manners, sincerity, purity, and piety.

For several years he was excercised in various places as a preacher of the gospel, but on account of the precarious state of his health never settled in the ministry.

For eighteen years he kept the grammar school in Dorchester; for more than thirty was treasurer and selectman: and for forty-seven was town clerk.

He was a great antiquarian, and had stored up a vast fund of information respecting the early settlement and history of this country. The late Dr. Belknap found great assistance in his most interesting researches from consulting him.

He deceased April 10, 1799, aged 82; leaving behind him a widow and six children.

A tribute of respect was paid to his memory, by the writer of this, on the Lord's day after his decease, in a sermon from those words, 2 Corinthians i. 12, in themselves strikingly descriptive of his manners, his conversation, his life, and his hope.' *p.* 187.

12. 'Notes on Compton.' p. 199. *Passable.*

13. 'Biographical memoirs of William Fisk, Esq.' p. 206.

14. 'History of Penobscott Indians, by Hon. J. Sullivan.' p. 207. In this are contained many *facts*; and as the compositions passed under the inspection of a committee of *literary* character, it probably underwent much correction; it is not so incorrect as the other publications of the writer. More ought, however, to have been done by the censors of the press.

'How the nations of American savages found their way from the other continent to this, remains in the common field of conjecture, where every antiquarian has a right to rove as his imagination shall prompt him, and will, no doubt, for ever remain there.' *p.* 229.

Quere. What or who will *remain there?* Imagination, or antiquarians?

'Men like a rolling tide issued towards the north, the climate whereof finally produced a stout hardy race, which like the wave returning, after the resistance made to it by the shore, over run and conquered the effeminacy of the more warm climates; why should we not suppose, that the progress of settlement, was from the south to the north on our continent.' *p.* 229.

What is meant here? *A rolling tide issuing towards, climate produced, overrun and conquered effeminacy*—surpass our measure of wit or wisdom. However, as we are told next page, that

'The world and its inhabitants, are a mystery to all men; and each man is a mystery to himself'—

we need not be much surprised that one man's style 'should be a mystery' to another; lucky is the writer of the above, if it be not 'a mystery to himself.'

15. 'Letter from Rev. T. Alden to Rev. Dr. Eliot.' p. 232. This is a clear and satisfactory account, as far as it goes.

'At about half after three in the af-

ternoon, on the sabbath, the first of March, 1801, we had an earthquake of considerable extent. The sound, which lasted about twenty, or possibly thirty seconds, appeared to come from the north-west. From its strength and rumbling nature, it could not easily be distinguished from the noise of a coach passing moderately over frozen ground. Some, who were in their houses, at first, thought that their chimnies were on fire and directly their windows began to clatter, as, in that case they sometimes do. Scarcely any, however, by the time the noise ceased, doubted its real cause. A tremulous motion was perceptible in all parts of Portsmouth. It was more so, I believe, at the Episcopal church, which stands on a considerable eminence nigh the river, than at any of our churches. In the south church, this tremulous motion was noticed by people who were sitting, although it was not sufficient for me to perceive it, as I stood in the pulpit. At one house, standing on our highest land within the town plat, it threw down a waiter, which stood edgewise under a table. At another house, where the situation was much lower, the jar was great enough to strike a little bell, which was fixed in such a manner that the tongue rested on its side. In various instances, there was a gentle clattering on shelves of crockery ware. Cattle and fowls exhibited signs of fear, as is common in time of an earthquake. The shock was noticed on board of vessels in our harbour.

At Durham the people immediately retired from the house of worship.'

p. 233.

16. 'Historical Scraps.' p. 234.

17. 'Bill of Mortality for Middleborough.' p. 335.

18. Do. for Portsmouth. p. 336.

19. 'Extracts from a journal kept on a voyage from Boston to Sandwich islands.' p. 242.

20. 'Extract from C. Mather's Memorables of his father,' &c. p. 245. The book from which this is taken is not very common, and the singularity of the conversation between the king and the New-England agent, rendered it worthy of republication.

21. 'Observations on iron ores,' &c. p. 253. This paper contains much philosophical investigation, useful narrative, and an interesting biography of Hon. Hugh Orr.

'The abundant production of mineral ores, and the important manufacture dependent upon their discovery, have not frequently been the subject of investigation in our country. The art of metallurgy and the discovery of iron may probably be classed among the antediluvian events, and from high antiquity iron has been held in estimation, as the most useful of all the metals. We have in the writings of Moses, who was born more than 1500 years before the christian era, ample proof, that even prior to his days furnaces were constructed, by the aid of which iron was extracted from its ores, and by the skill of the artists converted into swords, knives, axes, &c.* Since that period men have acquired the art, not only of converting iron into the ordinary instruments of agriculture and utensils of domestick life, but into the more formidable weapons of war. It is from the discovery of iron, that we are indebted for the rods, which shield our dwellings from lightning, and for the compass, that invaluable guide to the mariner.' p. 253.

'The generating principle and process of nature in producing iron ore in these ponds afford a phenomenon, which will probably elude the assiduity of philosophical research. The period of its growth is supposed to be about twenty five years; and it is found in various depths of water from two to twenty feet. A man accustomed to the employment being in a small boat, with an instrument similar to oyster tongs, can raise from its watry bed about half a ton of this ore in a day.' p. 254.

'The first furnace for melting iron ore, known in the county of Plymouth, was erected in the year 1702, by Lambert Despard (a founder) and the family of Barkers, his associates, at the mouth of Mattakesset pond in the town of Pembroke, but the wood in the vicinity being exhausted, the works were long since abandoned.' p. 258.

* Gen. iv. 27. Numb. xxv. 16. Deut. iv. 20. xix. 5. viii. 9. xvii. 5. Job xix. 29. xl. 18.

'The observation is familiar to the consumers of charcoal, that by age it acquires a property, which renders it essentially more valuable, affording a degree of heat more intense and durable.' *p.* 261.

22. 'Conference between Mr. Grenville and the colony agents, 1764,' &c. p. 268.

23. 'Mauduit's Miscellanies.' p. 272.

'If any man wish to know what a very honest enthusiast, from his own visionary ideas of the perfection of civil liberty, may fancy that the constitution of the colonies *ought* to be, let him read Dr. Price.

If he think it of more importance to know what the constitution of the colonies really is, this history will clearly prove to him, from the evidence of facts.

The constitution of the colonies did not wait for Dr. Price's fancies, but existed a hundred years before he was born; having been already formed by their charters; by the conditions upon which they made their settlements; under which they have been considered as parts of the British empire, and under which they have enjoyed the protection and the privileges of British subjects: (to say nothing of the constant usage of the crown, and then of the parliament to tax them.)

The constitution of our government like that of the human body, is a system that is already formed; and not a new thing now to be fancied. And we may apply to it what Boerhaave used to say to us in confutation of fancied theories, *Corpus humanum fit, non fingitur.*' *p.* 272.

24. 'On small pox inoculation, by Dr. Mather.' p. 275.

'When this was written, only one physician, two or three magistrates, and the clergy of Boston durst step forth in defence of Inoculation. The *success* established the reputation of those who favoured it.' *p.* 275.

The doctor's arguments, which are forcible and eloquent, are drawn from the success of inoculation in Smyrna, Constantinople, and elsewhere; 2d, that physicians have recommended, and the king approved of the practice; 3d, that God has prospered it; and 4th, that some magistrates and ministers approve of it.

25. 'Extracts from a letter, by a London merchant, to his friend in Virginia, 1775, in favour of the colonies. p. 280.

ART. 2.

The Pharmacopœia of the Massachusetts Medical Society. Boston. E. & J. Larkin. Greenough & Stebbins, printers. 12mo. 1808. $1 25 boards.

THE principles of pharmacology have, till of late, been too much neglected. It is, perhaps, a singular fact in our medical history, that there has never been published in the United States any regular pharmacopœia, arranged on scientifick principles, and made to extend to those medicines of domestic origin, whose activity has been demonstrated by direct experiment, and whose virtues have been determined by established modes of practice. The Dispensatories of foreign countries, it is true, have in two instances, been adopted by the physicians of the south, and partially accommodated to their states of practice, but into one of these the publisher, with a degree of unauthorized liberty, by which a great proportion of American editors is characterised, has contrived to interweave a system of chemical principles, unsupported by the scientifick world at large, and disavowed by every chemist of talents and established reputation. The work before us, therefore, may be considered as the first of the kind ever produced in this country, and, with regard to the medical profession, the most important ever issued from our pres-

ses. The necessity of a scientifick pharmacopœia, which should fix the language and regulate the preparation and combination of the various articles of the materia medica, has long been experienced by the physicians, and acknowledged by the apothecaries of the New England states. From the want of such a standard, the former, in their prescriptions, have been governed by no determinate rules of pharmacy, and assisted by no certain principles of medico-chemical nomenclature; and the latter, in their preparations, guided, perhaps, more by names than the laws of pharmaceutical combination, have afforded medicines of different ingredients, and of varied degrees of strength, from the synonimes of the medical colleges of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin. The result of this confusion in the terms, and this uncertainty in the composition of medicinal preparations is often mortifying to the physician, embarrassing to the apothecary, and even sometimes dangerous to the patient. The evils, therefore, necessarily resulting from this unsystematick, and unscientifick mode of practice called loudly for reform, but in what way or by whom was the innovation to be effected? It is obvious, that this important revolution depended not on the will of any persons, considered as simple individuals; for who among us would feel himself obliged, independent of a conviction of his immediate interest, to submit to the requisitions of an authority gratuitously assumed, and unsanctioned by prescriptive right? nor on the adoption in its fullest extent of any European pharmacopœia as the only standard, by which physicians were to be governed in the prescription, and apothecaries in the composition of medicines; for with what propriety could be introduced any of those works, in most of which may be found combinations of no active virtues, and in all peculiar preparations, inapplicable to the established modes of practice in our own country? From the consideration of these difficulties, and the conviction of the necessity of a work of this nature, the Massachusetts Medical Society determined to assume the most correct of them as a basis, on which should be constructed a pharmacopœia, similar in form and arrangement of the articles, but differing in some degree, in the nature of the substances, the proportions of ingredients and the modes of combination. Its execution, it seems, was referred to a committee,* who were empowered to collate the different works on pharmacy, published by the European colleges of physicians, to embody them in a scientifick manner, and to publish the result of their labours, sanctioned by the name of the corporation. The objects of the society are completed in the volume before us.

The principle, as it appears in the preface, upon which the committee proceeded in the execution of their task, was the naturalization of a foreign pharmacopœia, and, in taking that of Edinburgh as a standard, they could not have made a more judicious selection for propriety of arrangement, correctness of medico-chemical nomenclature, or accuracy of pharmaceutical combination. In the prosecution of their designs, were we to form a judgment of their labours by the useful alterations and valuable additions they have

* Doctors James Jackson and John C. Warren.

introduced, they must have advanced with slow and cautious steps. Their ends were not accomplished without a long series of laborious investigation, unaided by the faculty at large, and unassisted by the members of that association, whose interest and reputation were necessarily involved in the character of the work. The plan on which they proceeded in the execution is detailed in the preface, and is contained in the four following inquiries.

1. Respecting the virtues of each article in the list of the materia medica, in the Edinburgh Pharmacopœia.

2. Respecting articles admitted into other pharmacopœias, or employed in this country, which are not found in the Edinburgh Pharmacopœia.

3. Respecting the merit of the preparations and compositions in the Edinburgh Pharmacopœia, compared with those, which are similar in other pharmaceutical works.

4. Respecting the merit of such preparations and compounds as are not admitted into the Edinburgh Pharmacopœia, but are found either in similar works, or in common use in this country.

Proceeding, therefore, on these principles, their objects could not be attained without much time, much accurate experiment, cautious examination, and laborious and long continued research. In consequence of this investigation, we observe, with much satisfaction, the omission of several combinations of doubtful efficacy, and the insertion of others of superiour activity and greater simplicity of composition.

One principal object undoubtedly in the promotion of this pharmacopœia was the consideration, that it might be regarded as the repository of all the medicines of domestick origin, whose activity had been demonstrated by experiment, or whose virtues were too positive to be mistaken. But a long series of attentive observation and of patient investigation is requisite to fix the character and determine the powers of any article of the materia medica. The medicines of our own country, unfortunately, have, in few instances, been submitted to a course of experiments, the results of which would *place them beyond dispute* in their appropriate station. Were all the medicines to be admitted, which are daily used by the physicians of this country, particularly of the interiour, whose materia medica is derived more from the objects of botany than of chemistry, the catalogue of 'simples' would be swelled to an almost immeasurable extent, and the work itself be degraded, from a regular pharmacopœia, to the character of a mere popular herbal. Hence the catalogue of American medicines is short, and this partial notice is founded on the correct principle, that 'the history of most of them is very imperfect, and that only such articles as have an established reputation are entitled to admission into a work of this sort.'*

The contents of the volume under review, are comprehended in the three following divisions. 1. Materia Medica. 2. Preparations and compositions. 3. Tables, the first of which indicates the proportions of opium, antimony, and quicksilver, in some important combinations; the second, a posological and prosodial table, denotes the quantities to be exhib-

* Preface.

ited of the various articles of the materia medica, either in their simple form, or in a state of combination, and their established modes of pronunciation; and the two last are appropriated as general indices of ancient and systematick names. These tables are valuable additions to the work, and are well calculated to facilitate the acquisition of the principles of the new medical nomenclature, founded on the discoveries of modern chemistry, and happily applied to the elucidation of the complex operations of pharmaceutical combination. On opening the leaves of this book, the first circumstance, which would attract the notice, and perhaps excite the surprise of a foreign physician is its English dress, which by the pedantick correctness of European colleges might be considered as heterodox in medicine. But it must be remembered that the modes of education in our country render this necessary. To be useful it must of course be intelligible, and this is to be effected only by writing in plain English, for unfortunately for the mysticism of the medical profession, the Latin and Greek, to our apothecaries, are truly *dead* languages. The directions, therefore, for the preparations and compositions of the various articles of the materia medica are given in English, the technical terms being super added with their translations. By this mode all ambiguity is avoided, and the compounder of medicine will hereafter never have occasion to screen his ignorance of his art under the wilful misinterpretation of a Latin direction.

In short, the character of the pharmacopœia of the M. M. S. may be delineated in a sentence. It is encumbered by no superfluous compounds, and its utility is diminished by no important omission; its size is sufficiently extended to present to the practitioner a complete body of medicinal agents, while it is sufficiently contracted to exclude a long catalogue of ineffective medicines, whose only office is to obstruct the physician in his practice, and embarrass the apothecary in his pharmaceutical compositions. If then our view of the merits of this work be correct, we may be indulged in the hope, that, in future, its nomenclature will be adopted by the physicians not only of the society, and of the town, but by those of the country, and its directions most strictly followed by the apothecaries. We may be allowed to anticipate the period, when the confused and imperfect nomenclature, which now disgraces the medical profession, shall have given way to the scientifick principles of regular pharmacopœias, and one uniform standard be adopted throughout New England, and perhaps the United States. We stop for a moment to award the tribute of praise to its mechanical execution. Its very correct typography, and clean impression do much credit to the printers, and demonstrates, that with care and assiduity that branch of the mechanick art will rapidly approach the style of execution, by which the objects of the typographick art in the old world are characterised.

ART. 3.

Sentiments on resignation. By Rosewell Messinger, pastor of the first church in York, Maine. 'Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?' Portsmouth, W. Treadwell, for the author. 12*mo. pp.* 225.

WHOEVER opens this book with an expectation of seeing an elegant

tract on practical religion, will be disappointed. The subject is good, but it is treated with such diffuseness, that almost any other title would as well suit the book, as the one which it bears. The form of method, however, is given to the work, which is divided into nine chapters, of which the following are the contents :

Chap. 1. General observations on the importance of resignation. 2. Resignation considered as it regards the renunciation of objects. 3. Resignation considered, as it regards the exercises of the heart and mind in meeting the events of divine providence. 4. A serious question concerning resignation examined. 5. Counterfeit resignation exposed. 6. The influence of resignation upon the passions. 7. The influence of resignation on disposition and character. 8. The influence of resignation on devotion. 9. The influence of resignation on the sentiments of mortality.

These chapters contain indeed some excellent thoughts on piety and morals ; but they are nearly lost in verbosity and metaphor. We have never seen a book of this devotional cast composed in so figurative a style. It tends to bewilder the serious christian, whilst it excites a smile in the literary lounger.

What particular system of theology our author espouses, it is difficult, and perhaps not important to ascertain. His third chapter, which is the best, having something in it like reasoning, professes to refute a doctrine, which is said to be orthodox ; whilst, in every part of his book, he uses Trinitarian and Calvinistick phrases with apparent complacency. Elsewhere he seems to be a disciple of Swedenborg ; for he says, ' sexual attachments often originate in mystery,' and talks of persons ' being visited by celestial spirits,' and of ' communing with spirits and angels with the greatest familiarity.' Enemies, however, as we are, to controversial divinity, we should not quarrel with Mr. Messinger, respecting his creed, provided he had written with discrimination and arrangement. We would have pardoned the peculiarity of his thoughts, or his attachment to a favourite reformer, if he had clothed the first with neatness, and vindicated the last with strength and clearness. But his repetitions weary, his obscurity perplexes, and his affectation disgusts us. He borrows much of his eloquence from texts in the sacred writings, of all others the most difficult of interpretation ; he sometimes attempts to bring into affinity the most heterogeneous objects, and he often composes the same sentence of both obsolete and new-fangled terms. When he speaks of the ' aged peasant,' ' vigils of philosophy,' ' slumberous nostrums of self-righteousness,' ' perspectives of the dying,' ' translucent tears,' ' sullen morosity,' &c. &c., and when he uses such words as ' transiency,' ' prayerful,' and very often ' the Divinity' for God, we cannot but lament, that Mr. Messinger had not either been early made acquainted with Campbell and Blair, or confided his ' Sentiments' for correction to a judicious friend. Of the almost innumerable errours of the press we say nothing.

Yet it must be acknowledged, that Mr. Messinger has a claim to the benignity of the publick, which no living author, in this country, can present. Whilst we are just in the cause of letters, we bow to the dispensations of providence, and would cherish a sacred respect for inevitable sufferings. His preface, addressed ' to the patrons '

the work,' will be read with a lively sensibility and a generous compassion.

'For more than two years the Author has been deprived of sight, and left to the awful and sublime perception of total darkness. Through the vicissitudes of excruciating pain, and tiresome debility, and through repeated scenes of alarming sickness in his family, he has personally supplied the pulpit, and produced by the aid of an amanuensis the following work. The greatest part of it has been studied when the springs of life were so far exhausted, that he had reason to apprehend a speedy removal to that world, where the hope of the hypocrite shall perish, but the resigned soul shall enjoy with rapture the pure effulgence of eternal day.

The generous patronage, which the work has received, is gratefully acknowledged. Should its merit be insufficient to remunerate the liberality of the patrons, they will resort to the consciousness of being promptly disposed to encourage industry, and to befriend the honest exertions of a fellow mortal. The author is forbidden to aspire after scientifick distinction. While Homer, Milton, and Saunderson, inherit the heights of fame, his greatest desire is to be found in a humble attitude at the feet of Jesus. Should he ever be assured that his labours have been instrumental in dissolving the dream of security, in diminishing the empire of despondency, and in planting the smile of resignation amidst the tears of the orphan and bereaved pilgrim, he will obtain a rich reward.

——————"Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But clouds instead, and ever during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with an universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind thro' all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight."
MILTON.

It gives us pleasure to add, that, admidst all the excentricity and extravagance of the book, we find many a fine sentiment tenderly and handsomely expressed, some bold and beautiful allusions, and here and there a just and elevated idea of God's moral government. So that although we cannot praise the learning or judgment of our author, we do not deny that he possesses imagination and talents; and if we have no respect for his taste, we have much for his piety.

As a specimen of Mr. Messinger's manner, we select a passage from the part of the work, in which its author is inquiring 'if resignation implies a willingness to receive the sentence of condemnation in any possible case.'

'But whence are we to know that it is the will of God, that any christian will ever receive sentence of condemnation, or that he must be willing to meet that dreadful destiny? In what alcove of celestial records has he deposited such counsel and purpose? On what mountain of Zion has he made proclamation, that some of the trophies of the Redeemer's blood must be banished forever from his presence; and that all, who are purchased at so great a price, and whose knowledge of Christ is life eternal, must be willing to meet the event? Hath it not been declared, that the will of God determines the perseverance of the saint? 'My sheep hear my voice. I know them and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish.' Hence it is undeniable, that the christian's willingness to receive sentence of condemnation has no agreement with the divine will. It will not facilitate an escape from this difficulty to say, we are willing on supposition it should be God's will and for his glory. This amounts to no more, than a conjecture of what we should do, presumptuously supposing a case that implied mutability of the divine purpose. And it is no more an exercise of resignation, than Peter's peremptory avowal of unabating attachment to the Redeemer was an actual adherence to him, when accosted by the damsel. The exercise is less than a dream. For, do we dream of conquest, of rearing cities, and of swaying the sceptre of empire; the actual realization of these things is possible. Whereas by asserting that

we are resigned to condemnation, if it should be the will of Heaven, an impossibility stares us in the face. For every subject of condemnation must be as incapable of pious resignation, as Satan is incapable of the hallowed fervors of love.

ART. 4.

Columbian and European Harmony, or Bridgwater collection of sacred musick. By Bartholomew Brown, A. M. and others.

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleas'd
With melting airs, or martial, brisk, or grave:
Some chord in unison with what we hear,
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies."
COWPER.

Second edition, improved. Published according to act of Congress. Boston, Thomas & E. T. Andrews. Proprietors, Thomas & Andrews and John West. *pp.* 167. 1804.

From the settlement of New-England to the commencement of our revolutionary war, the American churches were used to the sacred musick of the mother country. At the last mentioned period American composers began to multiply; Williams and Tansur gave place to Billings; and fugues and fol de rols threatened to banish simplicity and grandeur from the choir. This revolution in our sacred harmony was by no means universally pleasing. Many lovers of musick in our universities protested against it. Law, Holyoke, and others, by their pupils and publications, began to purify the corrupted taste of the country; and much within a few years past has been done, we hope, towards a thorough reformation. Among the singing books which have contributed to this reform, the work before us is distinguished. It was very long since sent us for review; but by some unfortunate occurrence, not through intentional disregard, we have hitherto delayed to give that notice of it, to which it is richly entitled. It contains a greater proportion of solemn and finished musick, than the generality of modern compilations; and no work of the kind can boast of having so judiciously adapted the words to the tunes. The musick is some of it from the splendid collections of Arnold and Calcott, whence, with the addition of one or two parts, such admirable tunes as Advent, Sepulchre, Whitsunday, and others of a similar style, have been given to the community. Other tunes in the book, to use an expression of Whitfield, 'were stolen from the devil.' But the propriety of these pious frauds is much to be doubted. To strangers to Lorrain and Moulines their musick must be delightful, and in all respects congruous with the purposes of publick worship; but it works confusion in the breast of a man, who has heard the same strains in a circle of bacchanalians, or connected with love ditties from the piano of his mistress. To say the least, the practice of accommodation should be sparingly and discreetly adopted. We have heard with pleasure that this valuable collection is destined to appear in another still more perfect edition.

ART. 5.

A Discourse delivered at Milton, Sept. 9, 1807, *being the day appointed for the dedication of the academy in that place. By Thomas Thacher, A.M. minister of a church in Dedham.* Dedham, H. Mann. 8*vo. pp.* 24.

This gentleman is known to the publick as a masculine and original writer, and his intimate acquaintance highly appreciate his talents and classical erudition. This performance will not diminish the estimation, in which he is justly held. If some of the opinions

vanced should be found to require qualification, and the style in a few instances to need correction, the good sense, which abounds, and the eloquence, which appears in it, will compel the candid reader to acknowledge, that it was dictated by no ordinary capacity, and executed by no mean pen. There will no doubt be a diversity of opinion respecting his eulogy of Franklin.

'This man, in original genius, was superiour to all, who were before him, and of them, who have come after him, there is no one, who will pretend his claim to literary eminence is in any degree equal. In many of the arts and sciences he has left at a great distance many illustrious men in the European world; in economick and political science, his superiority has been acknowledged.'

'Was he not the most accurate observer of men and things ever known?' *p.* 6.

This is praise, which, in rapid conversation, is sometimes lavished on an admired author, or a favourite speaker; but in sober composition it can be applied to very few, if any, of the numerous claimants for renown. That Dr. Franklin had uncommon native powers will not be controverted: but 'his *superiority* in economick or political science' will not now be universally 'acknowledged.' His chief merit rests on the ease and simplicity of his style. His philosophy was often visionary, and he had *no religion*; his political integrity is questionable among his friends, and his moral purity is the jest of his enemies.

If in this instance, as we apprehend, Mr. Thacher gives excessive commendation, all we trust will unite in an after tribute to genuine literary worth. In connection with 'Hackney College' he observes;

'A succession of instructors, who during the time of its continuance, directed the studies of the youth, were the first scholars in Europe:—When I mention the names of Dr. Richard Price, and Gilbert Wakefield, my intelligent hearers will assent to what I affirm.' *p.* 21.

The occasion of this discourse naturally led to the important topick of education; in treating which Mr. T. has proposed and illustrated these several propositions.

'First of all, we affirm, that from the primordial ages of man, as far as human actions have been developed either by history or tradition, there have been no examples of genius and talents displayed in elegant literature, which have been totally unaided by any species of education.' *p.* 3.

'If there be in any country upon earth an unqualified necessity for a common education diffused through every grade in society, it certainly is in a government similar to our own, I mean a Republican form, in which every man of decent property and morals, may be a candidate for the highest honour, which the people can bestow, and where every citizen is annually called to exercise acts of sovereignty by electing his rulers.' *p.* 8.

'A further consideration is offered respecting a common education, i. e. it is necessary for every member of society, and on certain accounts has an advantage over, what is called in this country, a liberal education.' *p.* 11.

'Religion must be cultivated with close care and attention in the minds of the young.' *p.* 15.

'Added to the above, attention ought to be paid to the personal morality, decorum and manners of youth. For without these, religion, or the profession of it, is but a convenient mask for an impostor, or a ferocious bigot, waging war with common sense, property and social happiness. *p.* 16.

'All other parts of literature ought to be prefaced with a correct and theoretical acquaintance with the Grammar of our own language.'

'To this, it scarcely need be added, that a thorough acquaintance

with arithmetick is the basis on which a true knowledge of mathematicks, geography, natural and experimental philosophy are founded. We hope that no modern theory or affectation of improvement, will ever so far prevail as to lessen the moment of classical literature, as a branch of instruction. For besides this important acquirement, that the Greek and Roman languages are the key necessary to unlock the technical terms of all the arts and sciences—a picture is drawn of the greatest and best uninspired men, who ever lived in the most celebrated periods of time, and their virtues delineated in the most sublime and eloquent language.' *p.* 18.

A few specimens of the substance and manner of this discourse will doubtless excite the wish to peruse the whole. If any, who are thus induced, should feel either wonder or regret at the *high whig* notions, which run thro' it, the one may be diminished and the other cease, when it is recollected that similar refined speculations have in all ages been indulged by many of those studious men, whose learning was only surpassed by their virtue. In the seclusion of profound reading and thought, the necessity of *restraints* for the preservation of liberty, and of power for the enforcement of law, is not felt, or seen, or acknowledged, as by those who toil amid the turbulence and tumult of active life. The *benevolent* theorist is reluctant to believe that faction is the monstrous growth of every soil, and that its fruits are every where so noxious, as experience represents. Hence *probably* the unsubstantial visions on civil liberty, of Price and Priestley, and many of their literary associates and admirers. Hence too, we believe, the romantick liberality of the doctrines of Mr. Thacher on the same subject:

'We grant that there are a certain number of minds, which are self taught; but that they derived some advantage from education, either direct or mediate. When we hear of the inventors of arts and sciences, of those, who, in various branches of learning, have given the evidence of their mighty mind, without any other assistance than that of a divine *afflatus*, we seem to assent to the idea, which we have been attempting to refute; more especially when we hear that men have been distinguished in rude and barbarous ages, having no other light to direct, or illustrious precedents to follow besides the impulse of a celestial genius.' *p.* 4.

'As an illustration of the case in hand, we will compare the revolution in America, the conduct of the citizens under it, with those of ancient and modern times. Do you ask respecting the late revolution, why it was effected with so little blood, unless that necessarily spilt in the field? Why so much humanity and refinement towards enemies both foreign and domestick? Such mildness, amid many causes and incitements to revenge, as well as the means of gratifying it? Why this tenderness was not only expressed to those in arms, but was extended to the vanquished, so that those citizens, who had been enemies, returned to the bosom of their country, while the cause and memory of their exile are obsolete with all, and are totally unknown to the rising generation? We reply, the cause is as obvious as the fact. Those pillars of civil society, the institutions of religion and schools for literature, had been long erected in this country. Their effect was conspicuous in forming both the morals and manners of the people; of course every *temple* was a city of *refuge* to the obnoxious part of the community; every institution, whether literary or sa-

RETROSPECTIVE NOTICES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

UNDER this head we propose to commence a review of books in American literature, which have either been forgotten, or have not hitherto received the attention they deserve. Interested as we are in every thing, which relates to the honour of our country, we are not ashamed to express our conviction, that one reason of the low estimation, in which our literature is held among ourselves as well as in Europe is, that there has yet been no regular survey of this field of letters. It is supposed to be utterly barren, because it is so wide, and desolate, because there has never been a map of the region. But, as in the highest parts of a mountainous country, which appear at a distance to be covered with eternal snows, you will discover in crevices and little spots some humble and modest plants, which sufficiently reward the toilsome ascent of an enthusiastick botanist; so in the extensive, if not copious records of American learning, we hope to detect a few rare and undescribed specimens, which may by this means awaken at least the regard of some future historian of literature. It is unfortunately true, that, while every country in modern Europe has produced copious annals of its literature,* or maintained regular journals of its new works, this country has till within a few years had nothing of the kind. There was indeed a thin quarto volume published in the year 1789, which bears the imposing title of Bibliotheca Americana; but it is in the first place a meagre compilation, and is confined, not to works of American authors, as would be imagined from the title, but to books, which relate only to the general history of the country. The late Dr. Homer of Oxford, whose death our antiquaries ought to deplore, had projected a complete work of this description, and the proposals for his Bibliotheca Universalis Americana have been long before the publick; but how far he had proceeded in the execution of the work, or whether it will ever be given to the world, we have not been able to ascertain.* In Miller's retrospect of the last century, there is an interesting sketch of our literature, which is the more valuable, as it is the first attempt to give a general outline of the advances we have made, and the works we have produced. It has shown us, it is true, the pitiable sterility of our literary history, but it has reclaimed also some of our treasures, disclosed others, which were hardly suspected, and opened a range of enquiry, which we doubt not may yet be pursued, and to which it will be our object in any way to contribute.

We are afraid it will be found that the further back we go in our history, the more monuments and relicks we shall find of what is usually called learning; but the acquisitions of our first emigrants who received their education, and laid in their stores before they crossed the Atlantick, can hardly be claimed as American. This, however, we have the less reason to regret, as they brought with them

* La France Litteraire, do. of the Benedictins. Litteratura Italiana of Tiraboschi, Warton's Hist. of English Poetry, &c. &c.

* Vid. Anthology for Sept. 1807.

chiefly the scholastico-theological knowledge of that age, and the generation, which immediately succeeded them, inherited little more than the rags of their fathers ecclesiastical habiliments. The elegance of Queen Anne's golden age of literature seems to have had little cotemporary influence in this country. The clergy were still the principal writers of the times, and the character of a gentleman author, who wrote for amusement or fame, was almost unknown. In the interval between the commencement of the last century, and the establishment of literary journals in Great-Britain, may be found a few of the most rare and curious articles, which we shall be able to present. Since the establishment of the Monthly Review in the year 1747, it has been the good fortune of some of our writers to have their works reprinted, and consequently reviewed in England; and the political complexion of this journal has, since the revolution, given some of our authors an estimation, and procured some of our writers an attention, which others of not inferiour merit have failed to obtain. Still however we believe, that the connexion of this country with England has been just sufficient to place us in the train of their literature, where, like some of the last couples in a long procession, we have been rather overlooked through the weariness of spectators, than distinguished according to our real, tho' not pre-eminent merit. We have received just enough attention to lead us to think too little of ourselves; and it is perhaps a just punishment of our want of national curiosity, that we have taken our notions of our own literary wealth from the partial and scanty hints, which we find in the journals of foreigners.

In the notices, which we propose to insert in future numbers of the Anthology, of former American works, there is only one department, which we shall entirely disregard, and that is unfortunately the most rich in materials. Theology, or something which has been called so, is the subject upon which much of our genius and learning has been always employed, and not seldom wasted.

It would be an endless task to review even the works of tolerable merit in this class, which have issued from the presses of New-England alone. Here we are proud to mention the works of Jonathan Edwards, a man, whose powers of mind need not have bowed before the genius of Locke or of Hartley, and whose theological research, in a remote part of an unlettered country, would have been considered creditable to any divine surrounded with learned libraries, and aided by the intercourse of men of erudition. But we refuse to enter this field of literary history, because it is perhaps not only the best known, but would be also less generally interesting.

Neither shall we trespass upon the ground of that respectable and industrious society, which has already published several volumes of historical collections; for their objects are rather archæological than literary, and extend to the earliest periods of our history, which are so remote, as to furnish little for our review. Still, however, we shall be happy to avail ourselves of their aid, and we especially solicit information, and suggestions on the subject of early American authors, which we doubt not their

inquiries have abundantly enabled them to give. It is of no small importance to the honour of our literary history, that notices and anecdotes should be collected of authors and their works, before all their cotemporaries, or their immediate descendants, shall have left the stage. The fame of some men, whose works really deserve not to be forgotten, lives now chiefly in the recollections of their personal acquaintances. It will be our pleasure to revive, guard, and magnify their worth; and if in the great republick of letters their dignity should be still thought inconsiderable, it should be remembered that the emoluments of literature also were then inconsiderable, and the prospect of fame, from our intercourse with Europe, exceedingly obscure. Literary men have always, in this extensive country, been too widely separated, to enjoy the advantages of lettered intercourse. There has been little to excite emulation, nothing to generate an *esprit du corps*, and the hope of posthumous fame has, from our remote situation, always been too faint to stimulate to solitary exertions.

It does not come within our plan to review works, which have appeared since the revolution, unless they are recommended by some peculiar, or hitherto unnoticed excellence. Within the last thirty years many domestick magazines and reviews have taken upon themselves the trouble of giving an account of works, as they appeared; but these journals, enjoying only a temporary and local importance, which it was necessary to preserve by not offending, have almost invariably praised without discrimination, and thus, as we think, kept our literature in a state of imbecility, or rather tinctured it with a vain and presumptive spirit, not unlike that of a young, and ignorant pedagogue. Nothing seems at present to be in the way of our gradually taking a rank in the scale of literary nations, but our avarice; and the extraordinary opportunities we have had of making money, as it is termed, are at least some apology for our immoderate love of gain. This is the sin, which most easily besets us, and debases much of the native generosity of literature.

'Romani pueri longis rationibus assem
Discunt in partes centum diducere. Dicat
Filius Albini, si de quincunce remota est
Uncia, quid superat? Poteras dixisse, Triens. Eu!
Rem poteris servare tuam. Redit Uncia, quid fit?
Semis. An, hæc animos æruginе & cura peculi
Cum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi
Posse linenda cedro, et levi servanda cupresso?' *Ars. Poet.* v. 325.

From what we have said, it will perhaps be perceived, that the inquiries we shall make into former American publications, will relate chiefly to works of literature and scholarship. We shall not however entirely neglect works relating to this country, though published in Europe, by men who have lived or travelled among us. We are sensible, that we shall find much difficulty in procuring many books, whose titles and merit we know; and we particularly solicit printers, antiquaries, and men interested in the literature of this country, to furnish us with curious information, and with curious works. One of the objects of the Athenæum, which has been so liberally established in this town, is, gradually to collect all the American works of merit into one grand and accessible repository, and we

now formally renew the promise, which we have formerly made, that any books, sent to us for review, whether old or new, shall be faithfully deposited there. The time we hope is not far distant, when this town shall possess an institution, and a library, which need not shrink from a comparison with any in this country, and be worthy of commendation even in Europe. The spirit of literary encouragement seems to be at last awakened among us, and it is not too late to redeem our character. We can never in this country possess many of the luxuries and elegances of the fine arts, but we may learn to enjoy the more refined and loftier elegances of literature and taste. These can never be entirely debased by sensuality, never can be completely pressed into the cause of corruption. God grant that our expectations may not be disappointed, for we think we discern the dawn of better days. 'Novus sæclorum nascitur ordo.'

AMERICAN LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL *INTELLIGENCE.*

Col. Gibbs's grand Collection of Minerals.

ONE of the most zealous cultivators of mineralogy in the United States, is Col. George Gibbs, of Rhode-Island. And his taste and his fortune have concurred in making him the proprietor of the most extensive and valuable assortment of minerals that probably exists in America. This rich collection consists of the cabinets possessed by the late Mons. *Gigot D'Orcy*, of Paris, and the Count *Gregoire de Razamowsky*, a Russian nobleman, long resident in Switzerland. To which the present proprietor has added a number, either gathered by himself on the spot, or purchased in different parts of Europe. The collection of M. *D'Orcy* is particularly rich in the productions of the French mines: Such as the phosphates, carbonates, and molybdates of lead; the iron ores of Bangory, Framont, and the Isle of Elba; the silver of St. Maria and d'Allemont; the mercury of Deuxponts; a great variety of marbles, calcedonies and agates, quartz, calcareous, and other spars from France and different parts of Europe. The collection of the Count *Razamowsky* consists chiefly of the minerals of the Russian empire. It is particularly rich in gold and copper ores, chromates of lead, the native iron of Pallas, Beryls, Jaspers, &c. The Russian specimens alone are about six thousand in number. The remainder are chiefly German and Swiss. To these Mr. Gibbs has added all the newly discovered minerals, a complete collection of English, Swiss, and Italian specimens, including the ancient marbles, porphyries, &c. the muriates and carbonates of copper from Chili; the spinel and oriental rubies, of which this is the third complete collection existing. Also, a large geological collection. The whole consists of about twenty thousand specimens. A small part of this collection was opened to amateurs at Rhode-Island, the last summer, and the next, if circumstances permit, the remainder will be exposed. In giving this account of a collection, so much wished for in the United States, it may be justly acknowledged, that it is principally by the assistance of the sçavans of France, that it was rendered so complete; and that if it should prove useful to our country, the proprietor will share the

pleasure with *De d'Aumont*, *Daubuison*, *Struvo* and *Bournon*.

Medical College of Maryland.

The legislature of Maryland, on the 18th of December, 1807, passed "An Act for Founding a Medical College in the City or Precincts of Baltimore, for the Instruction of Students in the different Branches of Medicine." This institution is established upon a liberal plan, and incorporated in perpetuity. It consists of a board called the *Regents of the College of Medicine of Maryland*, formed from the existing board of medical examiners for the commonwealth and the president and professors appointed by the act. It may hold a property to a value not exceeding thirty thousand dollars, exclusive of a lot and buildings. The regents may appoint professors and lecturers, who shall form one learned body, under the name of the *Medical Faculty*; with power to choose their dean, and to do what is necessary for conveying instruction and supporting discipline. The *Regents* must meet at least once a year. The faculty shall hold at least one term annually, to begin on the first Monday in November, and continue not less than four nor more than six months. At convenient times, commencements may be held, and degrees in surgery and medicine be granted, after due examination and other proofs of sufficiency. Each student must have attended each course of lectures at least once, and frequented the Classes of the College for two terms; and he must also have been privately and publickly examined, and have printed and defended a thesis, before he can be admitted to the honours of the College. The Professors appointed by the act, are, John B. Davidge, M. D. and James Cocke, M. D. joint Professors of Anatomy, Surgery, and Physiology. George Brown, M. D. Professor of the Practice and Theory of Medicine. John Shaw, M. D. Professor of Chemistry. Thomas E. Bond, M. D. Professor of Materia Medica. William Donaldson, M. D. Professor of the Institutes of Medicine. The *Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland* are appointed the Patrons and Visitors of the College; and their President is declared to be the Chancellor.

Baudelocque's Midwifery.

Dr. W. P. Dewees, who has been many years known to the public as an eminent teacher of midwifery at Philadelphia, and whose publications on that subject have gained a high degree of approbation, has lately presented to the publick "An Abridgement of Mr. Heath's Translation of Baudelocque's Midwifery." This abridgement is also accompanied by notes, which add greatly to the value of the work.

Analysis of Balltown Waters; communicated by Dr. D. Hosack to Dr. Miller of New York.

Presuming that an accurate knowledge of the composition of Balltown waters may be of publick benefit, and lead to a more general use of this valuable article of the Materia Medica, I request the favour of you to give place in your Repository to the following analysis, which has been made in France by one of her most celebrated chemists. It may be proper to remark, that the water was carefully sealed at the Spring, and conveyed by a gentleman who had been in the habit of drinking it. He observes, "On my arrival at Paris, I drank two bottles of water, and found no difference in the taste or effect from that experienced last year at Balltown, from which I conclude that it suffers no alteration from transportation." Analysis of a bottle of Balltown water, containing twenty-five ounces:...1. Carbonick acid gas, or fixed air, three times its bulk. 2. Muriate of soda, or marine salt, thirty-one grains. 3. carbonate of lime, supersaturated, twenty-two grains. 4. Muriate of magnesia, twelve and an half grains. 5. Muriate of lime, five grains. 6.

Carbonate of iron, four grains.—The chemist proceeds to add, "No mineral water of our continent is so rich in saline substances of this sort. That of Vichy, which is in great repute, does not contain more than the *tenth of a grain* of the carbonate of iron to a bottle; while that of Balltown contains *four grains:* And it is chiefly to the iron that these waters owe their tonick and deobstruent qualities. Another advantage of the American mineral water is, that by its gentle cathartick operation, it is no less calculated to evacuate bile, than to give tone to the vascular system. On these accounts it is a valuable remedy in a great variety of diseases of debility, and appears to be formed by nature in the best possible proportions to give it efficacy." He adds, "I have no doubt, when known, it must become an important object of commerce."

Two inferences worthy of notice are to be deduced from the above analysis of this powerful chalybeate; that in some diseases, as in consumption of the lungs, it has hitherto been improperly employed; but that there are also many others, for which it has not been generally used, and in which it promises to be of great value.

FOREIGN LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL

INTELLIGENCE.

'*London, Nov.* 1807.

Mr. Thelwall commenced on Monday the 26th, at the Institution for the Improvement of English Oratory, and the Cure of Impediments, a course of miscellaneous lectures on the genius, composition, and utterance of the English language, and on the means of improving our national elocution; including strictures on the causes of the customary defects in reading, recitation, publick speaking, and conversational delivery; with criticisms on the elocution of the senate, bar, pulpit, and stage, and sketches of several of the most celebrated characters of the present, and the preceding generation. The lectures are to be accompanied with readings and recitations from Milton, Shakespeare, Dryden, Johnson, Sterne, Goldsmith, and other celebrated writers; and with oratorical and critical dissertations on literary and historical subjects, and upon such interesting topicks of a temporary and popular nature, as do not unnecessarily involve any disquisitions or considerations of party politicks.

The Rev. A. Murray is employed in preparing an Account of the Life and Writings of James Bruce, esq. of Kinnaird, to which will be added, an appendix of original papers, illustrative of the Travels to discover the source of the Nile. This work is expected to make one volume in quarto, and will be embellished with a portrait of Mr. Bruce and fourteen other engravings.

The world has been gratified during the current month with the appearance of a comet, which has been distinctly visible with the naked eye, after sun-set. Perhaps we cannot do better than present our readers with an extract of a letter received from that indefatigable observer, Mr. *Capel Lofft* of Troston, near Bury:

"I hope you have seen the beautiful and glorious comet; we saw it on Tuesday evening, the 6th instant. Its light was so intense, that it bore exceedingly well a reflector with a power of one hundred, and a small field of view. But it appeared best in an achromatick of Dollond's, with a field of view very considerable and in an excellent night glass of the late Mr. Dunn's, the astronomica-lecturer. I find no Comet that resembles it,

but that of 1647, which however cannot be it, if this has its direction northward. In coming to its node, after it passes its perihelion, if it is now approaching it, as I at present believe, it will pass I think considerably near to our earth, as it first became visible nearly on the opposite side of the earth's orbit."

In a letter to Mr. Phillips, dated the 19th, he observes:

"The Comet now visible is so much the finest of any observable in England for thirty-eight years back, that I think some account of it cannot be unacceptable. It was first seen, as I understand, on the 30th of September, near γ Libræ. It seems then just to have passed its guiding node. The Rev. T. Rerough, of Thornger, near Bury, saw it on the day following. On Thursday the 1st of October, and on Saturday the 3d it was seen by Mr. Charles D. Leech of Bury; on Sunday by several. We did not see it here till our attention had been called to it by a letter from Mr. John Mills, of Bury, and another from an astronomical correspondent then in London. Consequently we saw it as soon as the clouds broke on the Tuesday evening, at 6^h. 25′ solar time. The nucleus was very brilliant and well defined, of a pale gold colour, very little inferiour in lustre to Arcturus, and exceeding him in apparent magnitude to the eye. With a very good three and a half foot telescope of Dollond's, with a power of about 50, and a field of view of 2°, the nucleus had a very sensible apparent magnitude, I think not less than 40″, if not 1′. With an excellent night-glass of Dunn's, the field of which is 4°, the train at eight in the evening, when clear of the twilight, considerably more than filled the field. As it comes to us from the opposite side of our orbit, nearly to that in which our earth is at present, if it were then a diameter of the orbit distant from us, the train under an angle of 6° would be full ten millions of miles in length, and its breadth, which I have rather enlarged, was about one-eighth of its length, or about 45′. If its head had 40″ diameter, at that distance it would be full four times the diameter of our earth. Last night, and the night before last, its coma appeared very dilute about one degree and a half in length; something must be allowed for the great light of the moon; and also (which is more) its diminution of angular distance from the sun, by which its train is seen less obliquely. Its nucleus remains brilliant, and bordering on a gold colour. The train on Tuesday the 6th was bright gold colour near the Comet, fading off in a silvery brightness, and terminating in the thinnest white fume. I do not draw; and if I did, the finest mezzotinto would be far from doing justice to the lucid distinctness and delicate beauty of its appearance. It was perfectly conspicuous even to the naked eye on the 6th, and very beautiful even with a power of one hundred, as seen by Matthew Lofft's reflector, which has a field of about thirty-two minutes."

In another letter, dated the 20th, he says:

"Last night it was very beautiful, and the nucleus exceedingly brilliant, with a very sensible and well defined magnitude. I observed an occultation of a telescopick star, by the head of the Comet, which was near γ Herculis, it appeared bright at about 30″ distance from the preceding limb of the Comet, and disappeared at once without apparent contact, a little short of that distance, as a fixed star does, when it suffers an occultation by ☽, or ✱ ♄. This is a very curious phenomenon, and proves the density of the head of the Comet. It was quite otherwise with the Comet of 1797, which had no discernible nucleus. I could not make the apparent diameter of its nucleus last night, less than 3′. Train 20 or 25′ broad, and 1° 30′ fully in length. It bore the diminution of light from approaching the horizon better than γ Herculis. The apparent path of the Comet has described since the 1st of October, 16° declination, 14° 4° right

ascension. This results from a mean between two observations, taken one by me, and the other by Mr. Charles D.Leech, of Bury, and which differ only 20′ in right ascension, and 1° in declination. Right ascension at eight last night, 24° 5° north declination 19°. Comet 1° nearly below γ Herculis."

On the 25th Mr. Lofft communidated some further observations:

"There was no opportunity of observing the Comet here on Thursday or Friday night. A very fine one Saturday night. Tolerable this night. Yesterday evening it appeared in forty-eight hours to have advanced more than 10 deg. in declin. and about 3 in right ascension. Nucleus very brilliant, and train exceedingly so. Fully 4° in length, about 1 broad, fanning out and incurvated upwards, with a shorter branch extending on the upper side. A fine meteor was visible in the field of the telescope on Saturday, with the Comet for a second or two. This night it appears nearly stationary in N.declination, and retrogade in right ascension. It seems by these and all circumstances, to be turning round in its orbit, and to be passing its perihelion.—Position, Sunday night, 25th of October, W. of ξ Herculis, and above it about 1°."

We have singular satisfaction in being able to announce the prospect of the immediate establishment of a third Publick Library, or grand literary depot, in the metropolis. Its site will be the vicinity of Blackfriar's-bridge, and it will be especially calculated to accommodate the centre of the metropolis, as it is considered that the Royal and the London Institutions adapt themselves more particularly to the west and east ends of the town. It is intended to include a valuable and extensive library, an arrangement for lectures on the different branches of philosophy and science, and commodious rooms for reading the foreign and domestick Journals, and other periodical works. The number of proprietors is to be twelve hundred; and their subscription, twenty guineas. The number of life-subscribers to be six hundred; their subscription, ten guineas; and that of annual subscribers, two guineas.

The Jews in London have lately printed a small volume in Hebrew and English containing a collection of their prayers, and the service used in the synagogues. It appears than the Hebrew language is on the decline among the English Jews, and that they cultivate a study of the langaage of the country in which they live, considerably more than formerly.

When the late Mr. *Gilbert Wakefield*, published his Proposals for a Greek and English Lexicon, a gentleman who had for a considerable time been employed on a similar work, desisted from his labour, on the supposition that Mr. Wakefield's work was ready for the press. But as it appears from Mr. Wakefield's Memoirs, that he had not proceeded much further in the collection of materials than his interleaved Hedericus, which has been destroyed by fire, that gentleman has now resumed his own work, and will in a short time present the publick with a copious and accurate Greek and English Lexicon.

Mr. *Carpenter*, author of Observations addressed to Grand Juries, has nearly ready for publication, Reflections, that have suggested themselves from the Journal of Messrs. Whitbread, Malthus, Rose, Weyland, and Colquhoun's Plans and opinions on the Subject of the Poor Laws, with outlines of a new Plan for bettering the condition of the Poor, &c.

Dr. *Carey* has in the press, a new edition of his Latin Prosody made Easy, with considerable additions and improvements, particularly in the part which treats on the different species of verse. An Abridgement, for the use of schools, will be published at the same time with the larger work.

The love of literature seems to be gaining ground daily in Ireland, and particularly that class of it which will tend ultimately to make its provinces more frequented and better known, which will not only

published in any of his works. 12mo. $1,25. Boston, E. & J. Larkin.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Mr. Charles Pierce of Portsmouth New-Hampshire, has put to press and will speedily publish Religious Cases of Conscience answered in an evangelical manner at the Casuistictal Lecture, in Little St. Helen's, Bishop-gate-street. By S. Pike & S. Hayward. To which is added, the Spiritual Companion, or pofessing Christian tried at the bar of God's word. By S.Pike.

Messrs. Belcher & Armstrong, of this town, have in the press Poems by Robert Treat Paine jun.

Dr. Samuel Bard, who has been long known as an able and learned practitioner in New-York, and who has for some years past retired from the active duties of his profession, has now in the press of Messrs. Collins and Perkins, of that city, an interesting work entitled, "A Compendium of the Theory and Practice of Midwifery, containing practical Instructions for the Management of women during Pregnancy, in Labour and in Child-bed; calculated to correct the Errours and improve the Practice of Midwives, as well as to serve as an Introduction to the Study of this Art, for Students and young Practitioners."

Isaiah Thomas jun. of Worcester has in the press the following works:—

The complete works of the late Rev. Jonathan Edwards, President of the College of N. Jersey.—This work will be comprised in eight octavo volumes; it is publishing on an entire new type, and fine wove paper.

Whiston's genuine works of Flavius Josephus, the learned and authentick Jewish Historian, and celebrated Warrior.—This work be published in three octavo volumes, from the last Edinburgh Edition, printed in 1804.

Schrevelii's Greek Lexicon. This work will be completed in the course of the winter.

Brown's Genuine Dictionary of the Holy Bible; containing an historical account of the persons; a geographical and historical account of the places; a literal, critical and systematical description of other objects, whether natural, artificial, civil, religious or military; and the explanation of the appellative terms mentioned in the writings of the Old and New Testament; the whole comprising whatever is known concerning the antiquity of the Hebrew nation and church of God—Forming a sacred commentary; a body of scripture history, chronology, and divinity; and serving in a great measure as a Concordance to the Bible—in two volumes. This valuable work has just been printed in Edinburgh under the immediate direction of Mr. Brown's sons, and has many valuable additions and corrections made by the Author previons to his death. A sketch of Mr. Brown's life is perfixed to this Edition.

WORKS ANNOUNCED.

W. Wells of this town, and W. Hilliard of Cambridge, propose publishing by subscription, "Novum Testamentum Græce e Recensione Jo: Jac: Griesbachii; cum selecta lectionum varietate." This edition of the Greek Testament will be an exact copy of that lately published at Leipsic, by G.J.Goschen, in two volumes small octavo. It will contain the Greek text as edited by the celebrated Griesbach, with a selection at the bottom of the page of all the various readings, which affect the sense or construction. This edition will be printed in one handsome volume octavo, The price to subscribers will be two dollars in boards; or it will be delivered in any kind of binding with the customary additional charge. A few copies will be struck off upon fine paper, royal octavo; price $3,50 in boards.

John West, No. 75, Cornhill, is about putting to press, a Greek Grammar, in which the declensions of nouns and the conjugations of verbs are reduced to their most simple forms; the rules of contraction made concise, and the syntax and prosody complete: with an appendix subjoined. By John Smith, S.T.D. professor of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and other Oriental languages, at Dartmouth College.

Snelling & Simons, and J. W. Armstrong, of this town, propose publishing by subscription, in a duodecimo volume, the dramatick works of Joseph Addison, consisting of Cato, Rosamond, and the Drummer. Price $1 bound.

ERRATA.—Page 47, 2d line from bottom, for 'promotion,' read 'formation;' p. 48, 15th line from bottom, read 'demonstration.'

The following should have been subjoined to the piece on the use of printed discourses:—

"In the former essay we wish to correct the following errours: Page 454, 2d column, line 14 from top, for 'one's,' read 'one;' p. 455, 1st col. line 11 from top, for 'of,' r. 'or;' p. 457, 1st col. line 4 from bottom, for 'engaged' r. 'regarded.'

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

FEBRUARY, 1808.

For the Anthology.

ABORIGINAL INDIANS.

THE unhappy descendants of those warlike ancestors, who once exercised the just rights of sovereignty over the soil we inhabit, until superiour craft in the first place, and superiour force in the second, compelled them to surrender their inheritance, and to seal the conveyance with their blood, seem peculiarly entitled to our commiseration and regard. We invaded the quietude of their forests, corrupted the simplicity of their manners, and left to their posterity all the curses of civilization, without one of its benefits. The Indian is now (if I may be allowed the expression) little more than the shadow of his departed ancestors. With an insatiable appetite for glory, and a magnanimous contempt of danger in its acquisition, their onset was terrible, and their expiring agonies breathed defiance. We have been taught to look with reverence on antiquity; but it may be made a very serious question, whether all the records of past ages can produce examples of more heroick contempt of death, than the forests of America have furnished? Ingenuity had already been taxed to its full competence to devise tortures more exquisite; yet indisputable tradition relates that the forests of America have exhibited the spectacle of a captive, while slowly expiring at the stake amidst the horrible variety of his torments, coolly suggesting modes of suffering more acute for his own body to endure. We are almost induced to believe, that the contempt of death influenced their physical nature, and, by removing all susceptibility from their nerves, enabled them to suffer in a manner congenial to their wishes. The descendants of these gallant souls we now behold dissipating, as civilized life invades the recesses of their forests; and one or two centuries will probably allow them little more than historical existence. A sort of chivalry in reformation is one of the distinguishing features of the present age. Every artifice has been employed to tempt the Indian from his wilderness; but the experiment has so often unsuccessfully encountered the recurrenee of former habits, that we may venture to pronounce it incompetent. Naturalists have observed of the beaver, that, when domesticated, he gives no evidence of that shrewd sagacity and calculating judgment, that distinguishes him in the society of his fellows; but, on the contrary, he is sluggish and inert, and dozes away a

sullen kind of existence. Thus the Indian, when he quits his native haunts, leaves all his ancient properties behind him, contracts all the vices of civilization, and returns to his comrades with the pestilence. Benevolence may delight to confer favours ; but if the subject renounces them, or turns them to a purpose destructive of himself, a still further distribution is no longer a blessing, but a curse. The Indian, even in his natural state, regards rest as the completion of enjoyment. The calls of hunger can alone rouse him from his lethargy, and, when the woods have satisfied the cravings of his appetite, he relapses into his former habits of indolence. This constitutional malady is of itself an insurmountable obstacle to the advance of civilization. When the earth yields her tributes to the hands of such reluctant industry, they are not hoarded up with a provident caution to alleviate the austerity of the seasons, but bartered away for that pernicious opiate, which secures them present rest. The same propensity, that formerly prompted them to dare the terrours of their native woods, is now turned into another and a more inglorious channel. The intoxicating draught is more easily procured, than the repast which the wilderness affords, and the manufacture of an idle broom or a basket ensures a plentiful supply. Daily experience confirms the remark, that even the descendants of savages, who were born in civilized life, and from earliest infancy have partook largely of its benefits, still maintain an obstinate struggle with destiny, rove about discontented and dejected, the miserable victim of cruel experiment, and living libels on the theories of philosophers. Let them once more enjoy their solitary rocks, and, as civilization recedes, the energy of their nature revives.

It has already been observed, that a tendency to rest is the distinguishing trait of an Indian. Nature seems in some climates to have protected this indolence by her own munificence, spontaneously pouring her treasures in such abundance, as to supercede the necessity of labour. In the island of Otaheite missionaries have exerted themselves for ten successive years to disseminate Christianity and the arts of social life. Wearied and exhausted in an undertaking, proved by experiment to be hopeless, they propose to abandon their project, and to return to their native country. They have cultivated the soil, with a view to excite a spirit of emulation amongst the natives ; but their reply is, that their parent has already by her bounty anticipated all the exertions of her children. Equally unsuccessful have been their efforts to promulgate the gospel. The Indians pertinaciously adhere to their preconceived habits and opinions, as the standard of right and wrong, allowing no other standard of comparison to be just. Their Deity is still a fowl, who receives their sacrifice and adoration ; nor have all the efforts of the missionaries abated their reverence for one of his feathers. Our fair countrywomen will not relish the savage compliment paid to their sex, when they are informed, that the natives do not scruple to deprive their tender infants of existence, if they belong to their class ; alledging no other reason for so doing, than the expense of their education. Still the laws are very liberal to matrimonial alliance ; for every man is allowed as many wives as he pleases to have, the number be-

ing only limited by his competency to maintain them. As a pledge of the sincerity of the friendship they profess, a loan of a wife is regarded as the highest; the rejection of which is atonable only by blood. Here a whimsical inconsistency in their predominant conceptions of justice and propriety is worthy of notice. If a friend asks the same indulgence with one of their sisters, which amongst their wives it is even dangerous to refuse, the brother is alarmed for the honour of his family, and the personal security of the guest is put in jeopardy. To account for this apparent paradox, let it be understood, that, amongst these ardent and uncultivated minds, a friend is regarded as an integral part of themselves; hence wherever it is lawful for them to have intercourse, a friend may claim the same indulgence. As Nature has branded an alliance between a brother and a sister with incest, they transfer to a friend the opprobrium which would in that case alight upon themselves, if any request, short of matrimony, was solicited. He then doffs the character of a friend, and assumes that of a brother.

Like the ancient Picts, they delight much in tatooing their bodies with every device, which their capricious fancy may represent. The minister of justice, who hears, rejects, or redresses the complaints of the inhabitants, has one half of his body, from the crown of his head to the soal of his foot, including even the eye-lash, by artificial expedient made perfectly black. The other half shines with a light and delicate copper hue. When the suppliant, without the dull formality of a writ or declaration, implores a redress of his grievances, if the mind of the judge is inauspicious, he turns to him the sable side of his countenance. If, on the other hand, justice is propitious, the visage beams with all the benignity of copper. By a mere turn of the body the case is decided, and the parties litigant satisfied with the judgment.

On the recent arrival of a ship in the harbour of Otaheite, and while she was within twenty miles of the port, the weather being remarkably tempestuous, a canoe was discovered by the sailors braving the inclemency of the element, and with the rapidity of a water-fowl pursuing its course. It soon appeared that the ship was the object of its destination, and the sequel justified the conjecture. It bore an important dispatch from his majesty the emperour of Otaheite, written with his own hand in plain English, informing the captain that affairs of deep moment prevented his personal attendance; that the day was dedicated to some ritual observance of theirs, and that, for the purpose of augmenting its festivity, he solicited the donation of a rum-bottle. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the request was immediately complied with, and that, although the couriers in their return underwent trying vicissitudes, the bottle and its contents were preserved. His majesty, under the patronage of the emissaries, is expert in the art of writing, and indites not only in his native tongue, but likewise in English, with a propriety that would put many of our countrymen to the blush. Probably he did not dream at the time that he indited the letter, of which the following is an exact transcript, that the pages of the Anthology would ever be blazoned by that specimen of the literature of Otaheite. We will previously to its transcription remark, that the gentleman, who, on his return from that country,

after a voyage of four years, obligingly favoured us with the original, has given the strong and unquestionable assurance of his honour, that he was present when his majesty penned it, and that neither himself, or any other than the royal personage himself, either advised, indited, or dictated one of its paragraphs. For the better understanding, we will further state, that *Matavæ* is the district where his majesty resides, and that the letters *O* and *I*, in the word *Otaheite*, are rejected in the pronunciation of the natives.

"Matavæ, Tahete, Aug. 9th, 1806.

Sir,

I wish you safe home to your native country and a happy meeting with your friends. If you should ever again come this way, I shall be glad to see you; or if you should ever have an opportunity of writing I shall be pleased to hear from you.

I am, sir,

Your well-wisher,

Pomare, king of Tahete.

Mr. ****

The indefatigable industry of the missionaries has provided the natives with grammars in their mother tongue, which they study with perseverance and success. A more convincing proof cannot be given of the inveteracy of their ancient habits, and of their irreconcileable nature to the principles of christianity, than this simple fact, that while the missionaries can inculcate in the minds of the natives the rudiments of literature, they cannot persuade parents of the crime, nor make them abstain from the habit of deliberately murdering their female infants. This phænomenon may be accounted for in the following manner. In what little of literature they have learned, they find nothing abhorrent to their preconceived opinions; but rather a mode of preserving them, and of communicating them more certain and expeditious, and this they anxiously adopt. Christianity, on the other hand, opens a new and untried scene, altogether variant, which they dare not explore. After so much labour in experiment, it now remains a question for future ages to decide, whether all the toil will not end in the confirmation of their ancient habits.

Allowing however the conversion of Indians to Christianity to be a thing within the compass of human enterprize, still the question remains unanswered, is this a desirable event? It will not be contended, that, to take the savage as he is, with all the headstrong passions of the wilderness, and give him the christian Deity to worship, would be any important acquisition, either with regard to his own edification, or to ours. Begin with the indispensable preparatory knowledge, attempt his civilization, teach him regularity of life, sobriety of manners, industry, and moderation of desires, and, as experience has abundantly testified, you dissipate all the magnanimous qualities of the forest, and give him nothing in exchange but a participation of those vices which, when indulged, debase social life beneath the character of the savage. In fact, the object of our experiment is then neither in a savage, or a civilized state, but a sort of amphibious animal, with just enough of his former qualities remaining to deprive us of all commiseration for his fate, and full sufficient of the latter to excite our scorn and contempt. Christianity, if mingled with qualities like these, ceases to be such, sinks into the glooms of superstitious reverence, and we ourselves are, in some measure, auxiliary to its idolatry and debasement. The poet Cowper will not be suspected of infidelity, and yet, in his character of

Omai, he is a true though an involuntary witness in our favour.

'These therefore I can pity, plac'd remote,
But far beyond the rest, and with most cause,
Thee gentle savage! whom no love of thee
Or thine but curiosity perhaps,
Or else vain glory, prompted us to draw
Forth from thy native bowers, to shew thee here
With what superiour skill we can abuse
The gifts of Providence, and squander life.
The dream is past, and thou hast found again
Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams,
And homestall thatch'd with leaves; *but hast thou found*
Their former charms? And having seen our state,
Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp
Of equipage, our gardens, and our sports,
And heard our music, *are thy simple friends,*
Thy simple fare, and all thy plain delight,
As dear to thee as once?'

So long then as the Indian nations preserve their identity, we entertain the opinion, that the project of their reformation to social life will be idle and abortive. If any one asks how this obstacle is to be surmounted, we answer with confidence, by breaking up and confounding this identity altogether. By an intermarriage with the whites, a posterity would arise in whom the discordant manners of social and savage life would harmoniously mingle. This likewise is a fact attested by experiment. Those who are not unaptly styled the lords of Virginia, amongst whom may be reckoned some of the most splendid characters that adorned our revolution, comprize in an eminent degree, the heroism without the ferocity of the wilderness, and to this day boast of their Indian ancestors. Of all the holds on the heart of man, matrimony is the strongest. In the instance we have mentioned, the Indian, having a perpetual representative of social life before his eyes, the partaker of his joys and sorrows, might find his love the ascendant of his ferocity; and those strong habits, which no force is competent to relax, the hand of affection might loosen and dissolve. At all events, the children would follow the bent of maternal inclination, and wonder at the passion of their fathers for the forest. In what manner an intermixture of blood operates, so as to alter habits and desires, is a secret hidden so deep in the dark recesses of nature, that it never will be discovered, until we can ascertain how the soul forms an alliance with the body.

We are confident, men of enlarged and expanded minds will not censure the freedom of these strictures, believing, as we do, that Christianity comprizes views of the present and a future state of existence too sublime and pure to be comprehended by the being, who 'sees his deity in every cloud, and hears him only in the tempest.' Such premature conversion in the earlier ages of Christianity, when the lips professed what the mind could not comprehend, has stained centuries with blood, brought reproach upon its name, and furnished matter of triumph for the infidel alone. Our religion is a system that was opened with the world we inhabit, and is to continue to the end of it, gradually unfolding, until all the race of Adam are comprehended in its blessings. The stream of time, although its surface is turbulent and threatening, has, even in our day, washed away the mummery of Rome, one great obstacle to Christianity, and we can but regard the fears of the immortal Burke, that all religion will go

with it, as chimerical, seeing we have the word of Omnipotence to the reverse. The whole matter in controversy may be comprehended in one plain question, will the meditated reformation be accomplished with a miracle, or without one? If our opponents urge the former, then all human assistance is abortive. If the latter is insisted on, it brings us back to the point from whence we started, and our observations remain to be answered. We feel confident that the liberal mind will not censure, as for the rest we regard them with placid indifference.

R.

For the Anthology.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

From an American Traveller in Europe to his Friends in this Country.

LETTER FOURTEENTH.

Naples, Jan. 5, 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

AFTER waiting impatiently for a suitable day to ascend Vesuvius, we have at last accomplished the arduous undertaking; arduous indeed it is to ladies, though hundreds of women of refined habits have summoned resolution to accomplish it. The ladies of our party were extremely exhausted, and I much feared whether, after encountering so much fatigue, they would at last succeed in attaining the summit, but they succeeded, and certain I am, they will never attempt it a second time.

Vesuvius is one of those topicks so often discussed, that it has been worn threadbare. Little is left to interest attention, and the most ingenious man can do little more than repeat, perhaps in a new style, the observations of twenty who have preceded him. Still more difficult is the task of those, who, not professing to possess any rare talent at description, shall feel themselves impelled, from any cause whatever, to attempt it. Yet we are all unwilling to suffer our labours and pains to remain unnoticed, at least by our friends.

The ascent to Mount Vesuvius is certainly a work of extreme labour and fatigue; and though it is open to all the world, yet the proportion who visit it, is extremely small. It is therefore very natural that they should wish that their *friends* at least should know the detail of their exertions, remarks, and impressions, though they may be convinced, that any circulating library will afford them much better and more agreeable descriptions. Protesting then, that I write for my own amusement, and not for that of my friends, I shall give you some short account of my visit to Vesuvius. But if my dull description shall inspire a wish to know more of this celebrated phenomenon, I would refer you to the witty but incorrect effusions of Dr. Moore; the classical remarks of Abbe Richard; the plain detail of Swinburne; and the correct, learned, and thorough statements of that *learned commentator on Vesuvius*, Sir William Hamilton.

Leaving Naples in a carriage at about 10 o'clock, A. M. we proceeded on one of the most beautiful roads in the world, to Portici. The day was uncommonly fine, a

circumstance indispensible in visits to the mountain, as the ascent in bad weather is impracticable, or if practicable, would be uninteresting. Portici is a delightful village, lying upon and open to the enchanting bay of Naples, at the distance of four miles from the city. It is situated at the foot of the mountain, which on this side may be considered as extending to the sea, for the ground from this spot to the crater is one nearly uninterrupted ascent. This spot has been, from causes very obvious to a person who views the country, more subject to the calamitous and destructive ravages of the mountain, than any other place. After the existing inhabitants and their immediate predecessors, the modern Italians had lived in peaceful ignorance on this place for several centuries. They accidentally discovered about fifty years ago, that it was built upon an ancient city, which after some investigation of the inscriptions found in it, proved beyond all controversy to be the ancient city of Herculaneum, which was buried in the year 79 of the Christian æra, by the same eruption which destroyed the elder Pliny, and which the younger Pliny has eloquently described.

Examinations recently made, have established the fact, that the matter of six different eruptions had, in different ages, passed over this devoted spot; and I cannot doubt, that, until this volcano shall by the consumption of its combustible materials be extinct, this unhappy town will forever be subject to attacks of this nature. I shall omit the description of the Museum of Portici, till I give my friends some account of Herculaneum, with which it is naturally connected; but I shall at present ask you to accompany me to Vesuvius. About a mile beyond Portici, at the little village of Resina, you quit your carriages, and mount on mules and asses, accompanied by active guides, who are perfectly accustomed to the steep passages of the hill. For a distance of three miles you keep constantly and gradually ascending amidst, or in sight of the several streams of lava, which have successively flowed from the mountain in different eruptions. The Cicerones (for so they call these guides by way of ridicule) are perfectly acquainted by tradition with the dates of the several eruptions, and with the courses of the stream of lava. My guide had accompanied Sir William Hamilton for several years, and was the bearer of an honourable certificate to that effect. I have therefore full confidence in the accuracy of his account; besides which, I found the common people were well acquainted with the same facts. This indeed is not extraordinary, when we consider, that the great eruptions, which produce extensive torrents of lava, take place but once or twice in an age, and that they are the most interesting events which can possibly occur to these unhappy people. If the Scottish peasantry could recollect whole poems of their Erse bards, and transmit them from age to age unimpaired; if the Iliad of Homer was in the same manner preserved by the Greeks for several hundred years, as has been often asserted; it is surely not remarkable, that these awful phænomena, which have occurred but about twenty times since the birth of our Saviour, should be as faithfully recorded, and the history of them transmitted, by those who live in the perpetual terrour of their recurrence.

The lavas of 1779 and of 1794

make the most conspicuous figure. Both of them proceeded from breaches in the side of the mountain, and ran towards the sea, a distance of four or five miles, destroying every object which they encountered in their way. What indeed, human or terrestrial, could withstand these liquid torrents of fire, rolling along with a slow, but unvarying pace, extending several hundred yards in width, and seventy feet in height? Whereever they have taken their course a mournful face of desolation is visible, which centuries only can change, but which the art and industry of man cannot hasten, or even affect.

The lava presents a surface harder than rock, a surface which resists the hardest metals, unless accompanied with great exertions or art. It affords no pabulum for vegetation, and thousands of acres, which issued more than a century past, are still destitute of a verdant spire. Succeeding eruptions sometimes cure the *very evil* which preceding ones occasioned. When the eruption does not proceed to extremities, but only terminates in the emission of ashes and other light volcanick substances, these form a lodgment upon the naked lava, and soon produce a soil capable of producing and supporting vegetation in the most luxuriant degree. I passed through rich and fertile vineyards on the side of the mountain, planted over the bosom of an ancient body of lava, but which had been covered by a succeeding eruption of ashes. No lands are superiour to those which are formed in this manner.

A more dismal and gloomy prospect cannot be found, than that which immediately surrounds you as you approach to Vesuvius. The perpendicular part of the hill itself is one vast body of black cinders, intermingled with pumice stones, and other volcanick particles, unrelieved by a single living plant.

At the foot of this little hill vast streams of ancient lava, taking various courses, as the vallies or inequalities of the ground directed, present an aspect equally dreary, and vastly more tremendous.

These bodies of lava are generally of a dark brown colour, resembling in appearance and construction of the parts, the cinders of blacksmiths' coal. Although the great body of the lava is perfectly vitrified, and when cold forms an opaque and solid, ponderous body, more compact than any stone, yet the external surface consists invariably of scoriæ, intermingled with pumice stones, and other light bodies, exhibiting the appearance I have just stated. The surface of the lava is also *extremely unequal*. It resembles the sea in a storm, or as the sea would look if its waves were in the moment of convulsion congealed or petrified. These great inequalities have been attributed by philosophers to the swelling of the lava, when in a state of fusion. This is certain, that it is in that state subject to great convulsions.

The lava of Vesuvius is a very different substance, or to speak more correctly, a collection or combination of substances, from what we should be led to believe from the polished specimens of it which we have seen in America. Those which I have seen in our country are solid, compact, and close grained, capable of receiving a high polish. It is true, that the inferiour part of the lava is of that description, but none of that sort presents itself to your eye as you

pass over the different courses of lava.

It is the general opinion of philosophical gentlemen, that the lava is a combination of the several mineral bodies, which are found in the interiour of the mountain, and which, by an extreme heat, are reduced to a state of fusion, and thus produce an homogeneous, or apparently homogeneous body. The great and general principle of union is esteemed to be a bitumen, which unites the metallick, earthy, and calcareous parts. This is inferred from the action of the lava after it issues from the mountain. It is always found in a state of violent effervescence, continually endeavouring to dilate itself, and throwing up in its agitations the lighter and imperfectly melted parts. This scum, or froth, which the literati call scoriæ, has a *perfect* resemblance to the half-burnt coals or cinders, which we see at the door of a blacksmith, hard, shining, and full of small cavities. This, together with the small pumice stones, and other light bodies, which fall upon the lava after the eruption, forms the external surface, and is all which can be seen of the form or nature of it, except where it has been artificially opened.

The efforts of the internal air, produced by effervescence, are observable in the irregularity of the surface of the lava, which is thrown into an infinite variety of singular and grotesque forms. With the aid of imagination many philosophers have seen in these beds of lava regular aqueducts with their arches, curious caves, and romantick grots, and in one instance they have believed that they discovered a complete temple with its dome and internal configuration. But I was not equally happy in my remarks. I discerned nothing on it but a wild, irregular, mis-shapen torrent, suddenly arrested by the refrigeration of its parts.

In almost all the eruptions of the few last centuries, the lava has most usually burst the sides of the mountain, not having, I presume, sufficient agitation to rise to the crater, and there to find its natural vent. After issuing from the orifice thus forcibly made, it has taken its course exactly like other fluids, according to the slope or descent of the ground, seeking the lowest vallies, and turning away from any obstacle, which it encountered.

Most writers represent its motions as extremely slow, estimating its progress at half a mile an hour; but I am persuaded this must refer to its motion after it had been some time out of the crater. It is a very dense body, and extremely easily refrigerated, but a Mr. Hayter, an English clergyman, sent hither by the Prince of Wales to assist in the examination of the manuscripts at Portici, assured me that the last lava ran three miles in a very few minutes after its first eruption, but soon cooled and proceeded with its usual sluggishness. I shall however procure a regular and exact account of the phænomena, which attended the late eruptions, and of which no account has yet publickly appeared in England.

After passing over several miles of the country, which has been laid waste by this destructive volcano, you arrive at an hermitage, which was built and is preserved, I believe, chiefly for the refreshment of those, whose curiosity leads them to visit the mountain. This hermitage, called 'Il Salvatore,' 'the Saviour,' is situated upon a little eminence at the distance of

one mile from the base of the perpendicular part of the mountain. It is raised so high, and the hill on which it stands is so solid, that it is perfectly secure from the effects of ordinary eruptions, and has hitherto been free from the effects of the earthquakes, which always prevail here in periods of eruption, though many proud cities and rich plains, at a much greater distance, have been laid waste by them.

To this spot, in times of volcanick violence, the literati and other inhabitants of Naples repair to view the grand and imposing spectacle of convulsed Nature. Here, at the distance of only one mile from the crater, they can calmly and securely witness all the phænomena, count the number and duration of the earthquakes, measure the altitude of the projected bodies, trace the progress, and mark the velocity of the liquid torrents, which issued from the ruptured surface of the mountain. After taking some refreshments here, you proceed over the valley, called 'Atreo del Cavallo,' amidst little mountains and vallies of rude lava, to the base of the perpendicular hill, which contains the crater. This part of the hill appears to be wholly formed of the ashes, cinders, and light bodies, which have issued from the crater. They are so extremely light, moveable, and destitute of tenacity, that it is impossible to form a tolerable path in them. Though it had rained exceedingly hard all the preceding day and night, yet it had not, produced the least degree of consistency or solidity in the volcanick mass. These circumstances render the ascent of Vesuvius peculiarly difficult, which its great steepness would alone have rendered sufficiently so. Although this last ascent is not more than 1800 feet perpendicular, or about one third of a mile, yet it requires nearly an hour to ascend it. We at last however reached the crater, and I was most amply repaid for all my toils. The former descriptions given of the crater of Vesuvius are in no degree applicable to its present state. New eruptions perpetually change its appearance; and the last, which happened only two months since, has totally altered it, having ruptured one side of the crater, and forced down an immense torrent of lava. I observed by the book of records, which they keep at the hermitage, that many ladies had descended into the crater. Had I been ignorant of the history of Vesuvius, I should have been astonished at this boldness; but I know that, at certain times, it is as easy as the *ascent* of the mountain, and not more dangerous. No fire or eruption of any moment had taken place for eight years preceding the present eruption. The sides of the crater even now are not difficult of descent; but, in lieu of an immense empty bason with a hole in the centre, the crater now exhibited fourteen small burning mountains, whose mouths were still vomiting up smoke and hot sulphureous vapours. These mountains were composed of half-burnt rocks, covered with sulphur, and the smoke issued, as in a coal-kiln, from a thousand crevices. To ladies the descent would at present be impracticable; but Mr. Randolph, of Virginia, and myself, let ourselves down into the crater, and mounted on one of these new-formed hills, which had no existence three months ago, and which another hour may annihilate. We found the stones still insufferably hot, and the sulphureous vapour

was so powerful, that we were afraid either to proceed or remain, and retreated back again to the banks of the crater with precipitation.

I have several specimens of these stones, loaded with sulphur, which we took hot and smoking from the new mountain we ascended. We proceeded to that part of the crater, which the last eruption had broken down, a circumstance which has not happened before for a long period of time. I found the sides of the late ruptured orifice perpendicular, and about twenty or thirty feet deep. The width of the gulf, which the lava had forced open, was, I should conjecture, more than one hundred feet, and it had carried away the side of the mountain in the same manner for a very considerable distance.

The crater itself is about six hundred feet diameter, as near as I could judge, and is the most awful and tremendous object in its *present* state which I ever beheld. The thick volume of smoke prevented my making as accurate remarks on its interiour formation, as I could have wished. The mountain has continued ever since that day to be very turbulent, and I think that another eruption may be soon looked for.

The descent of the mountain is as rapid and easy, as the ascent is laborious. Incapable of supporting yourself in that rolling sand, you abandon yourself to your fate, and arrive at the bottom in the space of five or ten minutes, traversing the same distance, which had cost you an hour to ascend.

Yours, &c.

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For the Anthology.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE INSTITUTION AND PROGRESS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

Belief in the influence of the stars on the fortune and character of man, together with the attention always unavoidably given to the measurement of time, preserved some knowledge of astronomy among our ancestors even in the darkest ages of modern Europe, and rendered it one of the first objects of zealous study at the æra of the general revival of learning and science. The alchemical dream of the convertibility of all baser metals into gold engaged many an enthusiast and many an impostor in experiments in chemistry, from the earliest period in modern history from which we have any information of the pursuits of the inquisitive and the learned. The uses of common life, and the restoration of this part of the science of the ancients, encouraged and advanced the study of mechanicks even in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. No other branch of physical science but these three had been much, or successfully, studied by the moderns before the days of Bacon.

It was the grand merit of Bacon, that he turned mankind from investigating in science 'merely the relations of existence (in general very imperfectly known), and of words,'—'to acquaint themselves more fully, by the experiments of the senses and of auxiliary instruments, with existence in its different sensible modifications, and with the mutual relations of the various parts of material existence to one another.' Science was thus at once reduced to 'ex-

perfence, and the arrangement of the facts, which experience ascertained.' The united inquiries, observations, and memoranda, of as many as possible of the intelligent and enlightened part of the human race were henceforth understood to afford the only means for its true improvement. Men became now first sensible, that, by due investigation of the qualities and the phænomena of matter, they might discover modes of science unknown to the ancients. And the necessity for the association of philosophers, in order to the accomplishment of the great purposes of philosophical inquiry, was from this time, by those who adopted the views of Bacon, warmly acknowledged.

It dwelt much upon the minds of the ingenious and inquisitive in England. Milton's plan for a new seminary and course of education, in his letter to Hartlib, seems to have been suggested by this fundamental idea. Cowley's proposal of a philosophical college, to be established, with an income of four thousand pounds a year, at Chelsea, was a fine model for the union of a school with a society for the advancement of physical knowledge. It was within a few years after the death of Charles the First, that a few of those persons, who were afterwards incorporated into the Royal Society of London, began at Dr. Wilkins's lodgings, in Wadham College, Oxford, those philosophical meetings, which were to be in that society continued.

These were almost the first philosophical meetings in Europe for the advancement of physical knowledge. There were in Italy more than forty academies for the refining of the Italian language and the social study of the fine arts : but, though the societies of architects, sculptors, and painters, might make some inquiries and observations relative to those parts of physicks, in which their respective arts were immediately concerned ; yet the opprobrium of atheism, which was charged against the earlier natural philosophers in that country, had, with other causes, hitherto prevented societies, with express and exclusive views to physical discovery from there arising. In France an academy had been instituted at Paris for the refinement of the French language. A similar establishment began to be formed at Caen. At Aix, in Provence, the illustrious Peiresc, the Robert Boyle of France, not only corresponded with the most eminent and ingenious men in Europe on almost every interesting subject in physicks and in the study of antiquities, but engaged his friends often to assemble in his house for the mutual communication of their observations and discoveries, as well in natural philosophy as in every other part of knowledge. But the institution of an academy of sciences was reserved to distinguish, at a period somewhat later, the ministry of Colbert, and the most splendid part of the reign of Lewis the Fourteenth. The professors in the German universities occasionally met and conversed about the subjects and ends of their studies ; but, in these, physical science had hitherto but small share ; and there was not as yet in Germany any separate company of philosophers, associated for the investigation of the laws of material nature.

Dr. Seth Ward, the Hon. Robert Boyle, Dr. Wilkins, Sir William Petty, Mr. Matthew Wren,

Dr. Wallis, Dr. Goddard, Dr. Willis, Dr. Bathurst, Dr. Christopher Wren, and Mr. Rooke, were the principal persons, who associated at the meetings in Wadham college. They met rather to perform experiments, than to discourse about them. Mechanicks and chemistry were the branches of science, to which their first experiments chiefly related. In the year 1658 the scene of their meetings was transferred from Oxford to Gresham college, in London. Their number was here soon considerably augmented. Their meetings were, for a time, interrupted by the disturbances, which ensued between the usurpation of the Cromwells and the restoration in 1660.

At the restoration, two Scotsmen, Sir Robert Moray, of Tibbermuir, and a Mr. Erskine, who, having followed the king in his exile, had now influence at court, eagerly joined the philosophical meetings at Gresham college, and persuaded their sovereign to take the rising society under his own special patronage. A royal charter was soon after granted, incorporating these philosophers into a body, to consist of a president, a council of one-and-twenty members, and an indeterminate number of fellows. William Lord Viscount Brounker became their first president. The institution was, for a time, very much an object of fashionable attention at court. The king himself, as the patron and founder, the duke of Buckingham, prince Rupert, the earl of Clarendon, the first earl of Shaftesbury, Monk duke of Albemarle, duke Albert of Brunswick-Lunenburgh, the earl of Peterborough, were enrolled at the head of a number of distinguished names in the first list of the members—*Omne ignotum pro mirabili.* For a time the most extravagant enthusiasm was excited in favour of the new society, and from its exertions an improvement in the most extraordinary of all the arts of life was expected at once to ensue.

The meetings of the society continued after its incorporation by charter, as before, to be held at Gresham college. They took place every Wednesday in term time, immediately after the lecture of the professor of astronomy in that college, and were eagerly attended by the members. Dr. Croone, with the title of register, had, at first, the care of recording the transactions at these meetings in journals. It was afterwards committed to Dr. Wilkins and Mr. Oldenburgh, the two first secretaries. Cowley had demanded a revenue of four thousand pounds a year for his projected college at Chelsea; but the Royal Society was supported without any publick fund, simply by the voluntary contributions of the gentlemen of whom it was composed.

The society entered upon its researches with views at once magnificent and philosophically modest. It proposed but 'to make faithful records of all the works of nature and art.' By these it hoped to explode errours, to restore neglected truths, to apply philosophy to the uses of life, and to open the avenues to future discovery. It professed to admit into its association men of all religions, all countries, all conditions and employments in life. They proposed to derive useful truth not only from the learned and professed philosophers, but from the shops of mechanicks, the voyages of merchants, the ploughs of husbandmen, the sports, fish-

ponds, parks, and gardens, of gentlemen. Some hesitated whether Mr. Grant, a small shopkeeper in London, the author of some excellent observations on the bills of mortality, should be received into such a company of philosophers. But king Charles, on perusing his observations, not only recommended his immediate admission, but desired that they would add to their number as many shopkeepers as possible of equal endowments.

In their researches they would not trust the reports of others in any case, where they could bring the matter under the examination of their own senses. In some instances they allowed particular members to choose whatever subjects they should think proper; to institute, at pleasure, any train of experiments on them; to defray the expense from the purse of the society; and then to report at the meetings the series and the results of the experiments they had thus made. Other experiments were expressly ordered by the voice of the whole society, and were entrusted in the performance, not to single persons, but to committees nominated for the occasion. For inquiry concerning things at a distance they had, very early, begun a correspondence with inquisitive and enlightened in almost every different part of the world. At many experiments in the parks, in the royal gardens, and on the Thames, the king himself zealously assisted in person. Mr. Huygens, the famous philosopher in Flanders, received, soon after the institution of this society, its frequent assistance, and communicated to it all his discoveries and inventions; in particular, that noble one of the first application of the motion of pendulums to clocks and watches. The philosophers of Florence, and especially the grand duke's brother, prince Leopold, entered into friendly correspondence with the English philophers, and acquainted them with every new observation that was made on nature in Italy. The Germans no sooner heard of this institution than they sent many of their books to be submitted to its censure, and contributed likewise presents of various new instruments of their invention. The travellers, physicians, surgeons, anatomists, &c. of France were peculiarly early and frank in their communications to it. The Academy of Arts and Sciences at Paris was soon after embodied in imitation of this society: and the example of the English was quickly, more or less, followed in almost every country in Europe in favour of the physical sciences and the useful arts.

The experiments, which king Charles the Second was the most attentive to, related chiefly to chemistry and mechanicks. He would often amuse himself at Whitehall in the execution of curious mechanical works. He had also in his palace a small laboratory for chemical operations. He made astronomical observations, upon various occasions, in Saint James's Park. He was exceedingly curious in directing the inquiries of the society to every thing, that concerned the improvement of the art of ship-building. He attended and directed different experiments at the Tower of London, as well as at Whitehall, to ascertain the forces of projectiles, with their variations in different circumstances.

In their early meetings the members of the society were at great pains to distinguish what ob-

jects were the worthiest of their first inquiries. Some were directed to examine all 'treatises and descriptions' of the natural and artificial productions of foreign countries: others were commissioned to discourse with seamen, travellers, tradesmen, and merchants, by whom those countries and their productions had been personally examined. From the union of the *vivâ voce* with the written intelligence papers were formed, explaining summarily what was known concerning every different country, and what remained to be yet inquired into. These papers were read at subsequent meetings; and queries were then drawn from them, to be transmitted for answers to the society's foreign correspondents.

One set of queries, which were prepared among the earlier labours of this society, had for its object, to mark 'what things were needful to be observed in order to the making of a natural history in general.' They formed similar queries respecting the histories of the air, atmosphere, and weather; of the production, growth, &c. of vegetables; of agriculture, &c. They marked out trains of experiments to be tried on rarefaction and condensation; on the petrifaction of wood; on the loadstone; on the discoveries wanting to complete the science of anatomy; on injections into the blood of animals, and on the transfusion of the blood of one animal into another; on the tides of the sea; on the varieties of oysters, and the manner of their nourishment; and on the phænomena of mines. They gave directions to seamen for the observation of the eclipses of the moon, the eclipses of the sun by Mercury, and the satellites of Jupiter. They sent abroad directions for observations and experiments to be made in India, China, the island of St. Helena, Teneriffe, Guinea, Barbary, Morocco, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, France, Italy, Germany, Hungary, Transylvania, Poland, Sweden, Iceland, and Greenland.

One of the first answers they received to their inquiries concerning foreign countries, was sent from Batavia by Sir Philiberto Vernatti. It corrected an errour, prevalent in Europe, 'that diamonds and other precious stones were in the Indian isles continually renewed, as by vegetation, in the quarries out of which they are taken.' It informed them of the existence of a volcanick mountain in Java, and another in Sumatra. It exploded a vulgar errour, which one should have thought to be, even otherwise, incapable of obtaining for a moment the assent of philosophers—'that there was in the island of Sambrero, lying north from Sumatra, a sensitive plant, that would, when pulled with the hand, shrink into the earth, and that had for its root a living worm.' It brought one of the first accounts propagated in Europe of the existence of the *bohan upas*, the famous poison-tree of Java. It added a variety of other curious information concerning the most extraordinary objects and arts in the East. But of the queries sent out, it left still many unanswered.

Mr. Hooke was one of the most ingenious and indefatigable of the early members of this society. He explained, in an admirable paper, the best method of making a history of the phænomena of the weather. He made many experiments, which were repeated, with many variations of circumstances, by the society, to prove,

grinding optical glasses; a variety of telescopes, &c. &c.

A manufacturer of glass had been more than thirty years before established in Broad-street, in London, by a company of mercantile adventurers, among whom the most considerable person was admiral Sir Robert Mansel. Workmen and superintendents were procured from Venice. It might have gone on successfully, if the great civil war had not broken out. Soon after the restoration, the duke of Buckingham, at a vast expense, established new glass-works in London; and the art was there, within a very few years, carried to such perfection, that these works supplied better glass for microscopes and telescopes, than that which was to be had from Venice. The duke of Buckingham not only expended much money upon those glass-works, rather as an experimentalist than a manufacturer, but took a warm and active interest in various others of the society's pursuits; and it was under his immediate patronage that Dr. Spratt wrote his excellent History of the Royal Society—the finest piece of English prose that was produced in the seventeenth century.

To be continued.

For the Anthology.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Department I. ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

THIS department of literature in the library at Cambridge owes its principal supplies to the munificence of the late THOMAS HOLLIS, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, London, who presented at different times more than 3000 volumes, in various languages, which, with his other benefactions, amounted to about 5000*l.* sterling. Desirous of furnishing ample means for 'the cultivation of science and arts, and various erudition in that seminary,' he sought for 'the works of the most celebrated authors, and books the most estimable and rare,' and spared no expense in the purchase. Most of the volumes he procured to be new bound, all in a very neat, and favourite authors in a magnificent manner.* He also wrote in several of them curious memoranda and remarks. Some of these will be quoted in this, and the succeeding numbers, in which we propose to direct the attention of the Alumni of our University to the treasures of learning contained in the Alcoves, to which they are favoured with daily access.

I. GIGGEUS. Thesaurus linguæ Arabicæ. fol. 4 tom. Mediolani 1632. [*HOLLIS.*]

'This is a fine copy of a very scarce work. T. H. has been particularly industrious in collecting Grammars and Lexicons of the Oriental ROOT languages, to send to Harvard college, in hopes of forming by that means,

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* In a letter to President Holyoke, June 24, 1765, he observes, 'The bindings of books are little regarded by me for my own proper library; but, by long experience, I have found it necessary to attend to them for other libraries, having thereby drawn notice, with preservation, on many excellent books, or curious, which, it is probable, would else have passed unheeded or neglected.

assisted by the energy of the leaders, always beneficent, a few PRIME SCHOLARS, honours to their country, and lights to mankind.

'Two other works he wished to have been able to send to that college.

'Gazophylacium Linguæ Persarum, Amst. 1684, fol.

'Meninski, Thesaurus Linguarum Orientalium. [Containing the Arabick, Persick, and Turkish languages.] Viennæ 1687. 4 tom. fol.

'The first used to appear in the catalogues at a guinea, 25s price: the last, even within these four years, at four guineas. Now, when they appear, and that most rarely, ten, twenty guineas are given for the former, and fifty for the latter. This change has proceeded from the gentlemen of our East India Factory's buying up all the copies they can meet with of these books; the more ingenious, for themselves; the artful, to make presents to the great men and literati of the east, to many of whom it seems books of this kind, [and the gentlemen of Harvard will still rejoice at it, as it may lead further,] are peculiarly acceptable. Lord Clive paid, it is said *twenty guineas* for the GAZOPHYLACIUM, just before he sailed from England: and governour Van Sittart, lately, for his brother, *fifty* for the MENINSKI.

'There is no contending with Asiatick Nabobs!'

This excellent work is a translation of the *Kamoos* of *Firoosbudee*, who flourished in the fourteenth century. *Temoor Leng*, vulgarily called *Tamerlane*, was his Mæcenas in this difficult undertaking, and to reward his learning and industry gave him 5000 ducats on the completion of the work. As the *Kamoos* is written entirely in Arabick, with all the technical phraseproficients in the language can derive much benefit from it; on this account the work of Giggeus is peculiarly valuable.*

Giggeus was a doctor of the Ambrosian College at Milan. He flourished at the commencement of the seventeenth century.

II. Gazophylacium Linguæ Persarum, ANGELIA SANCTO JOSEPH. fol. Amst. 1684. [*HOLLIS.*]

'The note in the Giggeus, notwithstanding, I have since, most unexpectedly, obtained this book, and, as times go, at a cheap rate too, for 55 shillings.

It was sold in a publick auction of no great account; was probably unknown to the East India buyers; and the booksellers, who know I wish well to them and the press, [guard it, North Americans!] would not bid against me.'

T. H.

Pall Mall, Jan. 21, 1767.

The real name of ANGELO A ST. JOSEPH was LA BROSSE. He was Apostolick missionary for many years in Persia, and by his long residence among the natives, acquired an extensive knowledge of the Persian language. In his Gazophylacium the Persian words are explained in Italian, Latin, and French. But it can only be used by a person acquainted with the Italian language, as the Italian word must be first known before the Persian can be sought for. In short it is an Italian dictionary, the words of which are explained in Latin, French, and Persian.

Some emendations and remarks on this work may be found in HYDE'S SYNTAGMA DISSERTATIONUM, 4to. Oxon. 1767. Vol. 1.

III. GOLIUS. Lexicon Arabico-Latinum. fol. *Lug. Bat. Elzevir* 1653. [*HOLLIS.*]

This work, the most complete and scientifick of its kind ever

fered to the publick, was chiefly compiled from the *Saha al loghat Ismaeel ben Hamed*, commonly surnamed *Al Jooharee*, who flourished about the 390th year of the Hegira, A. D. 999. He was a Turk by birth, and rose among the Arabians to the highest pitch of literary reputation. Of his work and the *Kamoos* of *Firoozbadee*, Golius gives the following character, while treating of the Arabick Lexicographers: 'Duo præ cæteris in hoc argumento recepi passim et conspicui scriptores extant: quos, velut duo sidera, Cynosuram et Helicen, omnis fere eruditorum cohors in ipso Oriente sequi solent. Eorum alter florentissimo literis sæculo vixit, alter posteriore ac deflorescente; Geiharis nimirum et Firuzabadius, Camusi autor. Quorum ille fœcundum flumen, hic profundum pelagus, uterque profusæ doctrinæ opus, emisit.'*

By the labours, therefore, of these two eminent men, *Giggeus* and *Golius*, we have a very valuable part of two of the most eminent of the Arabick Lexicographers, clothed in an European dress.†

As Arabick and Persian literature continue to be cultivated with increasing diligence, this work, being frequently in demand, has become both scarce and dear. The ordinary price of a good copy is 4*l*. 14*s*. 6*d*. sterling; but in fine preservation and elegant binding it sells much higher. The work is in every respect well edited. The arrangement of the words, the definitions given, the paper, types, and typographical execution, are all in the first style of accuracy and elegance. Notwithstanding the labours of *Richardson* in his Arabick, Persian, and English dictionary, Oxford 1780, 2 vols. fol., the Lexicon of Golius is still essentially necessary to every student of the Arabick and even of the Persian language, which latter has borrowed so much from the former, that, without a proper Arabick Lexicon, it cannot be thoroughly understood. Till a new edition, equal in every respect to this of the Elzevirs be published, (which, says the author of the Bibliographical Dictionary, I am afraid is never to be expected) Golius will retain that decided and well merited pre-eminence, which he now without a rival enjoys. This very learned man was born at the Hague in 1596, and succeeded the celebrated Erpenius in the Arabick professorship at Leyden. He travelled into the east to perfect himself in the knowledge of the Oriental languages, and died at Leyden in 1667, aged 71 years.*

IV. Asseman, J. S. Bibliotheca Orientalis. fol. *Romæ* 1719. 4. tom.

An excellent work, and of great importance to collectors of Oriental manuscripts.† It contains an account of the Syriack, Arabick, Persick, Turkish, Hebrew, Samaritan, and other MSS., collected in the east by the directions of Clement XI. and placed in the Vatican Library, with a description of each, and the life of the writer.

V. Asseman, S. Evod. Catalogus codicum Orientalium MSS. Bibliothecæ, Mediceæ Laurentianæ et Palatinæ studio *Ant.* Fran. Gobii. Florent. 1742. fol.

[*Hollis.*]

This work contains 23 large folio plates, *fac similes* of paintings,

* Lex. Gol. præfat. p. 2.
† Bibliogr. Dict. v. 7. p. 271.

* Bibliogr. Dict. v. 4. p. 6.
† Cailleau, Dict. Bibliogr. tom. 1. p. 66.

in a very ancient Syriack manuscript of the New Testament.

To the collectors of Arabick and Persian MSS. this is an invaluable work, as it contains an accurate description of that very extensive and rich collection of oriental MSS. which adorn the Medicean Library.

This work is frequently referred to in the celebrated Lectures of Professor MICHAELIS.

VI. ABUL PHARAJIUS. Historia Dynastiarum, &c. Arabice edita et Latine versa ab EDVARDIO POCOCKIO. Oxon. 1663. 4to.

[*HOLLIS.*]

This work contains a history of the world from the beginning till the time of the author, who flourished in 1280. To this a supplement is added, which brings the history down to the time of the translator. It contains a great variety of curious and interesting particulars.

The Arabick text is without the vowel points.

The work has become scarce, and is highly prized.*

VII. ABU'L FEDA. De vita et rebus gestis Mohammedis. Arab. et Lat. à GAGNIER. fol. Oxon. 1723. [*HOLLIS.*]

A curious and important work†. The Arabick text is without points, the Latin translation is in a parallel column, and the whole is accompanied with very learned notes. It is published from original MSS. in the Bodleian library. Dr. White, in the notes to his celebrated Bampton lectures, frequently quotes it as an authority of the first importance, and styles the author 'the learned and sensible Abu'l Feda.'

Besides an interesting biography of Mahomet and his family, the volume contains a view of the Geography of Arabia, and is adorned with a delineation of the Temple of Mecca, and at Medina, of the sepulchre of the prophet, and a great variety of illustrative engravings.

VIII. CAAB BEN ZOHIER, Carmen panegyricum in laudem Mohammedis. Item AMRALKEISI Moallakhât cum scholiis et versione LEVINI WARNERI. Accedunt sententiæ Arabicæ Imperatoris ALI; et nonnulla ex HAMASA et DEWAN HUDEILITARUM. Omnia vertit notisque illustravit GERARDUS I. LETTE. 4to. Lug. Bat. 1748. [*HOLLIS.*]

This is an interesting collection.

The *Moallakât*, or seven of the most excellent of the Arabick poems, which were suspended in the temple of Mecca, are greatly celebrated. They are chiefly written on the same general plan, being a species of dramatick pastoral; yet we find in various parts of them not only the plaintive tenderness of elegy, with the luxuriance of description so conspicuous in oriental compositions, but the sententious brevity of moral precept, and the fire and dignity of the true sublime.

For an elegant prose translation in English, we refer to the fourth volume of the works of Sir William Jones.

IX. HERBELOT. Bibliotheque Orientale. fol. *Paris* 1697.

[*HOLLIS.*]

This work is a treasure of useful and ornamental knowledge; and has done more to draw the attention of Europeans to the writings of the Asiaticks, than all the

* Cailleau, Bibliogr. Dict. tom. 1. p. 4.

† Bibliogr. Dict. v. 1. p. 4. There has been an edition of this work by the learned RIESKE, in 3 vols. fol. Hafniæ 1789-91.

other works yet published on the subject.

For solid literature, extensive and profound oriental learning, no man has yet surpassed M. D'Herbelot: he that came nearest to him was the late Sir W. Jones.*

There is also in the college library an edition of Herbelot, in 4 vols. 4to. printed at the Hague in 1777; presented by the Hon. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, Boylston professor of Rhetorick, which contains a supplement to the original work by *Visdelou* and *Galand*; and many important additions, particularly in reference to the history and antiquities of China and Tartary, remarkable sayings and maxims of the Orientals, &c.&c.

X. POCOCK. Specimen Historiæ Arabum. 4to. Oxon. 1650.

This work contains an account of the customs of the Arabs, extracted from the History of the Dynasties by ABUL PHARAJIUS. The Arabick text, which is without the vowel points, is contained in fifteen pages, and is followed by nearly 360 pages of the most learned notes ever appended to any author.†

Dr. EDWARD POCOCK was an eminently learned orientalist. All his works are valuable.

The opinion of RELAND of the *Specimen Hist. Arabum* is, 'quo nemo carere potest, cui literæ Arabicæ in deliciis sunt.'

XI. HYDE. De ludis orientalibus, cum *fig. æneis*. 2 vols.4to.Oxon. 1767.

De religione veterarum Persarum, &c. 4to. Oxon. 1700.

Syntagma Dissertationum, &c. edit. GREG. SHARPE. 4to. Oxon. 1767. 2 vols. [*Hollis.*]

These volumes contain much important historical and critical information on a great variety of matters in Persick, Arabick, Chinese, and Hebrew. Their author was professor of Arabick at Oxford. He was one of Doctor Walton's assistants in editing the London Polyglott. He transcribed the Persian translation of the Pentateuch out of Hebrew into Persian characters; a work which only a scholar of the first abilities could perform. His *Hist. Relig. Vet. Persarum* is a work of profound and various erudition, abounding with new light on the most curious and interesting subjects; filled with authentick testimonies, which none but himself could bring to publick view; and enriched with many ingenious conjectures concerning the theology, history, and learning of the eastern nations. Foreign writers, as well as those of his own country, have spoken of it with high admiration and applause; and, if he had left us no other monument of his studies, this alone had been sufficient to establish his reputation, as long as any taste for oriental learning shall remain.

XII. PALLADIUS. De gentibus Indiæ et Bragmanibus. AMBROSIUS, de moribus Bragmanorum; et *Anonymus* de Bragmanibus. Ab. Ed. Byssæo. Lond. 1665. fol. [*Hollis.*]

——'Tulit alter honores!'——

These tracts were translated by Mr. J. GREGORY from Greek into Latin; which translation, after his death, came into the hands of EDM. CHILMEAD, and after his death into the hands of Mr. BYSHE, who published them in his *own* name. See WOOD's Athen. Oxon. vol. 2. col. 101.

XIII. AUDEDINI ALNASAPHI, carmen *Arabicum* de Religionis Sonniticæ principiis; necnon *Persicum* SAADI SHIRAZII

* Bibliogr. Dict. v. 7. p. 296.
† Ib. v. 7. p. 287.

Pomarium initium; edidit et latinè vertit J. Uri. 4to Oxon. 1770.

[*Hollis.*]

Of these elegant Arabick and Persick poems, from the Clarendon press, the literal version of Uri in Latin will enable the reader to judge. The morality of Saadi is pure, and the sentiments in which it is expressed sublime and beautiful.

XIV. Kalbat Saadi. The works of Sheik Saadi *Moslehi eddeen al Shirazee.* A Persick manuscript in small folio.

[*Presented by capt.* John Patterson, *Aug.* 1790.]

The works of this much admired moral writer are in prose and verse; they consist of the Gulistan, or *bed of roses*; the Bostan, or *garden*; and the Molamaat, or *rays of light!* and are composed in the highest elegance and purity of the Persian language.*

This elegant volume is written in the finest form of the Taaleek, in three columns on a page; two of which are on parallel strait lines, and the other sloping towards the margin; surrounded with a gold and coloured border. The title pages to the distinct treatises are elegantly embellished and gilt: and the neatness and correctness of the whole exhibit a specimen of exquisitely beautiful chirography.

The Gulistan has been translated into Latin by Gentius, and was published at Amsterdam 1651, in folio, with notes.

The beautiful chapter on *Toleration*, so generally ascribed to Dr. Franklin, was written by Saadi. A Latin version of it may be found in the dedication, to the Consuls and Senate of Hamburg, of a book, whose title is שבט יהודה *Shebeth Jehudah.* Tribus Judæ Salomonis fil. Virgæ, complectens varias calamitates, martyria, dispersiones, &c. Judæorum. De Hebræo in Latinum versa a Georgeo Gentio. 1680. The passage is also to be found in Taylor's liberty of prophecying. Polem. Disc. fol. pag. 1078.*

Saadi was born at Shiraz, the capital of Persia proper, A. D. 1175. He published his first work in 1257, and died 1291, aged 116.

XV. Borhaneddini Abzernouchi. Enchiridion Studiosi, cum duplici latina versione Adriano Relando. Traj. ad Rhen. 1709. 8vo.

This truly valuable little book was written in the year of the Hegira 952, in the reign of Amurath III. An original copy was in the late king of France's library No. 906; and a Persick version No. 905. It was translated into the Turkish by Abdalmagid ben Nassouh.† It was also translated into Latin at Rome by Frid. Rostgaard, 'sub auspiciis Josephi Banese, Maronita Syri:' but this version did not convey the spirit of the original: it was, therefore, translated again by Abr. Ecchellensis, Professor of Syriack and Arabick in the Academy at Paris, with notes. A commentary upon it was written in the year of the Hegira 996 by Ebn. Ismael, for the use of one of the principal officers of the Seraglio. This manuscript commentary coming into the possession of Reland, he published the two Latin translations with the Arabick from the Museum of Rostgaard, and enriched the whole with ingenious and learned notes.

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* Sir Wm. Jones's Persick Grammar, p. 138.

* See Cooper's memoirs of Dr. Priestley. vol. 1. p. 376.

† See Herbelot Biblioth. Orientale, '*Talim Almotallam.*'

The principal design of the enchiridion is to teach the union of piety with literature ; and it recommends, in the most agreeable and forcible manner, to the student, modesty, continence, sedulity, and all those moral virtues, and scientifick pursuits, which tend to make him wise and good, beloved and happy. ' Qui sapientiam expetis, religioni esto addictus. Somnum excute. Satietatem devita. Studiis incumbe. Nec intermittito moras.'* * p. 197.

' Jactent alii arma, jactent trophæa, triumphos ;
Ast mihi calamus arma, libri sunt trophæa, triumphi.' p. 181.

Would some graduate of the University enrich our language with a translation of the excellent directions to students contained in this manual, omitting what is merely local in the original and adapted to the religion of the Alcoran, he would furnish us with *a very useful work.*

We close this essay, with recommending to the youth, who are fond of oriental literature, *the Asiatick Miscellany*, *the* AYEEN AKBERY *translated by* GLADWIN, *the forms of* HERKERN *by* BALFOUR, *the Poems of* FERDOSI *by* CHAMPION, *the Institutes of* MENU, and, above all, *the Works of Sir* WILLIAM JONES, VIR OMNI INGENIO PREDITUS, ET OMNI LAUDE DIGNUS.

For the Anthology.

REMARKER, No. 30.

——' And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wished not to control.'

SYMPATHY is emotion communicated from the bosom of another. We take an interest in his fortunes and sensations, and are affected, though not in the same degree, as he is affected. Sympathy, in its peculiar sense, is used to signify our fellow-feeling with distress. The propensity to adopt the sufferings of the unhappy is not confined to any class of mankind, whilst it acts with more force and rectitude in some than in others. The philosopher, fortified by stoical principles, and disengaged from external impressions ; the sentimentalist, alive to every expression of feeling ; the gay and the serious, the refined part of society and the rude vulgar, the child and the man, the creature of civilization and the untutored savage, the man of virtue and morals, and the highwayman and ruffian, are susceptible, in different measures, of the influence of compassion. They are capable of being moved by the sight, the description, the representation of a fellow being, struggling with adversity, oppressed by sorrow, agitated with painful passion. In his last number, the Remarker adverted to the natural history of these sympathetick emotions. He mentioned the circumstances, which excite, counteract, or modify their exercise. He alluded to the manner, in which they operate and appear in different persons in different situations. It was proposed in the next place to inquire, whether

these emotions are ever productive of pleasure; and to account for this pleasure, apparently derived from pain.

If uneasiness always predominates in our fellow feeling with the sufferings of others; if every spectacle of a human being in adversity or under the operation of grief, fear, shame, anger, or other disagreeable passion, is on the whole painful, certain facts in the history of human conduct must be admitted inexplicable. Were the distressful passions never courted; did it appear that the occasions of them were always avoided, where it was practicable; and that they were only submitted to as involuntary and irresistible; that they were always the effect of a mechanism of mind, not within the control of will, the subject would furnish no problem of difficult solution. But when we observe in men the exercise of a deliberate choice in favour of pity; when we find that they often solicit objects and representations with a view to be moved, and demand that their hearts shall be filled with palpitations, and their eyes with tears; when they eagerly seek situations to behold sorrows, which they expect to adopt, and witness expressions of painful passion, to which they wish their own feelings may vibrate; we must suppose there is a real attractiveness in sympathetick grief, or that mankind are engaged in a conspiracy against their own enjoyment. If they exposed themselves to be tenderly affected in no instances, but those, in which their approach to objects or images of suffering was required by some higher principle, from which conscience forbad them to hide their eyes, their participation with the unhappy would be always a homage to duty. Our propensity to weep with those who weep would, in such a case, constitute one of the severities of our condition, and furnish an additional example of the imperfection and misery of our state. We should have another proof, that religion and virtue subject us to many affections and actions, which have no present value; and should have a new reason for admitting the frequent distinction between our duties and our pleasures.

Numerous facts and considerations evince, that a prevailing enjoyment is sometimes derived from those emotions, which carry the semblance of affliction. Many indeed are the kinds and degrees of disquietude and suffering in others, which we shrink from beholding; of which we wish not to hear. Exhibited in reality, they would fill us with horrour; and in fiction or representation, with disgust. The effect of actual or imitated misery upon our sensations, as we have before observed, is diversified by temperament, by custom, by cultivation, and by other causes. We are no more than agreeably moved with scenes in painting, poetry, or dramatick representation, which in real life would rend the heart. In a qualified sense it must be considered as true, that we are able to extract pleasure from objects, that excite pity and other painful passions. Compelled by no necessity, required by no duty, persons often yield to an impulse to converse with distress; and discover a forwardness to contract friendship with misfortune. Had the benevolent Howard found no charm in his pensive labours, the mere stimulus of principle would not have sent him over the world to take the 'guage and dimensions of human misery.' The friend wishes to be touched with the sorrows

of his friend, and to feel for him in some degree as he feels for himself. We would not, if it were in our power, acquire that cold indifference, which could permit us to see one dear to us pierced with grief, and yet we be conscious of no kindred emotion, no sympathetick glow. A wretch, led to publick execution, is attended by a multitude, full of interest in his situation, eagerly watching every feature, motion, and attitude, that can give any indication of what he endures. Those spectacles of the amphitheatre, where men were torn to pieces by wild beasts, or perished in agonies by the swords of one another, made the favourite entertainment of the Roman people during their most polished state of arts and manners. The works of the painter, the poet, the orator, the dramatist, derive a durable and universal fame, and their highest effect, from their power to touch the chords of pity, and to awaken tender and melancholy emotions. The picture of a shipwreck is one of the ornaments of a drawing room. The visitors to a sumptuous cabinet of pictures will pass by grotesque figures, and gay and smiling compositions, to look at the representation of the sacrifice of Jeptha's daughter, and even the murder of the Innocents. Pathetick writing and speaking have powerful attraction for the great majority of mankind, who love to be approached by the soft accesses of pity. The tender episodes of an epick poem, the parts of a history relating the misfortues of an interesting character, are the passages most certain to be attended to and remembered. A tragedy is selected as the amusement of a company assembled for the sole purpose of being pleased; and the actor is secure of an applauding audience in proportion to his power of drawing forth sighs and tears.

These facts make it evident that sympathetick pain is a source of pleasure. What is the cause of this pleasure? Into what principles or dispositions of the mind can it be resolved? It is not delight in our own misery for its own sake; it is not delight in the misery of another, which is malice; and no characters are more distant from each other than the malignant and the compassionate. The general solution of this inquiry is found in the fact that all the affections, excited by the contemplation of the good or evil relating to others, are compound. Pity, sympathy, compassion, are applied to a group or assemblage of emotions or passions, of which some are pleasing and others painful. When the pleasing are supposed to prevail, the movement of the soul is pronounced agreeable, though disagreeable sensations are largely mixed. At the sight or representation of fellow creatures loaded with calamity, conflicting with passions, we feel sorrow or commiseration; which is pain. We feel moreover approbation or disesteem, wonder, surprise, or astonishment at the cause; admiration of great or good qualities displayed by the sufferer, indignation at the wrong he endures; curiosity to see the catastrophe of his fortune, or the operation of his feelings; or we are prompted, if the object be in real life, to devise and execute methods for his relief. From these sentiments, feelings, and purposes, which are united by association with pity and sympathy, we may derive a great excess of enjoyment. 'The mildest of the affections, that belong to the family of love, diffuse a pleasurable tranquillity over the mind. They

constitute the healthy state of the soul, united with a consciousness of this health. The more lively affections invigorate and excite a delectable vivacity, and harmonize the mind with every thing around.' Uneasiness mingles with the benevolence exercised towards the unhappy. But it is more than compensated by the satisfaction of ministering to his relief; or even the desire and effort to do it.' A sufferer in some form or other is within our reach, whom duty permits and inclination prompts us to serve. We feel it in our power to infuse joy into the heart, which is now wrung with sorrow; and kindle smiles in the face, which is saddened by despondence. Compassion enters into his feelings, and makes them partially its own. The sufferer is the just object of our resentment. Mercy suppresses anger, and pleads for his pardon. He is an inferiour in station, wealth, or talents. Condescension makes us wave our distinctions. He is a character to excite prejudice, or censure; and candour does all she can to excuse his faults. To be his friend requires concessions, sacrifices, and toils; and generosity foregoes advantages and pleasures in his favour. If the desire of showing kindness cannot gratify itself by affording substantial relief; if we cannot even speak on the subject of his griefs, yet our manner evinces that they touch our hearts. 'He sat down in an armed chair by the side of his distressed friend and said nothing.' With these dispositions are any willing to approach the afflicted; and do they find a luxury in their sympathies? The satisfaction is certainly derived not from the sight of sorrow, but from the exercise of that benevolence, which like mercy 'blesses him that gives and him that takes.' Relation and friendship make the evils of another entirely our own. The sufferings are irremediable, or such as we ought not to wish to remedy. Pride, avarice, selfishness withhold our hand. In these cases we derive not pleasure but pain from our access to the unhappy. Necessity or duty alone will keep us within the hearing of his plaints, and the view of his anguish. The Levite, who saw a traveller in a wretched plight, kept on the other side of the road, and passed on. He was not willing to see the affliction, which he was determined not to relieve. There is one exception to these observations, where the victim of misfortune is an interesting character, and suffers in a manner to engage respect and admiration. 'A great and virtuous man, struggling with adversity, is a spectacle, said an ancient philosopher, upon which the gods might look down with pleasure.' He does not mean to intimate that the Deity is cruel, and takes delight in the misery of his creatures; but that he, who bears the evils of life with magnanimity and resignation, possesses a moral pre-eminence, which is worthy the attention of higher orders of intelligences.

The object of our sympathetick emotions is not one, whose condition we can affect. It is a criminal led out to an ignominious death, or men engaged in the tumult and danger of battle, or opposed in deadly combat. It is the narrative of the historian, the tale of the novelist, a picture, a poem, a drama, or a theatrical representation, displaying our fellow beings in situations of trial and distress, or actuated by painful passions; that awaken and enchain our attention. The pleasure we obtain from these is not any delight that we take

in misery; in the disasters, fears, sorrows, and torments of our race. The works of art, that we have mentioned, possess many properties to excite our emotions, besides the sufferings they exhibit. They gratify our love of the grand, the beautiful, the new, the marvellous. They are often distinguished by fertility of allusion, harmony of language, and brightness and force of sentiment. They lead us through regions of enchantment, created by imagination, and embellished with ideal beauties. The chief attraction of this class of objects and representations arises from the interest, we take in the exhibition of human character. We possess what has been denominated a *sympathetick curiosity* concerning our species. We love to see how beings like ourselves are affected in extraordinary situations and under strong emotions, and to exercise our moral judgment and feelings upon their qualities and conduct. It is not their grief or perturbation, their fear or despair, their perplexity and distress, which fix our attention; but it is these circumstances taken in connection with the qualities they call forth, the energies they awaken, and the degree of correspondence of the language and behaviour of the persons introduced to their character and state. In ordinary life the characters of men are the subjects of constant inquiry and speculation to one another. Children and common people are awake to the expressions of sentiment and feeling in those around them. In uncommon situations men are observed by each other with a proportionate interest. The indications of energetick passion, that is raised by natural causes, are beheld with correspondent emotions. My readers will not complain that I commit the remainder of this argument to a critick and writer of plays, deeply skilled in the subject.* 'It cannot be any pleasure we receive from the sufferings of a fellow creature, which attracts such multitudes of people to a publick execution; though it is the horrour we conceive for such a spectacle, that keeps so many more away. To see a human being bearing himself up under such circumstances, or struggling with the terrible apprehensions, which such a situation impresses, must be the powerful incentive, which makes us press forward to behold what we shrink from, and wait with trembling expectation for what we dread. For though at such a spectacle few can get near enough to distinguish the expression of face, or the minuter parts of a criminal's behaviour, yet from a considerable distance will they eagerly mark whether he steps firmly, whether the motion of his body denotes agitation or calmness; and if the wind does but ruffle his garment, they will, even from that change upon the outline of his distant figure, read some expression connected with his dreadful situation. Though there is a greater proportion of people, in whom this strong curiosity will be overcome by other dispositions and motives; though there are many more, who will stay away from such a sight, than will go to it, yet there are very few who will not be eager to converse with a person who has beheld it, and to learn, very minutely, every circumstance connected with it, except the very act itself of inflicting death. To lift up the roof of

* See Introductory Discourse to a series of Plays on the Passions, 2d ed. Lon. 1799.

his dungeon, like the *Diable boiteux*, and look upon a criminal the night before he suffers, in his still hours of privacy, when all that disguise is removed, which respect for the opinion of others imposes, the strong motive by which even the lowest and wickedest of men still continue to be moved, would present an object to the mind of every person, not withheld from it by great timidity of character, more powerfully attractive than almost any other.' 'When we behold any person under the pressure of great and uncommon calamity, delicacy and respect for the afflicted will indeed make us turn ourselves aside from observing him, and cast down our eyes in his presence, but the first glance we direct to him will involuntarily be one of the keenest observations, how hastily soever it may be checked; and often will are turning look of inquiry mix itself by stealth with our sympathy and reserve.' 'What human creature is there, who can behold a being like himself under the violent agitation of those passions, which all have in some degree experienced, without feeling himself most powerfully excited by the sight? I say, all have experienced; for the bravest man on earth knows what fear is, as well as the coward, and will not refuse to be interested for one under the dominion of this passion, provided there be nothing in the circumstances attending it to create contempt.' 'The wild tossings of despair; the gnashing of hatred and revenge; the yearnings of affection, and the softened mein of love; all the language of the agitated soul, which every age and nation understands, is never addressed to the dull nor inattentive.' 'It is to this sympathetick curiosity of our nature, exercised upon mankind in great and trying occasions, and under the influence of the stronger passions, when the grand, the generous, and the terrible attract our attention far more than the base and depraved, that the high and powerfully tragick of every composition is addressed.'

LEVITY.

FROM THE LONDON MORNING CHRONICLE.

THE ART OF SCREAMING.

Mr. Editor,

AS the Publick have now had leisure and opportunity to recover from the shock, occasioned to their finer feelings, by the late accident at Sadler's Wells (which, by the way, they have done surprisingly soon), I beg leave to trouble you with a few desultory thoughts upon the subject, in consequence of a conversation with some persons present on that celebrated night. I hope that now, when we are all calm and quiet, a little good advice will not be refused a patient hearing.

Having been for many years a frequenter of publick places, and, by virtue of my rank in life, admitted to all the most fashionable circles, I have had sundry and excellent opportuities to study the whole theory and practice of *frights* and *fears*; and I have, therefore, no hesitation at all in pronouncing, that the late accident was occasioned—not by pick-pockets—nor by fire—nor by water—but solely by SCREAMING.—Your readers may exclaim poh! and pish! at this opinion, but I trust they will at the

same time permit me to explain myself.

I repeat it, sir, that the whole mischief was occasioned by *Screaming*, a genteel accomplishment usually brought forward in all cases where there is *no* danger, and generally as carefully suppressed where there is—Now, Sir, I should have no objection whatever to *screaming*, were it put under due regulations. I am aware that to *scream* is part of the education of every young lady of fashion: but although it is taught at school along with other species of musick, along with the piano-forte, the harp, the triangle, and the rest of the necessary branches of polite education, I am afraid that the theory and practice of it is very ill understood in some of our genteel seminaries, and therefore very awkwardly performed at home.

The general routine of teaching the art of *screaming* is to give *Miss* a few elementary lessons with a *spider*, or a *father-long-legs*, placed, first on her arm, and next, if she can go through that lesson with a pretty *squall*, the creeping intruder is placed on her bosom, although it is well known that a spider had rather see a *blue-bottle*, than all the bosoms of an Opera-benefit. But this by the bye. As soon as the pupil is perfect in the *spider* and *father-long-legs*, she is to be taught to *scream* at a *mouse*, and here there are several gradations, for which, I believe, our governesses generally make an *extra-charge*. First, there is only the *report* of a mouse, which may pass off with a few *Good Lords!* or *O La!'s*. Next the *noise* of a mouse is heard behind the wainscot, and this generally produces a very promising and tolerably shrill cry—and lastly, the little animal is introduced *in propria persona* running across the room, which is followed by the true musical shriek in *alt.* heard all over the house, bringing up the maids, and perhaps the footmen, to see that it don't come too near the open end of Miss's petticoats, if she happen to be so far *undrest* as to have any.

From these lessons they are taught to advance pretty rapidly to the highest notes on the scale of *screaming* (which, like our modern pianos, has got additional keys), and they learn, at the same time (if their parents chuse to go to the expence), the *sostenuto*, or *crescendo*, the swell, and all the other graces of exclamation, accompanied with the usual prayers of *Oh! L—d; Good G—d; help; murder; fire*, &c. all which produce, I will do them the justice to say, a very fine effect in genteel compayy; overturning tables and chairs, spilling boiling water, bruising the lap-dop, or cat, and perhaps throwing a lighted candle on the train of a muslin gown: the father swears, the mother faints, the daughters are in fits, and the company jump about; and in a few minutes, it is unanimously agreed, that there was nothing the matter, but they *were so frightened!*

Now, Sir, in all this system of education, genteel and useful as it is, there are some small defects. Although the pupil is not only told that *screaming* in company, or at a publick assembly, is a fine accomplishment, and mighty attractive, but is likewise taught how to *scream* from the lowest note to the top of her gamut; yet, unfortunately, she is not taught the proper occasions when to *scream*, and when to sit quiet, nor how elegant outcries should be managed so as to produce only elegant mischief, aukward mistakes, and dress-disordering disclosures

of the *dear me!* and *bless me!* kind; and other little *rumplings* and *rumpusses*, which have a tendency to draw people's attention, and *make one be talked of*. It is plain that, for want of a due management of the *tonnish scream*, some people have lost their lives, and others their limbs, which is not a very pleasant circumstance; and however we may speculate on such matters, there is really no affectation, and nothing graceful in dislocations, or compound fractures. How horrid, Mr. Editor, to think! instead of a gay Colonel, or a dozen of Bond-street beaux, hanging over one with hartshorn, eau-de-luce, and burnt feathers—to have a filthy Coroner, and his dozen of jurymen, pawing one about, nobody knows where, to find out a verdict!

I would therefore, Sir, recommend it to those Governesses, who teach frights by the quarter, to consider, whether it may not be possible to reduce the science of *screaming* to some decent regulations: for example, to teach their pupils that an *ear-wig* may be killed without ringing the family *tocsin*, and that a *mouse* may be caught without a *posse comitatus* of ushers, teachers, nurses, and servants roused from their four-pair-of-stairs beds, and armed with flat candlesticks, pokers, and pewter pots. They may also, while they preserve the privilege of *screaming* in full force, hint to their pupils, that it would be as well, if violent outcries, and sentimental timidities, were confined to domestick circles, or ladies' routs at farthest. Among *friends* such things are very becoming, and added to the equally genteel accomplishment of fits, faintings, &c. give a grace, and a *Je ne sçai quoi* to the young votaries of artificial manners. But in publick places, where there are always a great many of that class, whom *nobody knows*, there is less room for the display of graceful timidity; and the *scream*, or even a *chorus* of *screams*, has too much the appearance of what passes among the vulgar, when they see a man just going to be hanged, or to leap out of a window, or fall from a scaffold, or any of these things, which are performed without an attention to the laws of etiquette, the musick of the voice, or the graces of attitude.

I beg, however, that in thus endeavouring to limit the practice of *screaming*, I may not be thought to argue against that genteel cowardice and beautiful timidity, those captivating fears, and interesting alarms, which have long been the privilege of well-bred persons. I would not for the world strip them of such terrours, as create a pleasing variety in the display of beauty, which are so ingeniously taught at schools, and encouraged by the perusal of novels, containing long galleries, blue lights, dark chambers, deep dungeons, and ghastly spectres. I argue against nothing of the kind, from a shriek to a convulsion, that can be practised with *eclat* in company, and graced by the usual accomplishments of chalked floors, and variegated lamps, displayed in festoons with infinite taste, and glimmering among evergreens. All I contend for is, that where there is *real* danger, they will *sit still* and reserve the scream, the shriek, and the higher octaves of exclamation, for the amusement of confidential parties, where the sudden shutting of a door, the falling of a screen, the approach of a ravisher, or other, such elegant timidities may be worked up into a fit, heightened by vociferation, and decorated with all the attitudes of the Grecian costume.

Yours, &c.. A QUIET SOUL.

For the Anthology.

SILVA, No. 36.

VIDA.

In the pontificate of Leo X. a small band of Latin poets appeared, whose productions some have ventured to pronounce worthy of the Augustan age. Among this number was Vida. His *Art of Poetry* contains many excellent precepts, founded in genuine criticism, and entitles him to a high rank among those bards, who sang so sweetly after the revival of letters in Italy.

Every one recollects the lines of Pope on '*Leo's golden days*,' in which

'A Raphael painted and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vida; on whose honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critick's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!'

It would not appear wonderful if Pope should pilfer a *little* from one whom he has praised so *much*. I have never seen it suggested that he was particularly indebted to Vida; and not many palpable instances can be found of the plagiarism direct: but there are certain features of resemblance between his *Essay on Criticism*, and Vida's *Art of Poetry*, which indicate a degree of consanguinity. The directions to study the ancients, particularly Homer and Virgil, and especially to draw from nature; the deprecating of harmony acquired at the expense of meaning; and the advice respecting the choice of words, are prominent topicks in each; though there is no correspondence in the arrangement.

The plan of giving examples to shew the adaptation of the sound to the sense, Pope probably derived from Vida; and in some of his examples he, or Warburton in his stead, has made no secret of borrowing from the modern Italian poet, what originally belonged, almost literally, to the *Mantuan bard*.

The following lines are taken from Vida's Art of Poetry, the translation by Pitt, and Pope's Essay on Criticism:

Haud satis est illis utcunque claudere versum
Et res verborum propria vi reddere claras:
Omnia sed numeris vocum concordibus aptant,
Atque sono quæcunque canunt imitantur. Vida, *l.* iii. v. 365.

'Tis not enough his verses to complete
In measure, number, or determin'd feet;
Or render things by clear expressions bright,
And set each object in a proper light:
To all proportion'd terms he must dispense,
And make the sound a picture of the sense. Pitt.

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense. Pope.

Tunc longe sale saxa sonant, tunc et freta ventis
Incipiunt agitata tumescere: littore fluctus
Illidunt rauco.....
l. iii. v. 388.

While the hoarse ocean beats the sounding shore,
Dash'd from the strand, the flying waters roar. Pitt.

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar. Pope.

Tum, si læta canunt, hilari quoque carmina vultu
Incedunt, lætumque sonant haud segnia verba. *l.* iii. v. 403.

Thus in smooth lines smooth subjects we rehearse,
But the rough rock roars in as rough a verse.
If gay the subject, gay must be the song;
And the brisk numbers quickly glide along. PITT.

The second line of this translation is wholly gratuitous, and is a close imitation of one of the lines of Pope already quoted. With this exception the following is the parallel:

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows. POPE.

Atque adeo, siquid geritur molimine magno
Adde moram, et pariter tecum quoque verba laborent
Segnia..... *l.* iii. *v.* 415.
If some large weight his huge arm strive to shove,
The verse too labours, the throng'd words scarce move. PITT.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow. POPE.

It appears highly probable, that in these, and in some other examples which might be selected, Pitt was in some degree, as well an imitator of Pope, as the translator of Vida. There is in some couplets of the two poems, a coincidence in the rhymes, in the combination of words, and in the character of the verse, which could scarcely have occurred, if he had received no impressions from Pope.

Pitt has sometimes exceeded his duty as a translator, has refined upon the materials of his author, and become extremely artificial in his exemplifications. But his poem, considered both as a translation and a polished composition, ensures to him the reputation of fidelity and taste.

—

LIBANIUS

was a sophist, who lived in the early part of the fourth century, and taught both at Antioch and Constantinople. His orations and epistles are highly esteemed. The first I have never seen; but of the last, which are often short, and have much neatness and pungency, I will give my readers a specimen:

Τῷ διῒνα.

Α μὲν ἐδεήθημεν ἡμῶν, πάλαι πρὸς σοι κεῖται. σὺ δὲ παρ' ἡμῖν περὶ τίτων ὠδῖν. Ἀπόλυσόν ὧν ἡμᾶς φροντίδων, ἢ δὸς ἔργον, ἢ τίτε διδαξας, ἀδυνάτων ἐχόμεν.

To a tardy Reviewer.

The book, which we requested you to read, was long since put into your hands, yet we have seen nothing of your remarks. Relieve our anxiety, either by assisting us in our work, or showing that we desire an impossible labour.

—

PIZARRO.

THE chief purposes of the *illuminated* author of this play evidently are to dazzle and seduce a romantick fancy, to raise delightful and exalted notions of a savage state of nature, and, by partial delineation and false colouring, degrade and calumniate the mild doctrines of christianity. Elvira, to excuse her prostitution to Pizarro, tells us, it was the superiour fame and glory of his character that first gained and afterwards held her affections to him; when no one can discover the least spark of true glory either in his mind or his achievements, as he is drawn by the author: nothing appears in him but selfish meanness, gloomy revenge, brutal ferocity, and unmanly cruelty; and from the character of this particular individual, thus distorted and exaggerated, is drawn a general conclusion against christians and christianity. But

this character of Pizarro is not a true one; he had vices, it is true, and great ones, but he had some good qualities, though not one is here mentioned to set against the black catalogue of his crimes; while the Indians, it seems, have not a speck of vice or folly to dim the lustre of their blazing virtues. The conduct of the Spaniards to the Mexicans can never be defended, but it was what will always result from bigotry and superstition, stimulated by ambition and avarice, and not the offspring of christianity; whose genuine principles were then much corrupted by the innovations of popery, and the Spaniards were, perhaps, the most bigotted, superstitious, and intolerant of papists. To draw conclusions from the abuse of a system against the use of it, is that kind of flimsy but audacious sophistry, which, though a thousand times exposed, is still reiterated by the sceptical babblers of the day, who know, that notwithstanding a few read and are convinced, yet that many more remain who never read, or think, or investigate for themselves, and may therefore easily be made the dupes of plausible artifice.

That strong friendships exist among savages, we have often been informed, and we know that their state is peculiarly calculated to call forth such feelings; but we also know that love, with them, is merely a sensual appetite, which never rises to a refined and generous sentiment: we know that all their pleasures, propensities, and habits, are gross and brutish; their passions ungovernably violent, their revenge most cruel, and their notions of morality and religion such as naturally flow from ignorance and caprice, working upon incongruous and imperfectly transmitted traditions. The Mexicans and Peruvians were cruel almost beyond belief, for not a rite of their religion was celebrated without human blood, and prisoners were offered up by thousands in sacrifice to their infernal deities! Yet it is for such a people, and such a state of things, that we are to give up all we possess; to abandon our religion, laws, and civilization; all that we have proved by solid reasoning and long experience, all we know of certain good, for the hypothetical possibility of extravagant and spurious virtues, for a vain, new-fangled, and Proteus-like philosophy.

Kotzebue (the author) has not the temerity to avow his purpose; he dares not openly attack, but he undermines; he pretends to allow the position, that 'we are not to do evil that good may come of it,' yet he insidiously endeavours not only to destroy the axiom he allows, but even to bring about the worst end by the worst means; he prostitutes his talents to the basest purposes; he operates powerfully upon the strongest passions and tenderest feelings of the human heart; he enlists all the energies and sympathies of our nature, in the cause of fallacy and deceit, against established reason and eternal truth. Such is the nature and tendency of this pernicious composition.

A LONDON WINTER.

In a Paris winter the beau monde crowd to the Metropolis with the fall of the leaf; and the desolation of the fields and groves, the approach of fogs, rain, snow, frost, short days, and long nights are signals, which all ranks obey. —They quit the dreary solitude of the country and hurry up to Town, in which Spectacles, Balls and

illuminated Saloons attract their multitudes, and the People of Fashion *s'approchent !*

This is a Paris winter, commencing in the very beginning of November—and yet these people pretend to lead the *ton* of the world, and to give laws to polished society ! They regulate themselves by the economy of nature ; they implicitly follow the order of the seasons, and yet they make pretensions to taste and luxury !

How unlike a London Winter ! How much superiour is the graceful indifference, which we shew to the changes of the year—to the state of the weather—to the rules and laws, which the vegetable world (and which only animals born to vegetate) are doomed to obey ! Our *Winter* has nothing to do with the *season !*—So far from commencing with the fall of the leaf, Winter does not begin, till *Nature* shall have put forth the blossoms of regeneration. No woman, who values her reputation for taste, ventures to come to town for the Winter till the month of May ; and it is not unusual to see a family of the highest *research* postpone the *burst* of its *entré* into the winter circles till after the King's Birth-day.—Every thing, to be fashionable, must be out of *season*.—A *dejeuné* is suffocating, if given before *three o'clock* in the afternoon. A man of fashion never takes the morning air in Rotten-row till after sun-set.—No evening party begins till midnight ; and it is indispensible to the character of a Member of Parliament, that after a long debate, he should go to his *dinner* at six o'clock in the morning. It must be *dinner* whatever be the hour, and however often he may have *restored* at Bellamy's. It is the sign of pure unadulterate simplicity to act like the *herd*, who eat when they're hungry, and drink when they're dry ; and the Parisians have made no higher attainments in *ton* than the Hottentots, if they regulate their hours by the daily sun, or their seasons by his place in the Zodiack.

The London Winter begins in April, and rages in May. It is then that our women of fashion find the weather deliciously inclement ; and the only remedy against its rigour is in the *comfort of compression*. It is only by squeezing several hundreds more into a set of rooms than they were ever destined to contain, that the severity of a London winter can be resisted. In Paris the people of fashion only *s'approchent*. In London they *dove-tail*. In Paris there is *society*—in London there is a *crowd*. It would be intolerable in a fashionable assembly at the West-end of the Town, if there was room for *enjoyment*. Indeed the word itself is obsolete ; for enjoyment belongs only to the miserable people, whom nobody knows. It is the invariable *test* and *criterion* of high-breeding to counteract the rules of common life ; and therefore to be at your *ease* in an assembly, into which you enter, is a *disappointment*. To remain in one place is a sign that you are *not in request ;* and your *triumph* for the night consists in the number of *crowds*, through which you have *jostled*.

Nothing can be so unlike indeed, as a Paris and a London Winter. In Paris the *Haut Ton* love the Pêle Mêle at publick places, and the *partie chaisée* at home. They countenance all *efforts* for general entertainment, and in their own hotels their parties

are *select*.—They have a weekly night, and they distribute their invitations, so as to accommodate, as well as entertain their friends. By this means they never interfere with, nor annoy the spectacles, nor affect the enterprize of professional artists. Here a woman of supreme attraction has her nights *en suite*, and she shines *par excellence*, who puts her friends to the greatest degree of oppression. To be able to stir is an accident, and to get in or out you must watch for an opportunity. It is indispensible to character to treat every thing that is publick with contempt, and never to be seen in a place to which every body may go: it is the pinnacle of Ton, therefore, for a Lady of Fashion to open her own house for the benefit of some dear delightful Italian, who will bring all the world together, and yet keep it elegantly crowded. This is at once conspicuous and economical. The Lady gives a grand Concert at home, and has fifty invitations as her part of the benefit. Oh! what a novelty in the refinements of House-wifery! The Lady of a Duke, Marquis, or Earl, with a revenue of fifty thousand a year, sharing in the benefit of an Italian *Fidler!*—But it is *Ton*—and the character of the Lady depends on the multitudes she can attract. Such is our gay Season!—A Paris Winter has its *agremens*—a London Winter has its *eclat*, and subsides in June.—*London Morn. Chronicle.*

GRAY.

When Gray's odes first appeared, they were received with disapprobation. But their quaint and affected language, the false glitter of florid epithet, and the repeated recurrence of alliteration, attracted the admiration of certain critics, who applauded them as the genuine offspring of lyrick sublimity. This opinion, adopted afterwards by Warton and Wakefield, seems now very generally to prevail, notwithstanding the objections of Johnson, which still remain unrefuted.

Every man of literature has an undoubted right to decide for himself on a controverted point, and I confess myself of that party who think Gray a mechanical poet. His Elegy is indeed an *unique*, and deserves all the praise, which it has received. His ode to Adversity also contains both poetry and good sense. But of his other odes, though we may allow that they have *mille ornatus*, we cannot justly add, that they have also *mille decenter*.

Any man, conversant with poetick phraseology, might produce such odes, if he would devote his time and attention to the pursuit. He has only to select glittering and uncommon epithets, a brilliant periphrasis to describe a common object, with a few striking alliterations, and the business is accomplished.

A friend of mine, who has few pretensions to poetry, has sent me the following ode, written after the manner of Gray, in which he has attempted to imitate his language, epithets, and alliterations. The publick must determine, whether there is any resemblance, recollecting, however, that this was the production of one sitting, whereas the odes of Gray, the offspring of a taste sickly and fastidious, are compositions of long time and great labour. The author, I think,

has failed in one point of imitation, as his ode is perfectly intelligible.

ODE TO WINTER.

HAIL, wayward Winter! child of snow,
I see thee mount thine icy throne,
I see thee spread thy scenes of woe
To yon poor moonless wanderer lone.
On the wild waste he feels thy power,
Thy biting blast, thy sleety shower,
Resolved by night no more to roam
Far from his faithful friends, and hospitable home.

2

Though now the vermil-tinctured lip
Of frolick Spring, with roses crowned,
No more the ambrosial dew can sip,
Or kiss the flowers that paint the ground;
Though fair Hyperion's brilliant beam
Assail in vain the impassive stream,
And keen is felt thy frosty sting,
I woo thee, Winter wild, nor heed thy watry wing.

3

The bard's rapt eye no longer views
The fairy elves in noon of night,
In circles deftly skim the dews,
Nor fly the leafy lawn till light,
When they with twinkling feet advance
To thrid the mazes of the dance,
And o'er his frenzied sense diffuse
Bland visions, light as air, and spotless as the Muse.

4

The azure violet on the shore,
Fair rival of the ruddy rose,
Spreads its blue foliage no more,
Entombed beneath a waste of snows.
The gay-plumed songsters of the grove
No longer carol tales of love,
But Nature, through her empire's bound,
Hears nought but horrid hail, and threatening tempests sound.

5

But though thy spells, relentless power,
The world in frosty fetters bind;
Though, arm'd with snow, and ice, and shower,
Thou shedd'st thy wrath on all mankind,
Yet I thy ruffian rage defy,
Thy storm-tongued voice, thy lowering eye,
While hous'd, and round the social fire,
I hear thy menace loud, and unavailing ire.

6

Dauntless I brave thy boisterous breath,
Whene'er the lettered circle meet,
Nor dread to tempt at daylight's death,
The dangers of the slippery street.
This eve with choicest friends I pass,
Nor churlish shun the electrick glass,
Iberia's fragant tube illume,
Nor dread thy thunders, Winter, though they shake the room.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR

FEBRUARY, 1808.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientiæ reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. PLIN.

ART. 6.

Letters from England: by Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella. Translated from the Spanish. First American edition. Boston, printed by Munroe & Francis. 1807. 12mo. pp. 384.

THERE are few books, which are read with greater avidity, as there are few, that furnish more instruction and amusement, than books of travels. Pope justly observes, that 'the proper study of mankind is man;' and by an acquaintance with the manners and customs of other nations, with their commerce and manufactures, with their civil and religious polity, prejudices are diminished, liberality of sentiment increased, and the boundaries of human knowledge enlarged.

The land of their forefathers must always present an object of peculiar interest to those, who speak the same language, and boast of the same progenitors; and whether the political ties of the two countries be straitened or relaxed, America can never regard Great-Britain with indifference. No event of importance can take place there, which will not be felt here; and, whatever misunderstandings may arise between us, respecting national rights, or in the course of commercial emulation, we shall always feel that respect for the parent country, to which she is so justly entitled for her naval prowess, her mercantile integrity, and her scientifick and literary achievements.

These letters, which we have undertaken to review, have afforded us much amusement in their perusal. The author, in the character of a Spaniard, describes in a lively and entertaining manner the modern Tyre. In his description of places he is extremely correct, but in his opinions and sentiments we discover a strange mixture of truth and errour. Under the veil of Catholick bigotry, a bigotry wholly inconsistent with his freedom on other subjects, he aims a deadly blow at the English church, and through her at all religion. In many instances we detect the disciple of the new philosophy, which has caused, and still continues to cause, so much mischief in the civilized world. The most superficial observer will discover the author to be an Englishman, who has chosen this method to display his talents, and diffuse his prejudices.

Having thus warned the reader of these letters to be on his guard, we shall select such passages for his amusement, as we think best calculated for that purpose.

The following description of the inside and furniture of an English house is entertaining, and reminds us of the domestick comforts of a wealthy American.

'One of the peculiarities in this country is, that every body lives upon the ground floor, except the shopkeepers. The stable and coach-house either adjoin the house, or more frequently are detached from it, and the kitchen is either at the back of the house on the ground floor, or under ground, which is usually the case in large towns, but never, as with us, above stairs. They wonder at our custom of living on the higher floors, and call it troublesome: I, on my part, cannot be reconciled to the inconvenience of living on a level with the street: the din is at your very ear, the window cannot be thrown open for the dust which showers in, and it is half darkened by blinds that the by-passers may not look in upon your privacy.

One room on the first floor is reserved for company, the rest are bed-rooms; for the beds, instead of standing in recesses, are placed in rooms as large as those in which we dwell. This occasions great waste of space, the more remarkable, as ground is exceedingly valuable in the towns, and is rented by the square foot of front at a prodigious price. Nothing surprised me more at first, than the excellent workmanship of the doors and windows; no jarring with the wind, no currents of air, and the windows, which are all suspended by pulleys, rise with a touch. This is not entirely and exclusively owing to the skill of the English workmen, but in great measure also to the climate. When the wood has once been seasoned, neither the heat nor humidity of the atmosphere is ever sufficient to affect it materially. In good houses the doors have a strip of open brass work above the handle, that the servants may not soil them with their fingers.

An Englishman delights to show his wealth; every thing in his house, therefore, is expensive: a whole dwelling in our country is furnished at less cost, than is bestowed here upon a single apartment. The description of their common sittingroom may be considered as a fair specimen. The whole floor is fitted with carpeting, not of the costliest kind, but both in texture and design far superiour to what is usually seen in Spain. This remains down summer and winter, though in summer our matting would be far more suitable, if the fashion were once introduced. Before the fire is a smaller carpet of different fabrick, and fleecy appearance, about two *varas* long, and not quite half as broad; a fashion of late years which has become universal, because it is at once ornamental, comfortable, and useful, preserving the larger one, which would else soon be worn out in that particular part. Of the fire-places I have already spoken; here the frontal is marble, and above is a looking-glass the whole length of the mantle piece, divided into three compartments by gilt pillars, which support a gilt architrave. On each side hang bellropes of coloured worsted, about the thickness of a man's wrist, the work of Mrs. J— and her sister, which suspend knobs of polished spar. The fender is remarkable; it consists of a crescent basket-work of wire, painted green, about a foot in height, topt with brass, and supporting seven brazen pillars of nearly the same height, which also are surmounted by a band of brass. This also is a late fashion, introduced in consequence of the numberless accidents occasioned by fire. Almost every newspaper contains an account that some woman has been burnt to death, and they are at last beginning to take some means of precaution.

The chairs and tables are of a wood brought from Honduras, which is in great request here, of a fine close grain, and a reddish brown colour, which becomes more beautiful as it grows darker with age. The history of this wood, of which all the finer articles of furniture exclusively are made, is rather singular. A West Indian captain, about a century ago, brought over some planks as ballast, and gave them to his brother, Dr. Gibbons, a physician of great eminence, who was then building a house. The workmen, however, found the wood too hard for their tools, and it was thrown aside. Some time afterwards, his wife wanted a box to hold candles, the doctor thought of his West Indian wood, and in spite of the difficulty, which was still found in working it, had the box made. He admired its colour and polish so much, that he had a bureau made of it also; and this was thought so beautiful, that it

was shown to all his friends. Among others, the Duchess of Buckingham came to see it, and begged enough of the wood to make her a bureau also. From that moment the demand was so great, that it became a regular article of trade, and as long as the woods of Honduras last it is likely to continue so. There is reason to believe that the tree would grow in England, as there are some flourishing plants in the neighbourhood of London, which have been raised from seed. Formerly the tables were made of the solid plank; but English ingenuity has now contrived to give the same appearance at a far less cost of materials, by facing common deal with a layer of the fine wood not half a barley corn in thickness. To give you an idea of the curiosity, with which all these things are executed, is impossible; nothing can be more perfect.

Our breakfast table is oval, large enough for eight or nine persons, yet supported upon one claw in the centre. This is the newest fashion, and fashions change so often in these things, as well as in every thing else, that it is easy to know how long it is since such a house has been fitted up, by the shape of the furniture. An upholder just now advertises *Commodes*, *Console-tables*, *Ottomans*, *Chaiselonges*, and *Chiffoniers*;—what are all these? you ask. I asked the same question, and could find no person in the house, who could answer me; but they are all articles of the newest fashion, and no doubt all will soon be thought indispensably necessary in every well furnished house. Here is also a nest of tables for the ladies, consisting of four, one less than another, and each fitting into the one above it; you would take them for playthings, from their slenderness and size, if you did not see how useful they find them for their work. A harpsichord takes up the middle of one side of the room, and in the corners are screens to protect the face from the fire, of mahogany, with fans of green silk, which spread like a flower, and may be raised or lowered at pleasure. A book-case standing on a chest of drawers completes the heavy furniture, it has glazed doors, and curtains of green silk within.

But I should give you a very inadequate idea of an English room were I to stop here. Each window has blinds to prevent the by-passers from looking in; the plan is taken from the Venetian blinds, but made more expensive, as the bars are fitted into a frame and move in grooves. The shutters fit back by day, and are rendered ornamental by the gilt ring, by which they are drawn open: at night you perceive that you are in a land of house-breakers, by the contrivances for barring them, and the bells which are fixed on to alarm the family, in case the house should be attacked. On each side of the window the curtains hang in festoons, they are of rich printed cotton, lined with a plain colour and fringed, the quantity they contain is very great. Add to this a sconce of the most graceful form, with six prints in gilt frames, and you have the whole scene before you. Two of these are Noel's views of Cadiz and Lisbon; the others are from English history, and represent the battles of the Boyne and of La Hogue, the death of General Wolfe at Quebec, and William Penn treating with the Indians for his province of Pennsylvania.

Let us proceed to the dining-room. Here the table is circular, but divides in half to receive a middle part which lengthens it, and this is so contrived that it may be made to suit any number of persons from six to twenty. The sideboard is a massier piece of furniture; formerly a single slab of marble was used for this purpose, but now this is become one of the handsomest and most expensive articles. The glasses are arranged on it ready for dinner, and the knives and forks in two little chests or cabinets, the spoons are between them in a sort of urn; every thing being made costly and ornamental.

The drawing-room differs chiefly from the breakfast parlour in having every thing more expensive, a carpet of richer fabrick, sconces and mirrours more highly ornamented, and curtains of damask like the sofas and chairs. Two chandeliers with glass drops stand on the mantle-piece; but in these we excel the English; they have not the brilliancy of those from the royal fabrick at St. Ildefonso. In this room are the portraits of J— and his wife, by one of the best living artists, so admirably executed as to make me blush for the present state of the arts in Spain.

Having proceeded thus far, I will go through the house. J— took me into his kitchen one day to show me what

is called the kitchen-range, which has been constructed upon the philosophical principles of Count Rumford, a German* philosopher, the first person who has applied scientifick discoveries to the ordinary purposes of life. The top of the fire is covered with an iron plate, so that the flame and smoke, instead of ascending, pass through bars on the one side, and there heat an iron front, against the which food may be roasted as well as by the fire itself; it passes on heating stoves and boilers as it goes, and the smoke is not suffered to pass up the chimney till it can no longer be of any use. On the other side is an oven heated by the same fire, and vessels for boiling may be placed on the plate over the fire. The smoke finally sets a kind of wheel in motion in the chimney, which turns the spit. I could not but admire the comfort and cleanliness of every thing about the kitchen; a dresser, as white as when the wood was new, the copper and tin vessels bright and burnished; the chain, in which the spit plays, bright; the plates and dishes ranged in order along the shelves: and I could not but wish our dirty Domingo were here to take a lesson of English cleanliness. There is a back kitchen in which all the dirty work is done, into which water is conveyed by pipes. The order and cleanliness of every thing made even this room cheerful, though under ground, where the light enters only from an area, and the face of the sky is never seen.

And now, for my own apartment, where I am now writing. It is on the second floor, the more therefore to my liking, as it is less noisy; and I breathe in a freer atmosphere. My bed, though neither covered with silk nor satin, has as much ornament as is suitable; silk or satin would not give that clean appearance, which the English always require, and which I have already learnt to delight in. Hence the damask curtains, which were used in the last generation, have given place to linens. These are full enough to hang in folds; by day they are gathered round the bed posts, which are light pillars of mahogany supporting a frame work, covered with the same furniture as the curtains; and valances are fastened round this frame, both withinside the curtains and without, and again round the sides of the bedstead. The blankets are of the natural colour of the wool, quite plain; the sheets plain also. I have never seen them flounced nor laced, nor ever seen a striped or coloured blanket. The counterpane is of all English manufactures the least tasteful; it is of white cotton, ornamented with cotton knots, in shapes as graceless as the cut box in a garden. My window curtains are of the same pattern as the bed; a mahogany press holds my clothes, an oval looking-glass swung lengthways stands on the dressing-table. A compact kind of chest holds the bason, the soap, the tooth brush, and water glass, each in a separate compartment; and a looking-glass, for the purpose of shaving at, (for Englishmen usually shave themselves) slips up and down behind, the water-jug and water-bottle stand below, and the whole shuts down a-top, and closes in front, like a cabinet. The room is carpeted; here I have my fire, my table, and my cassette; here I study, and here minute down every thing, which I see or learn; how industriously you will perceive, and how faithfully, you, who best know me, will best know.

My honoured father will say to all this, How many things are there here which I do not want?—But you, my dear mother, I think I see you looking round the room while you say, How will Manuel like to leave these luxuries and return to Spain? How anxiously I wish to leave them, you will not easily conceive, as you have never felt that longing love for your own country, which absence from it renders a passion, and almost a disease. Fortunate as I am in having such rare advantages of society and friendship, and happy as I am in the satisfaction wherewith I reflect every night that no opportunity of inquiry or observation has been lost during the day, still my greatest pleasure is to think how fast the days and weeks are passing on, and that every day I am one day nearer the time of my return. I never longed half so earnestly to return from Alcala, as I now do to enter my native place, to see the shield over the door-way, to hear the sound of our own water-wheel, of the bells of St. Claras, of Domingo's viola at evening, to fondle my own dogs, to hear my own language, to kneel at mass in the church where I was bap-

* This is a mistake of the author's. Count Rumford is an American.—Tr.

vised, and to see once more around me the faces of all whom I have known from infancy, and of all whom I love best.

¡ Ay * Dios de mi alma !
Saquiesme de aqui !
¡ Ay ! que Inglaterra
Ya no es para mi.' *P. 67.*

The celebrated cathedral of St. Paul is better described, than we have before seen it.

'The cathedral church of St. Paul is not more celebrated than it deserves to be. No other nation in modern times has reared so magnificent a monument of piety. I never behold it without regretting, that such a church should be appropriated to heretical worship; that like a whited sepulchre, there should be death within.

In the court before the grand entrance stands a statue of Queen Anne, instead of a cross; a figure as ill-executed as it is ill-placed, which has provoked some epigrams even in this country, indifferent as the the taste in sculpture is here, and little as is the sense of religious decorum. On entering the church I was impressed by its magnitude. A fine anecdote is related of the effects this produced upon a female Esquimaux:—Quite overpowered with wonder when she she stood under the dome, she leaned upon her conductor, as if sinking under the strong feeling of awe, and fearfully asked him, 'Did man make it? or was it put here?' My own sensations were of the same character, yet it was wonder at human power, unmingled with any other kind of awe; not that feeling which a temple should inspire; not so much a sense that the building in which I stood was peculiarly suitable for worship, as that it could be suitable for nothing else. Gothick architecture produces the effect of sublimity, though always without simplicity, and often without magnitude; so perhaps does the Saracenick: if the Grecians ever produced the same effect it is by magnitude alone. But the architecture of the ancients is altered, and materially injured by the alteration, when adapted to cold climates, where it is necessary, when the light is admitted, to exclude the air; the windows have always a littleness, always appear misplaced; they are holes cut in the wall; not, as in the Gothick, natural and essential parts of the general structure.

The air in all the English churches which I have yet entered is damp, cold, confined, and unwholesome, as if the graves beneath tainted it. No better proof can be required of the wisdom of enjoining incense. I have complained that the area in their ordinary churches is crowded; but the opposite fault is perceivable in this great cathedral. The choir is but a very small part of the church; service was going on there, being hurried over as usual in week days, and attended only by two or three old women, whose piety deserved to meet with better instructors. The vergers however paid so much respect to this service, such as it is, that they would not shew us the church till it was over. There are no chapels, no other altar than that in the choir;—For what then can the heretics have erected so huge an edifice? It is as purposeless as the Pyramids.

Here are suspended all the flags, which were taken in the naval victories of the late war. I do not think that the natural feeling which arose within me at seeing the Spanish colours among them influences me, when I say that they do not ornament the church, and that, even if they did, the church is not the place for them. They might be appropriate offerings in a temple of Mars; but certainly there is nothing in the revealed will of God which teaches us that he should be better pleased with the blood of man in battle, than with that of bulls and of goats in sacrifice. The palace, the houses of legislature, the admiralty, and the tower where the regalia are deposited, should be decorated with these trophies; so also should Greenwich be, the noble asylum for their old seamen; and even in the church a flag might perhaps fitly be hung over the tomb of him who won it and fell in the victory. Monuments are erecting here to all the naval captains who fell in these actions; some of them are not finished; those which are do little honour to the arts of England. The artists know not what to do with their villanous costume, and, to avoid uniforms in marble, make their unhappy statues half-naked. One

* Ah, God of my soul, take me from hence! alas! England is not a country for me.—Tr.

of these represents the dying captain as falling into Neptune's arms; a dreadful situation for a dying captain it would be;—he would certainly take the old sea-god for the devil, and the trident for the pitchfork with which he tosses about souls in the fire. Will sculptors never perceive the absurdity of allegorizing in stone!

There are but few of these monuments as yet, because the English never thought of making St. Paul's the mausoleum of their great men, till they had crowded Westminster Abbey with the illustrious and the obscure indiscriminately. They now seem to have discovered the nakedness of this huge edifice, and to vote parliamentary monuments to every sea captain who falls in battle, for the sake of filling it as fast as possible. This is making the honour too common. It is only the name of the commander in chief, which is always necessarily connected with that of the victory; he therefore is the only individual to whom a national monument ought to be erected. If he survives the action, and it be thought expedient, as I willingly allow it to be, that every victory should have its monument, let it be like the stone at Thermopylæ, inscribed to the memory of all who fell. The commander in chief may deserve a separate commemoration; the responsibility of the engagement rests upon him; and to him the merit of the victory, as far as professional skill is entitled to it, will, whether justly or not, be attributed, though assuredly in most cases with the strictest justice. But whatever may have been the merit of the subordinate officers, the rank which they hold is not sufficiently conspicuous. The historian will mention them, but the reader will not remember them because they are mentioned but once, and it is only to those who are remembered that statues should be voted; only to those who live in the hearts and in the mouths of the people. 'Who is this?' is a question which will be asked at every statue; but if after the verger has named the person represented it is still necessary to ask, 'Who is he?' the statue is misplaced in a national mausoleum.

These monuments are too few as yet to produce any other general effect than a wish that there were more; and the nakedness of these wide walls without altar, chapel, confessional, picture or offering is striking and dolorous as you may suppose. Yet if such honours were awarded without any immediate political motive, there are many for whom they might justly be claimed; for Cook, for instance, the first navigator, without reproach; for Bruce, the most intrepid and successful of modern travellers; for lady Wortley Montague, the best of letter-writers, and the benefactress of Europe. 'I,' said W., who was with me, 'should demand one for sir Walter Raleigh; and even you, Spaniard as your are, would not, I think, contest the claim; it should be for introducing tobacco into Christendom, for which he deserves a statue of pipe-makers' clay.'

Some five-and-twenty or thirty years ago the best English artist offered to paint pictures and give them to this cathedral;—England had never greater painters to boast of than at that time. The thing however was not so easy as you might imagine, and it was necessary to obtain the consent of the bishop, the chapter, the lord mayor, and the king. The king loves the arts, and willingly consented; the lord mayor and the chapter made no objection; but the bishop positively refused; for no other reason, it is said, than because the first application had not been made to him. Perhaps some puritanical feelings may have been mingled with this despicable pride, some leaven of the old Iconoclastick and Lutheran barbarism; but as long as the names of Barry and of sir Joshua Reynolds are remembered in this country, and remembered they will be as long as the works and the fame of a painter can endure, so long will the provoking absurdity of this refusal be execrated.

The monuments and the body of the church may be seen gratuitously; a price is required for admittance to any thing above stairs, and for fourpenny, sixpenny, and shilling fees we were admitted to see the curiosities of the building;—a model something different from the present structure, and the work of the same great architect; a geometrical staircase, at the top of which the door closes with a tremendous sound; the clock, whose huge bell in a calm day, when what little wind is stirring is from the east, may be heard five leagues over the plain at Windsor; and a whispering gallery, the great amusement of children and wonder of women, and which is indeed at first

sufficiently startling. It is just below the dome; and when I was on the one side and my guide on the other, the whole breadth of the dome being between us he shut-to the door, and the sound was like a peal of thunder rolling among the mountains. The scratch of a pin against the wall, and the lowest whisper were distinctly heard across. The inside of the cupola is covered with pictures by a certain sir James Thornhill: they are too high to be seen distinctly from any place except the gallery immediately under them, and if there were nothing else to repay the fatigue of the ascent it would be labour in vain.

Much as I had been impressed by the size of the building on first entering it, my sense of its magnitude was heightened by the prodigious length of the passages which we traversed, and the seeming endlessness of the steps we mounted. We kept close to our conductor with a sense of danger: that it is dangerous to do otherwise was exemplified not long since by a person who lost himself here, and remained two days and nights in this dismal solitude. At length he reached one of the towers in the front; to make himself heard was impossible; he tied his handkerchief to a stick and hung it out as a signal of distress, which at last was seen from below, and he was rescued. The best plan in such cases would be to stop the clock, if the way to it could be found.

In all other towers, which I had ever ascended, the ascent was fatiguing, but no ways frightful. Stone steps winding round and round a stone pillar from the bottom up to the top, with just room to admit you between the pillar and the wall, make the limbs ache and the head giddy, but there is nothing to give a sense of danger. Here was a totally different scene: the ascent was up the cupola, by staircases and stages of wood, which had all the seeming insecurity of scaffolding. Projecting beams hung with cobwebs and black with dust, the depth below, the extent of the gloomy dome within which we were inclosed, and the light which just served to shew all this, sometimes dawning before us, sometimes fading away behind, now slanting from one side, and now leaving us almost in utter darkness: of such materials you may conceive how terrifying a scene may be formed, and you know how delightful it is to contemplate images of terrour with a sense of security.

Having at last reached the summit of the dome, I was contented. The way up to the cross was by a ladder; and as we could already see as far as the eye could reach, there was nothing above to reward me for a longer and more laborious ascent. The old bird's-eye views, which are now disused because they are out of fashion, were of more use, than any thing which supplies their place: half plan, half picture, they gave an idea of the place they represented more accurately than pictures, and more vividly than plans. I would have climbed St. Paul's, if it had been only to see London thus mapped below me, and though there had been nothing beautiful or sublime in the view; few objects however are so sublime, if by sublimity we understand that which completely fills the imagination to the utmost measure of its powers, as the view of a huge city thus seen at once: —house-roofs, the chimneys of which formed so many turrets; towers and steeples; the trees and gardens of the inns of court, and the distant squares, forming so many green spots in the map; Westminster Abbey on the one hand with Westminster Hall, an object scarcely less conspicuous; on the other the Monument, a prodigious column worthy of a happier occasion and a less lying inscription; the Tower and the masts of the shipping rising behind it; the river with its three bridges and all its boats and barges; the streets immediately within view blackened with moving swarms of men, and lines of carriages. To the north were Hampstead and Highgate on their eminences, southward the Surry hills. Where the city ended it was impossible to distinguish; it would have been more beautiful, if, as at Madrid, the capital had been circumscribed within walls, and the open country had commenced immediately without its limits. In every direction the lines of houses ran out as far as the eye could follow them, only the patches of green were more frequently interspersed towards the extremity of the prospect, as the lines diverged farther from each other. It was a sight which awed me and made me melancholy. I was looking down upon the habitations of a million of human beings; upon the single spot whereon

were crowded together more wealth, more splendour, more ingenuity, more worldly wisdom, and alas! more worldly blindness, poverty, depravity, dishonesty, and wretchedness, than upon any other spot in the whole habitable earth.' *P.* 120.

Having made these copious extracts, we dismiss the work with mixed approbation and censure, approbation of the narrative parts, and censure of the political and religious prejudices of the author. There is scarcely a letter, which does not deserve a considerable portion of both; nor would it be an unedifying task to analyse the whole work. But our limits will not admit us to obey our inclination, and which is the less necessary, since the book is very generally read, and is already estimated by the judicious, as it deserves.

ART. 7.

Character of St. Paul. A sermon, preached at the ordination of Rev. Samuel Willard to the pastoral care of the church in Deerfield, on the 23d of September, 1807. *By Nathaniel Thayer, minister of Lancaster*. Greenfield, Denio. *pp.* 29.

THE rolls of sacred biography present, perhaps, only one character of superiour excellence to that of St. Paul. To this distinguished leader of the christian band the gospel is more indebted for its triumphs, than to any of the other apostles. His history as a man is interesting to the philosopher; his life, as a minister of religion, is especially instructive to his successors in the faith. In morals he was unblemished. His piety had an elevation and fervour, almost beyond example. As a citizen he was at once patriotick and peaceable. Without assuming the authority of a dictator, he counselled his fellow-evangelists, always generously co-operating with the strong, and patronizing the weak. His discipline in the church was charitable and tender, whilst it was strict and impartial. But his highest honour consisted in his manner of preaching, and defending the religion of Christ. Here he shone with unrivalled splendour. Here he was learned, argumentative, zealous, and pathetick; dreadful to sinners, but full of mercy to the good; bearing down all opposition to the truth by a luminous appeal to facts, and the irresistible energies of his eloquence, and at last sealing his sincerity with his blood. Such was the great apostle of the Gentiles; and of his character, as drawn and commented upon in the sermon before us, this description is intended for a faithful epitome. The selection of such a theme for such an occasion was pertinent in Mr. Thayer, who has been just to his subject, and has handsomely applied it in the customary addresses.

In the haste of composition, several trifling inaccuracies escaped the writer. He spells inquiry *enquiry*, uses *plead* for pleaded, and p. 18, says, *The progress of irreligion or piety rests*, &c. which is certainly an inelegant expression.

Annexed to the sermon are the charge, by Mr. Ripley, and the right-hand of fellowship, by Mr. Kilburn, both which performances are creditable to their authors.

ART. 8.

The Christian Monitor, No. V., a periodical work, by the Christian Monitor Society. Part I. Vol. III. Boston, Munroe & Francis. 12*mo. pp.* 192.

ALL the numbers of the Chris-

ed every circumstance of the phenomenon.

The only thing which seemed of any importance beyond this statement, was derived from Mr, Elihu Staples, who said, that when the meteor disappeared, there were apparently three successive efforts or leaps of the fireball, which grew more dim at every throe, and disappeared with the last.

The meteor was seen as far south as New-York; and the explosion was heard, and a tremulous motion of the earth perceived, between forty and fifty miles north of Weston. From the various accounts which we have received of the appearance of this body at different places, we are inclined to believe, that the time between the disappearance and report, as estimated by Judge Wheeler, is too little, and that a minute is the least time which could have intervened. Taking this, therefore, for the time, and the apparent diameter of the body as only half that of the full moon, its real diameter could not be much less than 300 feet.

We now proceed to detail the consequences which followed the explosion and apparent extinction of this luminary.

We allude to the fall of a number of masses of stone in several places, principally within the town of Weston. The places which had been well ascertained at the period of our investigation, were six. The most remote were about 9 or 10 miles distant from each other, in a line differing little from the course of the meteor. It is therefore probable that the successive masses fell in this order, the most northerly first, and the most southerly last. We think we are able to point out three principal places where stones have fallen, corresponding with the three loud cannon-like reports, and with the three leaps of the meteor, observed by Mr. Staples. There were some circumstances common to all the cases. There was in every instance, immediately after the explosions had ceased, a loud whizzing or roaring noise in the air, observed at all the places, and so far as was ascertained, at the moment of the fall. It excited in some the idea of a tornado; in others, of a large cannon shot in rapid motion, and it filled all with astonishment and apprehension of some impending catastrophe. In every instance immediately after this, was heard a sudden and abrupt noise, like that of a ponderous body striking the ground in its fall. Exepting one, the stones were more or less broken. The most important circumstances of the particular cases were as follows:

1. The most notherly fall was within the limits of Huntington, on the border of Weston, about 40 or 50 rods east of the great road from Bridgeport to Newtown, in a cross road, and contiguous to the house of Mr. Merwin Burr. Mr. Burr was standing in the road, in front of his house, when the stone fell. The noise produced by its collision with a rock of granite, was very loud. Mr. Burr was within 50 feet, and immediately searched for the body, but, it being still dark, he did not find it till half an hour after. By the fall, some of it was reduced to powder, and the rest of it was broken into very small fragments, which were thrown around to the distance of 20 or 30 feet The rock was stained at the place of contact with a deep lead colour. The largest fragment which remained did not exceed the size of a goose egg, and this Mr. Burr found to be still warm to his hand. There was

reason to conclude from all the circumstances that this stone must have weighed about twenty or twenty-five pounds.

Mr. Burr had a strong impression that another stone fell in an adjoining field, and it was confidently believed that a large mass had fallen into a neighbouring swamp, but neither of these had been found. It is probable that the stone, whose fall has now been described, together with any other masses, which may have fallen at the same time, was thrown from the meteor at the first explosion.

II. The masses, projected at the second explosion, seem to have fallen principally at and in the vicinity of Mr. William Prince's in Weston, distant about five miles, in a southerly direction, from Mr. Burr's. Mr. Prince and family were still in bed, when *they heard a noise like the fall of a very heavy body, immediately after the explosions.* They formed various unsatisfactory conjectures concerning the cause—nor did even a fresh hole made through the turf in the door-yard, about twenty-five feet from the house, lead to any conception of the cause.

They had indeed formed a vague conjecture that the hole might have been made by lightning, but would probably have paid no further attention to the circumstance, had they not heard, in the course of the day, that stones had fallen that morning in other parts of the town. This induced them, towards evening, to search the hole in the yard, where they found a stone buried in the loose earth which had fallen in upon it. It was two feet from the surface—the hole was about twelve inches in diameter, and as the earth was soft and nearly free from stones, the mass had sustained litte injury, only a few small fragments having been detached by the shock. The weight of this stone was about thirty-five pounds. From the descriptions, which we have heard, it must have been a noble specimen, and men of science will not cease to deplore that so rare a treasure should have been immediately broken in pieces. All that remained unbroken of this mass, was a piece of twelve pounds weight, since purchased by Isaac Bronson, Esq. of Greenfield, with the liberal view of presenting it to some publick institution.

Six days after, another mass was discovered, half a mile north-west from Mr. Prince's. The search was induced by the confident persuasion of the neighbours that they heard it fall near the spot, where it was actually found buried in the earth, weighing from seven to ten pounds. It was found by Gideon Hall and Isaac Fairchild. It was in small fragments, having fallen on a globular detached mass of gneiss rock, which it split in two, and by which it was itself shivered to pieces.

The same men informed us, that they suspected another stone had fallen in the vicinity, as the report had been distinctly heard and could be referred to a particular region somewhat to the east. Returning to the place after an excursion of a few hours to another part of the town, we were gratified to find the conjecture verified, by the actual discovery of a mass of thirteen pounds weight, which had fallen half a mile to the north-east of Mr. Prince's. Having fallen in a ploughed field, without coming into contact with a rock, it was broken only into two principal pieces, one of which, possessing all the characters of the stone in a remarkable degree, we purchased;

for it had now become an article of sale.

Two miles south-east from Mr. Prince's, at the foot of Tashowa hill, a fifth mass fell. Its fall was distinctly heard by Mr. Ephraim Porter and his family, who live within 40 rods of the place and in full view. They saw a smoke rise from the spot, as they did also from the hill, where they are positive that another stone struck, as they heard it distinctly. At the time of the fall, having never heard of any such thing, they supposed that lightning had struck the ground, but, after three or four days, hearing of the stones which had been found in their vicinity, they were induced to search, and the result was the discovery of a mass of stone in the road, at the place where they supposed the lightning had struck. It penetrated the ground to the depth of two feet in the deepest place; the hole was about twenty inches in diameter, and its margin was coloured blue from the powder of the stone, struck off in its fall.

It was broken into fragments of moderate size, and from the best calculations might have weighed 20 or 25 pounds.

The hole exhibited marks of much violence, the turf being very much torn, and thrown about at some distance.

We searched several hours for the stone, which was heard to fall on the hill, but without success. Since that time, however, it has been discovered. It is unbroken, and exactly corresponds in appearance with the other specimens. It weighs 36½ pounds. It is probable that the five stones last described were all projected at the second explosion.

III. At the third explosion a mass of stone far exceeding the united weight of all we have hitherto described, fell in a field belonging to Mr. Elijah Seeley, and within thirty rods of his house. Mr. Seeley's is at the distance of about four miles from Mr. Prince's. Mr. Elihu Staples lives on the hill, at the bottom of which this body fell, and carefully observed the whole phenomenon.

After the last explosion, he says, a rending noise like that of a whirlwind passed along to the east of his house and immediately over his orchard, which is on the declivity of the hill. At the same instant a streak of light passed over the orchard in a large curve and seemed to pierce the ground. —A shock was felt and a report heard like that of a heavy body falling to the earth; but no conception being entertained of the real cause, (for no one in this vicinity, with whom we conversed, appeared to have ever heard of the fall of stones from the skies) it was supposed that lightning had struck the ground. Three or four hours after the event, Mr. Seeley went into his field to look after his cattle.—He found that some of them had leaped into the adjoining enclosure, and all exhibited strong indications of terrour. Passing on, he was struck with surprise at seeing a spot of ground which he knew to have been recently turfed over, all torn up, and the earth looking fresh, as if from recent violence. Coming to the place, he found a great mass of fragments of a strange looking stone, and immediately called for his wife, who was second on the ground.

Here were exhibited the most striking proofs of violent collision. —A ridge of micaceous schistus lying nearly even with the ground, and somewhat inclining like the hill to the south-east, was shivered

to pieces, to a certain extent, by the impulse of the stone, which thus received a still more oblique direction and forced itself into the earth to the depth of three feet, tearing a hole of five feet in length and $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet in breadth, and throwing large masses of turf and fragments of stone and earth to the distance of 50 and 100 feet. Had there been no meteor, no explosions, and no witnesses of the light and shock, it would have been impossible for any person contemplating the scene to doubt, that a large and heavy body had really fallen from the skies with tremendous momentum.

From the best information, which we could obtain of the quantity of fragments of this last stone, compared with its specifick gravity, we concluded that its weight could not have fallen much short of 200 pounds. All the stones, when first found, were friable, being easily broken between the fingers; this was especially the case, where they had been buried in the moist earth; but by exposure to the air, they gradually hardened.

This stone was all in fragments, none of which exceeded the size of a man's fist, and was rapidly dispersed by numerous visitors, who carried it away at pleasure. Indeed we found it difficult to obtain a sufficient supply of specimens of the various stones, an object, which was at length accomplished, principally by importunity and purchase.

The specimens obtained from the different places are perfectly similar. The most superficial observer would instantly pronounce them portions of a common mass. Few of the specimens weigh one pound, most of them less than half a pound, and from that to the fraction of an ounce.

The piece lately found on Tashowa hill is the largest with which we are acquainted. Mr. Bronson's is the next in size. The largest specimen in our possession weighs six pounds, and is very perfect in its characteristick marks. Of smaller pieces we have a good collection. They possess every variety of form, which might be supposed to arise from fracture with violent force. On many of them, and chiefly on the large specimens, may be distinctly perceived portions of the external part of the meteor. It is every where covered with a thin black crust, destitute of splendour, and bounded by portions of the large irregular curve, which seems to have inclosed the meteorick mass. This curve is far from being uniform. It is sometimes depressed with concavities, such as might be produced by pressing a soft and yielding substance. The surface of the crust feels harsh, like the prepared fish skin, or shagreen. It gives sparks with the steel. There are certain portions of the stone covered with the black crust, which appear not to have formed a part of the outside of the meteor, but to have received this coating in the interiour parts, in consequence of fissures or cracks, produced probably by the intense heat, to which the body seems to have been subjected. These portions are very uneven, being full of little protuberances. The specifick gravity of the stone is 3.6, water being 1. The specifick gravity of different pieces varies a little, this is the mean of three.

The colour of the mass of the stone is mainly a dark ash, or, more properly, a leaden colour. It is interspersed with distinct masses, from the size of a pin's head to the diameter of one or two

inches, which are almost white, resembling in many instances the crystals of feldt-spar in some varieties of granite. The texture of the stone is granular and coarse, resembling some pieces of grit stone. It cannot be broken by the fingers, but gives a rough and irregular fracture with the hammer, to which it readily yields. On inspecting the mass five distinct kinds of matter may be perceived by the eye.

1. The stone is thickly interspersed with black or grey globular masses, most of them spherical, but some are oblong. Some of them are of the size of a pigeon shot, and even of a pea, but generally they are much smaller. They can be detached by any pointed iron instrument, and leave a concavity in the stone. They are not attractable by the magnet, and can be broken by the hammer. If any of them appear to be affected by the magnet it will be found to be owing to the adherence of a portion of metallick iron.

2. Masses of yellow pyrites may be observed. Some of them are of a brilliant golden colour, and are readily distinguishable by the eye. Some are reddish and some whitish. The pyrites appear most abundant in the light coloured spots, where they exhibit very numerous and brilliant points, which are very conspicuous through a lens.

3. The whole stone is interspersed with malleable iron, alloyed with nickel. These masses of malleable iron are very various in size, from mere points to the diameter of half an inch. They may be made very conspicuous by drawing a file across the stone.

4. The lead-coloured mass has been described already, and constitutes by far the greater part of the stone. After being wet and exposed to the air, the stone becomes covered with numerous reddish spots, which do not appear in a fresh fracture, and arise manifestly from the rusting of the iron.

5. There are a few instances of matter dispersed irregularly thro' the stone, which are considered as intermediate between pyrites and malleable iron. They are sometimes in masses apparently chrystaline, but usually irregular. They are black, and commonly destitute of splendour, but exposed by a recent fracture, they appear like a glossy superficial coating. They are sometimes attractable by the magnet, and sometimes not.

Finally, the stone has been analysed in the laboratory of this college. A minute account of the analysis would probably be uninteresting to most readers, we shall, therefore, give only the result, referring those, who are particularly interested in chemical details, to a paper on this subject, communicated to the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia.

One hundred grains of the stone taken promiscuously afforded

Sileca	51.5
Attractable brown oxid of iron	38.
Magnesia	13.
Oxid of Nickel	1.5
Sulphur	1.
	105.

The excess, instead of the usual loss, arises from the oxigen, acquired by the iron during its solution in acids, whereas in the stone the iron is principally in the metallick state. This circumstance occurred to Howard and Vauquelin in the analysis of the stone of Benares.

In a recent account of some experiments on meteorick stones,

made in France by Mon. Laugier, it is asserted, that there has been found in them a small portion of chrome. These experiments have been carefully repeated several times on the stones which fell at Weston, but no indications of chrome has been discovered. The result in every case has been the oxid of nickel.

The pyrites of these stones consist of iron, sulphur, and nickel. The malleable iron is alloyed with nickel; the black irregular masses are decomposed pyrites; the globular bodies appear to be portions of the stone fused by intense ignition; and the external crust is produced by oxigenizement and vitrification. The magnet takes up a large proportion of the stone, when pulverized, and portions of malleable iron may be separated from the stone so large that they can easily be forged into small bars and plates.*

It remains to be observed, that this account of these stones accords very exactly with the descriptions, now become considerably numerous, of similar bodies, which have fallen in other countries at various periods, and with specimens, which one of us has inspected, of stones, which have fallen in India, France, and Scotland. The chemical analysis also proves that their composition is the same, and it is well known to mineralogists and chemists, that no such stones have been found among the productions of this globe. These considerations, in connection with the testimony, must place the credibility of the facts, said to have recently occurred in Weston, beyond all controversy.

* A specimen of the stone may be seen at the *Boston Athenæum*, presented to the institution by Professor Silliman.

Blackstone's Commentaries.

A gentleman is now in town soliciting subscriptions for the Portland edition of "Blackstone's commentaries." The progress of this valuable work has lately been impeded by the destructive fire in that town, which consumed the principal part of the property of Messrs. T. B. WAITE. & Co. the publishers. This calamity has induced them to solicit subscriptions; and we are happy in knowing that many of our most eminent characters have patronized the work. One of the volumes, rescued from the flames, has been shewn to us; and its execution does credit to American typography: and to the attention and accuracy of the publishers. We hope a liberal subscription list will be obtained; not only on account of the merit of the work, but the deservings of the unfortunate publishers.

ENGLAND.

The Museum of the late Dr. WILLIAM HUNTER has, in the course of the last summer been sent from London, and deposited in the building prepared for its reception, in the university of Glasgow; and the advantages, which the possession of so valuable a treasure will give to that seminary of learning, will be of the first importance. This museum is universally known as one of the most august monuments of the love of science, now existing in the world. In the number, usefulness, and neatness of the anatomical preparations it stands unrivalled. No man can approach the Hunterian Museum without being convinced that no exertion of art, nor experience has been wanting to illustrate and embellish a science, which Dr. Hunter's own studies carried to such a degree of excellence, as to make that metropolis the first school of anatomy in the world. The collection of medals acquired at an immense expence, exceeds that of every other cabinet in Europe, that made by the late kings of France alone excepted. The latter, which before

the establishment of Dr. Hunter's, was without a rival, can hardly claim a superiority, but in many respects it is confessedly inferiour. Dr. Hunter, who was not more distinguished by his profession, than by his knowledge of these treasures, employed himself in conjunction with the learned Dr. Combe, in publishing a part of them in three divisions; one containing the Greek cities, another the Persian, Phœnician, Samaritan, Punick, &c. and the third the Greek kings. The library comprehends most of the early-printed books of the fifteenth century, the rare editions of the classicks, the expensive works of natural history and antiquities, and particularly all the curious and valuable books in medicine. In addition to the printed books there is a considerable collection of manuscripts in all the languages, which are cultivated by men of erudition. The collection of natural history is enriched with specimens of the most beautiful subjects in every class. The class of fossils, and likewise that of corals, and of birds, possess many specimens that are peculiar to this cabinet. The class of shells is ample and elegant, and the same character is applicable to that of insects. There is also a numerous catalogue of miscellaneous curiosities not reducible to any particular arrangement.

Dr. Halliday has been employed for the last two years, in preparing Memoirs of the life of the late Sir William Pulteney, which are intended to be published in one large volume quarto. It will be accompanied by an engraving of Sir William, after a painting by Raeburn.

FRANCE.

The French appear at present to be actively engaged in agricultural pursuits, especially in introducing into that extensive empire the improved English practice.

The editors of the Bibliotheque Britannique are about reprinting the ten volumes, formerly published by them on Agriculture. They have selected from the mass of English publications whatever could be useful to the husbandman in France, or the continent, to which they added the results of the experience of a good practical farmer in France, contrasting them with those described by the English writers. The improvements in the breed of sheep, and the course of crops, have peculiarly engaged their attention, and on these subjects more numerous facts and observations are given than in any other work.

CATALOGUE OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—MART.

NEW WORKS.

Secret History; or the Horrours of St. Domingo. In a series of letters, by a Lady at Cape-Francois, to Colonel Burr, late vice-president of the United States. Philadelphia, Bradford & Inskeep. 1808.

Vol. I. of the Trial of Colonel Aaron Burr, on an Indictment for Treason, before the Circuit Court of the United States, held in Richmond, Virginia, May term, 1807; including all the arguments and decisions on all the motions made during the examination and trial, and on the motion for an attachment against General Wilkinson. Pr. $1,50. Washington, Westcott & Co. 1808.

Volume II. of Johnson's Reports. Price in calf $6. New-York—Alsop, Brannan, & Alsop. 1808.

A Compendium of the Theory and Practice of Midwifery, containing practical Instructions for the Management of Women during Pregnancy, in Labour and in Child-bed; calculated to correct the Errours and improve the Practice of Midwives, as well as to serve as an Introduction to the Study of this Art for Students and young Practitioners. By Samuel Bard, M.D. &c. Illustrated by many engravings. $1,25. New-York, Messrs. Collins & Perkins. 1808.

The 1st, 2d, and 3d Nos. of the American Military Library, being a re-

pository of all that is necessary to a due knowledge of the principles and practice of modern tacticks, from the first elements of discipline, through all the details of manœuvres, and the combination of every species of troops that constitute armies, particularly adapted to the military of the United States, comprehending the whole of the modern French system of discipline. Illustrated by elegant copperplate engravings. Philadelphia, Wm. Duane.

An Ahiman Rezon for the use of the Grand Lodge of South Carolina. Compiled, arranged, and published by their authority. By Frederick Dalcho, M.D. &c. Charleston; Marchant, Willington, & Co.

An Account of the several Religious Societies in Portsmouth, New-Hampshire, from their first establishment, and of the Ministers of each, to the 1st of January, 1805. By Timothy Alden, jr. member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, &c. 8vo. pp. 40. Boston: Munroe, Francis, & Parker. 1808.

A brief History of the proposed Impeachment of the Governour of Pennsylvania; to which is added, his excellency's message of Jan. 28, 1808, comprising a dignified and satisfactory defence. 8vo. Pr. 31 cts.

A Narrative of the Rise and Progress, with a brief explanation of several subjects, viz. Observations on the practice of the laying on of hands, the scriptural mode of celebrating the Lord's Supper, &c. with remarks on Mr. Wm. Parkinson's past and present conduct, and observations on a pamphlet, entitled the new Theological Scheme detected. By Ebenezer Baptist Church. Also a Letter to Mr. William Parkinson, with a dialogue affixed thereto, by John Inglesby. New-York, Smith & Forman.

The Rights of a Government to the services of its Citizens and Subjects, who have emigrated beyond its territorial jurisdiction, examined with particular respect to recent claims and usages of the British Government. 8vo. Boston. 1808.

A plain Tale, supported by authentick documents, justifying the character of General Wilkinson. By a Kentuckian. Pr. 12 cts.

Divine goodness in afflictions. Considered in a discourse delivered August 9, 1807, communion day, to the West Church, in its widowed state, and also to Mrs. Crocker, a member thereof, and her children; it being Lord's-day after the interment of her husband and their father, Capt. John Crocker, who died of a cancer. By Jotham Waterman, A.B. V.D.M. pastor of the east church in Barnstable. Boston, Lincoln & Edmands.

The Conquest of the last Enemy; or, a complete victory over death. A discourse, delivered March 9, 1807, at the funeral of Rev. Samuel Foxcroft, A.M. late pastor of the congregational church in New-Gloucester. By Jonathan Scott, pastor of the first church in Minot. Charlestown, S. Etheridge.

A Discourse, before the Society for propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North-America, delivered November 5th, 1807. By Eliphatet Porter, D.D. pastor of the first church in Roxbury. 8vo. Boston—Munroe, Francis, & Parker.

A Sermon occasioned by the death of the Rev. Samuel Foxcroft, A.M. First Pastor of the Congregational Church in New-Gloucester, who died March 2, 1807. By Elisha Moseley, A. M. his successor. Portland, J. M'Kown.

A Sermon occasioned by the death of two only children of Philip Hayward, Esq. delivered at Woodstock, Jan. 25, 1807. By Alvan Underwood, A. M. pastor of the second church in Woodstock. Hartford, Lincoln & Gleason.

The Excellency of the Gospel Ministry illustrated. A sermon delivered in Braintree at the Installation of the Rev. Sylvester Sage, November 4, 1807. By Hezekiah May, minister of the second congregational Church in Marblehead. Boston. Lincoln & Edmands.

NEW EDITIONS.

The Lay of an Irish Harp, or metrical Fragments. By Miss Owenson, author of the Wild Irish Girl, &c. 12mo. Price 88 cts. New-York, Ezra Sargeant.

Elements of Logick. By John Andrews, D. D. Vice-President of the University of Pennsylvania. The second edition, much enlarged and improved. Philadelphia, B. B. Hopkins & Co.

The Dramatick Works of Joseph Addison, with the author's Poems on several occasions. 12mo. pp. 226. Pr. $1. Boston, John W. Armstrong.

The Works of Thomas à Kempis, in 2 vols. 12mo. $1,50. New-Bedford, Abraham Shearman, jun.

The Wanderer of Switzerland, and other Poems, by James Montgomery.

Third American edition.—To which is prefixed a Biographical Sketch of the Author's Life. 12mo. Boston, Belcher & Armstrong.

Self-employment in secret, left under the hand writing of the Rev. Mr. Corbet, late of Chichester. Charlestown, S. Etheridge.

An Alarm to unconverted Sinners, with divers practical cases of conscience judiciously resolved. By Joseph Allein, late minister of the gospel at Taunton, Somersetshire. Charlestown, S. Etheridge.

Anecdotes, historical and literary; or Miscellaneous Collection of curious and striking passages, from eminent modern authors. First American edition. 12mo. pp. 320. $1,12 boards.—Boston, E. C. Beals. 1808.

The Pleasures of Love; being Amatory Poems, original and translated from the Asiatick and European Languages, by G. W. Fitzwilliam, Esq. embellished with an elegant engraving. First American, from the second London edition. Boston, Belcher & Armstrong, price 87½ cts. boards.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Military and Political Hints; by Col. Ja. Amelot De Lacroix, humbly submitted to the Hon. the members of Congress, and the general officers of the militia of the U. S. Digested and translated by Samuel Mackay, late professor of the French language in Williams' college. Boston, Etheridge & Bliss. Greenough & Stebbins, printers.

In the press, and will soon be published by John West, Boston, "Reports of cases adjudged in the court of King's Bench. By Henry Cooper, Esq. Barrister at Law of the Middle Temple, with notes and additions; by an eminent attorney of this country.

Belcher & Armstrong, of this town, have in the press, the works of Thomas Gray, containing his Poems, and correspondence with several eminent literary characters. To which are added, memoirs of his life and writings, by W. Mason, M. A. from the third London edition, to be comprised in 1 volume 8vo.

Andrews & Cummings of this town, have in the press, a Dissertation on the Prophecies, that have been fulfilled, are now fulfilling, or will hereafter be fulfilled, relative to the great period of 1260 years; the Papal and Mahommedan apostacies; and the restoration of the Jews. By the Rev. George Stanley Faber, D. D. vicar of Stockton-upon-Tees. This work is reprinted from the 3d London revised edition, and will contain upwards of 600 pp. 8vo. Price to subscribers in 1 vol. $2,25 boards; in 2 vols. $2,50 boards.

Munroe, Francis, & Parker, have in the press "Hymns, selected for the use of Trinity Church, Boston;"—and Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Vol. X.

The Wild Irish Girl; a national tale, by Miss Owenson, author of the Novice of St. Dominick, &c. 12mo. 4th Amer. edition. Boston, J. Greenleaf.

Messrs. Belcher & Armstrong, of this town, have in the press Poems by Robert Treat Paine jun.

Thomas & Andrews have in the press new editions of Morse's Geography abridged, Pike's Arithmetick, and other copyright books.

Oliver Lyon, of Troy, N.Y. has in the press "The Horrors of Slavery."

Messrs. Russell and Cutler, have completed the second volume of the "Ladies' Cabinet of Polite Literature," which will be ready for sale in a few days.

WORKS ANNOUNCED.

Lincoln & Edmands, of this town, propose publishing by subscription, "A Spiritual Treasury for the Children of God: consisting of a meditation for each morning and evening in the year, upon select texts of scripture, humbly intended to establish the faith, and influence the practice of the followers of the Lamb. By William Mason, Esq." This work will consist of 2 volumes, of 280 pages a vol. 12mo, price to subscribers $2,25.

Messrs. Birch & Small, of Philadelphia, have issued proposals for publishing by subscription the whole Works of James Henry Bernardin de St. Pierre, translated by Henry Hunter, D. D author of Sacred Biography, and translator of the works of Lavater. With the addition of a large body of Original Notes and Illustrations, by Benjamin S. Barton, M.D. of Philadelphia. This work will be in 3 handsome 8vo volumes, embellished with five engravings, executed in the best manner, at $9 to subscribers.

Erratum.—In a part of the impressions of the first p. of the Remarker, line 1, for 'motion' read 'emotion.'

THE EDITORS' ADDRESS

TO THE PUBLICK.

THE Editors of the Anthology have so repeatedly solicited the attention of the publick, that it is not without hesitation that they again ask its indulgence. The circumstance, however, of a change of their printers, seems to offer a favourable opportunity; and the liberal establishment on which the work is now placed, seems to call for some exertions on their part to justify them in accepting it,

It is not our intention to complain of neglected genius, or to accuse the world of want of perspicacity, for not discerning our merit. We venture not to say that our patronage has not equalled our deserts. Of this, however, the publick will judge, when it is told, that our receipts have never much exceeded the necessary expenses of conducting the work. But this is not our plea. Our patronage, if not extensive enough to flatter our vanity, has been of a kind to content our ambition, and personal remuneration we never required, or would accept. The ground, on which we feel justified in making our request, is, that we do not beg for ourselves, but for the Athenæum, to which, after the necessary expenses are deducted, all the profits of the work are faithfully devoted. This is a plea, which excuses our request, and would, we think, authorize the importunity of the most sturdy mendicancy. He who gives us his subscription, is secure of not throwing away his money; for, however worthless he may find the Anthology, he is certain that he will contribute to the prosperity of an institution, which, we venture to foretel, will become the honour and pride of our city.

But we will not affect more humility than we feel. We are not willing to think, that the Anthology is altogether unworthy the patronage of the publick. The objects, to which it is devoted, however imperfectly attained, are all honourable. We have the feelings of men, who think themselves not unworthily employed. Our literary chivalry is honest, and, we hope, harmless; if it be not either useful or wise, and if our exploits in the republick of letters have gained us no renown, it is not, we are persuaded, because there are no monsters there to be quelled. We seriously think that a work cannot be perfectly contemptible, which is supported by men, certainly above venality, who, if they do not deceive themselves, are desirous of raising the reputation of American literature, and who are pledged to no party in religion or politicks, though, indeed, having their opinions on both, as every man must have, who loves his country and his God. But, after three years labour, the publick have the means of forming a judgment, which our representations cannot alter or avert. If the decision is against us, we can appeal to no other tribunal. If we have not yet gained any claim to favour, it is hopeless to attempt to obtain it now by confident assertions or magnificent promises. Without any more observations then, we throw ourselves on the goodness of the publick, and request a larger share of its favour, than we have hitherto received; repeating only, that he who subscribes for the Anthology, may have the feelings of a patron of the Athenæum.

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

FOR

MARCH, 1808.

For the Anthology.

VIEW OF MODERN FRANCE.

No. II.

Paris, December 17, 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN a former letter I gave you some details as to the territorial extent and population of France. I shall now proceed to some reflections and facts in relation to the wealth and power of this nation. I need not say any thing to convince you, that the wealth and force of a great nation depends vastly more on the produce of its soil, and the consumption of that and of the produce of its own industry, than on its foreign commerce, though foreign commerce adds an almost incalculable value to the products of labour. Some remarks which I have seen on the statistical history of Great Britain, and which I dare say you have often perused, prove, that even in that country whose external commerce is so extensive, the profits, resulting to the nation from foreign trade, are very small compared to the produce of the soil, and the profits made by internal industry in fabricating articles, which are consumed among themselves. Indeed it is obvious, that if a *great and populous* nation possessed within itself a sufficient variety of soil and climate, if it afforded by its municipal regulations suitable encouragement to the developement of its industry, it might become incalculably rich and powerful without exchanging a single article of its produce, against those of any other nation, though this remark is applicable only to old nations whose capital is great, and whose industry has been devoted to manufactures. Perhaps there never existed a country, to which these remarks were more applicable, than to France. Except Normandy, (which I propose to visit in the Spring,) I have seen almost every part of this vast empire, and my own observation has explained a phenomenon, which I could never before understand, and that is, that France should have been capable of such astonishing efforts, though her commerce was annihilated, and that she should come out of such a revolution and of such destructive wars, with all the vigour of youth and the appearance of abundance. Such, however, is the fact, and notwithstanding all which the English writers or parliamentary haranguers may say on the subject, she is now infinitely stronger and *richer* than Great Britain.

You will understand me as speaking of the *nation only* and not of in-

dividuals. The truth is, that France, having soon exterminated her invaders, had a state of internal tranquility, and so vast are her internal resources, so prodigious the efforts of her industry, that she scarcely feels the loss of external commerce. I now proceed to give you the details of the productions of her soil, and of her industry.

It is remarked, that neither the revolution nor the wars, in which France has been engaged during the last ten years, have had any sensible effect on the population or produce of this country, and I think this is well accounted for by their writers, "from the abolition of the feudal rights, the duties and burdensome taxes, to which the tenants were subject, not only to the state but to the feudal Seignor; and the facility, with which the *cultivators* have been enabled to procure titles to land, a thing before the revolution impossible." And as to population, they think that has augmented by the encouragement given to early marriages, "a married man being exempted from the military conscriptions." These reasonings appear to be well founded, and the facts support the theory.

The Agricultural division of France has been borrowed from the remarks of Arthur Young, whose work is highly commended here. He divides it as follows, and I have added to each division the computed quantity of each.

1st. 28,218,908 acres of rich and fat land.
2d. 28,355,004 acres of heath, or *lands like the plains of Danvers.*
3d. 13,574,904 acres of *Chalky land.*
4th. 3,840,070 acres of gravelly land.
5th. 19,016,136 acres of stony, or rocky land,
6th. 26,239,394 acres of mountainous land.
7th. 8,303,142 acres of sandy land.

Total of acres for all France, 122,517,567.

The division of the employment of these lands is as follows:

1st. Lands laboured, that is, tilled annually, 66,488,774 acres.
2d. Lands in vineyards, 4,868,730 acres.
3d. Wood, 16,269,432 acres.
4th. Rich pasturage, 6,604,066 acres.
5th. Artificial meadows, 7,490,606 acres.
6th. Heaths, uncultivated lands, rivers, ponds, &c. 20,845,850 acres.

Arthur Young, after inquiring into the value of the productions of each species of land in 1787, estimated as a mean value of the annual produce *of an acre* of land in France, *taking into calculation all the lands of France*, 44 livres as the annual produce of one acre or 5,390,000,000 francs as the gross annual value of all the productions of France.

Mons. Lavoisier estimated the gross annual value of the productions of France, (not comprising the fisheries, mines, butter, cheese, fruit, green vegetables consumed, or oil,) at 2,750,000,000 livres.

This difference is so considerable, that I think you would be better pleased to see the basis of their respective calculations.

Arthur Young computes the quantity of land, employed in raising grain of different species, at 20,000,000 acres; and according to his remarks, he estimates their produce at 75,000,000 setiers; the setier is about 12 bushels.

A French writer estimates the whole produce of the lands of France in grain at 17,300,000,000 pounds. But it must be under-

stood that rye, wheat and barley are all included in the above estimate.

Mr. Lavoisier computed from the *consumption* of grain, and upon 24,000,000 inhabitants, he computed the consumption of grain at 14,000,000,000 of pounds weight. Adding to this then the same proportion for the territories added to France, and we have 19,000,000,000 pounds for the present consumption of France. This is a pretty fair estimate because France in any period of ten years, exports more grain than she imports, so that the produce is rather above than below this estimate.

Let me observe here that the fertility of the lands in France appears to be extremely great. There are some rich lands which yield 12 setiers to the acre, or 144 bushels, but they are rare. The *ordinary good lands* of Picardy and the vicinity of Paris yield 8 setiers or 96 bushels; and the less good lands yield 10 quintals or 4 setiers per acre. But it must be recollected that I speak of the French bushel, which weighs only 20 *pounds*, whereas I think a bushel of wheat with us weighs 60, if I recollect correctly. Still the produce in France is very great.

The average result of the calculations of five different writers upon the quantity of grain, annually produced in France prior to the revolution gives 61,519,672 setiers of 12 bushels each, weighing 20lbs.; which would give for the pounds weight of grain, 14,764,721,280 pounds, or a result very nearly similar to that of Mons. Lavoisier.

Adding to this sum the increase arising from the extended territory of France, and we have 20,000,000,000 lbs. as the result of the annual produce of grain in France.

This immense produce may be estimated at the present average price of about 3 sous the pound, and forms the aggregate of 3,000,000,000, or 125,000,000*l.* sterling.

But as a considerable part of this grain is rye and barley, it is thought it may be reduced to about 2 sous per pound, or to a sum one third less.

They computed the quantity of oats raised in France at 400,000,000 French bushels before the revolution and at present at 500,000,000, which they estimate at 10 sous the bushel, equal to about 30 sous for our bushel, giving for the value of the oats raised in France, 250,000,000 francs. In the departments of the two Netherlands lately acquired by France, and in Normandy and Brittany, great quantities of hemp and linen flax are raised.

They estimate the quantity of flax and hemp at 6,300,000 pounds, which, at 6 sous per pound, gives 1,890,000 francs.

The produce of their artificial meadows and pasturage lands, which are wholly employed in raising grass and vegetables, is to be added to the above estimates. It is impossible to arrive at a precise estimate of this species of crop, because a considerable part of it is consumed green by their cattle, but taking the whole quantity of this species of land, and estimating it at 20 quintals per acre, which I believe is as much as the fact will warrant, and estimating this produce at 2 francs the quintal, as I see is the nett value of it in France, we have the following refult: 14,094,672 acres, producing equal to one ton of hay each, which ton is worth 40 francs nett, amounting to 563,786,880 francs.

The next, and a very important source of produce, is their forests; and though Arthur Young estimates them at 16,000,000 acres as I have

shewn above, yet by the late estimates they are found to amount to 11,780,000 only, of which 4,780,000 belong to the government, 4,000,000 to corporations of various sorts, and 3,000,000 to individuals.

They cut one twentieth part of the wood every year, which gives 589,300 acres of woodlands cut down annually, and which is supposed to produce 11,786,000 cords, or 20 cords per acre; and 23,700,000 joists for building.

They calculate the annual value of the wood cut in France at 120,000,000 francs. This must be at the moment it is felled, not computing the labour or transportation, because it sells at more than 40 livres the cord in Paris. As France is the only country in the world, which has preserved its wood during such a state of population, I think you would like to know the causes of it. The whole wood of the nation, though belonging to individuals or corporations, is under the publick guardianship. There is a complete system of administration confined to the forests. There are 28 preservers, 166 inspectors, 262 sub-inspectors, 465 general guards, and 6,884 particular guards; whole expense 5,000,000 francs. Produce of publick wood sold annually, 39,835,000 francs.

The proprietors of woods are divided into five classes, of which four are under the absolute controul of the government, and can only cut in the *manner*, which the officers of the government shall direct. The fifth class, who are individual proprietors, cannot *clear* their land without the permission of the Minister of the Interior, and who takes into consideration the situation and wants of that part of the country, in which the wood is situated. In all cases, ten trees are to be left in each acre for timber, which cannot be cut till they are 120 years old.

Regulations of this sort would be thought arbitrary in our *land of liberty*, but they are wise, and conduce to national grandeur and strength.

Yours, &c. ———

For the Anthology.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE INSTITUTION AND PROGRESS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

[*Continued from page* 82.]

EVEN within a few years after its institution, the Society had acquired a considerable library, and a good collection of natural curiosities. A Mr. Colwal was, in these things, one of its first and most munificent benefactors. Mr. Hooke, the first curator of the Society, had the care of the books and curiosities; and they were arranged according to a classification of all the species in nature, contrived by the famous Dr. Wilkins. Mr. Henry Howard bestowed on the Society the whole Arundelian library, consisting of some thousands of printed books, with several hundreds of choice manuscripts. From the time, also, of the great fire, after which the buildings of Gresham college were again occupied as an exchange, Mr. Howard afforded the Society a place of temporary accommodation in Arundel house.

Among the communications to this Society, within the first seven

years after its incorporation by charter, were many curious theoretical discourses. Such were an hypothesis of the motions of the moon, and of the sea; a theory of fire and flame; an hypothesis of the form and spring of the air; a discourse of the possible height of the air, and its rarefaction upward; a discourse about improving wood for dyeing, and for fixing colours; discourses upon several mercurial experiments; a discourse of annealing and tempering steel; discourses about cyder and coffee; a discourse of the possibility of the retardation of the motions of the heavenly bodies, and of their going slower and slower the longer they last; with a multitude of others, which it were inconvenient and tedious here to enumerate in detail.

As their views were more expressly and directly than those of their present successors in the Royal Society to the improvement of the arts, they quickly formed accurate histories of many of the most useful of these. Among their papers, within the first seven years after the Society's institution, were to be found, an history of English mines and ores, two separate histories of tinneries and tin working, histories of iron making, of lignum fossile, of saffron, of alkermes, of verdigrease, of the bleaching of wax, of colours, of the making of alum, of the preparation of salt from salt water, of enamelling, of engraving, of varnishing, of dyeing, of refining gold, of making potashes, &c. The processes of making bread, of making cloth, of tanning, with the other parts of the manufacture of leather, of paper making, of hat making, of brewing, were accurately related according to the best practice of them at that time, in different memoirs by the first members and correspondents of the Society. Prince Rupert communicated two papers of extraordinary value, explaining the process for the manufacture of gunpowder, and an improvement of that process, by which gunpowder might be made, which should have twenty times the strength of that which was commonly in use. Mr. Henshaw produced to the Society an ingenious history of the discovery and the manufacture of salt-petre. Many papers illustrative of the history of the useful arts were communicated by Sir William Petty, one of the most truly honourable, founders to whom any family among our British nobility can trace the origin of its wealth and nobilitating distinctions.

But none of all those original members did more than Dr. (afterwards Sir) Christopher Wren to advance the purposes of the Institution. He proposed certain curious theories of motions, extending and correcting the doctrine of Des Cartes, which, however they may have been since exploded, were imagined with great ingenuity, and illustrated by a multitude of happy experiments. He contrived to annex to a weathercock an apparatus, which, of itself, registered for every twelve hours the changes of the wind; and invented also, a thermometer, to register for itself the variations in the temperature to which it should be exposed. He was the inventor of an instrument for measuring the quantity of the rain that falls. He was the first who explained, that from the pendulum might be produced a natural standard of measure for vulgar use. He first exactly measured and delineated the spheres of the humours in the eye; and thence explained how reflection conduces as much as refraction to vision. He was the first

author of the noble anatomical experiment of injecting liquors into the veins of animals. He made a variety of experiments to ascertain the powers of the magnet; and many to explain the nature of the powers, by which sailing is performed, and to fix what fabrick of a ship might be most suitable to the uses, for which it is intended. He made many improvements upon telescopes, and a prodigious number of astronomical observations, particularly on the planet Saturn, and on the moon.

He invented a curious and very speedy method of etching. He suggested a number of contrivances for the improvement of water works. He found out certain perpetual lamps and registers of furnaces, by which artificial heat might be so kept up and graduated, as to imitate nature in the hatching of chickens and insects, the vegetation of plants, the production of certain fossils, and the preservation of an equality in the motions of watches, in order to the discovery of the longitude, &c. All these things he accomplished in a diligent pursuit of the objects of the Society: and, as his discoveries were made, he communicated them, but with the greatest diffidence and modesty at its meetings.

And yet, even this variety, activity, and success in its researches, could not satisfy the tyrannical impatience of publick expectation. The cavillers against the society derided its members as idle dreamers, or interested impostors, who excited hopes which they could not gratify, and wasted their own lives and fortunes in pursuits having no rational attainable end. Others conceived prejudices still stronger against these studies; accusing them as atheistical, and adverse to the study of purely moral and intellectual truth; because they traced to second causes phenomena, which had been usually referred to the immediate agency of the Divine Power; and withdrew attention from the logick, ethicks, and theology, which had hitherto reigned in the schools. By others they were abhorred as incapable of alliance with elegance and grace, with the charms of poetry and eloquence, with the refinement of the language, or the improvement of the popular parts of literary composition. To many, that tolerance was extremely odious with which they received all men of ingenious inquiry into their correspondence, without distinction of nation or religion; and the admirers of the ages of classical antiquity derided, with the proudest contempt, the very idea upon which the institution was founded, that it was possible to extend the empire of human knowledge beyond those limits, within which the ancients had left it confined.

The society, not unmoved by such censures and complaints, yet not diverted by them from the prosecution of its views, advanced, though slowly, yet with steady and vigorous diligence, in its experiments and inquiries. Dr. Spratt's apologetical history contributed to silence many prejudices. The imitation of the design of this Society, by so many similar institutions arising after it in foreign countries, evinced the general conviction of mankind to be in its favour. Its memoirs and transactions were, from time to time, printed; and, among discoveries and inquiries which could interest none but philosophers, failed not to contain, likewise, others of general utility and importance so striking and palpable, that even the attention and approbation of the vulgar could not be refused.

In pure mathematicks, the successive publications of the Society,

to the end of the seventeenth century, exhibited a variety of inventions exalting the power of that science, and furnishing it with new arms to triumph over difficulties of investigation to which it was before unequal. The discoveries of Newton had been prompted by that spirit of mathematical and physical research, which the institution of the Society excited. Their communication did honour to the meetings of the philosophers, and enriched their volumes. Wallis, Gregory, De Moivre, and Halley, soon communicated a number of valuable problems, theorems, and new demonstrations, important both in the new display of beautiful, and in their susceptibility of application to the improvement of the mathematical arts. In mixed mathematicks the optical discoveries of Newton, Hevelius, and Huygens were, in great part, made first known to the world through the medium of the Royal Society. Leeuwenhoek and the illustrious Dr. Robert Hooke published most of their microscopical discoveries, in the first instance, through the same channel. A multitude of the most important observations in astronomy, the communications chiefly of Flamsteed, Hevelius, Cassini, Halley, Gregory, Bullialdus, Auzout, fill the early volumes of these Transactions. Bernoulli, Huygens, Hooke, and Wallis communicated some highly curious papers in mechanicks and accousticks. Mr. Boyle, M. Homberg, Dr. Papin, Dr. Reselius, and an inferior philosophical society at Oxford, communicated various experiments on the gravities of different fluids, their superficial figures, and their laws of movement. Mr. Thomas Savery, in the year 1699, made known to them an engine of his invention for raising water by steam.

Flamsteed, Borelli, Halley, Mercator, Cassini, Bullialdus, and Greaves, gave, for the improvement of geography and navigation, many observations of the longitudes and latitudes of different places, of the variations of the compass, &c. &c.

In architecture and ship building, their transactions exhibit the valuable papers of Leeuwenhoek "on the differences in timber as it grows in different countries, and is felled in different seasons;" of Mr. Bulteel "on the sheathing of ships with lead;" of Dr. Lister, Dr. T. Robinson, and Dr. Wallis, "on bridges, arches, and chimneys, &c." Wallis and Salvetti communicated some interesting papers on the theory of musick. Dr. Sherard gave a receipt for making china varnishes.

In physiology, meteorology and pneumaticks, the researches of this Society in the last thirty years of the seventeenth century were no less diligent and meritorious. The barometer, the hygrometer, the thermometer, were first put to important use in philosophical observation by its members. The general phænomena of the weather in different seasons and latitudes were by them first recorded with philosophical accuracy. Of the winds, rains, snow, hail, lightning, thunder, meteors, exhalations, their papers exhibit an assemblage of facts, to which much has indeed been since added, but which still form a large and important part of our present science of atmospherical phænomena. They collected a prodigious variety of observations to illustrate the physical history of water, as it existed in seas, lakes, springs, mineral and salt-springs, &c.; and to explain the manufacture of salt from sea water or from that of salt springs.

In those early volumes are a great number of papers in mineralogy:

the facts which they contain laid the foundation of this science. The history, in particular, of animal substances, and of vegetables found in a fossil state; of some volcanick eruptions; of marble found in Ireland; of the formation of peat-earth in Scotland; of the strata of pit-coal; of rock crystal, iron and copper ore; of amber; of the electrical capacities of amber, gum lac, and diamonds; was illustrated in a number of curious papers, the produce of much laborious inquiry, and of many observations made with the greatest diligence. Mr. Gill, Sir Robert Moray, Dr. Brown, and others, communicated interesting papers on damps in mines. Dr. Lister gave some mineral maps, and an account of the true way of making steel. A catalogue of electrical bodies was received from Dr. Robert Plot: Mr. D. Colwal favoured the Society with accounts of alum works and green copperas works. The lead mines in Somersetshire, the quicksilver mines in Friuli, the silver and gold mines in Hungary, were made particularly known to the Society by communications from Mr. Glanville, Dr. W. Pope, and Dr. E. Brown. A curious paper from Mr. M. Septalius acquainted them with the existence of mercury in certain plants. The collection of their papers presents, beside these, a prodigious variety of other information relative to subjects in the mineral kingdom.

The power of the magnet; the use of the magnetick needle; the declination of the needle, its variations in different places, with the theory of those variations, engaged much of the Society's attention, and were very ably illustrated by the papers of Dr. Halley, Mr. Hevelius, Mr. Auzout, Mr. Cunningham, and others.

To the improvement of the science of botany, and the practice of agriculture, they continued to devote much of their care. Rye, turnips, potatoes, maize, saffron, orange trees, vines, are among the plants whose culture and œconomical uses were successfully explained in the papers read before this Society during the last century. The nature of vegetation, the circulation and descent of the sap in trees, the reunion of bark to trees from which it had been separated, &c. were finely explained by Dr. Beale, Dr. Lister, Mr. Reed, M. Malphigi, Mr. Ray, &c. The use of marle, of sea sand, of salt and of brine for manures, are taught in others of those papers. Mr. King communicated a method of improving the bogs and loughs in Ireland by drainage. Dr. Beale explained the fertilizing powers of frost. The preparation of oak for tanning, of sugar from the maple tree, of vinegar, of pitch, tar, resin, and turpentine, are the subjects of some other ingenious papers of the same period. Dr. Lister investigated with curious pains the botanical history of the mushroom. Hemlock, opium, snake root, aloe americana, the amomum of the Philippine isles, and many other plants adapted to be of use in the materia medica, were examined in their growth and qualities, under the Society's directions. Dr. Lister proved the possibility of fertilizing a sandy soil by the addition of clay. Sir Robert Moray gave a valuable paper on the process of malting. Dr. Beale and Mr. Dale taught how to make bread from turnips and potatoes.

In zoology, the papers of this period are likewise numerous, and illustrative of many of the most interesting species in the animal kingdom. The histories of the silkworm, the whale, the cochineal insect, the

pearl-muscle, the bee, were, on account of the relations of these animals to the useful arts, examined with extraordinary care. Many accounts of monstrous births and figures of animals were from different parts transmitted for the Society's consideration. Waller's poem "on the Summer Islands" appears to have had for its foundation a narrative concerning whales and whale fishing at the Bermudas, which was communicated to the publick in the Transactions of the Royal Society. Mr. Ray, examining into the nature of ants, discovered and made known to the Society, that which has been since named the *formick acid.* Others, with much curious pains, illustrated the history of the spider. Dr. Lister found an acid juice in another insect beside the ant. Mr. Boyle and others examined and explained the anatomical structure of fishes. In regard to the human body, especially, were these philosophers wonderfully industrious in research. The natural accidents to which it is subject, and its anatomical structure, were never before so well illustrated as by the facts which they collected. Concerning the structure, external parts, and common teguments of human bodies; the head; the neck and thorax; the abdomen; the humours and general affections of the body; its bones, joints; their Transactions present an assemblage of facts such as must, in comparison, put to shame the industry of later anatomists.

In chemistry, they investigated the nature and composition of phosphorus, of the Bologna stone, of vegetable and mineral acids, &c. An engine to consume smoke was made known to them by M. Justel. A method of imitating the pottery of China appears also among their papers. Sir Robert Southwell communicated an account of the method of dressing buck and doe skins, which was practised by the Caribbees in the West Indies. The phosphorescent qualities of wood, putrid flesh, the surface of the sea, &c. were particularly examined in papers communicated by Mr. Boyle and Dr. Beale.

Nor were their endeavours confined to the improvement merely of physical and mathematical science. Mr. Lodwick gave an essay towards an universal alphabet. Dr. Wallis invented a method of teaching persons deaf and dumb to speak and understand language. Mr. Edward Lloyd communicated some valuable observations in philological science. Another gentleman gave a paper of highly curious observations and conjectures concerning the Chinese characters. The collection of their papers affords likewise some valuable illustrations of difficulties in chronology. Roman, Grecian, Saxon, Runick, Egyptian, and Persian antiquities have also a variety of new lights thrown upon them in these papers. The first account of the discovery of the famous ruins of Palmyra appears here in two communications from Mr. Timothy Landy and Mr. Aaron Goodyear. When the members and correspondents of the Society were engaged in journies and voyages, they never failed to register for its information at least some of the more extraordinary facts which came under their notice. And a number of its papers are, in consequence of this, narratives of such observations, interesting in the highest degree at once to philosophers and to mere popular curiosity.

Yet about the beginning of the 18th century the members of the Society were themselves dissatisfied with the progress and success of their efforts. They

began to feel that their first ardour of inquiry had become cool. They complained, that "the discouraging neglect of the great, the impetuous contradiction of the ignorant, and the reproaches of the unreasonable, had unhappily thwarted them in their design to perpetuate a succession of useful inventions." Nor was it to have been expected that the fears for religion and liberty in the latter part of the reign of Charles the Second and his successor, the civil and political contentions to which they gave birth, and the direction of so much of the learned ability of the time, to exercise in the field of the popish controversy, should not have proved inauspicious to the advancement of philosophical studies. The reign of William, harassed with wars, with disputes relative to the rights of the reigning sovereign and to the royal succession, with factions in church and state, introduced no new fortunate æra for the advancement of philosophy and the arts. Even in the beginning of the 18th century, and during the course of some years, the same dissensions and wars continued to produce the same effects upon the fortune of science. The wits presumed to throw ridicule upon science and erudition, which they were too idle to cultivate. The reign of Anne was for England perhaps the golden age of wit and elegant literature; and men showed themselves sufficiently disposed to prefer the light and shining, to that which was only solid and unostentatious.

Yet, while Newton, the pride of the Royal Society, distinguished himself among its active members, or presided at its meetings, it could not but continue to be regarded as the grand focus of physico-mathematical discovery and knowledge. His own communications in opticks, astronomy, and general physicks, were invaluable. His system of the universe was adopted as one which was infallibly true, and which it was for the honour of the nation, by all possible means, to illustrate and maintain. Hence, from the commencement till nearly the middle of the 18th century, the labours of the Society were principally employed in pursuing the analogies of the Newtonian system throughout all that diversity of phænomena by which its certainty was to be tried. Such were almost all the experiments, observations, and theories, of the illustrious, the indefatigable Halley. Desagulier, Facio, Keill, and Maclourin, successfully laboured in the same field. Every other branch of those sciences which the Society studied especially to improve, continued also to be more or less advanced by the labours of its members.

It was at length evident that the field which its founders had, with noble ambition, marked out for themselves, was too vast. The Society of Arts arose by perhaps an unconscious derivation from the Royal Society. To the latter was still left the province of the sublimer and abstruser sciences. The latter, with admirable national enthusiasm, undertook the task of applying, and encouraging the application of, scientific truth to the improvement of the common arts.

For a time, about the middle of the 18th century, when the Newtonian system was fully established, and no new path of noble discovery had been opened, the exertions of these philosophers might comparatively languish. The discoveries of Dr. Stephen Hales, concerning the diversities of airs, about that time, however, renewed the truths which had been first explain-

ed by Hooke. Discoveries in natural history and chemistry were continually more and more multiplied. Franklin at length communicated to the Society the grand truth of the identity of lightning with electricity, and a new theory, combining all the electrical phænomena, which had been as yet observed. Priestley, following Hales, Hooke, and Boyle, in experiments upon air, discovered all the varieties of aeriform substance. Cavendish, Kirwan, and others, examined airs in their relations to the calces of metals, &c. Sir Joseph Banks has done high honour to the Society by the advancement which it has, under his auspices, made in botanical discovery, and in the culture of the other branches of natural history. At the present time, its labours are, in all the branches of physical and mathematical science, most zealously continued. Amid so many rival institutions, the Royal Society of London holds still the first place. Its memoirs, now with great regularity annually published, fully vindicate its claim to the highest estimation of the publick. We have reviewed its history with a conscious pride that we are of the same country and language with a succession of philosophers who have discovered, or collected and arranged, the better part of the physical knowledge peculiar to modern times. He who would aspire to the praise of a philosopher would do well to study the volumes of its Transactions with peculiar care.

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE REV. DR. SAMUEL WEST.

THE design of biography is to celebrate useful talents, to record patriotick labours, and to exhibit characteristick traits of virtue. The distinguished mental powers, the publick spirit, and scientifical researches of the late Rev. Samuel West, of New Bedford, fully entitle him to biographical notice, and he may justly claim a place in the records of posthumous fame. Although the theatre on which he acted was retired, the spectators few, and his life spent with little diversity of event; yet his mind presented strong and prominent features: and had he lived in Europe, his reputation and usefulness had fallen little short of that of *Buxtorf*, *Kennicot*, *Mede*, *Poole*, *&c.* for his mind was doubtless equal to any exertions of these men, and, with their literary means, no common embarrassments would have presented obstacles retarding his progress to the summits of their theological eminence. Although his learned connections were few, and his life spent among those incapable of comprehending many of his ideas, or profiting from his treasury of biblical information; yet were he to pass off the stage without any biographical notice, it would occasion regret to the religious, the grateful, and the learned, who knew his intrinsick merit and were favoured with his friendship.

Father West was one of the first

once all he should teach, he was satisfied if they would only examine carefully what he had said. His pupils not only acquired historical and critical information, but principles of interpretation and reasoning, and no man was better able to convert the selfsufficient dogmatist into an elementary divine, and establish his faith on the basis of axioms, which he would never relinquish but from the impulses of folly and vice.

His *opinions*, it would be improper to detail, without adducing express authorities from his writings. It may however be observed, that he thought a willingness to be damned was not a christian exercise; that the evidence brought to prove a total depravity in mankind was defective and insufficient; that men possess a *self-determining* power, without which there could be neither freedom, virtue or vice, praise or blame; and of consequence he was opposed to the Hopkinsian, or rather Edwardian system of ideas, with the supporters of which he was frequently in controversy.

His manners and domestick character, were peculiar. The former were indeed unpolished, but such were the charms of his conversation, that he was an acceptable companion not only to literary men, but to all discerning people of fashion. His exterior figure, deportment and temper, resembled those of Dr. Johnson, if we may decide from the portrait given of the latter by artists and biographers. In domestick affairs he was wholly unconcerned, till compelled to attention by imperious necessity. This deficiency was discreetly supplied by his assiduous, intelligent consort, and will be forgiven in studious men, by those who consider the incompatibility of a detail solicitude in household matters, with a strong thirst for knowledge. No man can serve two masters. The reports circulated of Dr. West's excentricities are most of them questionable, and all of them might pass without a smile in such as knew his substantial merits.

The subject of this biographical notice had his blemishes, and they are mentioned not to depreciate the dead, but to give an instructive hint to the living. A new book of merit, or the conversation of a sentimental friend, was devoured with an avidity, which absorbed his whole attention, and made him neglect the common rules of decorum. He could not readily forgive those, who doubted the truth of certain favourite opinions, or reminded him of any instances of credulity, in which he was deceived by his benevolence, and being wholly absorbed by the utility of the *end*, he became blind in discerning the *means* of attaining it. A stranger also might suppose, from the manner of his devotion, that he was less devout, than his intimate acquaintance knew him to be; for, to his friends it was certain, that neither tone or gesture were any infallible criteria of faith, or piety. He believed more than most men, and felt as much as any man, at those times, and upon those occasions, when it was proper to loosen the reins of thought, and yield to the full control of sentimental emotions.

But truth and justice oblige us to compensate the mention of such failings, by saying, that no man could accuse Father West of the wilful violation of any principle of moral rectitude and sincerity. By education, habit and grace, he sustained the character of strict veracity, steady patriotism and philanthropy, unshaken evangelical faith, and deserves to be enrolled as a Rabbi in the Christian Israel.

Without vanity, he was always gratified by attentions. Knowledge made him humble, and without any expressions of assurance, he always signified a modest hope that he had closed with the terms of salvation proposed in the gospel, and trusted he should enter into his Master's joy, believing that mortality would be swallowed up of life, and that saints will rise in the likeness of their glorious Redeemer.

Jan. 20, 1808.

For the Anthology.

ORIGINAL LETTERS;

From an AMERICAN TRAVELLER in EUROPE, to his friends in this country.

LETTER SIXTEENTH.

Naples, Dec. 5, 1804.

MY DEAR SISTER,

IF I did not know that the thermometer would contradict me, I should say, that the weather was now as cold as it is with you. The truth is, that substantially, to your feelings, it is so. You *suffer* as much from the cold here, as in America, though there is no frost, and though you do not perceive the usual appearances, which indicate severity of cold in our climate. Tomorrow, however, it is probable, the Sirocco will again return, and will bring with it, its warm and enervating blast. Never was a climate more changeable than that of Rome. We have had three chilly, freezing, northwestern gales, and as many *Chiroccos*, or southern breezes, bringing with them ennui and debility, relaxation and ill health. That you have some mild, beautiful days in Italy, in which you fully realize the descriptions of the poets, cannot be doubted, and when the weather is fine, nature seems here better to respond to the softness of the climate. You see the country covered with verdure; the grass has the soft colour and the vigour of spring; the whole tribe of culinary vegetables are in full perfection throughout the winter. It is the summer, *here*, which makes them disappear; the hardy vegetables of the north cannot withstand the sultry summer blasts of the Campania of Rome.

The gardens in Rome are in their highest glory at this season. I will give you a picture of them; two objects appear to attract the attention of the gardener: shade in summer, shelter in winter; to effect these important objects, he sacrifices *prospect*, though he retains romantick and retired beauties; his garden is laid out in walks of evergreen, consisting of the arbutus, laurustinus, and laurel. The box, not unfrequently, blends his bright and glossy verdure, and his *coarse* perfume; these hedges are from seven to ten or twelve feet high, and sometimes are permitted to form bowers; they are suffered to grow so thick, as to be impenetrable to the sun or wind. Fancy then, fine hedges of these most beautiful and glossy evergreens, the laurustinus now in full flower, protecting you from the northern blasts, and equally securing you from the scorching sun; imagine this garden, or rural walk,

interrupted by artificial fountains, in the most expensive and noble stile, pouring their cool and refreshing, sometimes murmuring, and often roaring, streams, into some vast bason, formed by the hand of taste, and ornamented, not unfrequently, with ancient sculpture, or with modern works in imitation of the ancients. Walk then with me into the orangery, see in bleak December, the verdant orange trees loaded with golden fruit, unprotected by any canopy but the heavens, and you may almost imagine yourself in the Elysium of the poets. The truth is, that the appearances of nature contradict your feelings at Rome; you feel chilly; you cherish the fireside; but you issue out in the heat of the day; you find yourself oppressed with the warmth of the sun; you gather the ripe orange, and you realize around you tropical scenery. Such is the odd picture of the Roman climate.

I have forgotten one part of the colouring which would have increased the contrast. Ascend the Vatican, and you behold on one side the summer I have just described, and on the other, at the short distance of forty miles, the *snow covered* Appenines.

No people have ever carried the arts, which contribute to luxury, to so great a heighth as the ancient Romans. I have spoken of their proud trophies to their conquerours, and of their vain attempts to give immortality to their tombs. I must now descend to those edifices and establishments, which were the consequence, either of a depraved luxury, which hastened the destruction of the Roman empire, or of that *slavery*, to which the masters of the world were, in their turn, obliged to submit. When the Roman people, degraded by habits of luxury, indolence, and vice, introduced by their conquests, and the splendour of their consuls, prefects, prætors, and other officers, who had preyed upon the conquered provinces, lost that characteristick industry, simplicity and enterprize, and that love of virtue, which had distinguished them in their early history; when torn by civil dissensions, they suffered an enterprizing and popular general to lead them to the subjugation of an illustrious Senate, which had so gloriously conducted Rome to its splendour, it became necessary to govern this monstrous populace, whom ambition and love of power had excited to action.

The Roman emperours, then the masters of the world, though dependent for *all their* power, on a *few coborts*, and a disorderly and turbulent populace, introduced the system of supporting that people in idleness, and of amusing them by publick exhibitions. During several centuries, the Roman people no longer engaged in constant wars, nor occupied with any profitable or honourable employment, were supported by the vast contributions of tributary nations, with every species of games, and spectacles, which proud or ingenious magnificence could invent.

The relicts of the splendid edifices for these spectacles, excite the astonishment of every visitor of Rome. Almost every emperour had the pride or vanity to erect a new place of exhibition.

The Circus Maximus was the largest and most magnificent of these places of publick spectacles. Authors differ about its dimensions. The most extravagant say, that it was capable of containing 380,000, and the most moderate, 150,000 persons. Either of them would exceed all belief, if the scite and gen-

eral dimensions were not, at this day, perfectly visible. A place that could have contained the inhabitants of every city in the United States, must, you will admit, have been a phenomenon worthy of admiration; of this building very little remains except its foundation, which shews its form, and a great variety of detached ornaments, which have been transferred to adorn the different edifices of modern Rome. The situation of these grand edifices may be an object of curiosity to you. The Circus Maximus was situated directly opposite to the magnificent palace of the Cæsars, and the emperours and imperial family usually enjoyed the publick spectacles from the balcony of the palace. The circus Maximus was not, as its name would import, a circle; its form was elliptical, or oval. This was also the case with all the circuses, the remains of which I have seen. The amphitheatres were generally, and I believe universally, circular.

The circus of Caracalla was also a most noble building, of which the walls are still entire, and which enable you to form a correct idea of this species of building.

The theatre of Marcellus, so called in honour of the nephew of Augustus Cæsar, who died at an early age, and who was intended to be his successor, was very nearly in the centre of the city, and was a superb building. We are indebted for what remains of it to the cupidity, rather than the good sense of the modern Romans. They have erected dwelling houses upon the old walls, so that you can perfectly discover the stile of architecture, and its general dimensions.

But the most complete edifice of this nature, if we consider its original magnificence, or its present state of preservation, is the *Coliseum*, as it is vulgarly called, from a colossal statue of Nero, which stood in the centre of it. It was really the Flavian theatre, so called in honour of Flavius Vespasianus, the emperour, who erected it upon his successful return from the war against the Jews, in which he had taken Jerusalem. It is said, that it was erected by the labour of 12,000 Jewish prisoners, whom Vespasian brought with him. When the theatre was dedicated, Titus gave a great spectacle of combats between gladiators and wild beasts.

They pretend that 5000 animals of different species were killed upon the occasion. It is built altogether of the freestone, of which St. Peter's, and all the fine edifices of Rome are built. Two thirds of this vast building are yet extant, and the sides, which remain, are almost perfect, as the whole would still have been, if the popes had not demolished it, for the purpose of erecting their private palaces. It was four stories high externally, and comprised every ancient order of architecture. It is 1641 feet in circumference, and was capable of containing 80,000 spectators. Degraded as it has been by modern Vandals, it is still the noblest monument of antiquity extant.

For the Anthology.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Department II. HOLLISIANA.

In commencing this review, we intended to give some account of the most curious and valuable books at Cambridge, following the arrangement of the catalogue published in 1790; but we found that the undertaking would lead to a series of remarks, too extensive for the publication into which the former number was candidly received. We have therefore concluded to restrict our notice to those books only, which contain memoranda by Mr. HOLLIS, or appear to have been selected by him for their intrinsick value, variety, or antiquity.

I. Chronological and historical demonstration of the king's ecclesiastical jurisdiction. By WILLIAM PRYNNE, 6 vols. fol. Lond. 1666.

"It has been thought proper to bind this copy of a very curious and scarce work in *six volumes*, for the conveniency of the ingenious students of Harvard college at Cambridge, in New England, who shall consult it.

"The copy was complete in three tomes, when purchased a few years ago; but was mutilated afterwards, shamefully, in a manner not so proper to relate, and the scarcer part of the scarcer tome from page 848 to 993 stolen!

"It is supposed that *there are not six complete copies of this valuable work, at this time in Great Britain.*"

T. H.

Pall Mall, October 1, 1769.

To account for this scarcity, the transcriber of the preceding, adds the following particulars.

The Catalogue of the Harleian Library, p. 456, has this remark. "Most of the printed copies of the two first volumes were consumed by the fire of London in 1666, not above seventy of them being rescued from the flames; which rendered them so scarce that a complete set has been sold for *thirty pounds.*"

Mr. Prynne himself, in "an address to the reader," at the end of the second volume, after mentioning the dreadful fire, says, "among other millions of books thus suddenly consumed, whiles I was busie in endeavouring all I could to excite others to resist and extinguish these supinely over long neglected raging flames, and to preserve the publique records of the King and kingdom from their fury, Mr. Thomas Ratcliffe's, my printer's house, near Doctor's commons, with most of the printed copies of this tome, (taken fully finished at the press, except the intended tables to it) as likewise the second tome formerly published, and of the first book and third tome, (wherein I had made some progress) were there burned together with it; not above seventy of them being rescued from the fire, to my damage of neare two thousand pounds."

This must have been a heavy loss to the author, as he had before been sentenced to pay a fine of 5000*l.* for publishing his "Histriomastix," to stand in the pillory, lose his ears, be

expelled the University and Lincoln's Inn, and to remain imprisoned for life. While in prison he wrote some books, which were also deemed libels, for which he was again brought into the star chamber, and severely punished. But in 1640, after about seven years confinement, he was released by an order of the House of Commons, and entered triumphantly into London. He was soon after elected member of Parliament for a borough in Cornwall, and became the chief manager of the trial of Archbishop Laud. However, he had the honesty to speak in defence of the king, for which he was sent to prison. On obtaining his liberty he wrote a great number of books on law and religion. He contributed his endeavours towards the restoration of Charles II, for which he was appointed keeper of the records in the tower, and died 1667.

The defalcated leaves in the ponderous work, which led to these remarks, "contained the whole matter in dispute between the king and the pope in the affair of Thomas a Becket, and the other principal usurpations in Great Britain."

[*See Memoirs of T. Hollis, Vol. I.* p. 314.]

II. The original manuscript of Trenchard's Essays. *Folio, elegantly bound in blue leather.*

These papers came into the possession of John Milner, Esq. who left them to Thomas Gordon. He dying in 1750, they were given to Mr. R. Barron, who published them in 1755, and gave the original manuscript to Mr. Hollis with this "Note."

'I have been assured by several persons, and one, in particular, that was a relation, that Mr. Trenchard never committed any thing to writing himself; but that his custom was, after he had meditated and settled his thoughts upon a subject, to employ any friend at hand, and sometimes a servant, as an amanuensis, to whom he dictated, for the most part, standing or walking across the room.' R. B.

Mr. Gordon, in his preface to Cato's letters, gives a long account of Trenchard; see, also, Hollis's Memoirs, Vol. II. p. 569—573.

III. Les lecons de la Sagesse, par M. Debonnaire. Paris, 1751. 3 vol. 12mo.

The Abbe Debonnaire was a learned man, and one of the Fathers of the Oratory, successors of the Fathers of Port Royal, who, as well as their predecessors, were exiled and dispersed. He was the author of "Les Devoirs reduits, a leur vrais principes," in 4 vols. 8vo. and the "Lettres analitics," against the miracles of the Abbe Paris.

He was the particular friend of the Abbe P. P. Ll. Anglois, who, at the desire of Mr. Hollis, wrote "Precis de la vie de Messire Louis Debonnaire." This Mr. Hollis transcribed, and prefixed to the copy of the above work, which he sent to our library. As this interesting article of biography has never been published, we propose to translate it for some future number of the Anthology.

IV. Introduction to moral philosophy, translated from the Latin. By Francis Hutcheson. Glasgow, 1753. 2d edit. 12mo.

"The author died at Dublin, 1746, of a fever, occasioned by an anxious concern for his country, at that time vexed and harassed by impious men, rebelling against law and liberty, and appearing in open arms to impose on these nations a popish pretender.

"When the melancholy account of his death reached Glasgow, the

place of his education, and where he had taught the highest and best philosophy for many years with the greatest success, his associates and friends drew up the following character of him, which was inserted in the publick papers.

"He was a man blessed with an extensive genius, deep penetration, and universal knowledge; accompanied with the most amicable simplicity of manners, sweetness of temper, warmth of heart, and dignity of soul; and eminently practised that virtue and benevolence with which he endeavoured to inspire others, for WHAT HE TAUGHT, HE WAS.

"Happy had it been for his country, happy for the Society of which he was a member, happy for those, to whom he was endeared by ties of acquaintance, blood, and friendship, had the unerring hand of Providence prolonged a life of so much worth! But let us rather rejoice in the good he has done, and that HE WAS ONCE OURS, than repine at our loss, and the disappointment of our fondest wishes."

"NOTE. *The above character of* Mr. Hutcheson *was drawn by* Mr. Moor, *professor of Greek in the university of Glasgow.*" T. H.

The life of Hutcheson, prefixed to the quarto edition of his moral philosophy was written by Dr. Leechman, principal of the college of Glasgow, and is one of the finest pieces of biography in the English language.

There was a striking likeness of Mr. Hutcheson made in wax, by the ingenious Mr. Gausset, from which a large medallion was cast by A. Selvi, at Florence; a general description of which, with an engraving, may be seen in count Mazzuchelli's museum, published at Venice, 1763, 2 vols. fol. Lat. et Ital. entitled, "Numismata virorum doctrina præstantium." See the engraving also in Hollis's Memoirs, vol. 2. p. 586, and the medallion in silver, in the Cabinet at Cambridge, presented by Mr. Hollis.

V. A dialogue between a Knyght and a Clerke, concerning the power spiritual and temporal. By WILLIAM OCCHAM. *Imprinted at London, in Flete strete, in the house of Thomas Berthelet.* 1559. 12mo.

A former possessor of this curious book, R. Nicholson, has prefixed to it several pages of his remarks upon Occham, and the character of this learned disputant, from Fox's Monuments of the Church, J. C. Scaliger, Trithemius, and several others, under the title of "Roberti Nicholson Eclecta." These are succeeded by six pages of "Englishe Epicke Poetrie," and additional notes, selections, &c.

"The said William Occham flourished Anno Domini 1326, and after, in the raigne of Edward III. kinge of England. He was born at Oke-ham, nere Ripley, in the countie of Surrey, about 20 miles southwest from London. He was buried in a monasterie of the minorite in the famous citie of Monachium, or Munchen, in Bavaria: this inscription on marble was placed over him;

ANNO DNI 1347, DECIMO APRILIS
OBIIT
EXIMIUS DOCTOR SACRÆ THEOLOGIÆ,
FRATER
GULIELMUS, DICTUS OCCAN, DE ANGLIA.
RERUM IN ANGLIA TUNC POTIEBATUR
EDVARDUS *TERTIUS.*"

Occham studied under the famous Scotus. After he had completed his studies and left his master, he publickly attacked his doctrines. So noted was he for controversy, that one of the friends of Scotus wrote thus on his death:

'Nunc est mortuus, ut apparet,
Sed si viveret id negaret.'

For the Anthology.

REMARKER, No. 31.

"Common reason and humanity will have some influence upon mankind, whatever becomes of speculations." Butler.

COMPASSION is not unmingled pain. In certain cases pleasure prevails in our sympathies with the unhappy. The true pathetick in composition is pleasing to the mass of readers. Moving eloquence, impassioned oratory, is a grateful repast to the multitude. Deep tragedy is one of the luxuries of both literary amateurs and the common people. When it makes them glow, and tremble, and weep, it is pronounced a high entertainment. Those tragedies, which terminate unhappily, in which, after a series of perplexities and woes, there is no revolution of fortune in favour of the principal character; and he sinks under conflicting passions or accumulated ills, have [illegible] success with the publick as those, which dispense more exact poetical justice. In the opinion of Mr. Addison, *King Lear* reformed has lost half its beauty; though other doctors insist, that the venerable monarch and his dutiful daughter ought, upon every principle, to be recovered to prosperity in the end. It is certain, however, that, in many instances, a work of genius, whether of the orator, the poet, or the painter, derives its merit and attraction from its command over the painful passions. Hence criticks and philosophers, not less than moralists and divines, have not omitted to inquire how it happens, that affecting objects and representations ever impart pleasure. They have advanced different and opposite hypotheses, intended to explain this mysterious part of our constitution.

Various theories upon this subject are cited and discussed in the Philosophy of Rhetorick, by Dr. Campbell. With the assistance of this author, the Remarker will introduce them to his readers, with some observations on their respective merits and defects.

The Abbe Du Bos has a name among that class of writers, who have taken in charge the feelings of mankind, upon what is beautiful and deformed in nature and art, and who lay down rules to enable us to smile or weep, to be pleased or displeased, always in the right place, and the right measure.* According to him, "few things are more disagreeable to the mind than that listlessness, into which it falls, when it has nothing to occupy it, or to awaken the passions. To get relief from this irksome state it seeks with avidity, every amusement and pursuit, busi-

* Critical Reflections on poetry, painting and musick. Translated by Nugent.

ness, gaming, news, shows, publick executions, romances. Whatever will rouse the passions and take off the mind's attention from itself, is grateful. For this purpose, it matters not what the emotion be, only the stronger it is, so much the better. For this reason," he says, "those passions, which in themselves are most afflicting and disagreeable, are preferable to the pleasant, inasmuch, as they most effectually relieve the soul from that oppressive languor, which preys upon it in a state of inactivity. They afford it ample occupation, and by giving play to its latent movements and springs of action, convey a pleasure, which more than counterbalances the pain."

To be rescued from that torpid, but corrosive rest, which the Abbe mentions, is indispensible to enjoyment. Our happiness is derived from the exercise of our faculties and affections upon suitable objects. 'The restlessness of those who are at rest, the wants of those who want nothing,' are well understood. The pain of sloth, of vacuity, *ennui*, or tædium vitæ, has been represented by one of the modern philosophers, not indeed of the highest authority, as the main spring of human actions and improvements, and the cause of the distinction between men and brutes. Most persons have, at some time or other, felt a weariness of life, an oppressive sense of the nihility of things, and lamented the insipidity of their ordinary pursuits and amusements. This malady is most common in those, who have suffered their minds to sink into a relaxed and indolent tone; or who are not compelled by circumstances, to make exertion. If any have not observed the laws of moderation, in the indulgence of pleasure, whether gay amusements, or sensual gratifications, the spirit of enjoyment soon languishes and calls for more pungent excitements. When the imagination and sensibility have not been subjected to discipline, or have been rendered sickly and eccentrick by the habit of novel reading, the people and affairs of this every day world, and the common duties of life, of course, want power to interest.

There is a great choice of preventives and remedies for this irksome vacuity, and listlessness of mind. They should be differently applied, according to the nature of the case. The evil is averted or counteracted by varied and habitual employment, with proper intervals of harmless recreation, by the interesting cares of social and domestick life, by the pursuits of literature, science and taste, by attention to the external sciences, which at once afford novelty, and require exertion, by cherishing the sentiments of devotion, and the charities and the hopes of religion. "That mind will never be vacant, which is frequently recalled, by stated duties, to meditations on eternal interests; nor can any hour be long, which is spent in obtaining some new qualification for celestial happiness."

The doctrine of Du Bos seems to be, that the strength, not the quality of emotions, determines their influence upon enjoyment. One would think, he had in view those distempered minds, of which it may be almost said, they are never happy, unless they are miserable: such was that of the French lady, who, in giving an account of her sufferings from a faithless lover, concluded with the exclamation, "Ah! c'etoit le bon temps, j'etois bien malheureuse." The suggestions of the Abbe are right, as they respect the dissatisfied state of the person, who wants in-

teresting objects of attention and pursuit. They show that it is desirable, that passion of some kind or other, should be excited; but they do not show why a painful is preferable, in any case, to a pleasant emotion. The sensations produced by exhibitions of misery, afford, he says, a more effectual cure for languor and indolence, than those occasioned by prosperous scenes; sympathy with sorrow is more addressed by those who would rouse attention, than sympathy with joy; because the former are more powerful. They give a stronger impulse; they rouse the soul more completely from its torpor. It is true, in general, that painful impressions are the most violent and lasting. We adopt more easily and entirely the suffering, than the enjoyment of a fellow being. Yet there are instances, in which the first impulse of joy has been even fatal. Chilo, the Lacedemonian, died upon hearing that his son had gained a prize in the Olympick games. Sophocles is related to have died in consequence of a decision, in a contest of honour, being pronounced in his favour. In these, and other cases of the kind, without doubt, the previous state of anxiety and suspense contributed to the effect. It is not the superiour strength merely of the painful passions and sympathetick emotions, which gives them their attractive power, and recommends them to authors and artists, to be called into exercise, by the efforts of genius and skill. In real life, the measure of pain excited by objects of suffering, may greatly exceed any delight there is in compassion. Without all the sensibility of the ancient poet, who, it is said, wrote a book describing the miseries of the human state, and was so affected with the picture he had drawn, that he destroyed himself at the conclusion of his task, we may be often glad to take back indifference, and dispense with pity. A work of fiction, in prose or poetry, a drama or epopee may have descriptions too full of horrours and miseries, to consist with that measure of sympathy, which is pleasant, so as to excite only aversion and disgust. Yet in such instances the indolence of the mind is roused, the languor, which makes the spectacle of woe so grateful, is removed. If then the distressful passions contain a mixture of pleasure, it arises less from their strength, than from the agreeable affections, with which they are connected, or the interest taken in the display of respectable and virtuous energies of the mind and heart.

Fontenelle's hypothesis is expressed in a translation by Mr. Hume.* "Pleasure and pain, which are two sentiments so different in themselves, differ not so much in their cause. The movement of pleasure, pushed a little too far, becomes pain; and the movement of pain, a little moderated, becomes pleasure. Hence it proceeds, that there is such a thing as a sorrow, soft and agreeable. It is a pain weakened and diminished. The heart likes, naturally, to be moved and affected. Melancholy objects suit it, and even disastrous and sorrowful, provided they are softened by some circumstance. It is certain that, on the theatre, the representation has almost the effect of reality; yet it has not altogether that effect. However we may be hurried away by the spectacle, whatever dominion the senses and imagination may usurp over the reason; there still lurks at the bottom a certain idea of falsehood in the whole of what

* Essay on Tragedy.

we see. This idea, though weak and disguised, suffices to diminish the pain, which we suffer from the misfortunes of those, whom we love; and to reduce that affliction to such a pitch as converts it into pleasure. We weep for the misfortunes of a hero, to whom we are attached. In the same instant we comfort ourselves by reflecting, that it is nothing but a fiction; and it is precisely that mixture of sentiments, which composes an agreeable sorrow, and tears, that delight us. But as that affliction, which is caused by exterior and sensible objects, is stronger than the consolation, which arises from an internal reflection, they are the effects and symptoms of sorrow, which ought to prevail in the composition.

It cannot be ill-nature in a critick, to charge this account with *verbiage*. It conveys no meaning or a false one. It is justly inquired, how much must a merchant's loss of property fall short of his whole fortune, to affect him, like gain, with positive delight. How small must the provocation or affront be, to change resentment into gratitude, and affect us like a mark of respect. The principal truth, which is contained in the position that pain moderated becomes pleasure, and pleasure increased, pain, is this, that in a mixture of agreeable and disagreeable, the former are often heightened by the latter. This critick says, that in all representations of human nature in trouble, the grief arises from viewing them as real, and the pleasure from the recollection that they are feigned. But it is not only feigned, but actual calamity, which is sometimes attractive. Men are prone to believe that a story which moves them is true, and unwilling to admit evidence that it is a fiction, because it will diminish their satisfaction. Fiction is contrived, as far as possible, to appear reality. Tragical narratives, and descriptions of orators and historians, on which we rely, are read with delight. Disastrous events, that have come within our knowledge, are related and heard with avidity. All this evinces, that there may be a great interest taken in objects of suffering, without that softening circumstance, which Fontenelle makes the source of the pleasure, viz. the recollection that we are grieving for a creature of fancy.

In respect to all fictitious representations, especially the drama; the effect does not imply a belief that all which passes before is reality. The mechanical contrivances and other concomitants of a theatrical exhibition never produce a perfect illusion. There can be no answer to the main doctrine of Johnson upon this subject in his preface to Shakespeare. The scene of a play is laid in Athens or Rome, but the place where it is acted is known to be neither Athens or Rome, but a modern theatre. The players are known to be players. The stage is never mistaken for an apartment in a palace, or for a field of battle. Imitations move our passions not because they are conceived to be realities, but because they bring realities to mind. The misery which we lament is such as we apprehend might be, or has been, and not what we believe to exist. There is a consciousness of fiction throughout the representation. If the suffering displayed be extreme and shocking, we do not find relief by thinking it is painted woe; but we feel disgust and horror; and avoid seeing it again, as we should avoid any real distress, which we wanted fortitude to support.

Mr. Hume's theory in his Essay on Tragedy, and which he calls a supplement to the two preceding, is reducible to two positions. The first that tragedy and pathetick eloquence please and move by exhibiting distress with distinctness, force and life. The question is where it was. He has said no more than this, that the picture of a melancholy scene is contemplated with more pleasure, the more perfectly it is executed. The inquiry may still be made, whence arises this pleasure? the other position is, that the delight received from descriptions and addresses that raise the melancholy feelings is admiration of the genius and talent, which the historian or poet, the orator or actor display. The pleasure of criticism, of detecting the ability and art of a speaker is not only distinct from the pathetick effect of his eloquence, but is in a great degree inconsistent with it. The audience are never more pleased than when they forget the speaker and his art in his subject. When he excites our sympathetick emotions it is rather by concealing than displaying art. A critick may employ himself in judging of the genius, and skill of the orator, but he cannot at the same time be a subject of the passions intended to be raised. The great proportion of hearers approve the person who speaks to their hearts and commend his performance. But how it is accomplished, they neither give themselves the trouble to consider, nor attempt to explain.

For the Anthology.

SILVA, No. 37.

RAPPEL DES JUIFS.

THERE was a book with this title published in the year 1643, in small 8vo. without the name of printer, or place; but the manuscript was in the possession of the Pere Simon, and the author is known to be Isaac La Peyrere, who seriously maintained in a book, entitled *Preadamitæ*, that there were men before Adam, and proved it, as he thought, from the 5th Rom. v. 12, 13, 14. The work, of which we now intend to say something, called "Rappel des Juifs," is one of the most rare and curious in the world, for it was suppressed by the magistrates as soon as it appeared. I saw the only complete copy in Paris, and carefully read the preface twice over. In it he predicts the recal of the Jews, and their restoration to the holy land; which is to recover its ancient fertility. A temporal christian prince, he predicts, shall be their leader, more just, and more victorious than any of their ancient kings; this king, he says, must be a king of France, and that he shall attain to universal dominion. The reasons which he gives for its being a king of France are curious. 1. Because he is the most christian king, and the oldest son of the church. The second and third reasons are still more fanciful. The 4th is: "because it is probable that France will be the place, where the Jews will be first invited to collect, in order to become christians, and where they will find a retreat from the persecutions, which they suffer under other governments. For *France* is a land of *franchise*, (freedom.) It

allows no slavery; whoever steps upon it is free."

This extract from Peyrere's preface might have been shown to the Emperour Napoleon before his decree, for the convocation of Jewish deputies from every part of Europe. Certain it is, that an extract appeared in the Moniteur, during the meeting of the Assembly, and I at first supposed it to be a fabrication, intended to flatter the Emperour, and favour his projects. But upon seeing the rare and extraordinary work, from which it was taken, I made a note of the passage.

The treatise, called "Preadamitæ," is not rare, though this also was condemned to be burnt, and the author thrown into prison, at Brussels. Menage had requested the author to send him a copy "before it came to *light*." Peyrere understood the word, and sent him the book, with this verse of Ovid, changing only *urbem* for *ignem*.

"Parve, nec invideo, sine me, liber ibis in ignem."

This odd man pretended to have recanted his errours, and obtained absolution from the Pope; but he was at last far from being a papist, and died with his head full of his Preadamitick notions. Here is his epitaph, copied from the Menagiana.

"Ci-La Peyrère ici gît, ce bon Israélite,
Huguenot, Catholique, enfin Pré adamite.
Quatre religions lui plurent à la fois,
Et son indifference étoit si peu commune,
Qu'apres quatre-vingt ans qu'il eut à faire un choix
Le bon homme partit, et n'en choisit pas une."

—

MILTON.

THE wonderful sublimity of the two first books of Paradise Lost, is, perhaps, the cause of the neglect of the other parts. We are sooner wearied with following, than Milton with leading us. If no human wing could long continue such flights through the expanse of creation, assuredly the eyes of common men cannot pursue its track.

But when he becomes a metaphysician, we desert him with weariness, and almost with disgust. It is vain to declaim against the prejudice of Dr. Johnson, and to deny the justice of his decision: every man's experience satisfies him of its truth: we lay Milton down, and forget to resume him.

To induce those who have devoured the early books of the Paradise Lost for the twentieth time, before reading the latter ones for the first, to renew their study of Milton and to persevere in it, it is enough to assert, that, if we would read him only for the poetry, and not for the narration, if we would look for placid beauties, as well as astonishing grandeur, contemplate the lawns of pastoral, as eagerly as the fields of epick song, and become as susceptible of delight from Eden, as of terrour from Hell, we may learn to enjoy in him the same qualities, as charm us in Collins and Thomson, in Goldsmith and Pope.

Our great heroick poet has as much art in his disposition of events, as greatness in his conception of them. None ever introduced so great a compliment to his principal character, as Milton has bestowed upon Eve, and at the most interesting time in her history, one moment before the fall. The ninth book should be perused at one sitting to enjoy it. We see the serpent, winding through the garden, plotting some device to tempt our parents to disobedience, and to destroy all their posterity: fearful of encountering them together, he hoped to meet

the woman alone. We have next the enchanting description of paradise and of Eve, its chief ornament, which a poet of ordinary notions would have employed instantly to inflame the dæmon by contrast with his own feelings and proper habitations. But the mighty magician, who invests supernatural beings with bodily organs, and plays them before our eyes, as he pleases, who exhibits angelick natures under the operation of human passions, who makes Mammon mean spirited, and Beelzebub magnanimous, Moloch fierce and Belial gentle devils, has given us a picture infinitely more interesting. At the first moment of beholding Eve

—— "the evil one abstracted stood
"From his own evil."

The personified and compact essence of malignity is instantly changed. Of such an idea nothing could equal the happiness, except the exclamation, that Satan, recovering himself, immediately utters, "Thoughts! whither have ye led me!" which is unequalled by any passage in the volume for surprise and dramatick effect.

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CONVERSATION.

"READING," says Lord Bacon, "makes the full man, conference the ready man, and writing, the exact man." Conference, as it is here stiled, or social conversation, embraces pleasures and advantages not to be derived either from reading or composing. Properly conducted, therefore, it excludes your "sedentary weavers of long tales," and professional manufacturers of dry dissertations. It is often our lot, however, to fall into a circle, where one of these spoilers of social life has taken his ground without a single rival, or any interlocutor, who is permitted to reply with his *yes* or *no*. I do not object to a pertinent story, if it be not a long one, though it be told for the "nine hundred and ninety ninth time;" but when one is unremittingly persecuted by a prating fellow, who relates, at a single interview, the history of his life, the pedigree of his horse, and the biography of his spaniel, with a thousand particularities, which, probably, never exceedingly interested his own little self; one is disposed to inquire, whether some means might not be resorted to, in order to rid society of such a troublesome member.

The other class of intruders, to which I have alluded, is made up of those reading, speculating, or technical men, who, having acquired in their closets that, of which they seem to apprehend every one else to be ignorant, commence grave discourses on different subjects, without regard to the character of their audience, and address the learned or ignorant, their superiors, their equals, or their inferiors, as if they imagined themselves a sort of professors, surrounded by pupils who were looking up to them for instruction. I have heard of one of these sage Doctors (not in anatomy) who, having acquired a superficial knowledge of the humours and structure of the eye, discoursed for some time without notes, to an old lady, that was, probably, experiencing the usual failure of sight at her age: he arrayed his philosophical treatise in all the technical phraseology of the books, and produced a whole, that was equally astonishing to the few spectators present, and to the good, simpering gentlewoman, who did not know opticks from algebra.

I shall mention one other description of character, which interrupts the pleasure of the social circle: it

is the captious man, who claims to be the only one that is able to set you right, under any mistake into which you are supposed to fall. He does not belong to a class that is really the most knowing; for knowledge is generally diffident. This "*anser inter olores*" will often *hiss* with contempt, when the errour is really his own. You may find him triumphing in the detection of a supposed anachronism, when he himself mistakes the date; or sneering at the interpretation of a passage from the sacred writings, which he is compelled afterwards to acknowledge the true exposition.

I propose, that, hereafter, the man who wishes to give in detail the history of himself, or his companions, or his domesticated animals, should hire his audience, as in some countries they hire mourners to a funeral; that he who delivers his oral dissertations, should be obliged to publish a certain number of copies at his own expense, as candidates for certain degrees are their inaugural dissertations; and that the captious man should, whenever detected in an errour, be liable to a high pecuniary mulct, for the benefit of the modest and good humoured, of whose mortification and embarrassment he may, at any time, have been the occasion.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN LORD KAMES AND MRS. MONTAGU.

Mrs. Montagu in a tour she made to the Highlands in the autumn of 1766, *spent some days at Blair-Drummond with Lord Kames. After her return to her country seat in Northumberland, the noble Lord thus addresses her in a letter dated* 29*th Oct.* 1766.

Letter 1.

TO MRS. MONTAGU.

"On no one thing at present is my heart more bent than to have Mrs. Montagu's good opinion; and although I imagined I could write to her with as much ease, as I could make her a visit at her old castle of Denton Hall, yet when it came to the trial, my heart failed me, and I put the business off from day to day, till I came to be troubled in mind with a spectre, that appeared in the shape of neglected duty. Unless for this powerful call, I blush to own, that probably I should have fallen a sacrifice to that contemptible virtue, called bashfulness.

"On the 10th day of September last, I saw Mrs. Montagu carried off coporally in a postchaise from Blair-Drummond: and yet, strange to say, she has been the chief of our *dramatis personæ* ever since. In my solitary walks she has never ceased to be my faithful companion, and has inspired me with most valuable hints for my rural embellishments. Follows a sketch of some of them. You will probably remember the long polished walk along the side of the river. That walk is to be extended over a great variety of ground, and to take in a variety of objects, so as to make a circuit of not less than four miles. One part is enchanting: the road sinks imperceptibly into a hollow, originally the bed of a river, lined on both sides with high banks covered with wood, which hides every object from the sight, but the sky. Emerging into open day-light, the first object that strikes the eye is

the noble Castle of Stirling, situated on a rock, wild and romantick.

"A rill of water runs neglected through the fields, obscured by pretty high banks. It is proposed that the water be raised in different places by stone buildings, imitating natural rocks, which will make some beautiful cascades. The banks to be planted with flowering shrubs, and access to the whole by gravel paths. The groupe will produce a mixture of sweetness and liveliness, which makes fine harmony in *gardening*, as well as in *life*.

"There is a mass of wood, as you will recollect, near the house, of at least six or seven acres, grown up by neglect, to an impenetrable thicket. I ordered a path to be made in it, and, on my return from the circuit, was agreeably surprised to find a great variety of pleasing heights and hollows, which had lain quite concealed. I propose this for a *winter-garden*; sand-walks to be carried through it in all directions; and a variety of evergreens will afford shelter, verdure and dry-footing all the winter over. I enjoy this spot even by anticipation, the scene of many amusing thoughts with a sensible companion, and of meditation when alone.

"But amongst my other plans, I have not forgot the spot pitched upon by you for a seat; and because every thing belonging to you should have something peculiar, the bottom to be free from wet, is contrived to fold up, and to have for its ornament, a plate of brass with this inscription, "Rest, and contemplate "the beauties of art and nature."

"Did you never observe, that those naturally the most bashful, become, by habit, the most forward. The effort to surmount an obstacle gives an impulse that carries one to the opposite extreme. This is at present the case with your humble servant; for now he says, that were you ever so fatigued you must listen a little longer. A new edition of the *Elements of Criticism* is demanded, and, if you approve, I will add some remarks to the following purpose. In things merely ornamental, nothing can do better than to copy the works of nature. Hence the beauty of Chinese paper, imitating plants and flowers, flowered silks, &c. But in things made for use, the parts ought to be so constructed as to answer precisely their purpose. Such things, it is true, may admit of ornament; but the constituent parts and the ornaments ought not to be jumbled together. I admit, for example, carved work on a chair, representing leaves or flowers; but what is the meaning of giving feet to a chair representing those of a lion, or of an eagle? What do you think of teaspoons made to imitate the leaf of a tree? A leaf is of all things the least proper for a spoon. And does not there lie the same objection against a fabrick for holding candles, composed of artificial branches and leaves, with artificial birds sitting upon them? I will not dissemble, that my purpose in these questions is to draw you by degrees into a critical correspondence. Would it be too much for me to hope for your assistance in the intended new edition of the *Elements?* I should be proud to have your name conjoined with mine in that work.

"It is needless to fatigue you with explaining what has prevented my intended visit to Denton Hall at this time: several circumstances have made it impracticable. I do not despair of seeing you at London. But, at any rate, you are bound in gratitude to employ the first opportunity upon another visit to Blair-

Drummond, considering the changes that are to be made, and the money to be laid out upon your account. If we once get you there again, you shall not so easily escape as at first. Your landlady remarked on your departure, "Mrs. Montagu seems to be in a great hurry." Perhaps not, said I; but I did not care to press her, as I know you are not fond of new faces. "A most unlucky mistake," replied she; "for I know not such an agreeable woman, or so comfortable a companion: I could pass my life with her." And the same would be the taste of, Madam, your devoted servant; I hope in time to merit the appellation of your faithful friend,

HENRY HOME."

Letter 2.

MRS. MONTAGU TO LORD KAMES.

Denton, Nov. 4, 1766.

MY LORD,

"I never knew a wise and celebrated person, who was not afraid to write a letter to a trifling correspondent; for when such a man looks down from the summit of his wisdom, and the pinnacle of his reputation, upon so low and minute an object as a common letter, his head begins to turn, and his sight to grow unsteady. So, Sir, take the pains and the penalties, with the painful pre-eminence of your elevation; whilst I, who am on a level with such matters, enjoy the pleasure of writing without fear or wit, and the honour of corresponding with one who writes with both. Happily, whatever flows from the heart goes most directly to the obtaining of that friendship you so kindly offer, and I am so desirous to establish.

"I remember perfectly the walk your Lordship mentions, and all the beauties of that sweet place. It is happy for a person of your taste, to find in his morning's walk, the pastoral, the epick, and the tragick beauties. The gently murmuring river, the shady banks, the beautiful pastures, the noble castle of Stirling, rising in the pride of impregnable strength, defying force and time; and the ruined castle of the Regent, which brings to mind the *tale of other times*, the catastrophe of ambition, and the downfall of greatness, suggest the soft and tender, the sublime and the melancholy ideas, and exercise the various power and affections of the soul. Where there is this happy assemblage of poetick and romantick beauties, so properly adapted to his genius, we will sit and read the charming poet, who sings of

Le Donne, i cavalieri, l'arme, gli amori,
Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese.

"I approve greatly of your lordship's scheme of making a *winter garden*. We are apt to do in our gardens, as we do in our minds; to cultivate the gay ornaments of the summer season, and aim at having all those things, which flourish by mild sunshine, and gracious dews; forgetful of the rude elements of human life, and regardless of the seasons of unfriendly and churlish weather, when sunbeams warm no more, and chilling hoar-frosts fall. Sage is the gardener who procures a friendly shelter of ever-greens to protect him from December storms, and cultivates the winter plants that adorn and enliven the dreary season. He is but half a philosopher, who, when the gardens of Epicurus are out of bloom, cannot retire into the Stoick's walk; and he is too much one, who would rigidly prohibit the gay flowers and sweet aromatics of the summer, and sit always under the cypress shade: so I expect to

find the roses and carnations at Blair-Drummond in June, as well as the snowdrop and cyclamen in December. Your winter garden will be a moral lesson, as well as a pleasant walk for your posterity, recommended to their cultivation, unfading merits and faithful friends.*

"I am very glad there is going to be a new edition of the *Elements of Criticism*, as I hope the work will be enlarged. Your Lordship does me very unmerited honour, in wishing my name joined to yours in that work; it would be like setting the impression of my silver *thimble* beside the *broad seal* of England.

"I agree entirely with your Lordship, that in things of use, the ornamental part should be subordinate, and the propriety and fitness to its purpose should be apparent. The feet of a chair should express steadiness and firmness. A claw, whether of lion or eagle, is absurd; as the business of it is not to snatch or tear, but to support. Foliages round the frame of a chair or table, are not improper, they adorn the form, without perverting it; and such ornaments are so natural, we may suppose, that in the ages of simplicity, in honour of extraordinary guests, or to add a gaiety to feasts, flowers and branches were put on them. We have fine Gothick buildings in this country, and we have imported Grecian and Roman architecture; but in regard to *les meubles*, we are still in a very barbarous state. I think I could explain why we are so, if my letter was not already too long, to admit of tracing these things to their sources: so I shall only observe, that the old Goths loved punning, and their most polite descendants are addicted to *concetti*. The tealeaf imitated in a teaspoon, is most absurd; but in the infancy and decline of taste, the imagination sports with resemblances, relations and analogies; too weak to form a complete design, it pursues some hint given by the nature of the thing to be adorned. I do not know whether I express myself intelligibly, but I mean something, though I am puzzled to communicate that meaning: I may say, as a certain French author does, however, *Si je ne m'entends pas, je me devine.**

"I am more than vain, I am proud of Mrs. Drummond's partiality. I desire your Lordship to keep up my interest in that lady. She has so perfectly gained my esteem, that I should be grieved and mortified to lose any share of hers which she ever honoured me with. I had the honour of a most polite and agreeable letter from her. I desire my most respectful compliments to her. I am rejoiced to find your Lordship thinks of being in London this winter. I hope Mrs. Drummond and your son will be of the party.—I am, with great esteem, my Lord, &c. &c.

ELIZ. MONTAGU."

* Lord Kames inserted these observations with some alterations, in a note in the new edition of "Elements of Criticism."

* The Lady expresses her meaning with great perspicuity. But even in an age of refined taste, an inventive fancy may sport itself capriciously without offence in works where show is combined with utility. Some of the Etruscan utensils, (as their lamps) are fantastical in the highest degree, both in their forms and decorations; and the taste is not to be condemned, if it gives innocent amusement. A silver creampot in the form of a cow, which receives its contents by an opening in the back, and discharges them at the mouth, is not the most convenient form for its office, nor has the device much consonance to nature; but if the utensil performs its purpose tolerably, and the workmanship is excellent, we do not admire it the less for the conceit.

POETRY.

SELECTED.

ELEGY, OCCASIONED BY THE LOSS OF SEVERAL VALUED FRIENDS, WHOSE DEATHS SPEEDILY FOLLOWED EACH OTHER.

Tenues fugit, seu fumus, in auras. . . . . . VIRG.

YE fleeting forms, which Friendship's arms inclose,
From their warm circle quick ye glide away!
Scarce have we lov'd your image, ere we lose:
It stands, but while there's time to wish its stay.

Lamented objects of my lorn esteem!
Where are ye now, ye vanish'd visions, where?
Loose as the liquid texture of a dream,
Ye melted from my mock'd embrace to air!

To the fond sight but one short instant shown,
To be perceiv'd, approv'd, and disappear!
Strange apparitions! whither are ye flown?
For corp'ral, palpable, and warm ye were!

Ah! sure they were not empty shapes, I knew,
But certain forms, that more than seem'd to be;
It was not air, to which my bosom grew;
They were not phantoms, I was wont to see.

I felt them substance, felt them fervent glow,
Saw speculation in their beaming eyes,
Heard from their lips life's mellow accent flow,
And mark'd, like mine, their human passions rise.

Yes, once they were: and are they *nothing* now?
Has *all* they were for ever ceas'd to be?
No more do those fair minds with virtue glow,
That shed their virtuous beams no more on me?

Is living soul but one fleet moment lent?
And that which beats and THINKS in human kind,
But dust, whose wild and casual ferment
Shoots into fits of life, and starts of mind?

Are POWERS that feel, how fair is Nature's face;
This beauteous frame of things that curious scan?
Its various parts inspect, compare, and class;
And trace, through all, unerring Wisdom's plan;

Powers, not alone, that what *appears*, perceive,
That things *unseen*, by forceful inference, see;
Or, skill'd from *nothing* airy worlds to weave,
With potent call, can bid what is not, be!

Powers, at the magick of whose rousing voice,
The past's relenting tomb what *was* restores!
The shades awake of long departed joys,
And time gives back again his buried hours!

Are these but works of blindly labouring clay?
Wrought up by chance to reason's glorious light?
That, kindling to a flash of mental day,
With quick extinction die again to night?

It is not so: they cannot be extinct:
Such sacred essence ne'er can shrink to nought:
Who boasts the power on moral themes to think,
O'er moral themes shall roll immortal thought.

Yes, ye, that, kept by Memory's wondrous skill,
So firm in her retentive tablet stay,
As firmly fixt abide in being still;
Fram'd to endure, ye ne'er shall pass away.

'Tis not alone your lov'd ideas wear,
Warm in this heart, their colours undecay'd;
Preserv'd by Heav'n with corresponding care,
Ye hold, yourselves, a bloom, that shall not fade.

To this fair hope my trusting bosom clings:
Nought from its hold shall wrench my fast belief;
For sweet the balm, the bleeding heart it brings,
When Friendship's tomb inspires the virtuous grief.

THE BOSTON REVIEW.

FOR

MARCH 1808.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. PLIN.

ART. 9.

Reports of cases ruled and adjudged in the several courts of the United States, and of Pennsylvania, held at the seat of the Federal Government. By A. J. Dallas. Vol. 4. Philadelphia. P. Byrne. 8vo. pp. 472. 1807.

THE rapid increase of publications containing reports of cases, adjudged in the various tribunals of justice in Great Britain and America, sufficiently prove the estimation, in which these valuable records of judicial history are held by the publick. Indeed the utility of a general diffusion of the principles, upon which the security of property, life and reputation depend, must be manifest to all, who know and value the legitimate objects of government and society. In the dark ages of the world, antecedent to and during the prevalence of the feudal system, laws seemed to be little more than a system for the benefit of masters in the government of their slaves; and the people scarcely felt an interest in the establishment or administration of codes, which had no respect to their security or comfort.

The gross ignorance of the laity, who knew no art but war, necessarily rendered the clergy the sole depositories of the law, as well as the religion, of their country; and it is not surprising, that while the precepts of our holy religion, and the forms of worship were concealed from the common eye, in language unattainable but by the arrogant few, that the laws and the proceedings of the courts of justice, under the controul of the same class of men, should be enveloped in mysteries.

The sudden declension of this mischievous monopoly, after the reformation had put to flight the army of monks, which infested England, and with them their arrogant pretensions to exclusive dominion in the oligarchy, rather than the republick, of letters, opened to the world sources of improvement, of which successive generations have availed themselves to purify the sciences from the rust of monastick pedantry, and to make them subservient to the comfort and happiness of society.

The powerful spirit of commerce too had dissolved the charm, which bound the mind of man to disgraceful servitude, and unshackled property from the fetters, which ages of tyranny had fastened; so that the fruits of labour became the right of him, by whose fatigue they were earned. The whole community

therefore became deeply concerned in the rules, made for the security of property, and for its transmission to those, for whom alone, except himself, man is willing to labour.

In this state of things the principles of all the sciences became, in a degree, common property; the liberal, but prudent use of the press, giving to genius and industry the means of enjoying and improving all the discoveries of the times; this multiplying and magnifying the powers, by which the arts were drawn from under the ruins, which buried them for centuries, and giving to science that polish and improvement, which fitted it for the use and ornament of the human mind.

None of the sciences has, perhaps, derived so much advantage from being opened to publick inspection, and having its gradual improvements displayed to the publick eye, as jurisprudence. In the early times of its advancement, when judges were struggling with the innumerable briars and brambles, which the ingenuity of quibblers had thrown in the way of justice, had there been no record remaining of their successful combats, to this day we might have been shocked with the superiority of cunning over truth, and chicanery over justice. The early reports, however, contained nothing but the naked decisions of the judges, without the reasonings, upon which those decisions were formed. The independent mind yields with reluctance to authority, unsupported by argument. The learning of each class of judges was permitted to die with its possessors, and those who followed were obliged to submit implicitly to precedent, or strike out for themselves a light, which also was doomed to expire with those who produced it. This is the general character of the first class of cases reported.

The great lawyer and voluminous reporter, however, of queen Elizabeth's time, Sir Edward Coke, rushed into the other extreme, and confounded the reader with the length and minuteness of his cases. All the learning of all the books was put in requisition on every question, which was discussed; and, when reading the arguments of the reporter himself, which he seldom felt a disposition to curtail, we are equally astonished at the indefatigable researches of the lawyer, and the wonderful patience of his auditors. Many important principles, preserved in that work of unparalleled labour, are known by every scientifick lawyer to be now of common use; and a careful study of them, is the duty and interest of every young man, who aims at distinction, in the honourable profession of the law.

If it be considerered next to a miracle, that, in a time of comparative barbarism and ignorance, a poet should have exhibited such, I am inclined to say, supernatural powers in the regions of fancy, that in these polished times, a successful imitation of him is the highest aim of the finest writers; it should also be acknowledged wonderful, that in the same period existed a man, who, in the less brilliant, but more laborious course of legal investigation, exhibited a strength of intellect, power of reasoning, and diligence of research, which would put to the blush the most learned and industrious jurists of modern times. Like all other books, however, reports of law cases have become more valuable, in proportion to their cost in latter times. Less desire is shewn to increase the bulk, than to select their contents; and this improvement is produced by

competition. The modern English reports in relation to those of Sir Edward Coke, are like the writings of modern divines, compared to the everlasting ratiocinations of the fathers and of the early clergy. We find now, in the English books, just as much of every case, of the arguments of counsel, and of the reasons given by the judges for their opinions, as we want; and instead of purchasing a great quantity of chaff for the sake of possessing a little wheat, it may be safely said that no man gets more the worth of his money, than the lawyer, who purchases reports.

The foregoing remarks have been made to shew the importance of this department of science, and to increase the limited market of books, which cost so much time and labour, and which we fear do not always find their way to the shelves of those, for whose peculiar instruction they are designed.

Let us imagine for a moment, that so great a luminary of the law, as Lord Mansfield, had died without leaving any monuments of his profound erudition, astonishing intelligence and painful investigation, but the memory of those, who were so happy as to witness his exalted talents. What a chasm should we find in the history of English jurisprudence; and what labour would it cost to catch a glimpse of the light, which he so profusely scattered around him. How much uncertainty would there still be in the law merchant, and especially in that fruitful subject of controversy, contracts of insurance. Thanks to the patient labours of Burrow, Douglas and others, he lived not only for his own times, but for us and our posterity; and as long as commerce shall be encouraged, and mercantile integrity shall be valuable, his memory, as well as theirs, who gave him immortality, will be held in reverence.

But enough has been said to shew the value of these publications in general. Their effect upon the judge in producing industry of research, and accuracy in opinion, upon the advocate in improving his stile, and refining his argument, upon the legislature in amending the laws, when found to operate injuriously, need not be stated.

It is, therefore, with no common pleasure, we perceive a growing demand for these works. It is sufficient that we have lost the wisdom and learning of our judges from the first settlement of our country to the revolution. How valuable would be the history of their labours in ascertaining the origin of many of our customs, the cause of our deviation, in many instances, in our law proceedings, from those of England, and, in many other particulars, interesting to the moral and political state of our country; subjects now involved, and which ever will be in darkness and confusion, that would probably be intelligible, had we a regular history of our judicial transactions to resort to for information.

After having said so much on this subject, we cannot refrain from another important effect, we think the publishing of reports in the several states of the Union will necessarily produce. Whatever some may think of the utility of preserving distinct local customs and manners in the several states, so as to prevent the so much dreaded evil of a consolidation into one people, we think none will deny the advantage of having the same legal decisions on all general questions of contract, and, especially, on questions touching the law merchant. The necessary intercourse between the citizens

of the different states, would seem to require that the great principles of law, applicable to commercial intercourse, should be the same in all the states. This will be the case, should the practice of publishing the decisions of the courts, and the reasonings of the judges, become general. Pride of character, and a desire to promote the publick good, will induce the judges of one state, to yield to the more powerful arguments of those in another, and a general system of legal principles will be the result.

We come at last to some observations upon Mr. Dallas' 4th volume, a perusal of which, with a view to ascertain its merits, has given occasion to these preliminary observations. Mr. Dallas has the merit of having led the way in this meritorious employment in the United States. He commenced his series of reports in 1790, and we believe it was the first volume of the kind published in America. This is no mean merit. His brethren of the bar must feel obligations to him; and there are others, who owe him some thanks for his labours. The present Governour M'Kean acquired the reputation of a learned judge and able lawyer, by the publicity Mr. Dallas has given to his talents. Whence was it that Pennsylvania acquired, as she certainly did, the credit of having a more respectable judiciary and bar than any other state, but by Mr. Dallas' record of their labours? How much also has New York risen in publick estimation on these points, since their regular publication of the reports of their tribunals?

We cannot withhold an observation, which occurred to us on reading a case reported in the first volume, which was decided so early as 1764. The question was, whether the insured of a ship, which had been captured, and recaptured, sold, and bought in by the captain for the former owner, who acquiesced in the purchase, should recover for a total or partial loss without abandonment of the ship. The court ruled that he could only recover an indemnity according to his loss. The Supreme Judicial Court of this Commonwealth has given a contrary decision in two cases; but we are happy to hear that in a late case not yet reported, they have returned to the good common sense doctrine, so long ago established in Pennsylvania. We predict, when the learned and elaborate argument of one of our judges in the case of Oliver *vs.* the Newbury Port Insurance Company, shall be made publick, there will be no longer a question on the subject.

We could say much in praise of Mr. Dallas for the great labour and attention bestowed upon his former volumes, to which we are indebted for all the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, until Mr. Cranch assumed that task; but it is the 4th only which has arrested our particular attention.

Ubi plura nitent, non ego paucis Offendar maculis. And yet it may be useful to suggest those points, in which we think Mr. Dallas has failed of making his book as perfect, as he might easily have done.

First however, we will speak of its merits. The three great points to be attended to by a reporter are, a perspicuous statement of his cases, a condensed view of the arguments of counsel, and an accurate exhibition of the reasons, upon which the judgment or decree is founded.

We think Mr. D. has been happy in each of these particulars. He has generally given a lucid state of the facts, which call for the application of the law. Probably this

however was not difficult, as in most cases a statement is drawn up by the counsel, who argue the cause, and they are careful to exclude every thing, which has no bearing upon the question submitted. With respect to the arguments of counsel he must have found some difficulty. His eminence at the bar was such, as to place him in the situation of an advocate in almost every case he has reported. He was necessarily therefore the hero of his own tale. Quorum pars magna fui, he could as truly say, as could the hero of the Eneid, when relating the troubles of Troy. He had therefore to resist the natural impulse to swell his own arguments, and contract those of his antagonists. He has however done as fairly, as any man could in like circumstances, and we see but few instances of partiality to himself. He has generally condensed the arguments of counsel into the form of propositions, and thus gives the substance in as small a compass as possible.

To attempt to report the eloquence of an advocate, would be fruitless; so much of it depends upon the manner, the voice, the gesture, the nice adaptation of words, that no reporter can catch enough of the figure to convey any likeness to his readers. It is enough that we have the substantial reasons of the advocate, stripped of the ornament which might obscure but would seldom illustrate them.

But there are faults in this book, which a reviewer ought not to pass without notice. If there be any advantage in giving to the publick opinions of such literary works, as are from time to time ushered into notice, it must principally lie in exposing the errours of the authors, that those, who succeed them in like labours, may produce their works in a more finished state to the publick eye.

A general view of this 4th vol. of Mr. Dallas cannot but excite a suspicion, that, being about to withdraw from his labours, as an author, labours, which we are glad to understand have been handsomely remunerated, he was solicitous to make the most of the materials on hand, in order that a volume of decent size might terminate his career and round off his profits.

This suspicion arises from several considerations, of which the following are the most important: 1st. He has pressed into his service, cases, which were discussed in several distinct and independent courts, which we think very injudicious. The reader will find in this book, cases, decided by the Supreme Court of U. S. by the Circuit Courts of the same, by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, the court of Errors and Appeals, and even a case in the Mayor's Court of the city of Philadelphia. 2d. There are no less than five cases reported, in which the same facts are presented for decision, and the decision is the same in all, viz. that to give the Federal courts jurisdiction, it must appear on the record, that the parties are citizens of different states. Surely it would have been sufficient to have given us one of these cases, and to have referred, in the margin, to others, especially as the decisions were governed by the case of Bingham and others *vs.* Cabot, which is ably reported in the third volume of this work, and which was decided by the highest judiciary tribunal in the United States.

In one of these cases, viz. Mossman, executor, *vs.* Hoffman, we discover a singular mistake: a writ of error is brought to reverse the proceedings in a bill in equity, because

it did not appear in the record of those proceedings, that the plaintiff or defendant was an alien, or that they were citizens of different states. The court are made to say, that the proceedings in equity are void for this defect, and yet to order that the writ of error be quashed. There are many cases reported also, which did not deserve to make part of this book. We refer principally to that class of cases, which are tried by the jury, and where the law is stated from the bench, but without any appearance of research or deliberation. Law opinions, thus delivered, can never become authorities, and therefore ought not to be reported.

We think, therefore, there is some reason to complain of Mr. Dallas for the matter he has furnished us with. We think he has been sparing of labour also in another particular: he has given us no marginal epitome of the cases. These books are not often resorted to for amusement; but are looked into by lawyers to elucidate a pending case, or to show that a point in controversy has been already decided. It is unreasonable to require of a lawyer, in the hurry of his business, to labour through the whole of a long case to ascertain, whether a single principle has been determined by it or not. Let any one look at the judicious condensations of cases, given by Mr. Tyng in his late report of cases, adjudged in this commonwealth, and he will be satisfied of the utility of this practice. It is true, Mr. Dallas has supplied a minute and intelligible index at the end of his books, but we cannot think this will, by any means, compensate the want of that marginal epitome, which the best reporters in England, and the reporters of New-York and Massachusetts have executed with so much care and judgment.

With respect to the legality of the decisions, which Mr. Dallas has given us, we say nothing, from an apprehension that it is not within the province of a reviewer to call them in question. Decisions of the ultimate law tribunals of any independent state ought to be acquiesced in by every body. The legislature may alter the law, but the subject is bound to respect it. We cannot but think it extremely mischievous, that irresponsible individuals should be permitted to disturb the tranquillity, which generally ensues upon an ultimate decision of the court, by impeaching that decision. Let the counsel in the cause take care that an improper decision is corrected, as long as any lawful tribunal remains unappealed to: let legislators see that their power is properly exercised, if the law is found, in any instance, to operate against the substantial principles of justice: but let individuals bow with submission to the constituted authorities, instead of exciting a belief, that those authorities are either imbecile or corrupt.

Upon the whole, Mr. Dallas deserves much of the profession and of the publick. He has pointed out the course to others, and they will profit of his example. He will excuse us for hinting at his defects, for a man of his talents and knowledge, can never have the vanity to believe he is infallible.

ART. 10.

An elementary Treatise on Pleading in Civil Actions: by Edward Lawes, of the Inner Temple. First American from the first London edition. Portsmouth, (N. H.) published by Thomas & Tappan, from the press of S. Sewall. 1808. 8vo. pp. 246.

THIS is the production of an eminent pleader, who now does honour to the English bar. Every well meant endeavour to improve this branch of juridical science deserves praise. And when that attempt is successfully made, as in the present case, the author is worthy of double honour. If a work of this kind should be found useful in England, it will be much more so in this country, where the science of pleading has been but little cultivated. We are told by Littleton, that good pleading is one of the most honourable, profitable, and laudable things in the law. We have no doubt the author of the book before us, has found it profitable, and he may, perhaps, safely calculate that it will lead to honour. Without a competent knowledge of this branch of the law, no one, in England, can hope to attain any degree of eminence in the profession, and with it, he may hope to rise to a seat on the bench. Most of the present English judges were eminent special pleaders. Though a seat on the bench is not, with us, so much a *reward* of merit, as a *burthen* imposed on those, who have the misfortune to be distinguished at the bar, yet, to them, this branch of knowledge is honourable and laudable, and, to the state, who reap the benefits of their learned labours, it is in the highest degree *profitable*.

The author modestly considers this essay as designed for the use of pupils, on their entrance upon the study of pleading, and as an introduction to a work on the same subject, which he has formed and partly executed, on a comprehensive plan, intended for the use of the profession at large. We are pleased to find it thus early republished here, and have no doubt that it will be found highly useful to all branches of the profession. It is certainly superior to any thing on the subject of which the profession were before in possession. The Title Pleader, in Comyns Digest, was the best thing of its kind at the time of its publication. The Treatise on Pleas and Pleading, in Bacon's Abridgement, though perhaps the best part of the book, with a single exception, wants method and arrangement, and is otherwise defective. Besides, both these Treatises are become antiquated. From Wooddison's Lectures every student has derived advantage; but that part, which treats on pleading, though very good, is too short even for an outline.

In the present treatise, the arrangement is happy, and the statements perspicuous. Though elementary, it will be found comprehensive and instructive. It exhibits, in the smallest possible compass, a systematick view of the present law of pleading in civil actions, and till the larger work appears, the student will do well to employ himself in filling up the outline here sketched. With attention and diligence on his side, he can hardly fail of deriving much profit from his labours. In the first chapter, the author, or, as he modestly stiles himself, the compiler, treats of pleading in general, and its history. He has availed himself of the labours of Hale, Blackstone, Reeves, &c. and has thrown together, in a few pages, a

number of facts and observations, which furnish an entertaining and useful historical view of the doctrine of pleading.

It is impossible to read this account without perceiving the advantage to suitors and to the administration of justice, from pleadings which combine brevity, perspicuity, and certainty. The end proposed by the pleadings is, to bring the matters in controversy to a point, material in itself, and unambiguous, so that neither the court nor the jury may be perplexed with the consideration of a multiplicity of matters at the same time, or in other words, to extract, like an equation in algebra, the real points in controversy, and to refer them, with all possible simplicity, to the court or jury. Hence the propriety of the rules, which require that the allegations of the parties, on the record, should be direct, concise, clear, sensible, exact, certain, and formal. Those who may be disposed to think that pleading favours too much of nicety and technical exactness, ought to recollect, that we have the evidence of those who have the best means of knowing, that good pleading greatly contributes to the advancement of justice, and the speedy decision of right, and that ambiguous, informal, and irregular pleadings tend to delay, expense, injustice, and to the great increase of litigation.

It is possible, indeed, that the rules of pleading may, in some cases, be too scrupulously used, and that judges may give a quicker ear to nice exceptions, than they ought. But it is apprehended, that there is, at present, more reason to guard against the contrary extreme. If Lord Coke could say, in his time, "that many a good cause is daily lost for want of good and orderly pleading;" the complaint is still better founded at this day, and in this country: and we may with confidence assert, that more causes have been lost, and money misspent, for want of good *pleading*, than from the want of good *speaking* at the bar. Pleading, like every thing else, may be abused, and we have no doubt has been, at times, to the purposes of chicane. But the loose way of conducting the pleadings in our courts, *in times past*, has been the occasion of much uncertainty and perplexity, both with the jury and on the bench.

In this chapter, we observe, the author pays a deserved compliment to Saunders, and to serjeant Williams's excellent edition of that able work. This book we recommend, without any hesitation, to the profession; with the notes, it is one of the most useful books in a lawyer's library. We cannot forbear likewise to recommend to the profession Tidd's Practice, as a work of considerable legal learning and great accuracy. Without a competent knowledge of English practice, many of the books of reports, are either unintelligible, or lead to error in the application. A work of this kind, executed with equal skill and accuracy, concerning our practice, would be highly useful. We believe that practice will never attain to any good degree of correctness, utility, and certainty, till its rules are reduced to writing, and the decisions of our courts, on this subject, preserved and published.

In the second chapter, the author treats, in a general way, of the several divisions of pleading. In the third, he proceeds to lay down the rules applicable to all those several divisions. In the succeeding chapters, he lays down some of the most obvious rules, peculiar to each division. His manner of doing it: first, considering the narrative part, and then the formal is just, and contri-

butes, not a little, to the clear understanding and retaining in the memory the rules of pleading. His stile is neat and simple. He seldom states an opinion of his own, but refers to the cases, and generally uses the very words of the court in giving judgment.

In the last chapter, the author treats of a few miscellaneous heads of pleading, which did not fall within any of the former divisions.

The first chapter of the appendix is the most curious and entertaining, if not the most useful part of the work before us. It gives specimens of the different stile of pleading, at three different periods of the law, viz. the reign of Edward the third, Charles the second, and the present time. The appendix to the other chapters, with the notes, will be found useful to the diligent student, as furnishing examples for taking precedents, as well as explanations of the several forms alluded to in the body of the work. Indeed nothing has a greater tendency, clearly and firmly, to impress the different parts and rules of pleading on the memory, than analysing and annotating on precedents. Perhaps the best way of teaching the rules of pleading, would be to write notes on precedents.

Notwithstanding the table of the chapters and the regular distribution of the subject, furnish the means of finding what we wish, without much labour, yet we think the work would be improved by an index. Authors are sometimes induced, by a sort of pride, to decline this labour, as one that has less of honour than profit. But the example of Judge Blackstone deserves imitation, who has not only written the best book, but has given us the most perfect index to its valuable contents. Though the author does not hold forth his book as a complete work, but as merely designed to give a clear, general and elementary view of the subject, and nothing further; yet that may be truly said of it, which cannot be said of most modern productions, that it contains much valuable matter, in a small compass.

We sincerely hope, the professional engagements of this respectable lawyer, will not long delay the publication of the larger work he has announced, and in the mean time, that this essay may stimulate the researches of some lover of the science, among ourselves, to point out the additions to, and variations from the English forms and principles, which our statutes and approved usages have made necessary and sanctioned.

A correct treatise on the pleadings in real actions, as used in this state, (a subject, almost totally neglected in this work,) would be a great desideratum. The modern books in a lawyer's office, furnish little light, and it requires an ardour and courage, which few possess, to draw this species of knowledge from the ancient fountains.

It gives us real pleasure, as Americans, to observe the neatness, and, as far as we can judge, from the attention we have been able to bestow upon it, the accuracy of this American edition. Both the paper and the typographical execution, (unless perhaps in the appendix) are not inferior to the London edition, while the price, an article of some consequence to the purchaser, is considerably lower; we cannot speak with equal praise of the binding we have seen.

It is true, we have noticed some errors of the press, in the present edition, some of which are also to be found in the London copy. They are not very numerous nor of much

consequence in other respects. This edition might easily have been made more correct than the London, particularly the error in the text, in p. 109, which the author corrects in a note, in p. 220, might have been avoided.

We have also observed, in both editions, that in enumerating the contents of the last chapter of the appendix, the fourth article is called the fifth, &c.; the pointing also in some places, renders the sense obscure. Upon the whole, however, we not only wish the profession here, may derive all the benefit from this excellent work, which it is so well calculated to give, but that the publishers may meet with that encouragement, by a ready sale, which their care and attention have abundantly deserved. We think the profession will be thankful to them, not for printing a book, but for printing a good book, in a handsome stile and manner.

ART. 11.

Military and Political Hints, by Col. Ir. Amelot de la Croix. *Humbly submitted to the Honourable the Members of Congress and the General Officers of the Militia of the United States: digested and translated by* Samuel Mackay, A. M. *late Professor of the French Language in Williams College. To which is added, The Artillerist: translated by the same.* Boston, Etheridge & Bliss, No. 12, Cornhill. Greenough & Stebbins, printers. 1808.

IT is not our intention to enter into a detailed criticism of this work. Military science, from causes which are obvious to every man, is not in a very flourishing state in our country, nor do we feel ashamed to acknowledge, that we are not competent to decide upon the merits of any *profound* works on this subject. We shall not even undertake to say, that this treatise is *not* of that character, though we must confess it appears to us, so far as it respects its scientifick parts, loose and immethodical; that it seems to imply what we do not admit, that there exists in our country not only a profound ignorance of the very first principles of the military art, but that we are also destitute of *standard works* on this subject. If unhappily we should be driven by the violence of either of the great contending powers of Europe, to rouse the dormant energies of our country, we hope our military chiefs will be able to procure some more regular, systematick, and scientifick works than the treatise before us.

But this little tract gives rise to other and more serious reflections: It excites no little share of national pride; the *humility* of the author is observable only in his dedication. The work is written in a stile of contempt for the measures of our constituted authorities, which proves, as the authour says, "that he *feels* that he is in a land of *liberty*."

What, may we ask, would Bonaparte, what, indeed, would the free government of Great Britain say, to a foreigner, who had sought a temporary asylum in their countries, who should say, "I cannot observe unconcerned, *your half way measures?*"

Such remarks may become a native citizen, but, in our opinion, come with a very ill grace from a foreigner.

Indeed we shall never deserve the name or character of a nation, so long as we permit foreigners openly to interfere in our publick affairs.

Will it be said, that the press is

free ? that every man has a right to express his opinions through that channel ?

No term has been more abused than this freedom of the press. For *whom* is our press free ? For our own citizens. Who have the right of election ? Our own citizens. And why do we thus limit this freedom ? Because the citizens of any country, and they *alone* are interested in its measures.

Are our rulers accountable to foreigners for their conduct ? Can *they* expose our weakness ? Can *they* arraign the wisdom, or prudence, or policy of our measures ?

We do not find fault with the views of Col. La Croix ; they may be honourable to our country as well as himself. Many of his sentiments we commend, but we must enter our protest against the interference of *foreign* officers even with the best intentions in our internal affairs.

There are some parts of this publication, which merit serious consideration, inasmuch as they come from a French officer, who expresses a high respect for the talents, and pays an extravagant compliment to the emperor of France.

He puts a language into the mouth of that monarch towards the United States, which, as he does not censure, we must presume, he thinks reasonable.

" For *sixteen* years, should Napoleon tell you, you enjoyed the trade of *my colonies*."

By the by sixteen years since they were the colonies of our murdered ally, Louis XVI. they have not been *Bonaparte's* colonies more than three years.

" France favoured you, and in return for her good offices, as a proof of that *gratitude to which she* is *entitled* for aiding you in your Independence, you have fomented the revolt of the blacks in St. Domingo. *You were the indirect means of the massacre* of her West India Planters."

We have had charges enough against us, but this is the *first* time we ever heard this massacre laid to our account. Several excellent citizens of Boston were at Cape Francois when that disastrous event took place, and were active in defending the white inhabitants, but we never learned, that the massacre was *imputed to us* till now.

' There can exist *no doubt*, that your *avaricious merchants* have at noon day loaded vessels, armed with implements of war, and that your custom houses *sanctioned the foul deed*. The loss which the empire and its unfortunate subjects have sustained, amounts to 500,000,000 livres. I claim this sum."

Now as the emperor has said *no such thing*, has made *no such demand*, as he continues his minister at our court, this must be Col. La Croix' own anticipation.

It is therefore either the Col's opinion that such *ought* to be, and could *justly* be the claim of Bonaparte, or else he ought to have added his opinion, that such a claim would be unfounded.

But we would ask, why does he believe that the emperor of the French would trump up so unjust a claim ? Does he not know that we have *obediently* made it a crime to trade with *Hayti ?* Is not the Col. a lover of freedom ? And can he deny, that the blacks are as much entitled after fifteen years freedom and Independence, to our aid, as *we* were to the *secret aid* of France in 1776.

Col. La Croix thinks further, that the abuse in our papers against his Majesty the emperor will probably excite him to invade our territory. But his Majesty has said no such

thing. He knows the *freedom of our press* as well as Col. La Croix says *he knows* our military weakness.

The only remaining idea of the Colonel, which we shall notice, is his contemptuous opinion of our *militia.*

'If bravery,' says he, 'a burning love of country, and readiness to enter the publick service were, as many believe they are, sufficient to form soldiers, no nation could boast a more invincible band than the militia of the United States. But God forbid, that I should stoop to the base flattery of acknowledging the correctness of this opinion. Things are strangely altered since 1783. Your ancient *prejudices* ought to be discarded. A war now would not resemble that which secured your Independence; you perhaps will say, we can oppose numbers. This is true, but you have more places to defend, and more property to protect than your population, however numerous, can provide for. Do not compare a modern European army to one of the old school, at the time of your revolution. Both officers and men are inured to privations, fatigues and dangers of all kinds. A change of food and climate affects them not. They have waded through the blood of all their enemies, which they *always spill* profusely. To them no mode of attack, no mode of defence remains unknown; no, not even to privates. Their Generals have taught them to *chain victory* to their triumphal cars, and are filled with military pride, the result of uninterrupted success.' 'The science of war is much changed since your revolution. Your former method would *deceive your sanguine expectations*: in a word, it is *good for nothing.* Forgive my frankness but you *could not long resist in an open field.*'

The enemy he describes above as conquerours chaining victory to their cars, *must be* the French. This gentleman is a French officer who knows them well, who not only has fought, but led those gallant and invincible troops whom he describes. Who can better judge of their projects and their power? He has also seen the *nakedness of our land.*

Although we disapprove of the interference of foreigners in our military and political affairs, yet we should not despise the old and excellent adage

'Fas est et ab hoste doceri.'

RETROSPECTIVE NOTICE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WE are happy to introduce our proposed Retrospect of Works in American Literature, with the following account of a rare and valuable discourse, communicated by a gentleman thoroughly versed in the ecclesiastical and literary history of New-England. We solicit future aid from the same pen, and we repeat our invitation to those, who have made the history of this country a favourite subject of inquiry, to furnish us with minute reviews of valuable works, to inform us of curious tracts relating to this country, which have come to their knowledge, and to give us any hints which they may consider important, contributing to the illustration of American Literature.

ART. 1.

An Historical Discourse on the civil and religious affairs of the colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, in New-England, in America, from the first settlement, 1638, to the end of the first century. By John Callender, A. M. Boston, printed by S. Kneeland and S. Green. 1739. pp. 120. 8vo.

PREACHERS of *century sermons* have an opportunity of rendering a particular service to the community, as well as the people of their charge. It is their business to bring to re-

membrance the worthies, who subdued the wilderness, and diffused the lights of the gospel upon the gloomy paths of the forest; and also to collect certain historick documents, which lie mouldering upon dusty shelves, and which but for their labors, would soon be buried in oblivion. In some places the officers of church and state are shamefully deficient in preserving their records; but whereever ministers have been careful to note in their *church books* those things, which more immediately concern their situation; or where any individual has recorded for his own satisfaction the occurrences of the day; we derive from such sources very accurate information of publick affairs. Such manuscripts are valuable beyond what is commonly imagined. We have reason to lament that any of them have been lost!

This discourse of Mr. Callender is one of the most judicious and impartial publications concerning the settlement of New-England. It was preached a century after Mr. Coddington, and others, left Boston for Rhode-Island to form a religious establishment upon a more liberal basis than was then allowed in Massachusetts, or by any authority in christian commonwealths. Though it is strictly a century sermon, it is more properly styled an historical discourse of the civil and religious affairs of the colony of Rhode-Island.

It contains a great deal of matter, which we do not find in our early histories, and some facts, which were never represented fairly by the fathers of Massachusetts, on account of the prejudices, which they mingled with their narrative of the separation.

The minds of the best men have been warped by prejudice, especially when they have been engaged in religious controversy; and the controversy, which, in the year 1637, agitated the people of Massachusetts, was of the most serious kind; but though attended with unhappy effects at the time, it became afterwards a publick blessing by the settlement of a flourishing colony. During the administration of Sir H. Vane such contentions sprung up in the church of Boston, as dissolved the dearest ties of amity. Friends, who had crossed the wide ocean to enjoy the society of each other, were glad of an opportunity to separate. They could not live in the same plantation. Their minds brooded over the causes of their dissention, till they engendered that mutual ill will, which grew to a kind of pious hatred, the spawn of sectarian animosity and religious bigotry.

Mr. Coddington is justly called the father of Rhode-Island. He engaged warmly in the Antinomian controversy, and even defended Mrs. Hutchinson at her trial, in opposition to Governour Winthrop, Dudley, and the ministers who were present, whose object seemed to be to puzzle, confute, or censure, rather than to instruct this fanatical woman. Mr. Callender dedicates his discourse to the grandson of Mr. Coddington, a magistrate of Rhode Island, in 1738, and gives an interesting account of his ancestor. "Your honoured grandfather was chosen in England to be an Assistant of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, A. D. 1629, and in 1630 came over to England with the governour and the charter, &c.; after which, he was several times rechosen to that honourable and important office. He was for some time Treasurer of the colony. He was with the chiefest in all publick charges, and a principal merchant in Boston, where he built the first *brick house*.

In the year 1637, when the contentions ran so high in the country, he was grieved at the proceedings of the Court against Mr. Wheelwright and others. And when he found that his opposition to these measures was ineffectual, he entered his protest, that his dissent might appear to succeeding times; and though he was in the fairest way to be great in Massachusetts, as to outward things, yet he voluntarily quitted his advantagious situation in Boston, his large property and improvements at Braintree, for peace sake, and that he might befriend, protect, and assist those pious people, who were meditating a removal from that colony on account of their religious differences. Here when the people first incorporated themselves a body politick on this Island, they chose him to be their judge, or chief ruler, and continued to elect him annually to be their governour for seven years together, till the patent took place, and the Island was incorporated with *Providence plantations*.

In the year 1641 he assisted in forming the body of laws, which has been the basis of our constitution and government ever since; and the next year being chosen governour of the colony, declined the office.

In 1651 he had a commission from the supreme authority, then in England, to be governour of the Island, pursuant to a power reserved in the *patent*; but the people being jealous "the commission might affect their lands and liberties, as seemed to them by the patent, he readily laid it down on the first notice from England, that he might do so; and for their further satisfaction and contentment, he, by a writing under his hand, obliged himself to make a formal surrender of all right and title to any of the lands, more than his proportion in common with the other inhabitants, whenever it should be demanded. After that he seems to have retired from publick business, till toward the latter end of his days, when he was prevailed with to take the government upon him; as he did particularly 1678, when he died November 1st, in the 78th year of his age, a good man full of days."

This is a just praise to the founder of their colony, and we are ready to allow that religious disputes gave rise to the settlement; yet in all these things there is a certain political aspect. Mr. Coddington was not banished from Massachusetts with Mrs. Hutchinson's adherents, but the influence of Vane's party was lost. He might have lived respected and secure in his property, but if he joined those of the new plantation, among them he could be chief.

Mr. Dummer, an honourable man of the same party, went to Newbury, and passed his days in retirement; nor were any of them afterwards called to important offices in the state, though they were men of very considerable note in the town of Boston, and principal members of the church. Mr. Wheelwright neither went to Rhode-Island, nor remained in Massachusetts. His ambition prompted him to lay the foundation of another settlement. He had been one of the ministers of Boston, for which he was dismissed with several others. They planted themselves at Exeter, which afterwards became part of New-Hampshire.

The first part of this discourse which may be extended to page 35th, contains a history of the *settlement* of the colony. Several things make it truly valuable. We have here an account of the Cam-

bridge Synod, where the principles of the antinomians were condemned. Dr. Mather, in the *Magnalia*, reduces to five propositions, or questions, the erroneous opinions which were presented to the synod, and which amounted to eighty, when they became the subject of debate. Mr. John Clarke, a leader of those who were condemned, printed a narrative of the dispute, where he reduces their differences to one point of doctrine. The aggrieved party held to a *covenant of grace*, and the fathers of Massachusetts to a *covenant of works*. The real state of the question was, whether sanctification is *an evidence of regeneration*: and this involved other considerations. In this discourse of Mr. Callender, there are quotations from books on both sides the question.

The candour and good sense of our author appear in a passage which we beg leave to quote.

'Almost all the settlers of New-England were puritans. The people of Plymouth were generally of that sort called separatists, and those of Boston generally had lived in communion with the Church of England, though they scrupled conforming to some of their ceremonies. But these being come to so great a distance from the bishop's power, could well enough agree in the same forms of worship, and method of discipline with the church at Plymouth, and a mixt form of church government was generally set up. Though they had seemed well enough united against ceremonies, yet now they were removed from the ecclesiastical court, with a patent which gave them liberty of conscience, a variety of opinions, as to the several points, before not so much regarded, and perhaps not thought of, now began to be visible, and operate with considerable effects. It is no wonder such differences of opinion rose among them, as had been among the protestants in general. *P.* 13, 14.

'Notwithstanding their sufferings and complaints in England they seemed incapable of mutual forbearance; perhaps they were afraid of provoking the higher powers at home, if they countenanced other sects; and perhaps those who differed took the more freedom, in venting and expressing their particular opinions, from the safety and protection they expected, under a charter that granted them liberty of conscience.' *P.* 15.

These specimens not only show candour of representation, but explain the real principles of our fathers. They were puritans, but not violent haters of episcopacy. The Plymouth settlers, though separatists, and more rigid than other puritans, were not Brownists, as they have been represented by Oldmixon, and other European writers, who are followed by Judge Marshall in his preliminary work to the life of Washington. Whoever undertakes to write upon the affairs of Massachusetts ought carefully to consult Prince's Annals. It is the most precious historical document we have, and is uncommonly luminous and instructive in the account of the Plymouth settlers, an account, which makes void this modern assertion. Mr. Callender, though of a different church, speaks of Mr. Prince, "as a man the most versed in the history of the country, above all exceptions universally acknowledged to be so."

From page 36 to 88, Mr. C. gives a short view *of the history, and present state of the colony*. He gives a particular account of Gorton and his followers, who came to Rhode Island 1638, and was banished the year after from this democratical settlement, where no religious opinions, it was said, could imply sedition! The Gortonists settled *Warwick*, naming the place after the Earl of Warwick, their patron. This town was in the Providence plantations. "In 1643, Roger Williams went to England, and obtained by the assis-

tance of Sir Henry Vane a charter of civil corporation, by the name of the Incorporation of Providence plantations in the Narraganset Bay in New-England."

"In 1663, King Charles granted an ample charter, whereby the province was made a *body corporate and politick*, in fact and name, by the name of the Governour and company of the English colony of Rhode-Island and Providence plantations in New-England, in America."

This charter was retained till the American Revolution, though some attempts were made to alter it, and a writ of *Quo warranto* was even once issued against the colony.

On the subject of their religious affairs, Mr. C. is more particular, than in the civil branch of their history. He was a pious, learned minister of the baptist denomination. To say that he is without those prejudices, which are almost inseparable from the human heart, and which are so apt to discover themselves, in writing as well as acting, would be saying too much. But he never speaks unkindly of any men from personal or party dislike. It was his opinion, that of all the passions which have degraded the human mind, religious bigotry is the most to be dreaded. Being attached by his connections to religious liberty, he is sometimes ardent, but never bitter in its defence. In this he deserves the more credit, as he writes upon a subject which has called forth much severity of censure from both parties; and in this too, he has not been imitated by some of his own denomination. A late author, in his history of the baptists, has made a most rude attack upon men, as well as principles; upon those of his own denomination, as well as congregationalists, if they differed from him upon the high points of predestination and "the light within." When it was first published, it was stiled by a witty observer in one of the papers, "a slaughter house for private characters."

A writer who is to give a narrative of religious disputes, ought not to be a partizan; but if his life had been engaged in controversy, this can hardly be avoided. Hence it has been said that historians should not be of any religion nor *politicks*. But this is not without its difficulties. Those historians, who are without religion, show their prejudices against it, as we see in the pages of certain fine writers, who, though among the most modern, are not the most impartial. Those, who have no opinion of their own in politicks, make their matter heavy and dull. Historians should resemble Reviewers in this. We are supposed to have our opinions, and to express them; but we are supposed also not biassed by them to do injustice, or to give tribute where it is not due.

Upon the whole, Mr. Callender's discourse is excellent and useful. It is not a mere skeleton account of things; but exhibits men and facts as they were. The stile is sententious and grave, well adapted to a religious discourse, but not unfit for a narrative of civil transactions. He does not call our minds from interesting parts of his narrative to unnecessary reflections of his own. Events and circumstances are selected with judgment and displayed with the utmost perspicuity and order; we feel engaged as we follow the thread of his narration, and have no reason to complain of minute attentions, multiplicity of circumstances, or vain repetitions.

It is such a work as we wish to see republished; and as we understand that the Historical Society of

Massachusetts propose to oblige the publick by some curious and rare works, we hope it will not be too great a trespass upon their FUNDS to reprint this discourse of Mr. John Callender, and also Smith's History of Virginia.

CATALOGUE.

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES, *FOR MARCH*, 1808.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.....MART.

NEW WORKS.

Military and Political Hints by col. Ir. Amelot de La Croix, humbly submitted to the hon. the members of Congress, and the general officers of the militia of the United States. Digested and translated by Samuel Mackay, late Professor of the French language in William's college. 12mo. 75 cts. in boards. Boston, Etheridge & Bliss. Greenough & Stebbins, printers.

A Treatise on the Discipline of the cavalry, teaching the necessary evolutions on a parade, on a march, and in the face of an enemy; to which is added, the new sword exercise, for cavalry; illustrated with copperplate engravings; the whole examined and approved by a valuable and intelligent officer of the cavalry, during the revolutionary war. Petersburg, Va. Somerwell & Conrad.

A Letter from the hon. Timothy Pickering, a senator of the U. States from the state of Massachusetts, exhibiting to his constituents, a view of the imminent danger of an unnecessary and ruinous war, addressed to His Excellency James Sullivan, governor of the said state. 8vo. pp. 16. 12½ cts. Boston. Greenough & Stebbins, printers.

An Oration on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, delivered in the African church, in the city of New York, January 1, 1808. By Peter Williams, jun. a descendant of Africa.

Propagation of Truth, or Tyranny Anatomized. 8vo. T. Fleet, Boston.

Sketches of Man as he is, connected with present and past modes of education. T. Fleet, Boston.

A Sermon, preached at Lee, December 20th, 1807, being the next Lord's day after the interment of Mr. Jonathan Thacher, who died December 14, 1807, aged 27 years, and of Mrs. Mary Ingersoll, who died the day following, aged 44 years. By Alvan Hyde, A. M. pastor of the church in Lee.

Memoirs of Edward Tyng, Esq. of Boston; and of hon. William Tyng, Esq. of Goshen. By the Rev. Timothy Alden, jun. 8vo. pp. 8. Boston, Munroe, Francis, & Parker. 1808.

A Discourse on the present state of education in Maryland, delivered before the hon. the General Assembly, on Thursday, December 31, 1807. By Samuel Knox, A. M. Principal of Baltimore college. price 25 cents.

No. 2, of vol. 1, of the American Artillerist's Companion, or Elements of Artillery. By Louis Toussard. Philadelphia, C. & A. Conrad & Co.

Six Essays on the subject of laying a tax on dogs, addressed to the legislature of Pennsylvania. By Joseph H. Fleming. Philadelphia. price 12½ cents.

A narrative of the extraordinary case of Stockton *versus* Hopkins; with an appendix, containing the principal evidence on both sides. copies of the affidavits, &c. &c. Philadelphia, Matthew Carey.

The question of War with Great Britain, examined upon Moral and Christian Principles; A Sermon. Boston, Snelling & Simons, printers. 8vo. pp. 14. price 12½ cents.

No. 1, of the Substitute; containing The Peacock at Home, being a sequel to The Butterfly's Ball. By a Lady. To which is added, The Butterfly's Ball. New York, D. Longworth. price 25 cents.

The new Militia Law of Maryland, with a complete Index, referring to each section, officer's pay, rations, &c. Callender & Willis, Baltimore, price 25 cents.

An Oration, delivered before the Medical Society of South Carolina, at their anniversary meeting, December 24, 1807, and published at their request. By Joseph Johnson, M. D. President of the Medical Society of South Carolina.

Nos. 7 and 8, being the concluding numbers of the Charms of Literature. New York.

Out of Place; or, The Lake of Lausanne; a musical farce, in two acts, never before published; also, Love and Friendship; or Yankee Notions. A farce in 2 acts. By A. B. Lindsley. New York.

Twenty two Sermons on the prophecies, to be accomplished from the present time, until the new heavens and earth are created, when the New Jerusalem will come down from Heaven. By Elias Smith.

NEW EDITIONS.

A Treatise on Gardening. By a native of Virginia. Petersburg, Virg. Somerwell & Conrad, and John Dickson.

An alarm to unconverted Sinners, in a serious treatise, shewing what conversion is not, and correcting some mistakes about it; whereunto is added, Diverse Practical Cases of Conscience, judiciously resolved. By Joseph Alleine, late minister of the gospel at Taunton, in Somersetshire, England. price 92 cents. W. Tuttle & Co. Newark, N. J.

Letters from England. By Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella, translated from the Spanish. Second American edition, 2 vols. Price 1 doll. 75. New York. D. Longworth.

Devotional Exercises, for the use of young persons, containing Reflections and a prayer for each morning and evening in the week. By Charles Wellbeloved. First American, from the third English edition, pp. 25 cents. Boston, Andrews & Cummings.

An Elementary Treatise on Pleading in Civil Actions. By Edward Lawes, of the Inner Temple. First American, from the first London edition. Portsmouth, N. H. published by Thomas & Tappan. From the press of S. Sewall. 8vo. pp. 246.

Dr. Reece's Domestick Medical Guide, for the use of families and young practitioners, or students in medicine and surgery; being a complete practical system of modern domestick medicine. Philadelphia, Hopkins & Earle.

An Epitome of Chemistry, in three parts. By William Henry. The fourth edition much enlarged, and illustrated with plates. Price 3 dollars. New York, Collins & Perkins.

The Book of Common Prayer, and administration of the Sacrament, and rites and ceremonies of the church, according to the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the United States of America; together with the psalter or psalms of David. Price 1 dollar. Baltimore, Warner & Hanna.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Thomas B. Wait & Co. of Portland, have in the press, and will speedily publish, Commentaries on the Laws of England, in four books. By Sir William Blackstone, Knt. one of the justices of his Majesty's Court of Common Pleas. From the last London edition, with the last corrections of the author; and with notes and additions, by Edward Christian, Esq. Chief Justice of the Isle of Ely, and the Downing Professor of the laws of England in the University of Cambridge. The work will be printed in 4 large octavo volumes. An elegant likeness of Judge Blackstone will be given as a frontispiece to the first volume, and the second will contain Tables of Consanguinity and descents, handsomely engraved. Christian's notes will be incorporated in the body of the work; which has been done in the latest London, but never in any American edition. Subscriptions received at the bookstore of Etheridge & Bliss, Boston. Price to subscribers, 3 dollars per volume, in boards, to be paid for as the several volumes shall be printed and delivered.

Belcher & Armstrong, of this town, have in the press, The Histories of Greece, Rome, and South and North America; designed for the use of schools. By the Rev. Mr. Cooper. To be comprised in one volume, 12mo.

Corinna, or Italy. By Madam de Stael Holstein, authoress of Delphine, and other works of merit. Philadelphia, Hopkins & Earle.

Walker's Key to the Classical Pronunciation of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Scripture proper names. Philadelphia, Hopkins & Earle.

WORKS ANNOUNCED.

Ebenezer P. Cady, New London, Con. proposes republishing by subscription, Some thoughts concerning the present revival of Religion in New England, and the way in which it ought to be acknowledged and promoted; in 5 parts. By Jona. Edwards, A. M. pastor of a church in Northampton. Published at Boston, A. D. 1712. The edition to be printed in one 8vo. volume, containing about 300 pages. Price 1 dollar, bound.

Thomas B. Wait & Co. propose printing, by subscription, Practical observations on the management of Ruptures. In two parts. By William Hall Timbrel, Esq. From the third London edition; illustrated with three engravings. To be handsomely printed in 1 vol. 12mo. containing about 100 pages. Price to subscribers, 1 dollar bound, 80 cents in boards.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

WE have now the satisfaction to announce, that the publick will shortly be gratified by the publication of all that was finished of Mr. Fox's Work, the manuscript of which has just been disposed of at an unprecedented price. It appears to have been Mr. Fox's design to unfold the causes which led to the revolution, and the final overthrow of the House of Stuart, by a detailed history of the reign of James the Second; and to give, in an introduction, such a view of the period immediately preceding as might be necessary to illustrate and to account for many of the events he would have to record. The manuscript that he has left comprises the introduction here spoken of, (which contains much interesting matter relative to the plots, and the general state of parties, in the reign of Charles the Second) and two chapters of the History of James the Second, extending from his accession to the execution of the Duke of Monmouth. These are all in a finished state, and executed in a manner worthy of the talents of their author; and we have now only to lament that this should be the whole of so important an undertaking which the publick engagements of that illustrious statesman allowed him leisure to complete. The work will form one volume in quarto; it will be accompanied by a preface from the pen of Mr. Fox's noble relative, Lord Holland, and an appendix, consisting of a considerable number of very curious and important state papers connected with the period of the history.

Mr. Bower has made considerable progress in a work which is intended to exhibit a complete delineation of the life of Luther, and of the effects of that life upon the great revolution to which he has given a name. Mr. Bower has explored the original and voluminous documents respecting Luther, with which his own times, and those immediately succeeding, abounded; he has carefully analysed the whole of Luther's writings; and is persuaded that the materials which he has collected furnish much information which has not hitherto been laid before the British publick, respecting the character and progress of this extraordinary man, respecting the gradual formation of his mind during the period of his education, the gradual expansion of his views during his efforts for the reformation of the church; and the character which the peculiarity of his mind stamped upon the reformation itself.

Mr. G. Guttleib, is preparing for the press, an account of his travels in North America, in the years 1806 and 1807. The work will be illustrated with a considerable number of wood cuts.

An edition of Dryden's works, edited by Mr. Walter Scott, has been announced as nearly ready for publication.

The friends of the late Rev. George Walker, F. R. S. President of the Literary Society of Manchester, and the publick at large, will learn with pleasure, that his third and fourth volumes of Sermons, together with a new edition of the first and second, will appear in the course of the month. His two volumes of Essays, Philosophical, Literary and Moral, in the course of a few months; to which will be prefixed Memoirs of his Life.

The following interesting intelligence, respecting vaccination among the Hottentots, has been communicated by Mr. Latrobe, to W. Blair, Esq. of Great Russel-street. It is contained in the diary of the Mission at Bariaanskloof, dated Sept. 17, 1807. "While we were at Cape-Town, to present a congratulatory address to Lord Caledon, our present governour, we were informed of the wish of government, that the Hottentots both at the Cape, and in the country, might be inoculated with the cow-pox, to prevent the ravages made by that malignant disorder, the small-pox. Indeed there was a positive order for the introduction of vaccination among them, understanding how beneficial the effects of it had proved, we were the more ready to undertake it, and went to the town-house, where it was performing under the inspection of a magistrate, by eight surgeons. There was a great crowd, through which we worked our way to the surgeons, from whom we received the necessary instructions, and a bottle with matter was given us to take home to Bariaanskloof. With a view to begin, we immediately inoculated our Hottentot servant, who willingly submitted to the operation. After our return to Bariaanskloof, we made known to our congregation the wish of government, that all the Hotentots would suffer themselves to be inoculated, and our people readily consented. The above mentioned servant got several very fine pustules, without sickness or inconvenience, (at least nothing worth mentioning;) and the child of one of the missionaries being also inoculated with the best effect, we thereby obtained good wholesome matter from healthy subjects, preferable to that we brought with us, which was rather dry. First we inoculated one hundred persons who all did well. The most of them had several pustules, but were not properly ill or feverish to any great degree, and to this day we have performed the operation on about six hundred Hottentots, with the best effects."

EDITORS' NOTES.

WE have received, we presume from New York, an anonymous letter, animadverting upon our review of Miller's Letters on episcopacy in the Anthology for last November. The communication would occupy eight at least of our most closely printed pages; and this would be a sufficient reason for not giving it place, even if it were ever so proper or practicable for Reviewers to involve themselves in controversy with every man, who is dissatisfied with their decisions. The writer will triumph, no doubt, when we assure him, that nothing will induce us to enter the lists with the collector or the authors of the "Essay on Episcopacy."

The differences of opinion between this correspondent and ourselves, about which much of his letter is employed, we beg leave to state for the information of our readers.

He thinks it of as much importance to ascertain the external order of the primitive church, as to ascertain any of the *doctrines* of christianity. We do not.

He thinks that the assertion of the *jus divinum* of diocesan Episcopacy (which, let it ever be remembered, implies, that all other than Episcopalian ministers are no ministers at all, and have no right to serve in holy things,) is very charitable and very proper, especially in this country, where there is no publick establishment of christianity. We do not.

But as he professes to point out several mistakes in our review, it

may not be useless to attend to them. He accuses us of having represented Dr. Hobart as the aggressor in the present controversy at New York. Certainly we carefully avoided such an assertion; and if this is the impression, which is conveyed by our statement, it results only from the simple detail of facts. For Mr. Hobart's justification, however, we are entirely willing to refer our readers to his "Apology for Apostolick order."

He blames us for terming the non-juring bishop of Scotland who ordained Bishop Seabury, *extra-regular*, and laughs at us for not knowing, "that episcopal consecration alone is necessary to episcopal authority." To be sure, we do not pretend to know so much of the mysterious transmission of spiritual power as the writer, and perhaps were simple enough to suppose that a bishoprick is necessary to a bishop; but, after reading the eleventh lecture of Dr. Campbell, we acknowledge that the term *extra-regular* appeared to us one of the most gentle we could use.

The letter writer thinks it a great proof of our ignorance, that we should refer to two plain pages of Jerome, as an argument against episcopal pretensions, when "there are innumerable passages in this father, that assert the apostolick institution of bishops." Who ever doubted this? And what man acquainted with the controversy does not know, that this very circumstance renders his testimony in the passages, to which we referred so very important, and as the letter writer well knows so unequivocal. A similar remark applies to Eutychius, whom the writer thinks Dr. Miller knows more about than we do. This may be, and yet the testimony of Eutychius be very important. Fortunately, we did "know that he was a patriarch of the 10th century," and we did know too, that Pearson, notwithstanding this, has taken the utmost pains to invalidate his testimony, and, in the opinion of Gibbon, without success. As to Dodwell's concession, bishops and presbyters are not to be found as distinct orders in the New Testament, which Dr. Miller has asserted, and which the correspondent challenges him to prove, though we are not obliged to furnish Dr. Miller with authorities, yet our accuser may find something very like this concession in the Parænesis, especially No. 14.

We readily acknowledge that, when we asserted, that the episcopal controversy had been wisely suffered to sleep in this country, since the time of Drs. Chauncey and Chandler, we did not recollect the dispute occasioned by the sermons of Dr. Stiles. Indeed it was little known out of Connecticut, where it originated. But "if it had been the plan of this letter writer to supply *all* our deficiencies, he *might* have reminded us also of another controversy of nearly the same date between a clergyman of Portsmouth, N. H and a congregational minister in his neighbourhood.

Before this gentleman writes another letter, or prints this, we beg leave to remind him, that it is one thing to maintain that the earliest constitution of the christian church was episcopal, and another to assert that this form is essential to the very existence of christian churches, and that those, who are not *episcopally* ordained, are wholly unauthorized to administer the duties and offices of christian teachers. These are two very distinct questions; and it is not by dexterously confounding them, that any controversialist will ultimately gain the confidence or assent of careful and candid readers.

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

APRIL, 1808.

For the Anthology.

THE BOTANIST, No. 14.

"——— last the bright consummate FLOWER
"Spirits odorous breathes." MILTON.

ONCE more we hail with gratitude the returning spring! In winter, when the earth is bound up with ice, and covered with a bed of snow; when the trees are divested of their leaves, and appear dead; and the very herbage seems annihilated, then "the lord of the soil" casts his eyes over the barren waste with a sigh. As his reason alone could not lead him to believe, that the tree would ever again blossom, or the earth be again clothed with a beautiful carpet of vegetables, so his heart sinks within him, from a fearful apprehension, that the LORD OF ALL is unmindful of his necessities. This, ye 'legislators! is the period, when you should, in imitation of the churches of Rome and of England, appoint your *days of humiliation and solemn fasts:* for it is at this gloomy season that man feels his dependency on *a power above him.* But when the sun so diffuses its warmth through the air, as to loosen the flinty brook, and edge it with green; and when the full bladed grass appears, and awakened nature sees a new creation, then the husbandman exclaims, with exultation, "MAN IS NOT FORGOTTEN!" for here and there are pledges of an adorable reminescence, and traits of a wonderful renovation! Then seize, legislators! this season of returning spring for your *national thanksgivings,* when every sense and every heart is joy. If in winter the husbandman

"——— marks not the MIGHTY HAND
"That ever busy, wheels the silent
"spheres,"

he cannot miss it

"in the fair profusion that o'erspreads
"the spring."

The poets have conveyed their ideas of spring, by describing this genial season, as a youth of most beautiful air and shape, with a blooming countenance, expressive of satisfaction and joy, and clothed in a flowing mantle of green, interwoven with flowers; a chaplet of roses on his head, a *narcissus* in his hand, while primroses and violets spring up under his feet.* The or-

* The poets have described spring, accompanied by Flora on one hand, and Vertumnus on the other; and immediately followed by a stern figure, in shining armour; this is *Mars,* who they say has long usurped a place among the attendants of spring.

nament and pride of spring, Milton's "*bright consummate flower*," must therefore be the theme of our present number.

Every one may think that he knows precisely what is a *flower*: it is however remarkable, that botanists have been not a little puzzled in fixing their definition of it. The celebrated French botanist *Tournefort* tells us, that "a flower is a part of a plant *very often* remarkable for its peculiar colours, *for the most part*, adhering to the young fruit, to which it *seems* to afford the first nourishment, in order to explicate its most tender parts." Is this a definition? *Pontedera*, in his *Anthology*, tells us that "a flower is a part of a plant unlike the rest in form and nature." *Jussien* says that "*that* is properly a flower, which is composed of stamina and of a pistillum." But some flowers have no pistillum. *Vaillant* advanced one step beyond his predecessors, and asserts that "the flower ought, strictly speaking, to be reckoned the organs, which constitute the different sexes in plants: for that the petals, which immediately envelope them, are only the coats to cover and defend them," but he adds, "these coats are the most conspicuous, and most beautiful parts of the composition; and therefore to these, according to the common idea, shall I give the name of flower." *Martyn* went a little farther, and defined "a flower to be the organs of generation of both sexes, adhering to a common placenta, together with their common coverings." Nay, if we consult Johnson's Dictionary for a definition, we shall find that "*a flower is that part of a plant which contains the seeds*," which definition is more applicable to a peapod. The early botanists meant by the term *anthus*, *flos*, or *flower*, what is now understood in common conversation by that term, namely, the rich and delicate looking painted leaves or petals, which adhere to the seed vessel, or rudiment of the future fruit. In truth, botany was unknown to the ancients, as a science. They had no distinct term to express the petals of a flower, so as to distinguish it from the green leaves of the plant. *Virgil*, in describing his amellus, which is a species of aster, the flower of which has a yellow middle and purple rays, and calls it a golden flower surrounded with purple leaves. All his translators, excepting Martyn, the botanist, have mistaken his description

"Aureus ipse [flos] sed in foliis, quæ plurima circum
"Funduntur, violæ sublucet purpura nigræ." GEORG. IV.

Addison makes the *leaves* of the plant purple. Dryden makes the *bough* purple; and Trapp gives the *stem* a golden hue. All this confusion has arisen for want of a word in the Latin language to express the *petals* of the corolla, as distinct from the common *leaves* of the plant. Modern botanists have borrowed the word πέταλον from the Greek to express the beautiful rich leaves of the flower merely; and thus they avoid all ambiguity in description.* We make no apology for this dry discussion. Our aim is perspicuity rather than elegance. We wish to give the student of nature a less confused idea of a flower than he commonly finds in books; and we hope we shall give him a distinct idea of the beautiful but complicated thing before us.

Since the adoption of the sexual system, the petals, which excite the admiration of the florist, are considered by the botanist, as coverings

* See Lee's Botany, p. 4.

only to the essential parts of the flower. A flower, therefore, in modern botany, differs from the same term in former writers, and from the common acceptation of it; for the calyx, the petals, nay, the filaments of the stamina may all be wanting, and yet it is a flower, provided the anthers and stigma can be traced. The *essence* of a flower then consists in the anthera and the stigma; and they constitute a flower, whether they be supported by a calyx, or surrounded by a petal, or petals, forming that chaplet, coronet, or little crown denominated in Latin, *corolla*. A patient observer may find these nice distinctions illustrated in *ferns*, *mosses*, *mushrooms*, *lichens* and *sea-weeds*.

Let us now examine a complete or perfect flower; and let us first look at

The CALYX; which originally meant the green bottom of a rose bud; but it is now extended to that green flower cup, which is generally composed of five small leaves; and which incloses, sustains and embraces the corolla, or painted petals, at the bottom of every flower, and, indeed, envelopes it entirely before it opens, as in the rose. The calyx which accompanies almost all other flowers, is wanting in the tulip, the hyacinth, the narcissus, and indeed the greater part of the liliacious tribe. The admirably accurate GREW called this part of the flower "*the empalement*," and defines it to be the outermost part of the flower, encompassing the other two, namely, the corolla, or what Grew called "*the foliature*," and the stamina and pistillum, which he called "*the attire*."

The terms *perianthum*, *involucrum*, *amenthum*, *spatha*, *gluma*, *calyptra* and *volva*, are but different appellations of the varied calyx. LINNÆUS tells us, that the calyx is the termination of the cortical epidermis, or outer bark of the plant; which, after accompanying the trunk or stem through all its branches, breaks out at the bottom of the flower, in the form of the flower-cup. In the sexual system, or, as some will have it, the allegory of the illustrious Swede, the calyx is called the *thalamis floris*. The calyx is rarely one entire piece, but of several, one laid over the other. This structure serves to keep the whole flower or composition tight; and at the same time, allows it to recede, as the parts of fructification increase in size: it is like slackening the laces of the stays, stomachers or bodices, in cases and circumstances not entirely dissimilar. Flowers standing on a firm basis, as tulips, have no calyx; but where the foot of each petal is long, slender and numerous, as in pinks, they are kept within compass by a double calyx. In a few instances, the calyx is tinctured with a different colour than green; and then it is not easy to distinguish the painted calyx, from the painted corolla. Linnæus however gives this simple rule; the corolla, in point of situation, is ranged *alternately* with the stamina; whereas, the segments of the calyx stand opposite to the stamina. Thus much for the calyx.

The COROLLA is the circle of beautiful coloured leaves, which stand within the calyx, forming a chaplet, composed of a petal or petals; for so we call those delicately painted leaves, which excel in beauty every other part of the plant. In the piony, the petals are blood red; in our garden lilly, a rich and delicate white; and in tulips and violets, charmingly variegated. The number of petals in a flower is to be reckoned from the base of the corolla; and the number of the seg-

ments from the middle of it. If the petals are quite distinct at the bottom, the flower is said to be polypetalous, or to consist of more petals than one; but if the petals are united at bottom, though ever so slightly, then the flower is monopetalous, or consist of one petal only; thus the cranberry is monopetalous and not tetrapetalous, because, though the petals fall off in four distinct parts, they were originally united at the base.* A bell-shaped flower consists of one petal, and is denominated *corolla campanulata*, and a funnel-shaped flower *corolla infundibuliformis*; a gaping flower *corolla ringens*; but the *corolla cruciformis* consists of four petals; and the butterfly shaped flower, or *corolla papilionacea*, consists of five petals, as in the pea blossom. The number *five* is most remarkably predominant in the petals of flowers.

There are, moreover, irregular flowers, consisting of dissimilar parts, which are generally accompanied with a *nectarium*, as in the larkspur. The nectarium, so called from nectar, the fabled drink of the gods, is that part or appendage of the petals, appropriated for containing, if not secreting the honey, whence it is taken by the bees. All flowers are not provided with this receptacle for honey, although it is probable that every flower has a honey-secreting gland. The irregularity of the form and position of this receptacle frequently puzzles young botanists. Sometimes the nectarium makes part of the calyx; sometimes it is seated upon the anthera, and sometimes it is fixed in the common base or receptacle of the plant. Plants in which the nectaria are distinct from the petals, that is, not lodged within their substance, are generally poisonous.† If the nectarium do not exist as a distinct visible part, it probably exists as a pore or pores in every plant.‡ It may hereafter be demonstrated, that this secretory apparatus is primarily necessary to the fructification of the plant itself. *Rousseau* says, that the nectaria are one of those instruments destined by nature to unite the vegetable to the animal kingdom, and to make them circulate from one to another. A flower and an insect have great resemblance to each other. An insect is nourished by honey. May it not be needful that the flower, during the process of fructification, should be nourished by honey from the nectaries? Sugar is formed in the joints of the canes, for, perhaps, a similar purpose.

STAMINA PISTILLA: within the corolla stands, what Grew called the *attire*; but what are now called the *stamens* and *pistils*, which in the sexual system, and Linnæan hypothesis of generation, are the most important organs of a plant; for on the number and respective position of the stamens and pistils, that prince of botanists has founded his famous *sexual system*.

The stamina are filaments or threads issuing from about the middle of the flower. Each stamen or thread is surmounted by a prominence or button, containing a fine powder. This protuberance is called the anthera, which is a capsule with one, two, or more cavities. See *Grew*'s graphick descriptions, from plate 55 to 64 inclusive, where these capsules, with their pollen are finely delineated. The summit of each stamina is called by way of

* Philosoph. Botan. Linnæi.

† Philosoph. Botan.

‡ All the *grasses* have nectarias. In the Passion flower, it is a triple crown or glory.

pre-eminence, *anthera*, or *flower*. It contains the *pollen*, which term means in Latin the very fine dust in a mill. Some conceive this dust to be infinitesimally small eggs or seeds, or rather organick particles, *molecules*; others compare it to the seminal fluid in animals. This pollen, or fecundating power is very conspicuous in the tall white garden lilly. This powder is collected by the bees; and is formed, by some secret process in their bodies, into wax; which is a singular species of vegetable oil, rendered concrete by a peculiar acid in the insect.

The *pistillum*, which is the Latin word for a pestle, stands in the centre of the flower: this term has been adopted, from the fancied resemblance of a pestle in a mortar. It is placed on the germen, or seed bud; its summit is called stigma, and, in many flowers, resembles that bone of the arm, denominated the *os humeri*; but its form varies in different kind of flowers. The surface of the stigma is covered with a glutinous matter, to which the fœcundating powder of the antheræ adheres.

The *germen* is then the base of the pistillum, and contains the rudiments of the seed, which in the process of vegetation, swells and becomes the seed vessels. It answers to the ovarium, or rather uterine apparatus of animals. The pericarpium is the germen, grown to maturity, or the plant big with seed.

The *receptacle* is the base, which connects the before mentioned parts together.

Fructification is a very significant term: it is derived from *fructus*, fruit; and *facio*, to make: we are not entirely satisfied with the definition, which our great master has given of this compounded word; he says, it is a temporary part of plants appropriated to generation, terminating the old vegetable, and beginning the new. We have just described the seven parts of fructification; when recapitulated, they are in order, as follows: (1) The *calyx*. (2) The *corolla*. (3) The *stamina*. (4) The *pistillum*. (5) The *germen* or *pericarpium*. (6) The *seed*; and (7) the *receptacle*.

Having described the seven several component parts of that curious offspring of a plant, denominated a *flower*, we have now leisure to make a few remarks on the whole composition. We cannot readily believe, with most botanists, that the petals, or to take them collectively, the corolla, have no other use, in the vegetable economy, than merely to cover and guard the sexual organs. It militates against one of the most conspicuous laws of nature, where we never see a complicated contrivance, for a simple end or purpose; but always the reverse. There is a *breathing*, or pulmonary system, in every vegetable; an artery belongs to each portion of the corolla, which conveys the vegetable blood to the extremities of the petal, there exposing it to the light and to the air, under a delicate membrane, which covers the internal surface of the petal, where it often changes its colour, as is beautifully seen in party coloured tulips and poppies.* The vegetable blood is collected at the extremities of, what Darwin calls, the coral-arteries, and is returned by correspondent veins, exactly as in the green foliage.

It is presumed, that this breathing, and circulating structure, has, for its end, the sustenance of the anthers and stigma; as well as for the secretion of honey, wax and es-

* See Darwin's Phytologia.

sential oil, and for perfecting the prolifick powder. The poetical author of the "*Botanick Garden*," imagines, that, as the glands, which secrete the honey, and the wax, and which perfect the pollen, and prepare and exalt the odoriferous essential oil, are generally attached to the petals, and always fall off and perish with it, it is an evidence that the vegetable blood is elaborated, or *oxygenated* in this pulmonary system of the flower, for the express purpose of these important secretions. I leave to the philosophick botanist to determine, whether there be more of hypothesis than demonstration in this assertion. We should, however, bear in mind this fact, that as the green leaves constitute the organs of respiration to the leaf-buds, so the bractes perform the same office to the flower buds.

Assuredly there are few things in nature, that delight the eye and regale the smell, like what Milton calls, "*the bright consummate flower.*" Some of them far exceed the finest feathers, the most brilliant shells, or the most precious stones, or costly diamonds. This appears to have been the judgment of the learned and tasteful, in all ages. The term *flower*, has been always used to express the most excellent and valuable part of a thing; it is synonimous with embellishment, or ornament; it is used to express the prime, acme or perfection, of an individual in the animal kingdom, as well as the most distinguished and most valuable mental acquirement, as the flower of the army, the flower of chivalry. To say, that "he cropt the flowers of every virtue," is to express all that can be conceived of human perfection.

By the expressive term of *fructification*,* botanists mean, not only the evanescent flower, but the green or imperfect fruit, for they cannot well be separated, as a growing plant like a living animal, remains not the same, but is continually changing; hence fructification is defined by Linnæus to be a temporary part of vegetables, terminating the old vegetable and beginning the new. The perfection of the vegetable consists in its fructification; the essence of the fructification consists in the flower and fruit; the of the essence flower consists in the antheræ and stigma; and the essence of the fruit consists in the seed, and the essence of the seed consists in the corculum, which is fastened to the cotyledon, and the essence of the corculum consists in the plumula, which is the *punctum vitæ* of the plant itself, very minute in its dimensions, but capable, by the combination of extrinsick caloric with its innate oxygen of increasing like a bud to infinity.

From this view of the produce of fructification, the disciples of Linnæus have learnt the following principles;

1st. That every vegetable is furnished with flower and fruit; there being no species where these are wanting.

2d. That there is no fructification without anthera, stigma, and seed.

3d. That the antheræ and stigma constitute a flower, whether the petals, or corolla be present or not.

4th. That the seed constitutes a fruit, whether there be a pericarpium or not.†

Linnæus's theory of fructifica-

* Fructification comprehends the *now* state of the flower, and the *futurition* of the fruit.

† See Lee's epitome of the works of Linnæus. Chap. ix.

tion is this; he supposes, that the medullary part of a plant, that is to say, the pith, must be joined with the external, or cortical part, for the purpose of producing a new one. If the medulla be so vigorous as to burst through its containing vessels, and thus mix with the cortical part, a bud is produced, either on the branches or the roots of vegetables; otherwise the medulla is extended till it terminates in the pistillum, or female part of the flower; and the cortical part is likewise elongated, till it terminates in the antheræ, or male part of the flower; and then the fecundating dust, from the latter, being joined to the prolifick juices of the former, produces the seeds, or new plants; at the same time, the inner rind is extended into the petals or corolla, and the outer bark into the calyx.* This view of a plant will illustrate the assertion in a former number, that the seven essential parts, discoverable in the section of a trunk of a tree, may be discerned in its blossom.

Plants, more especially, "the bright consummate flower," SPIRITS ODOROUS BREATHE. On what does this agreeable odour depend? The chemists say, on the oil; but this is not going far enough. The agitation of this matter must be postponed to next month.

* See Darwin, p. 83.

SKETCH OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

THE university of Glasgow owes its origin to the literary zeal of William Turnbull, who, in the year 1450, when he occupied the episcopal chair of this see, laid the foundation of the institution, by establishing a teacher of theology, and three professors of philosophy. From this, its infantile state, the progress of the college was, in the first instance, slow, but uniform. New professorships were created, as the advancing state of literature indicated a necessity for such additions to the establishment; while the more general diffusion of science, effected by this and other academical institutions, reciprocated the advantage in the powerful stimulus which it gave to the vigour and activity of their exertions. During the last forty years, the progress of the college has been more than usually rapid. The celebrity attached to the names of several of the professors has attracted students from every part of the kingdom; and the instructions of Adam Smith, of Reid, of Anderson, and Miller, have been sought for and received with an eagerness proportioned to their merits. This prosperity continues to the present day with unabated vigour; the number of students is annually increased, and the size of many of the lecture rooms is now found completely inadequate to the purposes for which they were originally designed. The chairs of the university still continue to be occupied by men of learning and talent; the dependence of whose interests on their exertions, gives the fairest pledge of the future progress and utility of the institution.

The college buildings are situated in the High street of Glasgow, at a distance of a quarter of a mile from the cross which forms the centre of the city. Though displaying few of the ornamental beauties of architecture, they nevertheless inter-

give his vote on different questions, relating to the concerns of the college; to contend for the prizes proposed in the several classes, as well as for the publick prizes of the university, and to offer himself for the degree of Master of Arts, after having accomplished his academical career. The publick student is characterized, externally, by a scarlet gown, or *toga*, which hangs loosely from the shoulders over the whole body, and, when not invaded by the rents or rustiness of age, has an appearance far from displeasing. The *non togati*, or private students, as they are more commonly and familiarly termed, in their relation to the business and forms of the college, are placed very nearly on the same footing, as the whole body of students at Edinburgh. They simply fee the professors, and attend the lectures: no restriction being imposed upon them as to the objects of their study, or the punctuality and perseverance of their attention to these objects. The students of theology, medicine, mathematicks, and law, as well as those engaged in the minor pursuits of natural history, elocution, &c. are all brought under the general description of *non togati*, unless connected at the same time with some one or other of the publick classes, as is not unfrequently the case. The number of publick and private students attending the college is usually very nearly equal. During the last session, the total number of students exceeded nine hundred, of whom, it is probable that about seven hundred were natives of Scotland, a hundred and fifty of Ireland, and that the remainder were either Englishmen or foreigners.

When a young man, of seventeen or eighteen years of age, enters the college, with a view of becoming a publick student, he not unfrequently omits the Latin and Greek classes, and beginning at once with that of logick, pursues his course forwards through the classes of moral and natural philosophy. This step, however, can only be taken where there is a considerable previous acquaintance with the Greek language, as the laws of the university, render it necessary for every student, on entering into any one of the publick classes, to submit himself to an examination from the professor of the preceding year, with a view of ascertaining the extent of his capacity and progress. Thus the student passing from the Latin to the Greek class, is examined by the professor of Latin: when he proceeds to the logick class, an examination is made of his proficiency in Greek; and the same system is pursued throughout his whole course of publick study. These examinations, which take place during the second month of each session, are attended by the principal of the college, and by the professor, into whose class the students to be examined are then entering. The ceremony is named a *profession*, or, not unfrequently, the *black stone examination*, from the circumstance of the student, *sub judice*, being seated on a large black stone chair, before the professors. The whole transaction is of an imposing nature, and may certainly be regarded as productive of beneficial consequences to the prosperity of the college.

It may here not be uninteresting to follow the steps of the student through these several gradations of academical education, accompanying his progress by a brief account of the general mode of study pursued in each of the classes which have been mentioned.

Previously to his admission into

the Latin or Humanity class, it is necessary that every student should have made himself acquainted with the rudiments of the language, and with a few of the elementary writers.* In the instance of those who are residents in Glasgow, or the neighbourhood, this is usually done by a continuance of four years at the publick grammar school of the town; an institution, well conducted and numerously attended. No peculiarity of moment is observable in the management of the publick business of the Latin class. Passages from the different classicks are appointed as objects for the attention of the student: examinations take place on these passages, and translations and exercises are prescribed with a view to expedite his progress in the acquirement of the language. That the instructions of the professor may be accommodated, in some measure, to the progress of the students, the class is divided into two bodies, the *seniores* and *juniores*; the former are those who have been among the *juniores* of the preceding year, and who still continue to pursue their Latin studies, though more immediately connected with the Greek class, the next in the order of succession. The number of students in the Humanity class has, of late years, considerably exceeded two hundred; few of these, however, are more than fifteen or sixteen years of age. The present professor of this department is Mr. Richardson, the author of some ingenious and interesting essays on the dramatick characters of Shakespeare.

The Greek class is the second into which the student enters, in the course of his publick academical progress. At the commencement of the session, devoted to this study, he makes his profession of Latin, by submitting to an examination on a series of Latin authors, selected by himself for the occasion. A small prize is usually given to the student, whose merits in this examination have been the most conspicuous. In the Greek class, as well as the Latin, a division is established among the students, for the purpose of facilitating the general means of in-

* At the Scotch universities, the term *humanity* is usually and familiarly applied to this department of education. Perhaps the following may be the theory of this application. By the Latin writers, the word *Humanitas* is employed to denote a cultivated intellect; a mind ameliorated and improved by an acquaintance with those liberal arts and sciences, which confer dignity upon the nature of man. In his oration for Archias, Cicero says, "ut me pro summo poetâ, atque eruditissimo homine, dicentem, hoc concursu hominum literatissimorum, hâc vestrâ humanitate patiamini de studiis humanitatis ac literarum paulo loqui liberius:" and again, "ab iis artibus quibus ætas puerilis ad humanitatem informari solet." During the middle ages, when the glooms of barbarity and superstition hung heavy over the west of Europe, a knowledge of the Latin language constituted the sole remaining link between the ignorance of the times, and those improvements in civilization and the arts, which had been made in the preceding ages of the Roman empire. By a conversion, perfectly natural in this peculiar state of things, the medium of acquisition was substituted for the acquisition itself; and the term *humanitas* was employed to designate that language, through which alone literature and the arts then existed to mankind. This application was adopted in many of the academical institutions established at that period; and the teacher of the Latin language was synonimously termed the Professor of Humanity. It may be remarked, at the same time, that it has been usual at Glasgow to connect a series of lectures on the belles lettres with the ordinary business of the Humanity class; a circumstance which seems, in some measure, to authorize the theory just stated, with regard to the present application of this term.

struction, and of adapting it to different stages of acquirement. Among the *juniores*, even the rudiments of the language are taught by the professor; with this deviation, however, from the practice of common schools, that very much is here left to the private exertions of the students themselves: a youth, who cannot resign a few hours of his daily domestick leisure to this pursuit, must give up the competition with his fellows, and suffer himself to be thrown, without opposition into the back-ground of the class. The present professor of Greek, Mr. Young, has occupied this chair, during a period of more than thirty years, with the highest credit to himself, and with the most important advantage to the interests and success of the university. It is a circumstance much to be regretted, that the eminent talents and extensive literary acquirements of this gentleman, are not more completely developed to the publick view. To those, more immediately connected with the college, he has long afforded a high gratification, by an annual course of private Greek lectures; in which, the elucidation of some of the finest writers in the language, and an exposition of the general principles of the grammar, are conducted with a degree of philological acumen, of happy illustration, and nervous eloquence, which at once informs the understanding and refines the taste of the hearer.

The profession, or publick examination, in Greek, is conducted on the same plan as that connected with the Latin department. The writers, from whose works selections are usually made for the purpose, are Homer, Anacreon, Sophocles, Euripides, Xenophon, and Demosthenes: a prize is generally given to those who distinguish themselves on the occasion. Having passed through this ordeal, the student enters into the logick or first of the philosophy classes. The zeal, perseverance, and ability of professor Jardine have long annexed a high degree of reputation to this department; and the lively emulation and animated industry which his judicious management creates among the students, have probably been the means of begetting, in many a youthful mind, that ardent love of philosophical pursuit, which impresses so noble a distinction on the after character of the man. Two hours are each day devoted to the business of this class; the first occupied by the lecture of the professor, to which the private, as well as publick, students are admitted: the second, exclusively confined to the examinations, and to a recitation of the essays composed by the publick students. In his course of lectures, professor Jardine has very judiciously refrained from entering, with minuteness, into the principles of the Aristotelian logick. The attention of the student is chiefly directed to a general view of the philosophy of the human mind; to a consideration of the origin and progress of language and of the several varieties of grammar, style and composition; and to a review of the different opinions with regard to the nature and modifications of taste. To assist his progress in these studies, and to communicate the habits of writing with facility and elegance of style, a series of essays is prescribed on subjects immediately connected with the business of the course. These essays are read in the class, and publickly commented upon by the professor: occasionally, the exercise prescribed to one student is a critique upon the performance of another; a practice which, though

disadvantageous on some accounts, is certainly, upon the whole, beneficial, from the powerful stimulus which it gives to the respective energies of the youthful writer and reviewer.

Having made his profession of logick, by an examination, conducted with considerable strictness, the student devotes the following session to the studies of the ethical or moral philosophy class. The distinguished reputation which this chair has derived from the venerable names of Hutcheson, of Smith, and of Reid, is still continued to it by the talents and exertions of professor Mylne, whose lectures are characterized by an acuteness of reasoning and liberality of sentiment, highly creditable to himself, and advantageous to the interests of the college. The metaphysical opinions of this gentleman differ in many essential particulars from those of his predecessor, Dr. Reid; and may, perhaps, upon the whole, be regarded as displaying a more general consistency with reason, and a greater freedom from the prejudices and partialities, natural to a controversialist. On all the disputed points, however, in metaphysicks and morals, Mr. Mylne studiously avoids the expression of any decided sentiment on his own part, while he endeavours to communicate to his students that clear and impartial understanding of the opposed arguments, which may furnish the most secure foundation for their own reasoning and conclusions. No examinations are connected with the business of this class, but essays are composed and publickly read, the subjects of which are, in some instances, prescribed by the professor; more frequently, however, the choice is committed to the discretion of the students themselves. Much attention is usually paid to the style and matter of these compositions, as upon their comparative excellence depend, in a great measure, the decision and distribution of the prizes at the close of the session. The subjects are, not unfrequently, those of a controversial nature; and the practical student of the human mind, might here be gratified by an observation of the state and progress of new-born opinions, on questions, which have agitated the learned world through so many succeeding ages and generations of men.

From the moral philosophy class, the student passes forward to the last in succession of the publick classes, that of natural philosophy. The clearness and precision with which Dr. Meikleham, the professor of this department, illustrates the general principles of physicks, by the aid of mathematical reasoning, experience a most insufficient return, in the languor and indifference with which all studies, having a relation to mathematical science, are here received. At this part of his academical career, the energies of the student seem to be suddenly suspended: even those youths, whose industry and abilities have enabled them to occupy the most eminent situation in the preceding classes, here relax all the vigour of their exertions, and sink silently and gradually into that dull fraternity, with which they had before been so proudly contrasted. An opinion, indeed, seems to have established itself among the students, that physical science is an object of inferior moment in a course of general study; that it is a pursuit of a lower and less dignified cast, than the abstract philosophy of mind and morals. There may be some doubt as to the most efficacious mode of counteracting the prevalence of this opinion; none, however, can possibly exist, as to the propriety or utility of such

a counteraction. In connection with the business of the natural philosophy class, Dr. Meikleham delivers a course of experimental philosophy, which likewise meets with much less attention than might be expected, from the interesting and important nature of the subject.

To be continued.

For the Anthology.

ORIGINAL LETTERS;

From an AMERICAN TRAVELLER in EUROPE, to his friends in this country.

LETTER SEVENTEENTH.

Naples, Dec. 30, 1804.

MY DEAR SISTER,

ADJOINING the august church of St. Peter's, at Rome, is the much celebrated papal palace of the Vatican. This, though not the ordinary, may be considered as the *state* residence of the popes. It is the place where, on grand occasions, the conclave assembles, and where, shut up in *small and solitary cells*, they proceed to fill up the vacancy in the *apostolick office*. The occasion of this singular imprisonment, was the intrigue which formerly prevailed, and often delayed the election of a pope; to prevent which, the Electoral College is confined till the election is made.

All the talents, wealth and taste possessed, or which could be bought by the influence of papal authority, has been exerted, in rendering this palace worthy of the dignity of the Roman church, and of the successor of St. Peter. In it are assembled, the chef d'œuvres of Grecian and Roman sculpture, and the incomparable performances of modern painters. The lodges, painted by the hand of *Raphael*, containing the story of the creation, and the history of the Jews, till the birth of our Saviour, are known to every man of taste. Being in Fresco, (or the walls) French cupidity could not remove, however it might covet them. The Sextine chapel, painted by Michael Angelo, and the chambers, begun by Raphael, and finished by his friend and pupil, Julio Romano, would alone suffice to render the Vatican the most interesting building in Europe. But the Vatican is wonderful in every view. Its position is delightful, commanding a view of the whole city and environs, bounded by the snow-covered Appennines. Its dimensions are incredible, containing, as it is said, 200 court yards, and 10,000 chambers. Certain it is, that it is so high, that they have made the great staircase of gentle ascent, so that mules pass and repass, quite to the top of the edifice, to supply the inhabitants with those necessaries, which would require too much *human labour* to furnish. The most extraordinary and interesting object in the Vatican, taken in all its views, is the very celebrated library, conceded to be the largest in the known world. The Bodleian library, at Oxford, has some pretensions

to be its rival in numbers, but in nothing else. The keeper of the Bodleian library remarked to me, that the Vatican *had* been larger, but since the plunder of the French it had ceased to be so. Now as the French, by treaty with the pope, were entitled only to 500 manuscripts, it could have but little effect on a library of 200,000 volumes. You have seen the library at our University, and when you fancy one fifteen times larger, you will form some opinion of the splendour of the Vatican. The rooms, in which the books are placed, are of a splendour proportionable to the magnificence of the establishment. The building is in the form of a T. The perpendicular part is about 200 feet long and the upper part 900 feet; which is four times as long as any single room devoted to the same purposes, which I have seen in any part of Europe. The coup d'œil, from one end to the other of this immense apartment, is very magnificent. The arrangement is correspondent to the magnificence, and the splendour of the apartments is not inferiour to either. Each particular subject, upon which the books treat, is placed in distinct alcoves. The books are inclosed in cases, which are shut up in front, to secure them from the effects of weather and light. Each compartment is marked with the subject or class of literature, contained in it, such as "Chaldean," Arabick," "Greek," for works in those languages. This order is universal. Every compartment is also enriched with a painting, illustrative of the subject. These paintings are all executed by the first artists, and as they well knew that their works would be exhibited to all the connoisseurs of Europe, each one has exerted himself to excel. The ingenuity and invention of the several painters are exquisite. They cannot be described or imagined. They must be seen in order to be felt.

Every inventor or improver of the arts of painting, or any of the other arts contributing to science or taste, is represented in different parts of this magnificent room. The inventors and distinguished promoters of different arts and sciences, have a place in this collection, so that the Vatican library is really interesting, as a series of historick paintings. One room is also devoted to the exhibition of the rudest specimens of paper and writing, and of the progressive improvement of those arts.

The museum Pium-Clementinum is another object of astonishment and delight, which the Vatican exhibits. It derives its name from *two popes*, to whose liberality and taste for the fine arts, it owes its origin and celebrity. When you are visiting the Musee Nationale, now called Musee Napolean at Paris, they take care to let you know that they have assembled the chef d'œuvres of Italy, and they insinuate, that they have left little to interest in any other part of the world. Proud even of their plunder, they add misrepresentation to injustice. Although the *three first pieces of sculpture* extant are undoubtedly collected at Paris from the spoils of the Vatican and of the Florence gallery, yet there are thousands of excellent works left, many of which are superiour to any in the Parisian collection, except the three chef d'œuvres above alluded to. Indeed when you know, that there are nearly 3000 pieces in the Capitoline and Clementine collections alone, and that the French only selected one hundred, and when you make due allowance for difference of taste,

(artists never having been agreed in their opinion of even the chef d'œuvres) you will easily conceive what a splendid assemblage is still left. In the Clementine collection, you find busts of almost every distinguished ancient; statues of almost every deity in the Roman mythology; consuls in their curule chairs; antique urns and vases; a large marble Roman triumphal car, or chariot, elegantly executed; lions; tigers; domestick animals in marble and bronze, most admirably finished; antique Mosaicks of exquisite workmanship, and a vast vase of porphyry, found in the Villa Adriana, at Tivoli, whose diameter is not less than 9 feet, and circumference 27; made of a single block of porphyry, one of the hardest stones known. This relick was the most striking object I noticed, though twelve or fourteen immense rooms are filled with remnants of ancient sculpture, calculated to excite admiration and delight.

Indeed one cannot refrain, when passing the splendid apartments of the Vatican, from the reflection, that there must be something in the air of Italy and Greece favourable to works both of taste and grandeur. *No people now existing* can shew any monuments equal to the palace of the Vatican and the church of St. Peter's, and if it were not for the remnants of antiquity, which this palace exhibits, one could hardly realize that the ancient Romans excelled the modern. The greatest publick buildings in Paris or London are pigmies, compared to those of modern Rome; but those of modern Rome are in a still greater degree inferiour to those of the ancient. The column of Trajan alone is a more splendid work than all Europe can exhibit since the revival of the arts.

The Museum at the Capitol is undoubtedly next to the Clementine. It is also a papal establishment. It consists of a most exquisite collection of fine statues and elegant busts. It would be but little gratification to my friends to give them a simple catalogue, and as to the attempt to describe a statue, I own it is a talent, not only which I do not possess, but of which I can form no conception.

I cannot, however, refrain from noticing a bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, of most exquisite workmanship, so natural, so animated in all its positions and attitudes, that the great Michael Angelo, by whose care it was erected after it was discovered, is said to have addressed the horse in a phrenzy of genius, "March, for thou knowest that thou art alive." I have bought a very humble representation of this exquisite model, from which my friends may be enabled to form some opinion of its excellence.

I hope, however, that at some future day we shall see our men of fortune advancing some part of their superfluity, in enriching their country with models of these admirable works.

I hold that it is as absolutely impossible to form a correct opinion of objects of taste, until we have good models, as it would be to form an opinion of a *seventh* sense. If we have now but bad specimens of painting, sculpture and architecture before our eyes, how is it possible ever to form a correct and chaste taste?

In our *country taverns*, you see the likenesses in terra cotta of the king and queen of France, held up to the admiration of the gazing clowns.

We have all of us seen good paintings enough to despise *them*.

but if we study a few months in the school of Raphael, Guido, Claude and Poussin; if we take a few lessons from the Apollo and the Venus de Medicis; if we apply ourselves to the remnants of ancient and to the best imitations in modern architecture; we shall consign many miserable paintings and prints to the vault of all the Capulets. We shall break the China images which decorate our chimney pieces, discard the ridiculous finery of our houses, reject superfluous, and add necessary ornaments, and not suffer every order of architecture to be confounded by our mechanicks, who have acquired all their knowledge of Grecian architecture in the "Builder's Assistant."

Your's, &c.

For the Anthology.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY.

ARTICLE V. *continued.*

THIS dialogue was written so early as the year 1305. There is no date to the printing, and that which we assigned, was through mistake, as we have since discovered by an account of the work in the British Librarian,* which declares it to have been printed previously to the edition in 1540, the first that bore the name of the author.

This celebrated tract is said to have given a "mortal wound to the temporal power of JOHN XXIII over princes."† OCCHAM was excommunicated by the Pope, and the masters of Paris condemned him for a heretick, and ordered his books to be burnt: but he found a protector and patron in Lewis of Bavaria, the Emperour, whose court was his sanctuary. LUTHER was very fond of his writings, which says FULLER, "he had at his finger's ends, OCCHAM being the sole schoolman in his library whom he esteemed."‡

"This notable little tract was written to silence the clergy, and answer their unreasonable expectations that the Pope might exercise a jurisdiction over the temporalities of princes, and the church be exempted from contributing of its riches in time of need, either for relief of the poor or the security of the nation:" and the argument is managed with great shrewdness, ingenuity, and wit.

It was published in English, with express privilege, by king Henry's printer, "*no doubt to forward and strengthen the* REFORMATION, *then in its infancy.*"

VI. HEARNE (THO.) Collection of curious discourses by eminent antiquaries. Oxford. 1720. 8vo.

This, and other works published by HEARNE; all "fine copies, on large paper," in above thirty volumes were sent by Mr. HOLLIS to the Library. In one of them is this note: "Way considerable has now been made with HEARNE's pieces. The rest shall be sent as they can be obtained; towards which attainment, neither money nor industry is

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* A compendious review or abstract of the most scarce, useful and valuable books, &c. 8vo. Lond. 1738.

† ib. page 5.

‡ Book of Martyrs, edit. 1576. fol. 376.

* British Librarian, p. 10.

wanting. Of some copies, *only an hundred were printed*, and almost all of them are scarce, the large paper copies especially. For one book only I know I am to pay *three guineas*, whenever I get it, with thanks." T. H.

Mr. HOLLIS was a virtuoso and antiquarian; and, indeed, in Great Britain these "curious discourses" might be of use; but we are unluckily reminded of the saucy wit of the poet.

"Pox on't, says Time to Thomas Hearne,
Whatever I forget, you learn!"

VII. A restitution of decayed intelligence in Antiquities, concerning the most noble and renowned English nation. By the study and labour of R. V. London, 1628 4to.

"This approved book is well known to be the work of RICHARD VERSTEGAN, a secular priest, who has printed his name at the end of the dedication to king JAMES. The first edition was published by himself at Antwerp, in the year 1605. The author was skilful in drawing and limning, and has embellished his work with several draughts, which are neatly graved, and have not a little advantaged the sale of the book; insomuch that there have been since, another edition of it in quarto, and two in octavo, but the impression of the cuts are therein worn faint, and not so valuable as those in the first editions."*

VIII. GAFFAREL (M. I.) Curiositez inouyes sur la sculpture talismanique des persans, Horoscope des Patriarches, et lecture des Estoilles. 12mo. 1637.

This is a very curious work, and is extremely scarce. It was written by the author at the age of twenty two, in defence and illustration of the mysterious doctrines of the Cabala and the occult philosophy, which he deeply imbibed, and which he exhibits in a most learned and ingenious manner.

GAFFAREL was born at Manners, in Provence, in 1601, and died 1681. He was educated at the university of Apt, and was Librarian to the Cardinal RICHELIEU, who sent him into Italy to collect books. He was also employed by his patron, in a project to reconcile the Protestants to the Roman Catholick religion; and, for this purpose, published his "Quæstio pacifica," in 1645. He was Abbot of Sigonce, Dean of Canon Law in the university of Paris, Prior of Le Revest de Brousse, and commandant of St. Omiel. But the work before us, which concentrates all the learning of antiquity upon the sublime speculations of judicial astrology, has rendered him most famous.

IX. PORTA (J. BASS.) Physiognomia. *Vici aquensi.* 1586. fol.

This curious work seems to have laid the foundation, and furnished many of the materials of the celebrated system of LAVATER. The observations are ingenious, and the prints, with which the book is embellished, are very amusing.

There is a work, also, of this author in the college library, *on the physiognomy of the heavens*, and another *on natural magick*, in lib. xvii. cap. 6. of which is a description of the CAMERA OBSCURA, of which Porta was the inventor; and he was the first who conceived the design of an ENCYCLOPEDIA.

He was born at Naples, in 1445, and died in 1519.

X. MILTON (JOHN) works in prose; with his life by Birch. London, 1753. 2 vol. 4to.

These volumes are magnificently bound. Mr. Hollis inserted in

* British Librarian, p. 301.

them the following account of the *effigies of Milton.*

"1. A print, by *William Marshal*, prefixed to a small octavo, entitled, "Poems of Mr. *John Milton*, both English and Latin, composed at several times." London, printed 1645: with which *Milton* was justly displeased, it being a bad one, and unlike him, as appears by the Greek epigram underneath it.

"2. A painting, in oil, done at the age of twenty-one years, now in the collection of the right honourable *Arthur Onslow*, Speaker to the Commons House of Parliament; from which a print was engraved by *George Vertue*.

"3. A bust, in plaister, modelled from, and big as life, now in possession of *Thomas Hollis*, of Lincoln's Inn, executed, soon after *Milton* had written his "Defensio pro populo Anglicano," as some think, by one *Pierce*, a sculptor of good reputation in those times; the same who made the bust of *Sir Christopher Wren*, which is in the Bodleian Library; or others, by *Abraham Simon*. A print of this bust, very badly designed, is prefixed to *Milton's* prose works, published at London, 1753.

"4. A proof impression, in wax, from a portrait seal of *Thomas Simon's*, now with divers other impressions of eminent personages of that age, in the hands of Mr. *Teo*, engraver in Covent Garden, London; which impression agrees exactly in character with the preceding bust, and probably was copied after it.

"5. A drawing in crayons from the life by *William Faithorne*, now belonging to *J.* and *R. Tonson*, booksellers in the Strand, London. About the year 1725, Mr. *George Vertue*, a worthy and diligent British Antiquary went, on purpose to see Mrs. *Deborah Clark*, Milton's youngest and favourite daughter, and, for some time, his amanuensis, who then lodged in a little mean street near Moorfields, where she kept a school for young children for her support. He took with him this drawing, and divers paintings, said to be of *Milton*, all which he contrived to be brought into the room, as by accident, whilst he conversed with her. She took no notice of the paintings, but when she perceived the drawing, she cried out, "O Lord, that is the picture of my father! How came you by it?" and, stroking the hair of her forehead, added, "just so my father wore his hair." This daughter was extremely like her father.

"6. A print, by the said *W. Faithorne*, after the drawing in crayons, made with that intent, prefixed to *Milton's* history of Britain, published in 1670, in quarto.

"7. A print, by *W. Dolle*, after the print by *W. Faithorne*, prefixed to a small octavo, entitled '*Joannis Miltoni*, angli, Artis Logicæ plenior institutio.' Londini, 1672.

"These are the several effigies of *Milton*, known at this time and agreed to be original, of which the second, third, fourth, and fifth are excellent in their kind; and some are of an opinion, that all other effigies are copied from them, wholly or in part, or else are spurious."

XI. Il Paradiso Perduto, di Giov. Milton, tradotto in verso sciolto dal Signor *Paolo Rolli*. In Parigi 1742. A spese di Giannalberto Tumermani. fol.

"This edition of Paradise Lost was really printed by *Tumermani* in Verona, and there this copy of it was bought in October, 1752, by T. H. then upon his travels."

This work is printed on bluish paper, in two columns, and is adorn-

ed with elegant vignettes, engraved by Zucchi. The dedication to cardinal *Fleury*, is dated London, 1729. This is followed by a complimentary address to Maffei, and a poetical one to Frederick, electoral prince of Hanover.

The translation is followed by the life of Milton, and annotations by Addison, to which are annexed, critical observations, &c.

XII. Bibliotheca Literaria: being a collection of inscriptions, medals, dissertations, &c. London, 1722. 4to.

"T. H. has had the honour to send one copy of this work to the library of Harvard College already. But the work is so curious and valuable, especially for the 'Memorial concerning the Desiderata in Learning,' that he could not forbear sending another copy of it to the college.

"In the beginning, he sent books on government, beside stray books, to Harvard; for, if government goeth right, all goeth right. Then he sent grammars, dictionaries of *root* and other languages, with critical authors, in hope of forming *first rate scholars*, the *noblest of all men!* Now he dribblets out the like; and thinks to take his leave."

The memorial is by the Rev. Mr. *Wasse*, Rector of Aynho in Northamptonshire, and discovers vast reading and extensive erudition.

XIII. View of a literary plan for the retrieval of the Ancient Celtick. 4to.

"It is very doubtful whether this ingenious, learned and valuable work will get published, the subscription to it proceeding slowly: but T. H. has subscribed for a copy of it, with hope of sending it to Harvard College, a help to those ingenuous, *first rate* students and scholars, who, he makes no doubt are forming there. The Celtick seems clearly to be the *root* of our own mother tongue, if not of every other."

The author himself expresses his fears of the want of patronage, and refers to some instances, in which the works of the learned had been treated with neglect. The following is one: "The celebrated Dr. *Hyde* boiled his teakettle with almost the whole impression left upon his hands of that profoundly learned treatise *De religione veterum Persarum*; admired by all literary Europe, and neglected at home; so low was the taste for literature already sunk in this country! For the republication of this work, we have, however, the obligation to the publick spirit of Dr. *Sharpe*, that patron and promoter of literature, of which himself is at once an ornament, a judge, and a support, with the greater merit for not deserting it in its present state of disgrace."

XIV. Pancrazi (Gius. M.) Antichita Siciliano spiegate. *Napol.* 1751. fol. 2 vol.

There was something very affecting in the fate of Father *Pancrazi*. The learning and merit of this excellent and hospitable man were known and admired throughout Italy. But his resources, every day lessening in acts of charity, and in the purchase of rare and expensive books, were at length exhausted. Many who read and applauded his magnificient work, on the Antiquities of Sicily, knew of his necessities, yet no one relieved them. "In the autumn of 1752, says Mr. *Hollis*, he lodged in a Theatin convent, the convent of his order at Naples. There he was attacked by a violent fever, which impaired and broke his constitution. In that feeble state however he applied to his work; and, in order more speedily to publish the third volume of it, found

means in the year 1753, to sell a few rare medals, which he had collected, to the king, by whom he had the honour to be personally known and respected. The superiour of the convent somehow got intelligence of that transaction, claimed the money arising from the sale of the medals for the uses of the convent, and obtained it. When Father *Pancrazi* became apprized of this event, he went distracted directly; and, after languishing, with intervals, miserably some years, at length ended his wretched life.

"This good man rendered me hospitality, and by his letters I travelled throughout Sicily and Malta."

XV. MEMOIRS OF THOMAS HOLLIS, Esq. F. R. and A. S. S. LONDON 1780. 2 vol. 4to.

We refer to this singular work for a circumstantial account of the life, and of the various donations to publick libraries, of the munificent benefactor of Harvard College; in whose death, "*Liberty lost a Champion, Humanity a Treasurer, and Charity a Steward.*"

The volumes also contain much curious information upon antiquities and literature, and many interesting anecdotes of authors and books.

ERRATUM.

In the preceding number, page 140 *of the Anthology, at the close of the first section, for* variety, *read* rarity.

LIVING SATIRIST.

THE world has long been sick of formal disquisitions on the merits of the classical and established authors. Horace, Juvenal, and Persius, Boileau and Pope: their claims to praise have now stood the test of ages; nor can any new observation be expected on their intellectual powers, or moral utility. It may be more novel and curious, to examine the pretensions of those poets of our own time and country, whose minds have been directed to satire; to weigh their several faults and excellences; and ascertain, as far as possibility will permit, what works of the present age seem doomed to perish with their perishable subjects, and which of them bid fair for a portion of that immortality, which the well exerted powers of genius, on whatever subject employed, have uniformly exacted from the applause and admiration of mankind.

In this list, we apprehend that the academical maxim of *seniores priores*, entitles the voluminous Peter Pindar to priority, whether we consider the age of the individual, or the length of time, during which he has been known to the publick as an author. Thirty years have elapsed since he first held up to ridicule the false taste, the faulty stile, and still more culpable disputes and intrigues of the royal academicians, with a force of humour and grave quaintness of expression, which no writer ever excelled. It would be superfluous to mention, how soon his muse directed her attacks against a nobler prey, or to specify those works, of which the notoriety and popularity were, for a time at least, unbounded. The august object of

Peter's gibes and jeers, is said to have given proof of unaffected magnanimity, by heartily joining in the laugh, so disloyally, and, we must add, unjustly, excited against himself. The pleasure men take in ridiculing their superiours in rank, and the curiosity to obtain anecdotes of the foibles and follies of the great, have conspired, with the genuine wit and drollery of the pieces themselves, to place these political satires in the first rank of Peter's works.

We are, however, inclined to think, that some of his sallies, on more general and more appropriate subjects, are possessed of greater intrinsick merit, and, for that reason, more likely to survive to posterity. Every schoolboy is delighted with the Pilgrims and the Razor-seller; the story of Van Trump is infinitely amusing; and where can we find a more exquisite *vis comica*, than in the magical adventure of the President of the Royal Society, in his pursuit of the Emperour of Morrocco? In our judgment, however, the *chef d'œuvre* of this eccentrick bard, is the pair of eclogues, in which Bozzy and Piozzi, the rival biographers of Johnson, contend for superiority in alternate strains, like Pan and Apollo; and Sir John Hawkins is most appropriately placed, like Midas, in the judgment seat. Three fairer objects of legitimate satire never existed; the bucolick design is admirable, and the execution displays throughout, a strain of dry humour and ironical solemnity, which is absolutely Cervantick. The high popularity which Boswell's work has obtained, in spite of its absurdities, and the permanent interest attached to Johnson's character, make it probable, that these eclogues will enjoy a more lasting reputation than any of the other works of this author.

It is universally known that Peter Pindar's real name is Wolcot, and that he is a doctor of physick. If we are not mistaken, he has lately aimed at medical celebrity, by declaring himself the inventor of a nostrum for the cure of deafness! which of course is as efficacious as *other nostrums*. We are sorry to say, that for some years past his Pegasus has borne every appearance of a worn-out and jaded hackney. Of the late affair, which afforded so much employ to the minor wits, and introduced Peter to the publick in the new characters of a defendant in a court of justice, and a wild gallant in the annals of *crim con.*, we shall only observe, that Lord Ellenborough and the jury were perfectly satisfied that the charge originated in a foul conspiracy against the character and purse of a *harmless* old man.

Of the work which we shall next notice, few of the authors fall under our title of "living satirists." The Rolliad has long been admired as one of the finest satires ever produced by politicks, and is well known as the united composition of almost all the wits of Mr. Fox's party, though it is singular that Mr. Sheridan, indisputably the first wit among them all, had no share in it. His brother-in-law, Tickell, the celebrated author of the humourous pamphlet called "Anticipation;" Mr. Hare, the early friend of Charles Fox, in whom that great orator thought he discovered more splendid talents, than in any of his contemporaries, but who, sinking under the expectation those talents had excited, could never be prevailed upon to open his lips in the House of Commons; and Joseph Richardson, joint-patentee of Drury-lane theatre, whose dramatick works had more than ordinary success,

and who particularly excelled in the graceful ease of conversation: these three accomplished scholars, the principal contributors to the Rolliad, are now no more. Most probably all the more distinguished members of the party must have lent occasional assistance; but we believe that the two surviving of the "Rolliad Club," who were most active in their exertions, are lord John Townshend and General Fitzpatrick. Though the fugitive interests, and prejudices, and passions, resulting from the then state of parties, have long vanished and passed away, there is so much of the true essence of wit, refined by the most perfect taste and scholarship, in the several poems which form the volume of the Rolliad, that no lapse of time can render the perusal of it uninteresting to any mind, capable of true satirical relish. The descriptions of lord Thurlow, the duke of Richmond, lord Sydney, Mr. Brook Watson, and many other publick men, who then occupied a conspicuous station in the political world, are masterpieces of finished humour, which must command lasting admiration. Some of the eclogues abound with admirable characteristick strokes; and there is hardly one of the Probationary Odes which would not convulse the most rigid stoick with laughter.

The modern satirist, who appears to have caught the mantle of Pope, is Mr. William Gifford, frequently, but most injuriously, confounded with Mr. John Gifford. It is now full twenty years since a false taste and incorrigible affectation, aided by great harmony of numbers, and the tinsel of glittering phrases, and veiled under the appearance of an excessive delicacy and refinement, had completely perverted the publick mind, in respect to poetry. The effeminate conceits of the Della Crusca school, threatened to undermine the old English admiration of our noblest authors; and Merry and Mrs. Robinson, under the names of Lorenzo and Laura Maria, bade fair to drive Shakespeare, Dryden, and Otway from our minds and our libraries. Mr. Gifford has the merit (and a great merit it must be allowed to be, by all who know how long the publick mind may be blinded by follies, that have once become fashionable) of being the first to detect and expose these absurdities, which were daily gaining credit in the world. The Baviad, an imitation of the first satire of Persius, lays them open to universal contempt and ridicule, with a grave severity of sarcasm, that reminds the reader of the classical ages. The same attack is vigorously repeated in the Mæviad; and we are strongly impressed with the opinion, that these two short works will convey their author's name, with honour, down to succeeding ages. We think their conciseness, favourable to their continuance; for, undoubtedly, there is much truth in Freron's *bon mot*, applied to the variety of volumes, in which Voltaire's works were comprised: "This luggage is too cumbrous to travel to posterity." The only publications, besides those before mentioned, to which Mr. Gifford has affixed his name, are an Epistle to Peter Pindar, and a translation of Juvenal.

In proportion to the attention originally excited by the "Pursuits of Literature," must be the darkness and oblivion in which it will be, or rather is, involved; since the gross personalities which commanded interest and gratified malignity, have died away. Its career is completely at an end. The verses have no pre-

tensions to be considered as poetry; the cumbrous notes in which the text is enveloped, written in imitation of Burke's worst stile, are equally offensive to the taste of the scholar, and the feelings of a gentleman. Under the cloak of religion, he has indulged a spirit of rancour at perpetual variance with that charity, which it is the first duty of religion to inculcate: with the love of order and morality on his lips, he constantly violates the first principles of humanity and justice: with professions of the highest respect for the laws of his country, he has filled every page with such malignant libels, as would have drawn down the severest vengeance of those laws on his head.

The poetry of the Antijacobin is in all men's hands, and it would be superfluous labour to attempt to make it better known to the publick. It exhibits every requisite for vigourous and successful satire, combined with the most diverting playfulness of sentiment and manner. The Progress of Man and the Loves of the Triangles are the most whimsical, spirited, and classical parodies we remember, and we do not hesitate to pronounce the mock of German play, the very happiest burlerque that ever was produced. The authors, Messrs. Canning, Frere, Ellis, &c. having proved their talents as writers in the Antijacobin, are now enjoying a reward which few satirists can expect for their most powerful sallies, in the highest offices, honours, and emoluments of the state, where their talents are equally conspicuous. We have understood that Mr. Gifford, the author of the Baviad, often united his exertions with this knot of political wits.

Mr. Shee, by the poem, which he has modestly entitled, "Rhymes on Art," has evinced, that genius can attain perfection in more than one pursuit. As a painter, he has long been admired; and we venture to prognosticate, that as a scholar, a poet, and an able satirist, his name will be remembered with honour, when his pictures, like the hand that traced them, shall have mouldered into dust.

In ascertaining the probable quantum and durability of literary reputation, to which a satirical work may aspire, two things should be considered: first, whether it has a sufficient temporary interest, to attract general notice and popularity at its appearance; secondly, whether it possesses enough of solid, genuine, and intrinsick merit to fix a certain continuance of applause, independently of the accidental circumstances to which it is indebted for notoriety at the outset. The *pursuer* of literature has founded his claim on the worst and blackest passions of our nature; but uniformly mistaking malice for humour, and arrogance for power, he has built his house on a sand, which must be washed away when the calumniated characters shall perish and be forgotten. We may, therefore, safely predict, that these poems cannot possibly survive, both from the nature of their subjects, destitute of all general and permanent interest, and from the mode of execution, calculated, as it is, for a state of mind inflamed by prejudice, and incapable of appealing from "*Philip drunk to Philip sober.*" Peter Pindar has a better chance; for though his subjects are often extremely confined, his humour is genuine, and is founded in general nature; his faults are an excess of drollery, which is often in danger of degenerating into buffoonery, and a length of narrative, in his stories, approaching to prolixity.

The Rolliad and the Antijacobin will afford lasting specimens of the brilliant wit and classical attainments, which have been eminently enjoyed by the rival parties of this eventful reign. Whether the acts of their several administrations will be regarded, as equally demonstrative of their political wisdom, vigour, justice, and moderation, it will be the less pleasing task of the historian to decide. The Baviad and Mæviad must and will endure, if there be faith in prophecy; their neat versification, their happy adaptation from the originals, their terse language, and their well-pointed and well-directed sarcasms, must vindicate a high place among the classicks of England. The very objects of his satire will, involuntarily assist in the preservation of his fame; for their strange and abortive stanzas are no longer to be found, except in Mr. Gifford's excellent notes, where they will long be searched for as a literary curiosity, the only remaining specimens of that false taste, which his good sense and vigorous writing have so effectually exploded.

For the Anthology.

REMARKER, No. 32.

"There is a strange affectation, in many people of explaining away all particular affections and representing the whole of life as one continued exercise of self-love." BUTLER.

THE last hypothesis, which we shall notice, in searching for the cause of the pleasure derived from sympathy, is the selfish one. This system teaches, that all the motives and springs of action in human nature take their rise in self-love. Appearances of benevolence are only disguises of selfishness. We think we are concerned for another; but in reality all our solicitudes are for ourselves. "Sympathy," says this philosophy, "does not operate as such. It is only the ostensible motive, the accidental circumstance, the form or vehicle, that serves to transmit the efficacy of another principle lying hid beneath it; and that has no power but what it derives from its connexion with something else." This chilling and degrading theory is maintained in the extreme by the Adventurer, (No. 110,) who thinks compassion "an example of unmixed selfishness and malignity; and that it may be resolved into that power of the imagination, by which we apply the misfortunes of others to ourselves; and that we are said to pity no longer than we fancy ourselves to suffer, and to be pleased only by reflecting that our sufferings are not real; thus indulging a dream of distress, from which we awake, whenever we please, to exult in our own security, and enjoy the comparison of the fiction with the truth." This is going farther than even Hobbes; who defines "pity, imagination or fiction of future calamity to ourselves, proceeding from the sense" (sight or knowledge) "of another man's calamity." The disciples of the Epicurean school, ancient and modern, have seemed bent on proving that

selfish and social affections belong to the same class, and that the distinction between them is rather in words than in nature. It is not perhaps fair to say "that persons deficient in benevolence endeavour to run it down, and justify their own narrow views by alledging that it is only selfishness in a particular form." But we may assert that there is not always so much humility, as there seems to be in low thoughts of human nature. Spleen and ill-humour prompt some people to give their species a bad character. Mean ideas of our original powers coalesce with the desire of escaping duties. We had rather charge our moral disorders to our constitution, than to our will. Atheists and skepticks decry the work to discredit the workman; whilst mysticks and theorists are willing to depreciate nature to magnify grace, believing that all defect of good principle and feeling in the frame of man, is so much support to the doctrine that all his goodness is a supernatural infusion. To prove that the object of all kind affection is personal, it has been asked, "Do we not attach ourselves to the idea of another's welfare, because it is pleasing to us, and do we not feel an aversion or dislike to certain objects, relating to ourselves and others, because they are disagreeable to us? And is not this self-love? The benevolent man follows his inclination and what more do we? You find your pleasure in being concerned for others happiness or misery, and I mine, in being wakeful to my own interest? Where is the difference." Were it admitted, that the circumstance of both descriptions of character acting from the principle of satisfaction would confound the tender with the hard-hearted, the generous with the mean; and that neither would have a priority of merit; there would still be a great difference in their value and agreeableness. My neighbour does me good and you do me harm! You equally please yourselves perhaps, but you cannot expect equally to please me. So far as immediately concerns me, he is amiable and you are odious; him I commend, you I dispraise. When benevolence is traced to selfishness, there is an abuse of words. A benevolent affection is one, which terminates in the good of another. Self-love terminates in my own good, and selfishness is regard to my own good and nothing else. Upon what principle can these different affections be put into one class and be expressed by one denomination? Is it because they originate in the love of agreeable sensation, or desire of happiness? "It is a misnomer to call my attachment to any particular object or idea by a name that implies my attachment to a general principle, or to any thing beyond itself. Numerically and absolutely speaking, the particular idea or modification, which produces any given action, is as much a distinct, individual, independent thing in nature, and has no more to do with myself, that is with other objects and ideas, which have no immediate concern in producing it, than one individual has to do with another." "I feel pleasure in doing good to my friend, because I love him; but do not love him for the sake of that pleasure." According to the selfish system the *effect* is made the *cause* of that, of which it is the effect. "It is not less absurd to trace our love of others to self-love, than it would be to account for a man's love of reading from his fondness for bread and butter, or to say that his having an ear for musick arose from his relish for port wine."*

* Preface to Light of Nature abridged.

Every thing, which has respect to self, is not selfish. A man shivering with cold may put on his surtout, a man in hunger may set down to his food for his own gratification; and at the same time be a man of benevolence. A disposition or action is not selfish merely because it is attended with pleasure. Men of all characters probably act from the impulse of present satisfaction. The source from which this satisfaction arises, and the object to which it is directed, determines them to be good or bad, selfish or benevolent. There is the pleasure of pleasing; and the pleasure of displeasing. The former constitutes a man a friend, and the latter makes him an enemy of human enjoyment. "Could your family, your neighbours, your acquaintance, come and say with perfect sincerity, Sir, please to let us know in what we can serve you, for we shall take the greatest pleasure in doing it, what would you require of them more? Would you answer them, look ye, good folks, while you take delight in serving me, you do it to please yourselves, so I do not thank you for it; but if you would lay a real obligation upon me, you must first hate me with all your might, and then the services you do me will be purely disinterested."

The theory of Hobbes, and that of Hawkesworth, belong to that hypothesis of self-love, which the preceding remarks and citations, are designed to explain and confute. The former makes fear the cause of pity. We are moved by a spectacle of misery; but our emotion is only terrour, from the idea, that this misery may, at some time, be our own. Mankind have supposed, that when their compassion is excited, the object is the distress of another. It is no such thing, says the philosopher of Malmesbury. The object is your own danger. The compassionate and the fearful are the same. You have been accustomed to think well of that sensibility, which weeps with them that weep. Bestow your favour with more discrimination. The man of feeling, who seems a partaker "of evils not his own," is concerned only for himself, and is neither more nor less than a coward.

The opinion, that compassion is an example of unmixed selfishness and malignity, is too absurd and extravagant to need a refutation. It is unworthy of so good a man and moralist as the author of the Adventurer. "We pity no longer than we fancy ourselves to suffer, and are pleased, only, by reflecting, that our sufferings are not real." Hence that delight, which prevents us from spurning a scene of misery, is mere exultation, at our own immunity, from the distress exhibited, and that pain, which prompts us to administer relief, arises not from the participation of another's evils, but from the imagination of our own.

According to this account, when I am affected at the representation of Lear, I conceive myself, and not the player, who personates his character, the wretched monarch. I am turned out of doors by two unnatural daughters, to "bide the pelting of a storm." Should a man, under such a misconception, have two of his daughters by his side, and mistake them for Goneril and Regan, the consequences might be very serious to the ladies, though they were the most dutiful of children. Upon this system, also, there must be a great mistake in the direction of that relief, which pity impels us to afford. "You pity," says the philosopher, "no longer than you fancy yourself to suffer." Hence, if your compassion is moved at the sight of

a beggar, perishing with hunger, you will, of course, devour any food in your way, to allay the famine, which you conceive yourself to endure, but not a morsel will you give to the dying wretch, who needs your aid.

It is admitted, that the sense of our own ease and security may be heightened by the spectacle of another's calamity, and often attend the exercise of compassion. When we see a vessel at sea, in danger, we may without malignity, reflect, that we are safe, on the shore. It is not malevolent, at the sight of a distant battle, to be glad that we are not exposed to its rage. Humane tempers, however, do not in ordinary cases resort to a comparison of this kind, for the alleviation of their sympathetick sorrow. Such a reflection is only made, when a small change in situation would make the case of those we commiserate our own. The person, who, in tempestuous weather is comfortably seated by his fireside, and hears the wind and the rain beating upon the roof and windows of his dwelling, may very naturally congratulate himself that he is not the traveller, who is perhaps encountering all the violence of the elements. The slightness of the change, which would reverse his situation, forces the thought of his good fortune upon his mind. When the calamity which we see or conceive, is far removed from us, the idea of our exemption does not mingle with our sympathy. A man, who, with undissembled compassion, bewails the wretched and undeserved fate of Desdemona is not likely to think how fortunate he is in not being the wife of a rash and impetuous husband, easily wrought into a deadly jealousy; though perhaps a young lady, who has just rejected a suitor of such a character, will reflect with great complacency on the escape she hath made.*

* Philosophy of Rhetorick, chap. I, book II.

For the Anthology.

SILVA, No. 38.

POLITIAN.

THE gratitude of present ages is eminently due to those, who promoted, in modern times, the restoration of literature, by the revival of ancient languages and science. The Latin compositions of modern authors have, generally been but little able to vie with the productions of Augustan Rome. But the revival of the Latin and Greek languages in modern Italy, was, unquestionably, the immediate instrument of the improvement of learning. Of the restorers of ancient literature, Politian is, without a doubt, the most distinguished. He was born in a propitious season, to share not only the patronage, but the friendship of the Italian Mæcenas, Lorenzo. From the age of fourteen years, he was the inmate of that illustrious personage, and thus enjoyed every advantage for the prosecution of science, that liberality could grant, or taste desire. In Lorenzo he found both a patron, and a fellow student, who was led to encourage learning, not only as a protector, but as a friend. At the

early age of fourteen, his poetical ardour was awakened in praise of the dexterity and elegance of his noble friend, to which his "Stanze" on the Giostra, or tournament, bear testimony. His youth was employed in the attentive perusal and careful illustration of the ancient classicks. By a memorandum, in his hand-writing, at the end of his edition of Catullus, preserved in the Florentine library, he boasts, with some share of vanity, more allowable in the Roman, than in a modern tongue, of the superiour correctness, to which he had brought the text of that author, by diligent perusal, and painful collation of various manuscripts. Ovid, Statius, Suetonius and several other classicks, shared the same favours from his restoring hand; and, by his example, the other literati of the age were stimulated to the revisal of other authors. For his exertions in the department of legal science, every country, but our own, must be eminently grateful: and even here, when we consider the high estimation, of which the civil law is worthy, as a collection of principles, authorised by the purest reason, and long experience, we should owe no slight thanks to its corrector and restorer. Those countries, whose laws are principally founded on the Roman code, can scarcely feel too high obligations to Politian, who was the first that applied himself to illustrate its obscure text, and more obscure commentaries by the light of learning and genius. On this subject he says in a letter, "Tribuit enim hoc mihi uni Laurentius ille Medices vir optimus, ac sapientissimus: fore illud aliquando arbitratus ut opera, labore, industriaque nostra, magna inde omnino utilitas eliceretur."

Literary men, in their contests with each other, have been often found to pay but little regard to politeness; and the Latin tongue has more than once been made a cover to scurrility, as well as to vanity and indecency. Of this assertion, the contests of Milton with Salmasius, and of Scaliger with his cotemporaries, are sufficient proof. Politian, in this respect, has merited less censure than many others, though his forbearance is more to be attributed to extraneous prudential concerns, than to feelings of urbanity. The jealous emulation of literature, had excited him an enemy in Merula of Milan, and the contest was just rising to its height, when the death of the latter extinguished its warmth. With Bartolomeo Scala he was likewise engaged in a literary, or rather a personal controversy, which all their respect for their mutual patron could scarcely stifle.

In the latter part of his life, he was intimate with those restorers of the sister fine arts, that were encouraged by the enlivening influence of Lorenzo. The companions of his mature years were Michael Angelo and Raffaelle, the former of whom, by a native overpowering sublimity of genius, excelling alike in poetry, in painting and in sculpture, elicited from Raffaelle, by emulation, his best productions. The attachment of Lorenzo and Politian was not merely the attachment of scholars, but of men. The former, on his death bed, took leave of him with the deepest sorrow; but Politian was not long to survive him: grief for the death of his friend and master cut short his life. To detail the calumnies that have been invented to account for his death, would be equally inconsistent with modesty and

truth. They have long since sunk to forgetfulness, with the personal enmities, that generated them, and it is now well known, that sorrow and various misfortunes, brought on at forty years of age, the death of Agnolo Politiano, stiled by Cardinal Bembo, "Arbiter Ausoniæ lyræ."

The following ode was written by Politian, to accompany an edition of Horace by his friend Landino.

Ad Horatium Flaccum.

Vates, Threicio blandior Orpheo,
Seu malis fidibus sistere lubricos
Amnes, seu tremulo ducere pollice
Ipsis cum latebris feras;

Vates, Aeoliæ pectinis arbiter,
Qui princeps Latiam sollicitas chelyn,
Nec segnis titulos addere noxiis
Nigro carmine frontibus.

Quis te a barbarica compede vindicat?
Quis frontis nebulum dispulit, et situ
Deterso, levibus restituit choris
Curata juvenem cute?

O quam nuper eras nubilus, et malo
Obductus senio, quam nitidos ades
Nunc, vultus referens docta fragrantibus
Cinctus tempora floribus!

Talem purpureis reddere solibus
Lætum pube nova post gelidas nives
Serpentem, positis exuviis, solet
Verni temperies poli;

Talem te chorcis reddidit, et lyrae
Landinus, veterum laudibus æmulus,
Qualis tu solitus Tibur ad uvidum
Blandam tendere barbiton.

Nunc te deliciis, nunc decet et levi
Lascivire joco, nunc puerilibus
Insertum thyasis, aut fide garrula.
Inter ludere virgines.

TRANSLATION.

Oh thou, whose song with easier sway,
Than Thracian Orpheus' potent lay,
The listening rivers course could stay,
Or charm the savage throng;

Poet, that first th' Aeolian lyre
Attuned with native Latian fire,
And aimed at vice with honest ire,
The bold satyrick song.

What kind deliverer set thee free,
Bade barbarous gloom and roughness flee,
And gave thee back to mirth and glee
Of polished mein and gay?
How late did clouds thy face o'er spread
And age invest thy hoary head,
Now sweet with smiles, with roses red,
And garlands trim array.

As when fair spring, with flowrets pied,
Has waked the serpent's glossy pride,
He casts his spoils in wrath aside,
And flaunts his gorgeous train:
So Landin, skill'd in ancient lore,
Has deck'd thee as in days of yore,
When rung thy harp on Tibur's shore,
And o'er her mossy plain.
Now frolick sports, and wanton play,
Shall bid thee share the jocund day,
And hail thee still for virgins gay,
A sportive, amorous swain.

LEVITY.

The vulgar form their opinions of characters more from external appearances, than from any intrinsick qualities in the person. They mark all peculiarities, however incidental, in their superiours, and hence draw their conclusions; for they can penetrate no farther. When they witness the gravity of the judge on the bench, or the devotion of the preacher in the pulpit, they infer, that the first is *always* grave, and the last *always* devout. The inference is a very harmless one, and can injure neither party. It is not, however, of force to interdict those, who are in places of responsibility from the common, social pleasures of life; but only to forbid excess, and to point out the company, before which they may indulge in innocent trifling. Princes, magistrates, and ecclesiasticks, are entitled to their share in occasional levi-

ties among their equals; but they would be ill employed in attempting to rival the buffoon in his jests, or the merry-andrew in his tricks: their competitors too would be sure to bear away the palm.

Though the great may sometimes descend from the pomp and formalities of station, they should use discretion in choosing the occasions. If the relaxations, in which they indulge, are trifling, they should also be private. Augustus, we are told, was ashamed to be seen at a favourite game; and Domitian was wise enough to retire into his closet to catch flies. The line of Horace, which has become trite from being often quoted;

"Dulce est desipere in loco;"

contains a sentiment, that is safe in the hands of the wise, and allows a certain latitude, in giving up to a playful good humour, which he will not abuse. It is the medium between an intense and unyielding austerity, which excites hatred or disgust, and those excesses of folly, or indiscretion, which forbid respect from inferiours, that he will aim to attain. He will not always be "too proud for a wit;" but will have too little vanity to enter the lists with every prattling punster that annoys society. He will neither revel with the riotous, nor deny himself the enjoyment of the social festival. His cheerfulness will be indulged without levity, and his pleasures without excess.

—

CLEMENCE D'ISAURE.

Little is known concerning this lady, or rather little can be discovered in the literary institution of this country: she was the foundress of the Floral games, which were celebrated annually in the month of May. On this occasion an oration was publickly pronounced in her honour; and her statue, which stood in the city hall was decorated with flowers. She left funds, from which were distributed, as prizes, to those who produced the best specimens in different kinds of poetry, a golden violet, a silver eglantine, and a golden marygold. Florian has founded on this subject, a very pleasing metrical romance after the Spanish manner, which is inserted near the end of his Galatea. These games were instituted in the fourteenth century, and subsisted till recently in a flourishing state, as appears from passages in Marmontel's Memoirs of himself; who describes with a pleasing enthusiasm, naturally connected with the recollections of youthful scenes, his acquisition at one time of two of the prizes. Whether this institution was shaken in the general wreck of the French revolution, I know not. The conquerour, it must be confessed, has promoted the cause of letters, and probably may restore or encourage this ancient rite of the Muses. While in this country we are giving our thousands for purses at a horse race, our ten thousands for seminaries of systematick divinity, and our hundred thousands for enormous buildings, less remarkable for taste than extent, why is not some one munificent enough to found a similar festival? It would be a place where our youth might repair at that season, when every thing invites to sociability, harmony and love, and forget for a moment, the cares of pelf, "assem in longas diducere partes." Even self-interest might be moved at the thought of an annual panegyrick, and a statue crowned with the first fruits of smiling spring.

—

SANNAZARIUS.

THE Latin distich of this author on the Pont-au-Change and the

Pont St. Michel, built over the Seine, by Giocondo, a Dominican monk, of Verona, is well known :

Jocondus geminum imposuit tibi, Sequana, pontem
Hunc tu jure potes dicere Pontificem.

It is not so generally known that the author in composing it, was totally innocent of any witty intention and designed merely to celebrate the bridge building powers of Jocondus. Jocondus was the instructor of Julius Cæsar Scaliger.

—

PATRIOTISM.

Patriotism, pure and unsophisticated, since it proceeds from, or rather consists of the social sympathies, when extended to, and operating on the whole circle of political life, seldom does, perhaps it never did or can, produce a proud and contemptuous denial of honourable concessions to one nation, however sincere her friendship, while, at the same time, it promotes a tame and pusillanimous compliance with demands, though disgraceful to the last degree, from another nation, who though she pretends to something more than the simpering fondness of mere partiality, suffers no opportunity of insult or injury to pass unimproved. What he cannot justly retain, the patriot is ready, when required, to restore or surrender. What he cannot reasonably exact, the patriot feels himself under no inviolable obligation to demand. The honour of his country he indeed considers as sacred; and next to her honour, he thinks nothing so sacred as the prosperity of his country. His fortune, his character, his blood, his life ; all he possesses ; all he expects ; the celebrity which his ambition toils to acquire ; the happiness which his self-love hopes and pants to attain, enjoy and improve ; that full and swelling rapture, which arises from the prospect of enterprise resulting in success ; that calm and soothing pleasure, which proceeds from the review of patient industry, gradually ripening to complete effect ; these, and more than all these ; every object of future possession, every object of present enjoyment, the patriot is prepared, and ready, and willing to risque and to lose, rather than see his country's honour, which ought always to ray out its beams in a full and dazzling glory round her head, tarnished, or the prosperity of his country wantonly impaired. Such is the nature of patriotism pure and unsophisticated ; such is the character of a sincere and undissembling patriot ; " fortes vixere."

—

DR. DONNE.

Of Dr. Donne whose satires are full of wit, and breathe in a rough, though manly and forcible language, the high and indignant spirit of Juvenal, most scholars are miserably ignorant, and though some of his satires were polished and modulated by Pope, to an almost unrivalled degree of elegance and harmony; there are, I fear, few who can boast (and such knowledge is, indeed, no small matter of pride) that they have read all the satires of Dr. Donne. Such, however, though his works now lie neglected or forgotten, was once the celebrity of Donne, that Ben Johnson addressed and dedicated to him the following epigram, which as a specimen of encomiastick verses has perhaps never been excelled.

Donne, the delight of Phœbus, and each muse,
Who, to thy one, all other brains refuse,
Whose every work of thy most early wit,
Came forth example and remain so yet ;

Longer a knowing, than most wits do live;
And which no affection, praise eno' can give!
To it thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife;
All which I mean to praise, and, yet, I would
But leave, because I cannot as I should.

CHAUCER.

THOUGH perhaps no passage is less happy to illustrate the just encomium of Pynson, who, in his Prohemye to Chaucer, characterises him, as distinguished by "high and quick sentences, eschewing prolixite, and casting away the chaf and superfluite, and shewing the pyked grayne of sentences uttered by crafty and sugred eloquence." Yet I must own, that, in my opinion, there is no stanza or verse of the father of English poetry, that seems to me to bear deeper or stronger impressions of a genius, which, though able to invent, was not too proud, whenever occasion required or admitted his learning to appear and display itself, rich as it was, and overflowing with an almost exhaustless abundance, to borrow from antiquity, than Chaucer's description of Creseide. It is hardly equalled by any part of Shakespeare; Spenser has nothing, which, in comparison with it, does not dwindle to servile and paltry imitation. I would not wantonly scandalize any lover of Milton; but professing sincerely as I do, and really feeling as deep a reverence for that immortal poet, as it is possible for any man to feel and profess, I may be pardoned for asking, what lines in Paradise Lost, in Sampson Agonistes, in Paradise Regained, in Comus, in L'Allegro, in Il Penseroso, in the Lycidas, or in the Arcades, are in any one of the essentials of poetry superiour to the subjoined description of the beautiful, though faithless mistress of Troilus:

Creseide ywas this ladies name aright,
As to my dome, in al Troy is cite,
Most fairest lady, passing every wight
So angel like shone her natife beaute,
That like a thing immortal semid she,
And therewith was she so parfite a creature,
As she had be made in scorning of nature.

For the Anthology.

IN the Anthology for December last, we announced the commencement of a course of Mineralogical Lectures, in this town, by Mr. Godon, and inserted the preliminary observations contained in his first Lecture, which gave a condensed view of his subject, and indicated the plan which he intended to pursue. His course, now completed, was comprised in about thirty Lectures, which were illustrated by experiments and by the exhibition of specimens from his valuable cabinet. Mr. Godon, in the discharge of his engagements, has, we are assured, given entire satisfaction to his hearers, which they expressed in a letter addressed to him, requesting a publication of his Lectures. "Such a volume," say they, "we should prize as a valuable mean of improvement as well as an agreeable memorial, and we are persuaded, that such a publication would be peculiarly seasonable and advantageous in our country, where this science has not been generally cultivated."

We now present Mr. Godon's reply to this application, and observe, with pleasure, that his denial is so far qualified, that we may indulge a hope of seeing those fruits of his labours in print, at some future period, augmented and enriched with the abundant illustrations, which his industrious observations, in this country, cannot fail to supply. The considerations, which he suggests, should induce us to approve his determination. Additions, of the description intended, must give a peculiar value to his work, and render it, whenever it may appear, a very useful and interesting acquisition to the publick. We are confident, that Mr. Godon will steadily pursue the investigations, which he contemplates, and that just and solid views in the sciences, to which he is attached, may be expected from a man of his intelligence, assiduity, and correct discrimination.

ANSWER OF MR. GODON TO THE GENTLEMEN WHO ATTENDED HIS COURSE OF LECTURES ON MINERALOGY.

GENTLEMEN,

THE invitation, which I have received from you, to publish the manuscript of my lectures, is extremely flattering to me; but such a publication would be nothing less than an elementary book on mineralogy, and a work of this description, on account of the influence which it may have on education in general, requires mature reflection, and the quietness of a settled situation, which I do not as yet enjoy. On the other hand, it is probable, that those lectures, destitute of the interest, which arises from experiments, and from the view of natural objects, would make but a very slight impression on those, who want the first notions in natural history; and with regard to those who have given some attention to mineralogy in particular, they may be easily contented without them, since I am always ready to communicate my collection to them, with all the explanations they can wish. Nevertheless, I do not altogether renounce the intention of making the publication which you request. I wait only to accumulate a greater fund of observations on America, and consequently to give to this book a degree of utility, which will render it more worthy of being presented to you. For the present I would suggest, that you may reap great benefit from the Elements of Messrs. Kirwan and Jameson; and to those who are acquainted with the French language from the Elementary Treatises of Hauy and Brochant.

It is not the same with natural science as with sciences of convention. These last are altogether the productions of men, and are susceptible of being studied entirely in books; but the first are only well understood by those, who observe nature itself. The best way therefore, in my opinion, of rapidly promoting mineralogical knowledge in this country, would be the establishment of a publick collection in this city. In the mean time a mineralogical description of the soil, which surrounds this city, would be perhaps useful. In this view I am now occupied with putting in order the observations, which I have made in the environs of Boston, and I purpose to publish them, with a mineralogical map of this part of Massachusetts. If any circumstance should prevent me from publishing this work; I expect it will be prosecuted successfully by some of your number. I am happy, in this moment, to pub-

lish that in this part of America, several mineralogists arise, whose observations will afford valuable fruits to their own country.

I am, with respect,
Your obedient servant,
S. GODON.

April 27, 1808.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

AD CALENDAS JANUARIAS, MDCCCVIII.

Salve, novum annum praeveniens quæ agis,
Lux alma, si te frigora vestiant,
Ibit comes spes, semper instans,
Freta cupidoque nunc futuro.

Jacet sepultus et glacie, et nive,
Mortisque vestem orbis capit asperam;
Phœnix, ruinâ surge lœta,
Delicias referens amœnas

Almi sequantur ordine proprio,
Menses, referti lætitiâ indies;
Floræ, Favonioque gratum
Ver, Cereris gravidæque messes.

Pax, et Fides adsint comites tibi,
Longum morantes, et faveant bonæ;
Civilis ira, et tetra bella
Sint procul, ô procul hinc, profana!

Da patriæ res ire secunda avi,
Da amore felici juvenes frui,
Salve, dies optate semper,
Lux hilaris, iterumque salve!

A.

Prid. Kal. Jan.

AD JULIUM.

En novo, Juli, ut nitide refulgent
Vere soles, ut patet æther altum;
Terra nunc gratos recipit sinuque
Læta calores.

Nunc ruit cursu rapido juventæ
Sanguis exultans, animoque largo
Spes tument altæ, nobilique motu
Pectora tollunt.

Nunc novum vigorem hilari poetæ,
Carmina et, blandæ tribuunt Camœnæ,
Carmini vatis comiterque favent
Ore puellæ.

Me premit luctus animo remordens,
Cordique infixi memori dolores
Semper hærent, atque negant amœnas
Surgere luces.

Me tamen, Juli, juvat ire campos
Ver ubi nascens reficit dolores,
Corde spes ægro et tacitè resurgens
Lumina captat.

A.

LINES IN MEMORY OF JOHN T. GILMAN, JUNIOR, OF EXETER, N. H.

WHO DIED AT SAVANNAH, ON A TOUR FOR HIS HEALTH.

——"*Dulces moriens reminiscitur argos.*"——

SEE flatter'd hope in sighs decay,
As swells the gale from southern skies,
For there, in youth's warm ripening day,
The friend the brother, GILMAN dies.

Did this invite thy steps to roam,
Where health allured with rosy charms;
To quit the kind, the cherished home,
Thy parents' love, thy sisters' arms?

Thy worth thro' life's short sombre day,
In patient pain serene appeared;
By virtue's meek resigning sway,
And e'en by illness' self endeared;

For just when manhood's opening day,
Had clothed thy cheek with riper bloom,
The canker sickness mined his way,
And surely presaged future doom.

Tho' fate forbade thy fame to glow
In broad refulgence, sternly bright,
It's record memory's page shall show
In private virtues' sweeter light.

The tears, in friendship's eye that swell,
Thy feeling heart shall well attest;
A sister's sorrows, who can tell,
For one so cherished, loved, caressed?

On thee shall kind remembrance rest,
As duly blooms the opening spring,
And o'er thy sod with sinking breast
Her choicest gifts affection bring.

THE BOSTON REVIEW.

FOR

APRIL, 1808.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. PLIN.

ART. 12.

The New Cyclopædia, &c. by Abraham Rees and others. First American Edition, revised, corrected, enlarged, and adapted to this country, by several literary and scientifick characters. Vol. II. Part I. Philadelphia, Samuel F. Bradford. 4to.

WE have watched the progress of the American edition of this valuable work with no small degree of solicitude; for we considered that the publication of a work of such magnitude and variety, if conducted in the manner announced in the prospectus, would be a tolerably fair test of the literary character of our country. After witnessing the highly reprehensible manner in which the first number of it was republished, it was natural for our suspicions to be awakened, when we opened every succeeding volume. Our fears, indeed, so far as respected the publisher, Mr. Bradford, were put at rest by the explicit declaration, (which was called forth by the remonstrances of the subscribers in Salem, and this town) that the work should in future be conducted in a manner, at once honourable to the reputation of Dr. Rees, and satisfactory to the publick. These assurances of Mr. Bradford, we had no doubt were sincere. But, as our suspicions were excited by the *management*, (to give it no harsher name) which was used in the first number, as the "literary and scientifick characters," who superintended the American edition, still kept their names from the publick, and thus screened themselves from all manner of responsibility; and as it appeared to us to be no difficult matter in a work of such extent and variety, to impose upon a good natured and unsuspecting publisher; it has been impoesible for us to dismiss all our apprehensions, and to trust entirely to the most explicit assurances, however sincere they might be. The reader, who has a due regard for the literary reputation of his countrymen, will see, with pain, that our distrust, particularly in respect to the theological part of the work, was but too well founded: he will see that the pious fraud in the first number, which is pretended to have been dictated by an extraordinary zeal for the christian religion, (which the American editors thought to be in imminent danger in the hands of Dr. Rees and his friends) was not, in reality, the effect of a laudable so-

licitude for its safety, but must have proceeded from some other and less honourable motives. He will see too, that these "literary and scientifick" (and if we are to take their own word for it, these *religious*) "characters" have added hypocrisy to imposture; and while they have affected to protect religion behind their sevenfold Ægis from supposed enemies, they have themselves been aiming secret and deadly blows at what are commonly considered as fundamental doctrines of the scriptures.

Before we proceed, however, to a consideration of the articles in the volumes before us, we must be indulged in recurring to the positions we took at the commencement of our examination of this work. In our remarks on the first number, though we did not give the American editors as much credit for *honesty*, as they may have thought themselves entitled to, yet we did not indulge ourselves in expressing the doubts we entertained of their *competency* to perform the task they had undertaken. Such an early decision, we were aware, might be called prejudice in us. We therefore merely intimated, that these gentlemen did not appear to have been so attentive to correcting the errours of the work as they had, through Mr. Bradford, promised their patrons; and we trust, that this hesitation at calling in question their competency, and a hope that every succeeding volume would dispel all our doubts on this head, would be a sufficient apology, if any should be required, for the slow progress we have made in our review of this work. But now that one third of it is finished, there seems to be no longer any need of this reserve: and we must say, though with reluctance, that we have strong doubts of the *competency* of the American editors. At least, the facts, which we shall exhibit, with what we have already shown, will, we are confident, most abundantly prove, either, that these gentlemen are incompetent to the undertaking, or, that they are wilfully imposing upon the publick.

We will here apprise our readers, that it never was our intention to review the numbers regularly, as they appeared; but, at our leisure, to examine sometimes one, and sometimes more articles of a volume, as the importance of the subject might demand. In conformity with this plan we shall at this time review with all due care and candour the important article ANGEL, in which these American literati have given a specimen of their principles, temper and talents.

"Christians," [say they,] "may reduce all questions of controversy, in regard to their religion, to the two following, which they would do well often to place distinctly before them: 1st, Is the scripture the word of God? 2d, Is any doctrine, fact, or proposition, which is made the subject of inquiry or speculation, contained in that word? On the first of these questions believers have their controversy with professed infidels: The second furnishes the ground of many debates among christians themselves."

Again they say,

"We contend for receiving and maintaining it [revelation] simply and entirely as we find it in the Bible, in the originals of the old and new Testaments. Let these *Originals* be the subject of diligent study and of sound and reverent criticism. On the score of emendation let them be treated as respectfully, at least, as the copies of the best heathen writers, than which they have been much better guarded against corruption. *In this manner let us discover, what revelation teaches*; and then let us receive it with docility, humility and thankfulness, as the word of life. *Let us not bring to the study of the scripture, a system already formed in our own minds, and fortified by prejudice, but let us go to it in the first instance, and with-*

out prejudice, to learn what is the system which we ought to receive. With the temper of children let us sit at the feet of the Saviour, imbibe his instructions, and obey his precepts. As far as we are able, let us explain what is difficult, but when we can go no farther, let us treat the difficulties of revelation, as we do those of the other works of God; as we do the profound, obscure and contradictory things, which appear in creation and providence, and in regard to which the best philosophers are always the readiest frankly to confess their ignorance. Let us not be ashamed to acknowledge that there are certain things, which for the present, we do not fully understand; and let us wait for more light in this world, or for stronger faculties in the world to come. The maxims of sound reason and philosophy, not less than the injunctions of the gospel, point out to us this course."

These sentiments we consider as truly excellent; and, we are decidedly of opinion, that, if religious controversies had always been managed in conformity with these principles, there would, at this day, have been as little rancour and bitterness manifested in such discussions, as there are in those relating to natural philosophy. It would give us great satisfaction to see religious inquiries pursued, according to the principles, which these "literati" have here professed to intend to make the rule of their conduct; but, considering the manner in which they have treated the subject of this article, we fear that even they themselves (their fair professions notwithstanding) are in reality but little disposed to adhere to them.

"Angel" says the English editor, "is a spiritual, intelligent substance, the first in rank and dignity among created beings."

Again, "the word ἀγγελος is not properly a denomination of nature, but of office, denoting as much as *nuncius, messenger*, a person employed to carry one's orders, or declare his will. Authors are divided," says he, "as to the time of the creation of Angels. Theodoret and Epiphanius fix their date from the first day;" which say these American literati,

"Is probably right. It is reasonable to believe that they were created immediately *after the heavens*, which they were to inhabit."

If we do not misunderstand these gentlemen, they here give it as their opinion, that the Angels were created on the first day of that creation, of which Moses gives the history. And this opinion they found upon the probability, that they were created immediately *after the heavens*, which they were to inhabit. Upon this sentiment, we would remark, 1st, that we take it to be generally agreed among biblical criticks, that *the heavens*, of whose creation Moses gives the history in the first chapter of Genesis, are the earth's atmosphere; * 2d. That, if the Angels were created

* On the second day [Gen. i. 6, 8.] after the production of light or fire, the other element of air was duly poised and expanded. God stretched out the atmosphere [Psalm civ. 2] "like a curtain" to be a kind of barrier between us and the waters floating above us in clouds and vapours. This expanse of the circumambient air, or atmosphere, in the Greek and vulgar Latin, and thence in our English version, is called "the firmament," because the air, though vastly extended and fluid, yet continues firm and stable in its place. In the margin of our bible, it is more properly rendered *expansion*; and in so scanty a language as that of the Hebrew, is also called HEAVEN; as it sometimes is in the more copious languages of the Greeks and Romans. See Bishop Newton's Works, Vol. I. page 94. See also as to the extent of the creation, of which Moses wrote the history, the authors of the Universal History, Vol. I. page 85, 6, 7, 8, and seq.

on the first day, instead of being created immediately *after the heavens*, they were created *before them*; for Moses states expressly, that the heavens were created on the second day. Gen. i. 6, 7, 8. "And God said let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters; and let it divide the waters from the waters; (or, according to these literati, let it be a habitation for the angels) and God made the firmament, and divided the waters, which were under the firmament, from the waters which were above the firmament; and it was so, and God called the firmament heaven; (or, according to the original, heavens) and the evening and the morning were the second day."

The English editor proceeds to state, that "the scripture uses the term *Angel*, to denote *other beings, or agents*, besides *those spirits*, that occupy a rank and dignity, superiour to man. Accordingly, (he says) it has been the concurrent opinion of the Hebrew and Samaritan schools, that the word *Angel*, does *not only mean* a spirit, but sometimes also all sorts of powers or instruments, which God is pleased to use, and by means of which he acts. So that the elements of the world, fire, air, winds, and storms, in particular vision,* and, in the language of scripture, are called '*Angels* of the Lord, which do his will.' In this sense is to be understood the expression of the Psalmist, [Ps. civ. 4.) 'who maketh his Angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire;' i. e. who maketh winds his angels, and lightnings his messengers. Moreover, the scriptures call a dream, a vision, a voice from heaven, a plague, a burning wind, '*Angels of God*;' and whatsoever God is pleased to do by them, is said to be done by an 'Angel of the Lord;' for whatever declares God's will, or performs his pleasure, is 'his Angel."

Upon this statement, our American literati remark,

"Whatever may have been the 'concurrent opinion of the Hebrew and Samaritan schools' which, *we* know, were, in many respects, most profoundly ignorant of the true sense of the sacred oracles, *it seems strange, that any christian, who has studied them with care*, should be capable of entertaining the *extraordinary notions*, contained in this section. An attempt is made indeed, *to force* to their aid a passage of the 104th Psalm. But this is done by giving that passage not only a NEW, but a most unwarrantable TRANSLATION; a translation which *divine authority* stamps with falsehood, in Heb. i. 7; where if this rendering be introduced in place of the genuine reading, which is given verbatim from the Greek, the sacred penman will *appear* to have written the GROSSEST NONSENSE."

Upon the assertion of these literati, that this is not only a *new*, but a most unwarrantable TRANSLATION of the 4th verse of the 104th Psalm, we have to remark, that in Junius' and Tremellius' Latin translation of the Bible, published A. D. 1580, and also in Piscator's of Aw, 1684, this passage is rendered, "qui facit

* There is here an errour of the press in the English edition, which the American editors have neglected to correct. In the edition of Lowman's Tracts, published at London, A. D. 1756, from which this sentence is taken, it stands thus at page 25, 26. "So that the elements of the world, fire and air, winds and storms, in particular visions, in the language of the scriptures, are called Angels of the Lord, which do his will." Perhaps, also it may not be amiss to state here, that a considerable part of this article in the English edition is compiled from these tracts, and particularly, that, some of the

sentiments, which the American editors declare to be new and unwarrantable, may be found in them.

angelos suos ventos, ministros suos ignem flammantam," i. e. who maketh winds his angels, and lightning, or flaming fire, his ministers or messengers. Likewise, in the French protestant bible, published A. D. 1710, it is rendered, " Il fait des vents ses anges, et du feu brûlant ses serviteurs," i. e. he maketh the winds his angels, and the burning fire his ministers.

In Schindler's Pentaglot Lexicon, edit. 1612, under the root רוח part of this passage is cited, and rendered, faciens angelos suos ventos, i. e. making winds his Angels.

In Cocceius Hebrew Lexicon, under the root רוח part of this passage is likewise noticed, and rendered " faciens ventos nuncios suos," i. e. making the winds his messengers. In the same Lexicon, under the root לאך from which is derived the word מלאך Angel, this passage is rendered, " qui facit angelos suos ventos," i. e. who maketh winds his Angels, and, it is added, " ventis utitur ut legatis suis," i. e. who employs the winds as his legates or ambassadours.

Parkhurst, in his Hebrew Lexicon, gives as the primary signification of the root רוח " air in motion, a breeze, breath, *wind*; and cites among other passages in which it is to be thus understood, this 4th verse of the 104th Psalm.

Under the root לאך he defines the word מלאך to mean " one sent or employed by another, a messenger, a legate, an agent," and he adds " as St. Austin says of an ἀγγελος in Greek, so we may truly say of מלאך in Hebrew, " Nomen non naturæ sed officii," i. e. it is a name not of nature, but of office. It is applied, he says, sometimes to the created agents of nature, or powers of the heavens, as being Jehovah's agents or ministers, and cites among other passages, in which it it to be understood in this sense, this 4th verse of the 104th Psalm.

Farmer, in his Treatise on Miracles, at page 148, 9, makes the following observations. " The word Angel or messenger denotes only one employed in the execution of some commission. Hence it is applied not merely to intelligent beings acting by the order of God, but even to the inanimate parts of the creation, which he employs as the instruments of his government. The Psalmist, when celebrating the empire of God over the material world, says, " he maketh the winds his angels, or messengers, and lightnings his ministers." In a note subjoined, he says, " This is the true rendering of Psalm civ. 4. (compare Exod. ix. 23, 24. Psalm lxxviii. 48, 49) Nor is it certain that the words are applied, Heb. i. 7. to intelligent beings; as the apostle seems to have had no other view in citing them, than to observe, that the very name of angel, (however applied) imported ministry and subjection; whereas that of son implied authority and dominion. Very probably the scripture may represent the most active powers of nature as God's *angels*, in opposition to the heathen, who considered them as *Deities*."

These authorities, we think, are amply sufficient to show, that the translation of the 4th verse of 104th Psalm, which is contended for by the English editor, is by no means a *new* one; and also that it is far from certain, that it is an *unwarrantable one*. We confess ourselves unable to conceive, how Heb. i. 7, (which is merely a verbal quotation of the septuagint transla-

tion of the Hebrew original, "stamps this translation with falsehood *by divine authority.*" That there is a way, however, in which the meaning of a passage may be stamped by divine authority, we are by no means disposed to deny; and, in order to show how we conceive it may be, and, in fact, has been done, we will here adduce and compare Exodus ix. 23, 24, with Psalm lxxviii. 48, 49. "And Moses stretched forth his rod towards heaven, and the Lord sent thunder and hail, and the fire ran along the ground, and the Lord rained hail upon all the land of Egypt. So there was hail and fire mingled with the hail, very grievous, such as there was none like it in all the land of Egypt, since it became a nation." The Psalmist, when referring to this transaction, says: "He gave up their cattle also to the hail, and their flocks to hot thunderbolts. He cast upon them the fierceness of his anger, wrath, and indignation, by sending evil *angels* among them." Here we think the word Angels in the Psalm is "stamped by divine authority," to mean something different from intelligent beings: at any rate if these "literati" will produce any passage, or passages from the scriptures, which will show as clearly, that the word angel is never used in them, to signify any thing besides an intelligent being, as these do, that it is sometimes applied to the inanimate powers of nature, we will give up all pretensions to any knowledge of biblical literature. With respect to the assertion, that "if this reading be introduced, the sacred penman will *appear* to have written the grossest NONSENSE," we shall only observe, that we doubt whether any persons of candour, who take into consideration the passage, which we have cited from Farmer, will be inclined to assent to it.

"And the various texts or portions of scripture, which are afterwards referred to, are all of them, as easily explained, and some of them incomparably more so, by adopting the generally received opinion, (i. e. the opinion of these literati) relative to angelick power and agency, than by the help of this *singular system*, which supposes that "all sorts of powers or instruments, which God is pleased to use, and by means of which he acts, are, in the language of the bible, denominated angels."

This assertion, we take to be as well founded, as the charge, exhibited against the English editor, of having given a NEW translation of the 4th verse, of the 104th Psalm.

"Of this system, the direct tendency, if not the real design, appears to be, to represent the language of scripture, as *so vague and equivocal*, that it may receive any construction whatever, and to destroy the belief, that there are any such beings as angels, considered as spirits, who possess a separate existence, extraordinary powers, and an important agency in the events and concerns of this world."

Really, gentlemen, we are unacquainted with any species of logick, by which it can be shown, that a system, which represents a word of any book, as being used primarily to signify a being, or thing, of a certain description, by allowing, that it is likewise sometimes employed to designate some other being or thing, has a tendency to destroy the belief of the existence of the being or thing, which it is said primarily to signify. If there be such a species of logick, we suppose it must be some new invented "*patent logick*," which, for ought we know, may be stiled *logick of American literati*, and, according to the rules of which, it may be proved to be very uncer-

tain, whether there be in America such a place as the city of Philadelphia. Thus, the word Philadelphia, was primarily used, in America, to designate a city in the state of Pennsylvania; but it has likewise been used to designate several other places; and, this has rendered the language of geography "*so vague and equivocal*," as to destroy the belief, that there "is any such place as the city of Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania." We will here close our remarks upon the first American section of this article, by observing, that "it seems strange to us, that any christian, who has studied them (the scriptures) with care, should be capable of entertaining the extraordinary notions contained in it."

In the next American section of this article, these "literati," have manifested a wonderful quantity of zeal and satisfaction, in their endeavours to support the doctrine and belief of the fall of angels; and, not a little of bitterness towards those, who do not think quite so highly of the influence of this invincible power as they do. If, however, they had proceeded according to the principles, by which they have professed to be governed; and had resorted to the original of the New Testament, instead of the English translation of it; and, had "*not brought to the study of it, a system, already formed in 'their' own minds, and fortified by prejudice;*" they would probably have discovered, that *all* the passages, which they have cited, were not exactly to their purpose. We will mention one, which we think has no more relation to "fallen Angels," than it has to these gentlemen themselves. It is that which they have cited from 1 Timothy, iv. 1. where the apostle says, "that in the later times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to *doctrines of Devils.*" The same Greek word, which in the English translation is here rendered Devils, in Acts xvii. 18. is translated "*Gods;*" and means, in both passages, that kind of deities, which the heathen worshipped under the name of *Demons*, and who were formerly men.

"So much for this subject in general, which it seemed necessary a little to discuss, and for which this appeared as proper a place as any. Since, indeed, it has been determined, that nothing which appears in 'Rees' New Cyclopædia,' shall henceforth be omitted in the American edition of the work, we thought it incumbent to avow, and we have accordingly here avowed the principles, which will govern us in remarking on the moral and theological opinions, which it exhibits. We are sensible, that this is an arduous, an important, and a delicate duty. We have approached it, not without undissembled diffidence in our abilities to discharge it worthily. In its execution we believe we can promise *diligence* and *vigilance*; and we shall endeavour not to transegress the prescriptions of decorum, the laws of candour, nor the demands of christian meekness. With all this, however, we believe it to be perfectly consistent to say, that it will be matter of little consequence to us, in what class of living literary merit the name may be enrolled, or in what niche of the temple of fame the statue may be found, of him, who has touched irreverently the hallowed depository of God's revealed will. In the best manner we can, we will withstand his audacity, expose his impiety, and invest him with his proper character: for we believe, with Young, that 'with the talents of an Angel, a man may be a fool.' Those, who sympathise with hereticks and infidels, will, in vain, endeavour to turn us from our purpose. Our work is sacred, and we dare not slight it; our responsibility is not only to man but to God."

"Our responsibility is not only to man but to God." Doubtless, gentlemen, this is very true, and are not the *English editors*, precisely in the same predicament? or, is this meant as an insinuation, that *they*

"fear not God, neither regard man?"

"Our work is sacred, and we dare not slight it." This, also, looks somewhat like hinting, that the English editors do not consider their work to be *sacred*, and that they, probably, *intend to slight it*. We doubt whether it be very politick, to throw out such insinuations as these, for those, that set themselves up to be better than their neighbours, are generally suspected, by other people, not to be quite so fair and good as they ought to be.

"Those, who sympathize with hereticks and infidels, will, in vain, endeavour to turn us from our purpose." That is to say, these literati have "all wisdom and all knowledge," and are infallible judges of the meaning of the scriptures, and those who differ from them in opinion, are either hereticks, or infidels, and must expect to be treated accordingly: or as Lord Peter did poor Martin and Jack, who had not senses enough to discern, that a crust of bread was a shoulder of mutton; "Look you, gentlemen," cries Peter, in a rage, "to convince you what a couple of blind, positive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will use but this plain argument with you. By G— it is true, good, natural mutton, as any in Leadenhall market; and G— confound you both eternally, if you offer to believe otherwise."

"We believe with Young, that with the talents of an Angel a man may be a fool." This seems to us very much like believing without evidence, for we are confident that these gentlemen themselves, will not pretend, that there ever was a man, who had the talents of an Angel, (in their sense of this word) or, that there is any sort of evidence, what the character of such a being would be. If they meant, here, to give it as their opinion, that the Angels themselves might behave like fools, we think they might have cited higher authority to support it, for Job declares, "his Angels he [God] charged with folly!" Chap. iv. 18.

"It will be matter of little importance to us, in what class of *living* literary merit, or in what niche of the temple of fame the statue may be found of him, who has *touched irreverently the hallowed depository of God's revealed will*. In the best manner we can, *we will withstand his audacity, expose his impiety, and invest him with his proper character*." We are disposed highly to commend this resolution, and we would hint to these "literati," that they had better commence their chastisement, where charity is usually said to begin, that is, at home; for we are of opinion, that they have themselves, "touched irreverently the hallowed depository of God's revealed will," by asserting that if Heb. i. 7, is to be understood in a sense, different from that in which they understand it, "the sacred penman will appear to have written the *grossest nonsense*."

"We shall *endeavour* not to transgress the prescriptions of decorum, the laws of candour, nor the demands of christian meekness."

These gentlemen have shown a competent degree of prudence and we commend them for it; for we think that persons, who possess such a bigotted temper, as has been manifested in this article, should never promise absolutely not to transgress the prescriptions of decorum, A promise to "*endeavour*" not to

do it, is as much, as can reasonably be expected under such circumstances.

"In its execution, we believe we can promise *diligence* and vigilance.

We believe we can do the same, and also that these American "literati" will give us quite as much occasion for their exercise, as the English editors have given them. For, besides charging the English editors, under this article, with having given a new translation of the 4th verse of the 104th Psalm, which (unless they are grossly ignorant of biblical literature) they must have known to be absolutely false; they have, under the article America, which we shall review hereafter, advanced sentiments, respecting the original inhabitants of America, which have a tendency to discredit the scripture declaration, that "God made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell upon the face of all the earth."

"We are sensible that this is an arduous, an important, and a delicate duty. We have approached it, not without undissembled diffidence in our ability to dicharge it worthily."

Considering the positive and confident manner, in which these literati have stated their opinions, and the contempt and derision, which they have manifested toward those who differ from them in sentiment, we suspect there is an errour of the press in the last sentence, and that it ought to be read "we have approached it [viz. this duty] without diffidence in our ability to discharge it worthily."

"We have here avowed the principles, which will govern us in examining and *remarking* upon the moral and theological opinions which it [Rees' Cyclopædia] contains."

The *professed* principles of these literati, as we have before remarked, "we consider to be truly excellent, but the manner in which this article is compiled evidently shows, that they themselves do not regard them; for although they have professed, in their examinations of the scriptures, to be governed by the originals, yet they always have recourse to the English translation of them; and instead of "not bringing to the study of the scriptures, a system already formed in 'their' own mind, and fortified by prejudices" and "of going in the first instance, and without prejudice to learn, what is the system, which" ought to be received, they have taken a method directly contrary, and endeavoured to make the scriptures conform to their prejudices, as we have stated, when noticing the passage cited from 1st Timothy, iv. i. We have attributed their conduct in this instance to the influence of prejudice, because we know no other cause for it, except it be a total ignorance of the original; and, we think, considering the professions of these gentlemen, that it would be altogether unwarrantable to suppose them, not to understand the originals of the scriptures, and

"So much for this subject in general, which it seemed necessary a little to discuss, and for which this appeared as proper a place as any."

RETROSPECTIVE NOTICE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

ARTICLE 2.

The Rudiments of Latin Prosody, with a Dissertation on Letters, and the Principles of Harmony, in Poetick and Prosaick Composition, collected from some of the best writers. Boston, *printed and sold by* Benjamin Mecom, *at the new printing-office, near the town house.* 1760. 12mo. pp. 72.

THOUGH knowledge, at the present day, may be more widely diffused, yet it is, at the same time, more superficial than at former periods; and, notwithstanding the late improvements in our Univerity, it is questionable, whether it can at present boast of any scholars, equal to those, who flourised half a century since.

The neglect of prosody has been so shameful among us, that scarcely a collegian can read a passage of Latin poetry, without some gross violation of quantity; and the scholars of Connecticut are still more defective, in this respect, than those of Massachusetts. This is a subject well worthy the attention of instructors, as it is impossible to relish the beauties of poetry, or even to discover the harmony of prose, without an accurate knowledge of prosody. Scanning is learnt with much greater facility than parsing, and if boys were habituated, as in the English schools, to make Latin verses, they would acquire a knowledge in this art, which would never forsake them. Those, who have conquered the first difficulties, take great delight in this elegant exercise, and verses have sometimes been produced at a school, which would not have disgraced the Augustan age.

This treatise, to which we are desirous of attracting the publick notice, is from the pen of the late James Otis, Esq. a gentlemen highly distinguished by genius, eloquence, and learning.

Mr. Otis, on leaving the University, devoted three years to the attainment of general information, before he entered on the study of the law. During that period, he read the most celebrated writers in the modern languages, and made himself a complete master of classical literature, by perusing those authors in Greek and Latin, with whom he was not previously acquainted. Application and genius united could not fail of success; and America has produced perhaps no man, who possessed more extensive information than this gentleman.

Julius Cæsar, amidst his ambitious projects, wrote a treatise on Rhetorick; and James Otis, in the intervals of forensick occupation, composed this work on prosody. We have read it with considerable attention, and will venture to pronounce it the most clear, and masterly treatise, which we have ever met with on the subject, and earnestly recommend its immediate republication. We shall quote from this very useful work, that part, which treats of the various kinds of verse.

I. "The *Hexameter*, or *Heroick* verse, consists of *six feet*, of which the *fifth* is regularly a *Dactyl*, the *sixth* a *Spondee*;

the rest *Dactyls*, or *Spondees*, as best suits the fancy of the poet, or his subject.

A Spondee is sometimes found in the *fifth* place.

A Dactyl is also (though very rarely) to be found, in the *sixth* place as,

At tuba terribilem procul excitat horridâ.

II. The *Pentameter*, or *Elegiack* verse consists of *five* feet, *Dactyls*, or *Spondees*, making two *Penthemims*, each containing *two* feet, and a *long syllable*: The *second Penthemim* must have two *Dactyls*, and a *long syllable*.

The Hexameter, with *this*, alternately, makes the Elegy, and *this*, alone, is commonly called the Elegiack.

III. The *Asclepiade*, or *Choriambick* verse, of which there are several species; as,

1. The *Asclepiade*, *Choriambick*, *Tetram. Acatalectick*, consisting of a *Spondee*, two *Choriamb.* and a *Pyrrick*, or an *Iambick*. But the common and easier way of measuring, is, after two feet, to make a *Cæsura*, preceded by a *Spondee*, and a *Dactyl*, and followed by two *Dactyls*.

2. The *Choriambick*, *Glyconick*, *Tetram. Acat.* This hath a *Spondee*, rarely a *Trochee*, for the *first foot*, a *Choriamb.* for the *second*, and a *Pyrrick*, or an *Iambick*, for the *last*.

3. The *Alcaick*, *Choriambick*, *Pentam. Acat.* consisting of a *Spondee*, three *Choriambicks*, and a *Pyrrick*, or an *Iambick*.

IV. The *Sapphick*, *Pentam. Acat.* this has a *Trochee*, a *Spondee*, and a *Dactyl*, then two *Trochees*, or sometimes a *Spondee* for the *last*.

After three of these may be added an *Adonick*; of which structure, are many beautiful odes in Horace.

V. The *Phaleucian*, *Hendecasyll. Acat.* consisting of a *Spondee*, a *Dactyl*, and three *Trochees*.

VI. *Dactylick* verses are of several sorts; as,

1. The *Dactylick*, *Alcmanick*, *Tetram. Catal.* consisting of three *Dactyls*, and a *Spondee*.

2. The *Archilochian*, *Dactylick*, *Heroick*, *Acat.* This contains an *Iambick Dimet.* and an *Heroick Penthemim*; the first of these consists of four *Iambicks*, or *Spondees*, in the odd places, i. e. for the *first* and *third* feet. The *Penthemim* has two *Dactyls* and a *syllable*.

3. The *Dactylick Archiloch. Heptam. Acat.* having *Dactyls* or *Spondees* indifferently for the four first *feet*, but only *Trochees* for the three last.

4. The *Dactylick*, *Archiloch. Dimet. Hypercat.* of two *Dactyls*, and a syllable.

5. The *Dactylick*, *Alcaick*, *Acat.* This has an *Iambick Penthemim*, and two *Dactyls*; the *first* foot may be a *Spondee* or an *Iamb.* the *second* only an *Iamb.* then a long syllable followed by two *Dactyls*.

6. The *Dactylick*, *Alcaick*, *Acat.* or *Pindarick*, of this the two first feet are *Dactyls*, the two last *Trochees*.

VII. *Phereeratian*, *Heroick Trim. Acat.* consists of a *Spondee*, a *Dactyl*, and *Spondee*.

VIII. The *Aristophanick*, *Choriamb. Dim. Acat.* consists of a *Choriambick*, for the first foot, and a *Bacchick*, or an *Amphibacchick*, for the *second*.

IX. The *Alcaick*, *Choriamb. Tetram. Acat.* is composed of the *second Epitrite*, two *Choriambicks*, and a *Bacch.* or an *Amphibacch.*

X. Iambick Verse, and its species.

1. The *Iambick*, *Trim. Acat.* This is a pure Iambick.

2. The *Iamb. Archiloch. Trimet. Acat.* The only difference between this and the former, is, that this admits a Spondee in the odd places, and sometimes other feet.

3. The *Iambick Archiloch. Dimet. Acat.* This consists of four *Iambicks*, or *Spondees* in the odd places.

4. The *Iambick Archiloch. Dimet. Hypercat.* This has four *feet*; the first and third may be *Spondees*, the *second* and *fourth* regularly *Iambicks*, to which is added a long *syllable*.

5. The *Iambick*, *Archiloch. Trimet. Cata.* having five *Iambicks* and a long syllable, but will receive *Spondees* in the odd places.

The Iambick verse originally consisted of pure Iambicks; and the several species of mixed Iambicks, now consist chiefly of Iambicks; though they admit, in the odd places, a Spondee, and sometimes other feet. A Tribrach. is sometimes found in the even places, excepting the last; which ought ever to be an Iambick or Pyrrhick. The like exceptions may be found from some other of the definitions, which, to avoid prolixity, are omitted.

XI. The *Trochaick*, *Euripidick*, *Dimet. Catal.* The general difference between the *Trochait*, and *Iambick*, is, that in the former the *Trochee* takes the place of the *Iambick*. According to this way of mea-

suring the *Trochaick*, *Euripidick* above, has three *Trochees* and a syllable.

Anciently in the *Iambick* and *Trochaick* verses, two feet made but one *measure*, hence we find one of those *verses* with four feet, called *Dimeter*, and those of six feet, *Trimeter*; but the Latins measured the Iambick by sing. feet; and called the *Dimeter*, *Quaternarius*, the *Trimeter*, *Senarius*.

XII. The Adonick verse consists of a Spondee, followed by a Dactyl.

XIII. The *Ionick minor*, *Sapphick*, *Trimet. Acat.* is composed of three *Minor Ionicks*.

XIV. The *Ionick minor*, *Sapphick*, *Acat. Tetramet.* consists of four *Minor Ionicks*.

XV. The *Archiloch. Elegiambick*, or *Sapphick*, this consists of two *Dactyls*, and a *syllable*, followed by four Iambicks; but sometimes admits of a Spondee in the odd places.

XVI. The *Archilochian Trochaick*, consisting of an *Iambick* or a *Spondee*, for the first foot, then an *Iamb.* and a *syllable*, followed by three *Trochees*, or a *Spond.* for the *last*. Some by a different measure, make an Iambick of this.

Several other sorts of verse might be added; but the above are sufficient for the present, being all that are commonly used; and, if well understood, will render all others very easy.

The dissertation on letters, and the principles of harmony in poetick and prosaick composition, is extremely well written, and contains many judicious remarks. But the subject has been treated, if not more ably, at least more extensively, by so many later writers than Mr. Otis, as to render its republication the less necessary.

We heartily wish to see this excellent little treatise introduced into our schools and colleges, not only for the signal advantages, which would be derived from the study of it, but because it is the production of our country, and of a man, whom any country might be proud to acknowledge.

To this article we take the liberty of subjoining a Biography of James Otis, written by a friend, who has made it a condition that it should be published entire.

The celebrated James Otis, of Boston, was the son of the Honourable James Otis of Barnstable, in the State of Massachusetts; the father was possessed of a vigour of intellect, and an avidity for study, which, without publick education, qualified him for professional pursuit and publick employment, in both which, he was eminent and respectable. The son passed through all the grades of private and academick education, which the country could offer. The generosity of his soul, the frankness of his mind, and the vivacity of his genius led him to be courted in the early stages of his collegiate education, by the gay, dissipated, and expensive scholars of riper years. But he soon found, that this was not the road to happiness, fame, or honour; he broke from the entanglement of youthful levity and dissipation, shut himself up in his study, and with indefatigable industry, explored the labyrinths of science, received academick honours, and then retired to the parental roof, where he devoted one year to further pursuits in general information. He then entered himself a student at law with the famous Mr. Gridley, the first lawyer and civilian of his time, and at twenty-one years of age, began the practice of that learned profession at Plymouth. He there remained two years, study still his principal pursuit, when he removed to Boston. There his reputation soon became so extensive, that he was constantly employed, and practised with that integrity, openness, and honour, that allured judges, juries, and parties, to acknowledge, that the side he espoused must be successful. In consequence of this celebrity, appli-

cation was made for his assistance in the most important causes in the neighbouring colonies, and even in Nova Scotia, where he conducted successfully some law cases of magnitude and importance, and his reputation at the bar expanded with his vast talents.

The important events, preceding, and leading to, and connected with the American revolution, soon drew him into publick view. Such talents, in the drama of that important scene, must necessarily be drawn into action: and possessing the ardent love of liberty, the principles of general happiness, the ideas of independence resulting to every people capable of attending to their own institutions of civil government, Mr. Otis entered warmly by his writings and conversation into the defence of the colonies against the arbitrary and oppressive measures of the parent state.

He was early introduced into the Legislature, where he had a most commanding influence by the powers of his eloquence, the keenness of his wit, the force of his arguments, and the resources of his intelligence, which spread light and information on the most intricate subjects. In the various situations, in which he was placed, he so counteracted the agents of ministerial power, and so ably supported the rights of mankind, that it became necessary to the purposes of vindictive oppression to rob the country of this its ablest defender; and such was the degradation of principle, that it was thought expedient to resort to the base measure of assassination, to deprive America of the abilities of this valuable man. A band of desperadoes attacked him in a publick room, put out the lights, and with clubs and sabres extinguished an intellectual light, never perfectly relumined, and instantly fled, under cover of night, to the only place of safety, which could shield them from the vengeance of an indignant people. A particular and correct detail of this transanction may be seen in the first volume of Mrs. Warren's History of the American Revolution.

After this general outline of Mr. Otis's life and character, it may be well to notice some of his publications, which, though not voluminous, were appropriate, pointed, pure, classical, and elegant. His Latin prosody, though it may be considered in some views, as a minor performance, yet was novel in its kind, and may exhibit such improvements in language and writings, as would tend to benefit general science. He had nearly completed, if not wholly, a similar work on the Greek language; and it is to be lamented, that this, with many of his manuscripts, which would have been an invaluable legacy to posterity, were destroyed by his own hands in some moments of beclouded reason.

Every thing he wrote on the science of government displayed the vast ideas of his capacious mind; he was not in the habit of dilatation; he wrote, not as an author, but as a man, a statesman, a politician, a civilian. His fugitive pieces, published in the Gazettes of the day, evinced his industry and attention to publick pursuits.

The Stamp Act originated in 1764, which electrified all the colonial governments, produced his "*Rights of the Colonies stated and vindicated.*" This was considered as a masterpiece of composition and argument, which had all the weight and effect that it deserved, and drew upon its author, all the oblo-

quy and malice, resulting from strong prejudice, and conscious defect of sentiment. Many of his opponents afterwards acknowledged this publication a just criterion of political truth.

To take a general survey of Mr. Otis's character is easy: it might be summed up in a few sentences. It was the consummation of integrity and honour, of delicate sentiment, with nobleness of heart, of correct principles, of philosophick taste, and perfect urbanity of manners, of refined feelings, with an independence of mind, that shrunk not from duty, and on *that* altar would sacrifice every thing.

But few of his co-patriots are now living, those few love, and admire, and reverence his character. The celebrated author of the Farmer's Letters, the late Mr. Dickenson, a man admirable for the purity of his morals, the simplicity of his manners, the consistency of his conduct, the intelligence of his mind, the rectitude of his principles, and the virtues of his heart, has lately borne testimony to the active virtues of Mr. Otis, in a letter to his sister, Mrs. Warren, wherein he says,

"*My Esteemed Friend,*

"THY letter, with its inclosures, came to my hands yesterday, for which I return many thanks.

"Thy approbation I consider as a real honour, and is greatly endeared to me by coming from a sister of my very deserving and highly valued friend, James Otis.

"Our acquaintance with one another was formed at the first Congress, held at New York in the year 1765; and it soon grew into friendship.

"At this distant period, I have a pleasing recollection of his candour, spirit, patriotism and philanthropy.

"In a longer continued existence on this earth, than was allotted to him, I have endeavoured, as well as I could, to aid the cause, in which his heart was engaged, by asserting and maintaining the liberties, for which he would have been willing to share in all the distresses of our revolution, and, if necessary, to lay down his life.

"It soothes my mind, to bear this pure testimony to departed worth.

"May divine goodness graciously bestow on his relations a plentiful portion of consolations.

"Thy generous exertions to inform thy fellow citizens, and to present thy country before the world in a justly favourable light, will be, I firmly believe, attended with the desired success.

"With every respectful consideration, I am thy sincere friend,

"JOHN DICKENSON.

"*Wilmington*, the 25th of the 1st month, 1805."

CATALOGUE.

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,

FOR APRIL, 1808.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.....MART.

NEW WORKS.

No. 1, of the Minor Novelist: containing Emily Hammond, Clement and Agnes, and Frederick, a Fragment. 18mo. pp. 36. Price 12½ cents, in blue covers. Boston and Troy, (N. Y.) Wright, Goodenow & Stockwell.

Ruin or separation from Anti-Christ. A sermon, preached at Byfield, April 7, 1808, on the annual fast in the commonwealth of Massachusetts: by Elijah Parish, D. D. Minister of Byfield. 8vo. stitched, pp. 24. Newburyport, E. W. & W B. Allen, printers, 1808.

A Letter to the hon. Harrison Gray Otis, a member of the Senate of Massachusetts, on the present state of our national affairs; with remarks upon Mr. Pickering's letter to the governour of the Commonwealth. By John Quincy Adams. 8vo. stitched, pp. 32. Boston, published by Oliver & Munroe, 1808.

Interesting Correspondence between his excellency governour Sullivan and col. Pickering; in which the latter vindicates himself against the groundless charges and insinuations made by the governour, and others. 8vo. stitched, pp. 32. Boston, printed by Greenough & Stebbins. 1808.

The Elements of English Grammar. By Adoniram Judson, jun. A. B. 12mo. pp. 56. Boston, printed by Cushing & Lincoln. 1808.

A Sermon, preached at Trinity Church, in Boston, on the Fast Day, April 7, 1808. By J. S. J. Gardiner, A.M. Rector of Trinity Church. 8vo. stitched in blue, pp. 22. Boston, printed by Munroe, Francis, & Parker. 1808.

An accurate report of the argument on a motion for an attchment against Baptis Irvine, editor of the Whig, for a contempt against the court of Oyer and Terminer, for Baltimore county. By A. C. Hanson, one of the Counsel for the State. Baltimore, Jacob Wagner.

A Sermon, delivered at the request of the Ladies' Society, instituted for the relief of distressed women and children, in the city of Albany, Jan. 10, 1808. By the Rev. Frederick Beasley, M. A. Rector of the Episcopal Church in said city. Price 25 cents.

Vol. 2, of the Trial of Col. Aaron Burr, on an indictment for treason.

The Military Companion, being a system of Company discipline, founded on the regulations of Baron Steuben, late Major-General and Inspector General of the army of the U. S. Containing the manual exercise, &c. together with duty of officers and privates. Designed for the use of the Militia. Newburyport, W. & J. Gilman. Price 25 cents.

A Discourse, delivered in the church in Hollis street, April 13, 1808, at the interment of the Rev. Samuel West, D.D. late pastor of said church. By John Lathrop, D. D. pastor of the Second Church in Boston. To which is added, A Biographical Memoir of the Rev. Dr. West, written and published at the request of a committee of the Society in Hollis street, Boston. By the Rev. Thomas Thacher, A. M. A. A. S. of Dedham. 8vo. pp. 38. Boston, Belcher & Armstrong, printers. 1808.

Pratical questions on English Grammar, to be answered by those, who study Murray's abridgment; to which are added some directions for parsing. By the Rev. Timothy Alden, jun. pp. 36. Boston. Manning and Loring.

NEW EDITIONS.

Considerations on the causes, objects, and consequences of the present war, and on the expediency, or the danger of peace with France. By William Roscoe Esq. late member of the Parliament for Liverpool. From the fourth English edition. Philadelphia, Birch & Small.

An enquiry into the causes and consequences of the Orders in Council, and an examination of the conduct of Great Britain, towards the neutral commerce of America. By Alexander Baring, Esq. member of Parliament. New-York, Alsop, Brannon & Alsop. Price 50 cents.

Corinna, or Italy: by Madame de Stael Holstein. In 2 vols. 12mo. Boston, printed for Farrand, Mallory, & Co.

A pocket dictionary of the Law of Bills of Exchange, Promissory Notes, Bank Notes, Checks, &c. with an appendix, containing abstracts of acts and select cases, relative to negotiable securities, analysis of a count in assumpsit, tables of notarial fees, stamps, postage, &c. By John Irwin Maxwell, Esq. of the honourable society of the Inner Temple, author of "The Spirit of Maratime Law," &c. With many additions, for the use of the American merchant. 12mo. pp. 251. Philadelphia, published by William P. Farrand & Co. and in Boston by Farrand, Mallory & Co. 1808.

Observations on Abortion; containing an account of the manner in which it takes place, the causes which produce it, and the method of treating or preventing it. By John Burns, lecturer on Midwifery, and member of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons in Glasgow. First American edition. Small 12mo. pp. 151. Troy, N. Y. printed by Wright, Goodenow and Stockwell, and sold by them at the Rensselaer bookstore, and at their bookstore in Boston. 1808.

A treatise on contracts, within the jurisdiction of Courts of Equity. By John Newland, of the Inner Temple, Esq. barrister at law. 8vo. pp. 543. Published by William P. Farrand, Philadelphia, and Farrand, Mallory and Co. Boston. 1808.

Horæ Juridicæ Subsecivæ: a connected series of notes, respecting the geography, chronology, and literary history of the principal codes and original documents of the Grecian, Roman, Feudal, and Canon law. By Charles Butler, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. With additional notes and illustrations, by an eminent American civilian. 8vo. pp. 136. Philadelphia, published by William P. Farrand and Co. and Farrand, Mallory and Co. Boston. 1808.

A world without Souls. Third American edition. 12mo. pp. 106. Boston, Manning and Loring. 1808.

The Histories of Greece, Rome, and South and North America; designed for the use of schools. 12mo. Belcher and Armstrong.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

W. Pelham has in the press, a system of Notation, representing the sounds of alphabetical characters, by a new application of the accentual marks in present use, with such additions as were necessary to supply deficiencies.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands, No. 53, Cornhill, have now in the press, Essays to do good. By the Rev. Cotton Mather: revised and improved, by the Rev. George Burden. In one vol. 12mo.

William Blagrove has in the press, and will shortly publish, a chaste collection of Amatory and Miscellaneous Songs; designed chiefly for the ladies. To which will be added, in an appendix, a selection of the most popular songs of the present day. To be embellished with a frontispiece. Price 1 dollar.

Farrand, Mallory & Co. have in the press, Walker's key to the classical pronunciation of Greek, Latin and Scripture proper names.

Farrand, Mallory & Co. have also in the press, Buonaparte's last campaigns in Prussia, Saxony, Poland, &c. ornamented with engravings, exhibiting the likeness of Buonaparte, king and queen of Prussia, and emperour of Russia. A translation of this work, by Samuel Mackay, A. M. is now completed.

Oliver and Munroe of this town, have in the press, An Address to young Persons. By Richard Watson, Lord Bish- of Landaff, to be comprised in one volume 18mo of about 100 pages.

Greenough and Stebbins of this town, have commenced printing an 8vo. edition of the Holy Bible. The work will be completed by the first of December next.

WORKS ANNOUNCED.

Lincoln & Edmands will shortly put to press, Mason's Spiritual Treasury for the Children of God; being a Reflection for each morning and evening in the year, from select texts of Scripture, 2 vol. 12mo.

Ephraim C. Beals, Boston, proposes publishing by subscription, the Beauties of the Poets: being a collection of Moral and Sacred Poetry, from the most eminent authors. Compiled by the late Rev. Thomas Janes, of Bristol, England. The work to be comprised in one vol. 12mo. containing near 300 pages, and delivered to subscribers at one dollar, in extra boards.

Col. Ir. Amelot de Lacroix has prepared for the press, a new elementary work, entitled Modern French Tacticks, or Military Instructions, for the officers of all grades, from a subaltern to a major-general. Now translating into English, by Samuel Mackay, A. M. late captain in the U. S. army. This work will be comprised in one volume octavo, and contain about five hundred pages. It will be divided into five distinct parts, and be ornamented with suitable plates to illustrate the different attitudes, motions and evolutions, which will render the whole intelligible to those officers, whose avocations deprive them of leisure and opportunities to make deeper researches; price to subscribers 2 dollars.

Peter Varon, Teacher of the French, English and German Languages, Boston, proposes publishing by subscription, Le Guide Fidele de la Langue Francoise and Angloise, or a Faithful Guide to the French and English Languages. The work to consist of two volumes, octavo; containing together about six oreven hundred pages, closely printed. The price to subscribers will be 5 dollars in boards, or 6 handsomely bound. The proof sheets of the French will be carefully revised and corrected by a judicious person thoroughly acquainted with the language.

James P. Parke, of Philadelphia, proposes publishing by subscription the History of the Rise, Progress and Accomplishment of the abolition of the African Slave Trade. By Thomas Clarkson, M. A. author of the Portraiture of Quakerism, and several other works. To be printed in 2 thick vols. 12mo. price 3 dols. per set.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. WEST'S CELEBRATED PICTURE.

DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE; OR, THE OPENING OF THE SEALS.

From a sketch, by B. West, esq. *President of the Royal Academy.*

Revelations, chap. vi. 7, 8. "And when he had opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, Come and see. And I looked, and behold a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death. And hell followed him: and power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth."

THE class of subjects, to which this noble sketch belongs, cannot, with propriety, be denominated the historical; as such, therefore, the same principles of criticism are not to be employed in our examination of it: it belongs to an order of composition, which embraces the loftier subjects of fancy, and the divine flights of inspired poetry; in a word, those subjects, which, having their basis in Revelations, are of a class, to which the most exalted imagination can scarcely expect to rise.

This subject is intended to express the triumph of death over all things, by means of that variety of human calamities and mortal sufferings, which pestilence, famine, and the sword, together with the vices of man himself, have introduced into the world.

Its object is to express universal desolation; to depict all the methods, by which a world may be destroyed.

To bring out the subject of this composition, Mr. West has divided it into three parts. The fore

ground contains a group, extending nearly half the length of the canvass, in which are seen death by pestilence, famine, and despair, and by almost every means, which terminate existence in all ages and sexes.

In the second group, we behold lions, men, and horses, in combat with each other, terminated with a furious bull, tossing men and dogs in the air.

The third group rises from the centre of the picture. It is the King of Terrours himself, on his pale horse. On his head is a crown, denoting his sovereignty over all things. His horse is without reins, and his uplifted arms scatter the shafts of death in all directions around him. His form, in the language of Milton, is 'without form.' It is dissolving into darkness, it is in awful and terrible obscurity, all the legions of hell are in his train; they are seen in the opening perspective, and terminate the distances almost in the immensity of space. On the fore ground is a serpent, his head bruised with a stone, which indicates his death from the hand of man: near the serpent is the dove mourning over his dead mate.

In the back ground, we behold the rage of battle, by sea and land, whilst the elements are convulsed by earthquakes, thunder, and vivid lightning. The eagle is seen on his wing, pursuing and destroying the feathered race; whilst the general colour of the picture denotes an atmosphere, filled with every thing noxious and pestilential.

Such is the description of a picture, which has attracted the notice of the community of arts throughout the civilized world, and upon which an eminent writer, whilst it was upon exhibition in the Louvre at Paris, has passed the following praise, which deserves to be recorded for its equal elegance and justness.

After reviewing the composition at large, he concludes, "This is the most difficult of subjects, which the pencil of man could undertake; but the painter has WILLED it, and it has been DONE."

LAFON'S MAP OF THE ORLEANS TERRITORY.

In 1806, B. Lafon, a geographer and engineer, at New-Orleans, published *A general Chart of the Orleans Territory, comprehending also West-Florida, and a part of the Mississippi Territory.* The explanations are in the French language, and the whole executed from the most recent observations. The author states, that a considerable portion of his materials are quite new; such, for example, as the courses of the Missisippi, which were finished in 1806, as well as those of the Albama, Mobile, Pascagoula, Tangipao, Mitalebani, Ticfoha Amite, Washita, Yazoo, and their different ramifications with the Missisippi; as also the Pearl, Red, and Sabine rivers.

This map exhibits all the country on the gulf, from Pensacola to the Sabine inclusive; which, computing the longitude of the former to be 89° 45′ W. from the meridian of Paris, and the latter to be 96° 31′, makes an extent of almost seven degrees of longitude. And it embraces the whole space from the *south point* of the Missisippi, which is its extreme termination on the side of the ocean, in lat. N. 29°, to the parallel of 33°, which is considerably to the northward of Tombigbee fort, the Yazoo mouth, and the settlement of Natchitoches; making four degrees of latitude.

This piece of geography is handsomely executed; and is, doubtless, the most correct and instructive display, that has ever been made of those regions. We announce it, therefore, with pleasure; but at the same time, with an expression of our regret, that it is not accompanied with sufficient explanation of their physical geography, nor of their statistical condition.

PRICE AND STROTHER'S MAP OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

The year 1807 has added another important map to our geography. By the labours of Jonathan Price and John Strother, a map of the state of North Carolina has been compiled, the first, it is said, from actual survey. It includes the whole of its extensive and peculiar coast on the Atlantick ocean, from the Virginian line, a little north of Currituck inlet, to the South Carolina boundary, at Little River inlet. But the new discoveries, made under the auspices of the national government, which have been published by virtue of a resolve of Congress, dated 2d of March, 1807, seem not to be comprehended in it. This is probably owing to their having been made after the map was put into the engraver's hands.

From its extreme point of east-longitude at Cape Hatteras, in about 75° 50′ W. from Greenwich, this commonwealth extends to the 84th, or thereabout, on the westernmost part of its supposed junction with Tennessee, beyond the *Iron*, *Bald*, *Walnut*, and *Smoaky mountains*, in which the territorial line is not fully ascertained. The civil divisions into counties are distinctly marked, and coloured. And the roads, rivers, towns, places of publick worship, villas, hills, and swamps, are so minutely marked, that the map may be deservedly ranked among the most instructive publications of this class. The engraving and printing was performed by the Harrisons of Philadelphia.

SOUTHERN SHRUBS BECOMING ACCLIMATED TO NORTHERN SITUATIONS.

William Bartram, who in 1793 published *Travels made through North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, East and West Florida, the Cherokee, Creek, and Chactaw Countries*, in 1773, added thereby much to our knowledge of the plants and animals of North America. This man of original observation, of modest merit, and unaffected manners, cultivates at his beautiful villa, on the western banks of the Schuylkill, near Philadelphia, a number of the vegetables which he found during his southern excursions. Among others, he may be considered as having already naturalized the superb Franklinia, a native of the country near the Altamaha, to the severity of a Pennsylvania winter. The cucumber tree too, a fine species of magnolia, grows to a stately size in his grounds. This interesting man is son to the celebrated botanist, John Bartram, who contributed much to the scientifick character of his country, by the collections in natural history which he made, and by his correspondence with Peter Collinson and Charles Linnæus. The present proprietor now inhabits the house built by his father, over one of the windows of which is this inscription, expressive of the sense of devotion, which was felt by that zealous cultivator of natural history.

His God alone Almighty Lord,
The only one by him ador'd. 1770.

MINERALOGICAL NOTICES FROM KENTUCKY.

The following information concerning a mineral water near Harrodsburg, and a remarkable stratum of mill-stone rock on a branch of the Kentucky River, is taken from Mr. Samuel P. Demaree's letter to Dr. Mitchill, dated Danville, February 6, 1808.

"Half a mile south of the court-house in Harrodsburg, there is an acidulous spring of some note. It was discovered, as you have probably heard, in the autumn of 1806. What are the peculiar properties which distinguish this water from that of common springs, is a matter of some dispute among our chemists. Their difference is the more excusable, because none of them, I think, are possessed of the proper apparatus and tests by which to ascertain the qualities of the water. Its effects are favourable in colicks, rheumatisms, ophthalmias, cutaneous disorders, &c. but pernicious in consumptive cases. The water itself is extremely transparent and sparkling; taste brackish; when boiled off, it leaves a white powder, said to be Epsom salt; when drank, it lies easy on the stomach, is greatly diuretick, and frequently cathartick. Nearly three miles south-east of the above spring there is an old deer lick, in which a well has been sunk, of perennial water. Of this cattle are very fond. I have seen horses run nearly half a mile, cross two flush streams of common rain water, drink at this well, and return immediately back. Cows having access to it, fatten on very thin pasture. About this well there is clay of a tough consistence, streaked white and blue. An analysis, I hope, would prove it valuable for manufacturing earthen ware.

"On Red River, a head branch of the Kentucky, a very curious kind of rock is found. It seems to have been formed by the concretion of innumerable pebbles, of all figures and many colours. What may be the cementive quality of the pebbles themselves, or rather of the water, or something else which has passed through them, I am not able to determine. The rock is manufactured into excellent mill-stones."

AMERICAN TOURMALINE.

This mineral is well known for its singular property of becoming electrical merely by being warmed. It has, therefore, excited the attention of the electrician, as well as of the chemist and mineralogist. Mr. Godon, a distinguished cultivator of the physical sciences, from Paris, and now in this town, has discovered tourmalines in several places which he has visited; and they may now be considered as existing in the neighbourhood of New-York and Philadelphia, in some districts of Massachusetts, at Georgetown, in Columbia, and, above all, in New-Hampshire, whose mountains can easily furnish tourmalines enough for all the mineralogical collections in the world. Many of them consist of long black crystals, united to quartz, and possessing very much the appearance of schoerl.

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

FOR

MAY, 1808.

For the Anthology.

REMARKER, No. 33.

HAYLEY, in his life of Cowper, has introduced a beautiful poem on Friendship by that moral bard: it is written with all the simplicity and natural elegance, which characterise him; and as his constitutional feebleness and religious despondency frequently required and always received the tenderest assistance of friendly affection, he knew from experience, as also from moral reasoning, the necessary qualities to create and continue this greatest of human delights. Accordingly, he has described it with such artlessness and force of sentiment, with such vigour and extent of view, that he has condensed, in a short poem, the essence of what has been so largely written on the subject by the best authors, ancient and modern. He has indeed added nothing new to what was already known; for Tully had before the christian era, treated the topick with all the acute knowledge, which reading or reflection could supply, and had adorned it with all the graces of eloquence and fancy. But however splendidly decorated, or philosophically investigated by Hayley or Tully, the ancients considered that a perfect union of sentiments and actions was necessary to constitute this virtue. They supposed that two friends were to be intimately acquainted with all the virtues and vices, and opinions and failings of each other; otherwise the passion could not subsist in vigour, or be long continued. They also said, that there must be a coincidence of sentiment, as to any thing, which was wished for or disliked. The Idem velle atque idem nolle of Horace is well known; and in Cicero, there are many passages of the same nature and tendency. Indeed, in former times, the most romantick ideas were entertained of this virtue. Epithets of enthusiasm and sublimity were lavished on it, as if friendship were the most holy gift of the gods, the proper object of prayer, and the noblest cause of piety and gratitude. A serious reader might almost suppose, that in the works of the classicks, he was reading the compositions of modern writers, such is their flow of sentiment, and their flight of romance; in many is to be found all the eloquence of Rousseau, and in some the fanciful doctrines of Zimmerman.

I certainly do not mean to censure the ancient moralists. They have

often avowed the most just reflections on life and manners; and the elegance of their stile has added every attraction to the truth of their opinions. Yet I cannot but observe with Dr. Johnson, we know little about the ancients. If what they have written and said be the real dictates of their understanding; if their accounts of friendship be not visionary, but practical; if the portraits, which they have drawn, are not merely the ideal beings of the brain, but the true representations of existing characters, we may conclude that Grecian and Roman friends were different from the French or English. In the stores of modern literature, I can find accounts of virtuous friendships, reasonable in their nature, founded in esteem, and durable in operation; but in vain do I search for the inviolable union of Castor and Pollux, the eternal affection of Pylades and Orestes, and the wonderful constancy of Damon and Pythias.

But, without attempting to injure the sentiments of the ancients on this head, it may be reasonably observed, that they endeavoured to write eloquently, rather than accurately; that they were more anxious to show what friendship should be, than to exhibit it as what they had seen or experienced. This was a favourite mode of instruction, as it might induce any one to rise above the common level of virtue, to the most sublime excellence; and it was recommended to the poet or orator for another reason, for in that when they used it, they might give perfect freedom to their imagination; they might array the friend, the philosopher, and the wise man in all the charms of possible perfection, while the sober historian was confined to the truth of testimony and the accuracy of fact. That the ancients had much romance in their descriptions of virtue, is probable from an accurate view of human nature in relation to the necessary requisites of friendship. If they considered that a thorough acquaintance with each other's views, failings, virtues, and vices, was essential to a perfect, friendly union between two persons, as really seems to have been an idea entertained by some of the old moralists, we may safely affirm, that a complete friendship was never formed among men, and that all descriptions of its existence are unfounded and erroneous.

Such are the infirmity and wickedness of human nature, that no person was ever free from follies and crimes; and such is its prudence or pride, that they are never disclosed. In the awful period of prayer, no doubt some men have confessed all their sins, and humbly have requested pardon for their acknowledged transgressions. But this breathing out of wickedness has been caused by a conviction, that the Omniscient God was already acquainted with them, and by a hope that a devout acknowledgement might propitiate his judgment, and promote a reconciliation between an offended Deity and a vile conceiver or actual perpetrator of crimes. Similar reasons may have operated to induce many of the Roman Catholick church, to pour forth all their sorrows and sins into the hearts of the confessors; as their religion had declared this to be one source of consolation, and, perhaps, one means of salvation. But, independently of such circumstances and reasons, where is the man whose heart has been perfectly known? Where is the tongue, which has proclaimed all the wickedness, which the mind had ever conceived? Where is the friend, who has ever laid open

his whole soul to the inspection of another? The thing is morally impossible. There is always some folly unrevealed, some failing, which as it may be vicious, will not be discovered. Let any one ask himself candidly, whether he have not, at some moment of his life thought of some crime, or actually committed it, which he would be ashamed to acknowledge; which, when recollected, pains him, and would, if published even to a friend, at the hour of midnight, in the secrecy of solitude, distract him. The heart is never pure. It is often clouded with sorrow because of its follies, and sometimes blackened with despair, because of its crimes. When man is born, sin also is engendered; it progresses in extent or enormity during the course of existence, and, though frequently baffled by virtuous resolution, or repented of in contrite humiliation, is never eradicated from the soul, till death drives it from its retreat, and leaves the man to his Maker.

If this be a true statement of the guilt of human nature, we can never believe, that the friendships of the ancient world were founded on a perfect knowledge of the characters, who formed the union of hearts. It may perhaps be thought that I have stated the opinions of heathen moralists too largely; that they never intended that the whole system of intentions and actions in one person should be laid bare to the scrutinizing view of another; and that I have in fact raised a hideous phantom, only to destroy it. This may possibly be the case; but when one writer tells me, that friends should have the same desires and aversions; when a philospher, like Tully, says, that in friendship one soul should animate two bodies; and when the general opinions on the subject in the old world are acknowledged to be extravagant, I cannot think that what I have stated is much farther from the truth than the inaccuracy of a copy wanders from the exactness of an original.

Should it however be supposed, that in the treatises of antiquity, true friendship is described, rather as what it should be than what it has been; and that the heroes of this virtue are more wonderful in the page of the moralist, than they were by their conduct in life; that a knowledge of each other's whole nature and a perfect coincidence in sentiments is to be desired rather than expected; it may then be a matter of much doubt, whether the speculations are not too highly coloured, and consequently distrustful, and whether if carried into practice, they might not produce harm, instead of advantage.

Every foolish boy and romantick girl have learned and believed such beautiful opinions of friendship, that it may not be pleasant to destroy the illusion; yet they should know, that errour always leads to evil; that truth should be the object of every pursuit; that practical good is better than speculative felicity. I do not mean to destroy friendly affection; I intend to cherish it by sobriety and care. I am no wild destroyer, who would root out the charities of life, but I would prune them with care, and water them with diligence. The friendship of the ancients is extravagant and useless; it is like an old oak towering in the inaccessible rocks of a lofty mountain, never invigorated by the mellow breezes of spring, but always exposed to the lightnings and shattered by the blast.

For the ordinary purposes of life, there is no necessity of unveiling to a friend all the secrets of the mind.

The affection can increase to maturity, without such a developement. This reason suggests and experience confirms. If the virtuous man, from the iniquity of his nature, be seldom free from faults, and never from follies; if he have sometimes contemplated the pleasures of vice or meditated the execution of evil; if he have afterwards repented of his sins, governed his passions, and humbled himself before God; I would ask the Roman philosopher what advantage could result from the exposing of such frailties and amendments to a friend? He would certainly answer, none. No possible good could result from such confidence. If temptations have led a man astray from the course of virtue, but by contrition and holy living he has been reconciled to his Maker, why should he tear open his heart to a friend, and be obliged to contemplate anew the former wickedness of his mind? Why shall he again cause to bleed, the wound which had healed? Nay, so far from its conducing to the ripening of friendship, it might forever blast it; for such is the common prudence of human nature, that no one will repose in another's keeping his secrets, his sorrows, his life, perhaps his reputation, whose unveiled sins and wickedness give him a miserable pledge of good conduct, a pitiful bond of virtuous resolution. Friendship therefore cannot demand to know the heart of another. Our poor nature will be exposed in our conduct and sentiments, without our laying it needlessly open. Let it be gradually discovered of necessity, not suddenly exhibited by folly. If our friends believe us better than we are, let us leave it to proper circumstances to destroy the delusion, and represent the true picture of ourselves; for otherwise a complete developement may make us abhorred; and surely no one is bound to confess what may lead to his condemnation.

SKETCH OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

FROM the sketch, which has been given of the scheme of publick study at Glasgow, it will appear that the general arrangement of its parts is judicious, and fraught with many advantages to the interests of education. It is not, however, entirely free from the defects, to which all such institutions are liable. In a systematick establishment of this nature, a more important station ought surely to have been allotted to mathematical studies, than the one which they now occupy. A superficial knowledge of the subject is indeed rendered necessary to the degree of Master of Arts; but this requisition is far from being of sufficient strictness or regularity to remedy the evil, and the general indifference towards such pursuits, manifested among the students, seems to require some other counteraction, than is afforded by the present plans of education, pursued in the college. The mathematical department, which is conducted by Mr. Millar, son to the late celebrated professor of law, occupies an intermediate situation between the publick and private classes. A regular attendance is exacted from those who enter upon the study, examinations are made, in connection

with the ordinary business of the class, and prizes distributed, at the close of the session, to the young men, who have rendered themselves the most eminent on these occasions. Still, however, no specifick period in the academical routine is allotted to the prosecution of this science: the mathematical class is considered, merely as an appendage to the system, and, like other appendages, is disregarded, as comparatively trivial and unimportant. The mind of the youthful student is often distracted by the intricacies of the syllogism, or the modern mysteries of metaphysical doctrine, when a previous direction of his attention to the studies of mathematical or natural science would have given arrangement and precision to his ideas, and qualified him for future intellectual exertions of the most arduous nature. A doubt too may be stated on a more general ground, whether a systematick course of education, carried to such an extent, is really advantageous to the interests of the rising generation. The faculties and exertions of the student, are directed to a variety of objects in succession, without allowing his inclinations to attach themselves to any one in particular, from the steady pursuit of which he might derive future reputation and celebrity. His mind often becomes wearied, by a complication and multiplicity of subjects, where a judicious selection would have conferred new vigour upon his exertions, and given increased rapidity to his literary or scientifick progress. I start these doubts, merely as objects of interesting consideration; and in their application to the scheme of publick study at Glasgow, I should myself feel tempted to throw a negative upon their validity. Individual characters and circumstances, there may be, upon which such a system has an unfavourable effect; but, upon the whole, it may with safety be presumed, that its general consequences are beneficial to the interests of education.

The student, having passed through the five publick classes, or through the philosophy classes only, is qualified to propose himself for the degree of Master of Arts. By an unaccountable negligence in the conduct of this graduation, the proposal here is rendered almost identical with the acceptance. The strictness of examination is preserved in external forms alone, and the test applied, is such as to exclude only the most glaring instances of ignorance and demerit. It is said, however, that the faculty of professors have it in contemplation, to remedy this evil, by increasing the difficulty of the examinations: thus preserving the distinction, which ought ever to be established, between the industrious and active, and those of an opposite character. This distinction is, indeed, in a great measure maintained, by the distribution of prizes in the different publick classes, as rewards, either for general industry and merit, or for particular instances of talent and activity, connected with the study of each class. The allotment of these prizes is usually determined by the students themselves; the business being conducted in such a way, as to secure, in general, a perfect fairness and impartiality of decision: there are, however, as might naturally be expected from a popular determination of this kind, occasional instances, in which the allotment of these honours is decided, rather by influence and solicitation, than from any unbiassed regard to the pretensions of real merit. The prizes, considered in themselves, are trifling; consist-

ing generally of books, the value of which is proportioned to the rank which the students have respectively assumed on the prize list. They are distributed, on the last day of the session, in the common hall of the college, where the publicity of presentation enhances the pleasure derived from a consciousness of desert. Independently of the prizes given in the different classes, there are several of a more general description, the competition for which is open to all the publick students attending the college. The decision, in this instance, is made by the faculty of professors; the subjects of competition, being essays on the various topicks of literature, science, or the politicks of the day. A few of these prizes, which are usually medals, or a corresponding value in books, are confined, exclusively, to the divinity students; the subjects of disquisition having a reference, of course, to the studies in which they are more immediately engaged.

The reputation of Glasgow, as a medical school, though in a state of progressive increase, will not bear any present competition with that of the Edinburgh college. The only professorships, connected with this department, are those of anatomy, the practice of medicine, and botany; courses of chemistry, materia medica, and midwifery, are, however, delivered by lectures, under the patronage of the university. The lectures on anatomy, by Dr. Jeffray are valuable and numerously attended; but the opportunities for private dissection, among the students, are much less favourable than might be wished; a circumstance, which must ever interfere materially with the progress of a medical school. The prejudices of the lower ranks of society, on this subject, are here exceedingly violent. About five years ago, the discovery of an attempt, by some young men, to procure a subject for dissection, excited so much popular ferment, that the business of the college was almost entirely suspended during a period of several days, and military interference was rendered necessary, to restore the peace and regularity of the town. The acquisition of the Hunterian Museum, is a circumstance, extremely advantageous to this branch of the medical department; the collection of natural and morbid preparations, made by the late Dr. Hunter, being, at present, unparalleled for extent and value. The college faculty will doubtless deem it expedient to make such arrangements for the publicity of this collection, as may secure its continued service to the interests of medical knowledge.

The celebrity of Black and Irvine, names venerated by every lover of science, has annexed a corresponding reputation to the chemical chair of the University. This department is at present conducted by Dr. Cleghorn, whose extensive employment as a physician in the town and neighbourhood of Glasgow enables him to confer a peculiar value upon those parts of his subject, which have a relation to the theory or practice of medicine. The number of students attending this course has been very considerably increased within the last two or three years, but like the other branches of physical science, chemistry is rarely made an object of much attention, by those who are frequenting the college, with a view to general literature. The attractions of the study are either unknown or disregarded, and few traces exist of that ardour of pursuit, which the interesting and important nature of the objects under contemplation would

seem so peculiarly fitted to excite. Independently of his engagements as a lecturer on chemistry, Dr. Cleghorn confers an additional service upon the medical department by a series of clinical lectures delivered in conjunction with Dr. Frere, the professor of the practice of physick, to the students attending the city infirmary. The importance of such lectures must be obvious to every one who considers the superiority of the knowledge, derived from observations at the bed side of the patient, to that vague and inefficacious acquaintance with the forms of disease, which is procured through the medium of books alone.

The present number of medical students at Glasgow may, probably, exceed two hundred, of whom much the most considerable proportion are natives either of Scotland or Ireland. The obloquy attached, not without propriety, to the Aberdeen and St. Andrew's degrees of medicine, is partially shared by this university; but an increased strictness, which has lately been introduced into the examinations for graduation, will, it may be hoped, efface the stain, and remove a portion, at least, of those evils, which must ever accompany the intrusion of ignorance or incapacity into the profession of medicine.

As a school for divinity, Glasgow has long enjoyed very considerable celebrity, in this part of the island. The provisions made for the education of the ministers of the Scotch church, are such as to secure, to this class of the community, a merited reputation for learning, information, and talent; and in no one religious establishment, probably, can the officiating members lay claim to a greater or more general respectability of character. It is usual for each theological student to pass through the five publick classes, previously to his entering the divinity hall: by this means, a sufficient basis is formed for his more important studies, the prosecution of which, during the required period of seven years, creates every necessary qualification for the discharge of the ministerial office. The present professor of divinity, is Dr. Findlay, a venerable old man of ninety, who commands respect equally from his extensive learning, and from the general moderation and liberality of his religious principles. His lectures are valuable, in the quantity of information they contain, but are characterised by too great a degree of diffuseness and detail; a single course of divinity being laid out at such length, as to occupy several entire sessions. This circumstance has given rise to an anecdote of a student, from the sister island, who, returning to his friends, at the close of a session, complained to them, that he had attended the divinity hall regularly for six months, and had got only *half an attribute*, as a recompence for his exertions. The story, though a palpable embellishment of fact, is a fair evidence of the extreme prolixity and diffuseness of the lectures. The number of students, engaged in the study of divinity, at Glasgow, is usually between forty and fifty; many of whom are natives of Ireland, preparing themselves for the occupation of the different presbyterian churches in the northern part of that country. Professorships of church history and Hebrew, are attached to this department of education; but here, as well as at the Edinburgh college, the latter study occupies very little general attention. Besides the lectures on the historical and doctrinal branches of theology, sermons are composed and recited

by the students of a certain standing, and commentaries made upon select passages of scripture, with a view to their exercise in the performance of those duties, which are afterwards to be fulfilled in their capacity, as publick teachers of religion. The quantum of orthodoxy, prevailing among the divinity students at Glasgow, is very considerable: the names of Priestley, of Price, and Lindsey, are known but to few, and their religious principles are still more rarely understood. The attention of the young divine is, too exclusively and indiscriminately, directed to the writings of the fathers and reformers of religion, and he is often engaged in balancing the minute differences of a doctrine, which a more general unbiassed examination might have led him to reject *in toto*, as the offspring of distempered enthusiasm or mischievous hypocrisy.

The publick has lately received from the pen of Mr. Craig, an elegant biographical memoir of one of the most distinguished characters, which have adorned the literature of modern times. The death of the late professor Millar, while it deprived society of a fair and conspicuous ornament, and philosophy of a zealous and able investigator of truth, was a loss more immediately and sensibly felt at the university of Glasgow, where his life had long constituted a source of usefulness, of gratification and delight to all around him. By his assiduous attention to the duties of his publick situation, and the ability which characterised his performance of these duties, Mr. Millar conferred a splendour upon the law department at Glasgow, which attracted students from every part of the kingdom, and was advantageous, in the highest degree to the interests of the university. To a most perfect knowledge of the principles of theoretical and practical jurisprudence, and of all the circumstances connected with national government and economy, he conjoined a method of conveying his instructions, which at once captivated the fancy, and informed the understanding, of the student. Since his death, the creation of his genius has experienced a very considerable decline. Some sessions elapsed without the delivery of any lectures in this department, and it is only within the last two years that Mr. Davidson, the present professor, has re-established the class, by giving a course of Scotch law. The attendance has hitherto been tolerably good, and the lectures evince much reading and a thorough acquaintance with the subject. The students are principally those, who are engaged in acquiring a practical knowledge of the profession, in the city of Glasgow.

Independently of the lectures delivered in the publick classes, and those connected with the professional studies of medicine, divinity, and law, there are several other courses given in the college on particular branches of literature and science, some of which are well deserving of attention. A series of lectures on political economy, was long a favourite object with Mr. Millar, and within the last few years, his wishes and suggestions have been realized by the establishment of such a course, under the conduct of Professor Mylne. The increasing reputation of these lectures, while it indicates their general utility and importance, affords, at the same time, an honourable testimony to the abilities and industry of Mr. Mylne in his management of this department. In that part of the course, which is devoted to a consideration of the

various opinions, with respect to the nature and origin of publick wealth, a detailed account is given of the doctrines of the French economists, accompanied by an impartial and satisfactory discussion of their merits. Here Mr. Mylne assumes some particular points of difference with Adam Smith, on which he reasons with much ingenuity and force of argument: in general, however, his opinions very nearly coincide with those professed by this distinguished philosopher. Among the other points to which the attention of the student is particularly directed, are, the general doctrines of commerce, the funding and banking systems, and the principles and practice of taxation; all of them subjects, which, with a reference to our own country, possess a peculiar interest and importance; and more especially at a period, when the aspect of our foreign relations and internal economy is such as scarcely meets with a parallel in the history of nations. The attendance upon these lectures is numerous, comprehending not only many of the students who are regularly engaged in the business of the college, but some of the most respectable inhabitants of Glasgow, and its neighbourhood. The encouragement derived from the latter source, affords, at once, a pleasing evidence of the literary disposition of the place, and a secure pledge of the future prosperity and success of the institution.

Among the other lectures, delivered in the college, may be mentioned, the two courses of astronomy, by Dr. Cooper; the second, or higher, of which is rendered particularly valuable to the mathematical student, by the mode of illustration necessarily resorted to in the more advanced prosecution of this science. A course of lectures on geography and the use of the globes, is likewise given by Mr. Millar, the mathematical professor, but is not so numerously attended as might have been expected.

The Glasgow students, like those at the Edinburgh college, have little further connection with the university, than is rendered necessary, by an attendance on the several departments of publick business. With the exception of a few, who live in the houses of the professors, and of those who are natives of Glasgow or its vicinity, they are dispersed in different parts of the town, in lodgings, with which they provide themselves at the commencement of the session. These lodgings cannot, in general, lay claim to much superiority of cleanliness or comfort; and though the domestick habits of the middle classes in Scotland, are, probably, in a state of gradual amelioration, the Englishman is still sensible to numerous inconveniences in their modes of life, to which he finds it extremely difficult to reconcile his own ideas. The external appearance of a Scotch maid servant is, alone, sufficient to "harrow up the soul," of one, not thoroughly habituated to this order of beings; nor would the original impression of disgust be palliated in any degree, by an increasing acquaintance with their culinary habits and practices. The most comfortable lodgings, upon the whole, are those situated in the new part of the town, in the neighbourhood of George's-square.

The society of the students, among themselves, though determined, in a great measure by their several occupations, is not, however, so completely limited in this respect, as at the Edinburgh college. The greater number of the professional students having been engaged, at a previous period, in the routine of

the publick classes, they retain their habits of association and intercourse, even when the immediate connection of pursuits is lost in the difference of their plans for future life. The Irish students, however, who are very numerous, compose a body almost entirely distinct from the rest: they usually make their appearance at the college about a month or six weeks after the commencement of the session, and as their pecuniary resources are not, in general, very abundant, the greater number of them take wing several weeks before the termination of the publick business; thus resigning all prospect of the prizes, and other honourary distinctions of the college. The number of English students at Glasgow, though it has been gradually increasing for the last few years, is at present by no means considerable. They generally come to the college when between sixteen and eighteen years of age, and entering themselves first to the logick class, pursue their course forwards through the classes of moral and natural philosophy, occasionally concluding their studies by taking out a degree of Master of Arts. As the student, if he possesses active and industrious dispositions, may easily conjoin two or three separate courses of lectures, with the business of the publick class in each session, this general plan of study seems the most judicious and complete that can be pursued; and it is probable that there are few modes of education which would furnish a more secure and substantial basis for the business and pursuits of after life.

The literary and debating societies in the college are numerous, and in some instances conducted with considerable spirit. The principal among them, is that of which the several professors are members: at the meetings of this society, papers are read on various literary topicks, with a view of promoting their fair and liberal discussion; and not unfrequently their debates are distinguished by much animation and ingenuity. Another society, for the investigation of theological questions, has been instituted among the divinity students, to whom, of course, an admission into it is exclusively confined. The remainder are of a more general description, and in some cases established only for a single session; the questions proposed for discussion, being usually those of an historical, political, or moral nature. Habits of dogmatism and self-conceit may occasionally be produced by a familiarity with the forms of argumentative debate: but, upon the whole, it may safely be presumed, that the operation of these societies is favourable to the general interests of education.

Such, Sir, is a brief sketch of the present state of the university of Glasgow. Its deficiencies are, probably, numerous, but I believe I may venture to say, that it possesses the merits of accuracy and impartiality. With the earnest wish that it may afford some gratification to the readers of the Athenæum,

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

AMICUS.

For the Anthology.

ORIGINAL LETTERS;

From an AMERICAN TRAVELLER in EUROPE, to his friends in this country.

LETTER EIGHTEENTH.

Rome, Dec. 1, 1804.

MY DEAR SISTER,

ON our route to Rome, we made a small detour to see the celebrated remains of a magnificent bridge, built by Augustus over the river Nera. Whether it was designed merely for a bridge, or for an aqueduct, is not apparent from its present state, but for whatever purpose intended, it bears the characteristick stamp of grandeur, which is imprinted on all the labours of the Romans. The river flows between two lofty hills, and, not content with enabling you to pass the stream, they have chosen to spare you the labour of ascent and descent, and have carried the bridge across upon a level with the tops of the hills. Nothing is more striking than a comparison of this relick of antiquity, with a tolerably respectable modern bridge, which has been erected to supply its place. There remains one entire arch of the ancient bridge, and the abutments of the others. The width of the arches is very great, the height stupendous; but the most interesting part of the structure, is the solidity and beauty of the masonry. It consists of vast blocks of stone, well hewn, nobly arranged, and not connected by any cement whatever. All the buildings of the Romans, designed for durability, are constructed in this manner. Nothing but earthquakes, or some calamity independent of the ordinary efforts of time, could destroy them. Why then has this bridge fallen? Because its foundation was treacherous; the bottom is sand, the river a rapid torrent, and the stream undermined the foundation. It still rests an august monument of Roman industry, ingenuity, and taste, and a lasting proof of the degeneracy of their descendents in their publick works of a like nature.

When at Terni, we paid a visit to the very justly celebrated cascade, situate upon the Velino, about four miles from that city. The road to this celebrated cataract, winds along the Monte Marmore, one of the Appennines, and gives a continued succession of romantick and wild scenery. The fall itself, taken in connection with its scenery, and its perfect perpendicular descent, may be fairly rated among the greatest wonders of nature, if it cannot be placed at the head of them. Our Niagara, to be sure, is more grand and sublime, on account of the volume and immense force of its water; but it yields to the cascade Delle Marmore, at Terni, in beauty of surrounding scenery and in heighth. The falls of the Rhine exceed that of Terni, in quantity of water, but are vastly inferior in every other point. Accident has led me to see as many of

these beautiful objects of nature, as any man, perhaps, in the world. Few, at least, I am persuaded, can boast of having seen the most remarkable waterfalls of both hemispheres.

Extravagantly attached to the beauties of nature, I have always classed the cataracts and cascades among the most interesting. It may not be unentertaining to you, then, to have a comparative statement, as nearly as I can make it, of the respective heighths, volumes of water, and local beauties of the most celebrated cataracts of every country I have visited.

To make the comparison more clear, we will examine each of these points by itself. The cascade at Terni, so far as I know, is the highest in the world. Its perpendicular descent is 800 feet, and the difference of level between the Velino above, and the Nera, into which it throws itself below, to compute from the fair level of both rivers, is 1364 feet. Some people may think, that it diminishes from the respectability of this waterfall, to learn that it is in fact artificial. To my mind it adds interest to its history. It was, in fact, produced by a canal cut from the lake Velino, by Marcus Annius Curius Dentatus, towards the year of Rome 480, for the purpose of draining some lands, which were overflown by the lake. The canal is cut an incredible distance through a solid mountain of rock, and encountering this fortunate passage, the stream precipitates itself down this awful precipice, and falls into the river Nera, which comes from another of the Appennines. The next highest waterfall, which I have ever seen, is that of the Montmorency, about eight miles below Quebec, in Canada. This charming cascade consists of a single sheet of water, which falls perfectly perpendicular 240 feet.

The cascade (for it deserves no other name) of Pistill Rhyadar, in North Wales, is about 200 feet in heighth; that of the grand cataract of Niagara, 187; the Clyde falls in its largest descent, 80 feet; the Rhine, at Schaffhausen, or rather Lauffen, some writers think, precipitates itself 50, others 100 feet; the Pisse Vache, in the Pays de Vallais, I should think, about 150 feet, and the Mohawk about 40 or 50; the Staubbach I have not seen, but they talk of 900 feet, though it is admitted the stream is very contemptible in point of size.

Thus you see, the falls of the Velino, carry the prize from all the others, in one of the most essential points, constituting a grand cataract or cascade. In point of volume of water, force, sublimity, and grandeur, our Niagara is not only superiour to all the others, but is equal to all of them combined. Several oceans, or internal seas, for our lakes deserve that name, pour their united streams down that precipice. The fall of the Rhine claims the next rank in point of grandeur. Its volume is equal to all the others combined, except the Niagara. Our Mohawk and the Clyde may fairly dispute the pre-eminence, as to the next place. The Velino certainly makes good its claims to the succeeding position; while the Pistill Rhayadar and the Pisse Vache must be contented with the humble title of beautiful cascades: the others may fairly be classed with cataracts. The scenery of Terni is certainly far superiour to that of any or all the others: It unites grandeur and sublimity with beauty. The towering and snow-clad Appennines

lift their bold heads in noble majesty around it, and every thing responds to the sublimity of the cataract.

The cascades of Wales and Switzerland have the same species of beauties: the mountain scenery is of the same class, but less picturesque than that of Italy. Those of the Clyde and Montmorency have milder and less striking beauties. They do not produce awe or astonishment; while the scenery around our Niagara and Mohawk is wonderfully tame, infinitely beneath the grandeur of the principal objects.

The country about Niagara in particular, is flat and uninteresting, and you recognize none of those bold objects, which you would expect to find, where nature was about to exhibit one of her noblest operations.

Such are the hasty thoughts which have occurred to me, in relation to these several beautiful and interesting scenes, which I have travelled so many miles, and passed so many hours in admiring.

I cannot quit the Cascade of Terni without observing, that Mr. Addison and many other men of taste have fancied, that Virgil alluded to this famous place when he describes the spot where the fury, Alecto, descended into hell. This will not diminish its interest with you or any person of taste, who knows how beautiful the description is, and how capable Addison was of judging of its applicability. The passage is in the 7th book of the Æneid, line 563, et seq.

"Est locus Italiæ in medio sub montibus altis."

If you have Pitt's translation, you can see its beauties, if not, you must make one of your friends turn it into verse for you.

The general prose idea is, "that there exists a place in the *midst* of Italy, surrounded with lofty mountains, much known to fame, embosomed in impenetrable groves, from whence a torrent, bursting forth amidst the rocks, rushes with mighty noise and many a whirlpool. Here is a horrid cave, and here the vast Acheron opens its pestiferous jaws." The position of this cataract in the midst of Italy, its situation amidst the Appenines, its cool groves, its deafening noise, its impetuous torrent, certainly respond to the description of the poet, and give colour to the suggestions of the classick Addison. But I confess, that I cannot find a word in this passage of Virgil which gives an idea of a high or perpendicular waterfall.

I believe you are however tired of this topick, as I am sure I have been for two pages past.

Although the hope of transferring to my friends a tolerable correct idea of the curiosities, which modern Rome offers to the man of taste, is futile and vain, yet a strong desire, which I feel, to make them, in some degree, partakers in scenes, which have been very interesting to me, induces me to continue my labours. The Romans understood better than any people, who have succeeded them, *not only* what are called the arts of life, "l'art de bien vivre," as the French call it, but, also the nature of the human heart. No people ever acted more wisely, or to speak correctly, more sagaciously, in the pursuit of their ambition. Power and pleasure were the principal springs of action with that celebrated nation. To make their arms felt and respected, from the pillars of Hercules to the banks of the Euphrates, and from the burning sands of Numidia to the British shores, was the first object of their ambition: to enjoy the fruits of these conquests, to unite the luxu-

ries of every climate, the sports and refinements, the arts and improvements of every nation, was the second, but hardly a less ardent wish. The relicks, which we yet view with astonishment and delight, are strongly marked with both these traits; with the thirst of conquest, and the love of pleasure. Every palace, theatre, circus, publick bath, and many temples, contained trophies, or statues, indicating the extent of their conquests; but the most noble and splendid monuments of their victories, the most just, laudable, and wise, were the arches of triumph, which they raised to the honour of their successful generals, consuls, or dictators. There are several still standing in various parts of the empire, in honour of Caius Marius, who afterwards perished ignominiously. I recollect a splendid one at Orleans, in France, and another at St. Remy, near the river Rhone, erected to that great, but unfortunate man. In Rome, there are still remaining several, erected at various times, in honour of their emperours, of which I will give you some little account. The most perfect, on the whole, considering the style in which it was executed is that of the emperour Septimus Severus; it was erected on the occasion of his return from his victories, and is placed at the foot of the Mons Capitolinus, at the entry of the Forum Romana; it is still standing in a state almost perfect, and as such facilitates exceedingly, an accurate knowledge of the topographical situation of the ancient Forum, to which historians assure you, it was the entrance. I do not think it necessary to describe the architecture accurately, to say that its columns are Corinthian, &c. &c. but I can observe, without offending you with pedantry, that its proportions are simple, grand and elegant, that its heighth is noble, that it is of most beautiful marble, and that it is clothed with bas reliefs, or *sculptured pictures*, accurately and nobly describing the victories of this emperour. After passing this arch, you traverse the Forum Romanum, at the farther end of which you meet with the arch of Titus Vespasian, who is distinguished by having been the prince, who fulfilled the scripture prophecies against the Jews, by the capture and total destruction of Jerusalem. This arch was originally more beautiful than the other, but it has suffered more from the ruffian hand of barbarians. Still, however, you recognize a noble stile of architecture, and two of the bas reliefs, one representing Titus in his triumphal car, and the other the spoils of the temple at Jerusalem, when brought to Rome, are among the most perfect monuments of ancient sculpture in basso relievo.

There is a little piece of history, connected with this arch, which, as it has amused me, may be some entertainment to you. There are about 10,000 Jews at Rome, who, as in all other parts of Europe, live, as the prophecies foretold, in an unsettled, wandering state, utterly despised and hated by their fellow citizens. These Jews never could bear the idea of passing under this arch of Titus, erected in commemoration of the utter defeat of their nation, and the destruction of their city, and whose bas reliefs related in eloquent, though dumb language, the story of their humiliation They, therefore, petitioned the Pope, as this was a necessary thoroughfare, to grant them a small passage by the side, and *it is said*, that no Jew ever passes under this hated arch. This story is related with every ap-

pearance of seriousness, and I have no reason to doubt it.

Let me remark here, that the ecclesiastical rulers of this city, considering themselves as the great heads of the *Christian Church*, feel obliged to treat the Jews with unusual rigour. They are therefore compelled to inhabit a particular quarter of the city, which is enclosed, and in which they are locked up every night; and in the holy week, they are also confined from Thursday till the Monday following, to prevent their ridiculing the christian worship. They are constrained moreover to hear a christian sermon once a week. Moore, who owes I think, no good will to the catholicks, if to christianity, adds, that there are few or no conversions from this preaching. I should reason differently from my own experience, for during our short residence here, three Jews have been baptised.

Passing through the arch of Titus towards the Coliseum, you soon meet the splendid Arch of Constantine, the last which was raised to any Roman emperour, and yet extant. Although more entire than either of the others, connoisseurs say, (and we are all apt to think so after *we know that*) that it bears the marks of the decay or decline of the arts, which had taken place at the time of its erection; and there is this strong proof in favour of the connoisseurs, that Constantine demolished the arch of Trajan, to take the basso relievos in order to adorn his own, and that they now form the most beautiful ornaments of this superb arch. How Constantine could consent to demolish the trophy, erected in honour of one of his most illustrious predecessors, especially when it must of course remind him of the liability of his own to meet the same fate, one can hardly conceive. I have only been able to account for it by the supposition, that, as it was certianly erected after his conversion to christianity, he might feel justified in treating thus the memory of a pagan prince, and one under whose reign the christians were persecuted; though it must be acknowledged that Trajan was an humane and virtuous prince. But admit Constantine's motive to *demolish*, to be good, how could he reconcile it to his own dignity to ornament his own arch of triumph with the exploits of another prince, and of one, whom, by the very supposed case, he despised?

I leave you to settle these points in America, where I doubt not the discussion will be more satisfactory, and it certainly will be as *decisive* as mine.

I have said enough of arches for one letter; but let me remark, that those of Severus and Constantine have been for centuries partially buried to the depth of ten or twelve feet in the earth, and no pope, until the present, has had the spirit to lay open the beauties, of which the upper and exposed parts were such sure pledges.

Let our philosophical friends settle, before we return, this knotty question, which, on the spot, with books, observation, and much reflection, I cannot decide, why some parts of Rome are now buried in an earth, *apparently natural*, from one to thirty feet, while others, streets and pavements, publick and private edifices are on the original level? This is a thing, which I think will be a good "bone to gnaw" for your philosophers.

MRS. MONTAGU'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH LORD KAMES.

MRS. MONTAGU TO LORD KAMES.

Extract of a letter, dated Denton, December 12, 1766.

—— "I see by the date of your Lordship's letter, you are got to Edinburgh, from whence I suppose you will sometimes make a trip to your winter-garden. Perhaps there is not any thing more delightful than escaping from the bustle of society to the quiet of solitude; unless it be returning to society, after having been long confined to solitude. If I was assured your Lordship would not draw an inference from it to my disadvantage, I would own to you, that the transitions from the town to the country, and from the country to the town, are inexpressibly delightful to me. Different powers of the mind are exercised in the different situations; so pray do not entirely impute this taste in me to levity. I imagine a pedlar would be extremely pleased at first if he was made a king, and from measuring tape and counting needles, was exalted to balancing the interests of empires, and considering the arduous affairs of government; till, finding how little his speculations improved the state of the world, and that his most earnest thoughts ended often in ineffectual schemes, he would wish to return to an employment in which he would realize his intentions, and find his capacity on a level with his business. This is just the case of every human creature who is not engaged in some profession or important situation. In the world we carry about the small wares of social life, are very busy, and a little useful. The inherent dignity of the soul makes it sometimes disdain these petty occupations, and love to retire into the proud state of meditation. There it enters into the operations of Omnipotence, and the views of infinite wisdom; looks with delight through the infinite gradations of beings, and with amazement round the boundless system of creation: it exults at feeling itself an intelligent spectator of such a majestick scene; and in the arrogance of its reasoning, and the pride of its reveries, wonders how it could ever condescend to the low commerce of ordinary life, and says to itself, it will for the future dream in state. But *Alma*, by the mother's side, a poor mechanick, satiated with the long idleness of a summer's holiday, again cries out for her shop and her tools, leaves to abstracted beings the life of meditation, and wisely says, her business lies chiefly where she can add to the comfort and happiness of her fellow creatures. However, my lord, do not imagine that I think less than you do, that a pleasing retirement may improve the virtue of your posterity, by drawing them sometimes from busy to contemplative life. In sweet retirement, I imagine the mind keeps time to the musick of the spheres; its movements are not affected by prejudices or bad examples, but keep even and true measure with reason, and its appointed duties. In the bustle of the world, we are often impelled to what is wrong, diverted from what is right, and carried about in the whirl of fashion and predominant opinions.

"I am interested in every thing at Blair-Drummond: pray let me know every vista that you open, and every shade that you cherish for meditation. About two months hence, I shall think with greater rapture of your winter-garden: at present, to own the truth, I am longing for my pedlar's pack. I have been so long in retirement, that I shall go, with great *gout*, to every fair and market, idleness and vanity shall open. I hope to set out for London in about ten days, or a fortnight at farthest.

"Your lordship does me great honour; but my name is not designed for immortality. I beg of you to present my most affectionate and respectful compliments to Mrs. Drummond. I shall, I hope, be honoured with her commands, when I get to London; and trust that she will employ me in all her commissions, because no one will have so much pleasure in executing them. With great esteem, I am, my lord, &c. &c.

E. MONTAGU."

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Lord Kames had introduced Dr. Franklin to Mrs. Montagu's acquaintance. The following letter alludes, among others, to that circumstance.

MRS. MONTAGU TO LORD KAMES.

Hill-Street, Nov. 11, 1767.

MY LORD,

"FROM the consciousness and confidence of friendship, I delayed answering your last letter till this very moment, for I waited till I could find health and leisure together: the one rarely visits, and the other never abides with me. I am convinced, that we have been acquainted in a state of pre-existence; I do not know when, nor indeed where: whether we first met on the orb of this earth, had a short coquetry in the planet Venus, or a sober platonick love in Saturn; but I am sure we did not first meet at Edinburgh, in the year 1766; therefore, those doubts, that would be pardonable in a new friendship, cannot become us. Your lordship may remember, our souls did not stand like strangers at a distance, making formal obeisances: the first evening we supped together, at our friend, Dr. Gregory's, we took up our story, where it had, perhaps, ended some thousand years before the creation of this globe: if we gave it a prefatory compliment, it was only the customary form to the new edition of a work before published. I am extremely flattered, that, though invisible, I was one of your Christmas guests, at Blair-Drummond. I often endeavoured to imagine, how your cascades looked, when they were fixed in icicles, your rivers turned to solid crystal, and Ben-Lomond's brown sides were glittering with snow; but I had not the presumption to think, I could imagine what such a society were saying, so that I was deprived of the best part of the pleasure of the party. I think your lordship was unlucky, that you did not stay in the country till the thaw: the torrents from the mountains, the deluged plains, the ice crackling, and rushing down the rivers, and the cascades breaking their crystal bands, must have been a fine sight, and what you and I should have been delighted to have seen together, though, perhaps, heretofore we were joint spectators of Deucalion's flood; and, if Mr. Whiston's computations be just, we may be present at the commencement of the Millennium, when the vain and the idle will melt away like the snow, the proud, hard-heart-

ed and wicked, will rush, like the ice, down the tide of dissolution, and virtue and integrity stand fast as the mountains. However, in spite of all we have seen, or may see, I should have been very glad to have beheld the thaw in your majestick prospects. Our highest hills, were a school-boy's snow ball, in respect to Ben-Lomond.

"You will, perhaps, expect I should send you some of the politicks of the times, from our great city; but I don't understand politicks, and I cannot so much as read politicians. I have been used only to read right forward, and the Hebrew text and the politician's mind are, to me, unintelligible. Your lordship may be assured, I shall be very glad to be introduced to any person, who has the honour and happiness of your esteem. I am not a stranger to the character of Dr. Franklin, though not personally acquainted with him.

"The muses are the only virgins now, that do not appear in publick every day; but they are prodigiously coy. Mr. Glover's muse is a beautiful Greek, but as she does not speak in the vulgar tongue, she dares not come upon the stage; she only addresses herself to the learned, in their closets. Voltaire has sent a tragedy to Paris, which he said was composed in ten days. The players sent it back to him to correct. At threescore and ten, one should not expect his wit would outrun his judgment; but he seems to begin a second infancy in wit and philosophy; a dangerous thing to one, who has such an antipathy to leading-strings.

"I beg my most respectful compliments to Mrs. Drummond and Mr. Home: assure Mrs. Drummond that I have not forgot her commands; and I hope I shall acquit myself in such a manner, as to the *épargne*, as to be trusted for other commissions. I have also seen her *girandoles*, which I like extremely; but I have proposed a little alteration at the top. If she would have any thing *en meubles* extremely beautiful, she must employ my friend, Mr. Adam, here. He has made me a cieling and chimney-piece, and doors, which are pretty enough to make me a thousand enemies: envy turns livid at the glimpse of them. I beg of your lordship to make my compliments to my friends at Edinburgh, and assure them I retain a grateful remembrance of their politeness to me there. I am, with great esteem, my lord, &c. &c.

E. Montagu."

For the Anthology.

SILVA, No. 39.

Nobis placeant ante omnia silvæ. *Virg. 2 Ec. 61.*

ENGLISH CLASSICKS.

Those English periodical writers, who have obtained a distinction that gives them the rank of classicks, are among the greatest benefactors of those, who speak the same language in which they wrote. Like other benefactors, there are periods in which their memory is treated

with neglect, and their labours are undervalued: but it is impossible that they should ever be wholly forgotten. Addison, indeed, knowing the fate of preceding writers, predicted that, at some future period, the historian would speak of the Spectator, as a work rather to be translated, because of its many obsolete words and obscure phrases, than to be read in the vulgar idiom. But, though nearly a century has expired since this prediction was uttered, there is little prospect of its being fulfilled; and to Addison and his coadjutors, no less than to the periodical writers who succeeded them, we are to resort for genuine English phraseology. The method adopted by these authors of conveying instruction with elegance, and of uniting vivacity with truth; of tempering the asperity of the censor with the pleasantry of the humourist; of teaching morals without the forbidden formulas of system, and of improving taste without the tedious repetition of the rules of criticism, promises immortality to their productions. [The English classicks should make part of the reading of every student before he has formed his habits of writing. For, though he may learn by his grammar and rhetorick even to excel some of them in mere accuracy of expression, and to avoid their petty blemishes, he will never gain, by the mere application of the common rules of composing, those amenities of stile, and pure idiomatical combinations, in which much of their excellence consists.]

.....

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

No epithet perhaps excites more curiosity, as to the qualities of its subject, than that of Crichton. When a man is marked by the title of the Great, or the Conquerour, we know at once what idea to affix to it: we perceive with the first glance of the mind the seas of blood, that have been forded, and the labyrinths of crime, that have been explored, to acquire those distinctions. In former times, the Good, and the Just, have been added by the general voice of popular impartiality to the names of merit. Crichton acquired by his pre-eminent endowments of mind and body, of memory, imagination and reason, from his astonished cotemporaries, the appellation of the Admirable. Alike skilled in the exercises of manly dexterity and of every species of literary talent, he created in the breast of one of the Doctors of Paris no slight suspicion, that the prince of darkness had thought proper to gratify his vanity, and display his abilities by exhibiting himself in that specious form. It was confidently asserted by those, who had heard his performances, that the intense and uninterrupted exertions of a whole and a long life, devoted to study, would be trivial towards attaining the various acquisitions, that he displayed at twenty-two years of age. There are yet on record, particularly in the works of Aldus Manutius, his contemporary, testimonies, which uniformly speak the same language of extreme commendation. The principal events of his life, as related by these writers, are summarily noticed by Hawkesworth in a number of the Adventurer. To reduce these narratives to human probability, and to save posterity from despair, it is perhaps fortunate, that there are yet remaining some materials, on which we may found a judgment for ourselves. Contemporary praise is often corrupt, and always uncertain. There are yet extant

some poems of the admirable Crichton in the Latin language, preserved in the "Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum." These poems we have not seen, but an author of great taste and respectability asserts, that they are so deficient, not only in the beauties of fancy and genius, but in the correctness of grammar and prosody, as to be quite unworthy of a scholar. Testimony, like this, joined to the internal improbability of most of the facts in Crichton's life, will warrant a great portion of skepticism. He probably owed his brilliancy of reputation to the assassin, that put a premature end to his life. He would gladly have gratified the reader's curiosity, and given him still greater latitude in opinion, by presenting him with some of the poems, to which we have alluded. But the "Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum" have never reached the alcoves of New-England.

.....

MOTTOS.

I HAVE sometimes been sorry for the disuse of classical allusion and quotation, that is now generally approved. Excessive use of them is doubtless of bad tendency: no one would wish to restore such varied, "many languaged" pages, as those of Burnet, or of the "Pursuer of Literature." Notwithstanding this possible redundancy, every classical reader must have felt a peculiar pleasure at meeting with an old acquaintance in the guise of an apposite quotation. The sensations are similar to those of a pious mind at hearing from the pulpit a reverent and applicable scriptural allusion. In this latter case, though we are willing to censure too frequent a use of the language of the bible, we generally feel a greater satisfaction, where it is not entirely wanting. Particularly pleasing is the practice, so universal among the standard English periodical writers, to preface their essays with a line from a classical author. What can more induce one to welcome a new acquaintance, as a friend, than to see him introduced by one, whom from childhood we have been accustomed to love and revere, whose society we have long cultivated, and found it in pleasure and in sorrow, "nunquam intempestiva, nunquam molesta." I love, when I am made acquainted with a stranger, to see him accompanied by an old friend with a smiling countenance. Men, at all times, and, in a great variety of circumstances, seem to have been fond of these little pithy axioms, called mottos. The Jews, we are told, made part of their dress consist of small rolls of parchment, inscribed with sentences from scripture. The valourous errant knights of the age of chivalry painted them on their arms. The more peaceful nobleman of modern times sees on his equipage, his plate, his seal, his ring, and in his library, some pointed rule of conduct, perhaps the disgrace of his ancestors for centuries. I have seldom seen a neater motto than the following, which, though the anecdote be common, is worth relating The author of the Night Thoughts had prepared an arbour at the end of an avenue in his garden, which on a distant view appeared to contain a couch for reclining. A nearer approach, removing the deception, showed the couch to be painted, but consoled the spectator with the reflection, "Invisibilia non decipiunt."

.....

LITERARY PAPERS.

THE number of quarterly, monthly, weekly, and daily vehicles of in-

formation and amusement is so great, that an indolent person may with them fill up the intervals of eating and sleeping through his whole life. He can hardly be said to be active in the perusal of them, for his mind preserves the remembrance of them only one moment longer, than does a mirror the image of her, who last gazed in it. The true voracious reader of magazines, swallows with equal avidity the detail of a robbery and a classical disquisition, and sips an Alcaick ode or an acrostick with the same moderation. For the perpetual refreshment of such minds it is proposed to publish an hourly paper, to be called Papilio, or the Grub, devoted to the publication of puns at the instant of their birth, to the diffusion of scandal the same moment it first is whispered, and the early gratification of curiosity without the fatigues of impertinent inquiry. To the publick in general, whose only occupation at this time is to ask the news, and to the fairer part, whose inquisitive spirits cannot endure the delays of investigation and the lazy developement of circumstances, this project will be no less acceptable, than its execution will be useful. Many a one, whose great celebrity has been too short-lived to be recorded, shall live in these pages, the hero of an hour; and let her, whose beauty is as bright and as evanescent as a shooting star, confidently believe, that we shall "catch, ere it fall, the Cynthia of the minute." Twelve times at least between sunrise and sunset shall our readers know,

> "Who danced with who, and who are like to wed,
> "And who are hanged, and who are brought to bed."

Each hourly number shall contain one true story, with a reasonable proportion of circumstances, three hints, four conundrums upon fashionable people, seven whispers, and seventeen insinuations, besides one fictitious character, cut up in the most genteel style.

For the Anthology.

OF STONES FALLEN FROM THE ATMOSPHERE; WITH THE RELATION WHICH THEY BEAR TO CERTAIN OTHER STONES, AND TO CERTAIN METEORS.

ACCUMULATING specimens of stones, precipitated from the atmosphere, in various quarters of the globe, have not only removed all incredulity, as to the fact itself, but have drawn attention to a new branch of mineralogy, which may be termed *atmospherick*;* a subject, which will at least be interesting to our curiosity and love of conjecture, and perhaps even to general science; and in this case to the common purposes of life. To the particulars respecting these stones, already published in the Monthly Anthology of Boston, for January and February last, others may still be added. Such as are here offered, will be comprised under the four following heads.

1. Of the connection between these stones, and the masses containing *native iron*.

2. Of the connection between

* The French also, on this occasion, have employed the terms *Lithologie Atmospherique*, and *Aerolithes*, corresponding to the above.

these stones, and a certain description of *fire balls*.

3. Miscellaneous observations respecting these stones.

4. Of their *origin*.

An *Appendix* will contain a few remarks, respecting *certain other meteors*, in addition to what will have been said on the same subject, under the second of the above heads.

1. *Of the connection between* atmospherick stones, *and the masses containing* native iron.

Most of the known specimens of *atmospherick stones*, and of the mineral masses containing *native* (or natural) *iron*, are said to conform themselves to a variety of common laws; which has therefore led to the natural conjecture, that the two substances have one and the same origin. For example, both of them, as far as they have been examined, are said to be formed out of a few materials, with some variation however, (either general or particular) as to the combination of them. Iron and nickel, under different forms and in different proportions, are in particular seen in both. Both are said to contain, *in one or other of their specimens*, a mixture of "zilica, magnesia, and *oxides* of iron and nickel," either as a cementing medium, or as insulated globules. Both appear in some, if not in all instances, to have an outside coat or crust. Both are unlike the minerals found in their neighbourhood. Both possess combinations, which while they correspond to each other, are as yet unknown in the rest of the mineral kingdom. Such are the chief general points of agreement hitherto noticed between these two sets of substances.

Two other particulars may be added to this parallel; the first of smaller, the other of greater importance. First, though the *sizes* of atmospherick stones and of the specimens containing native iron, are not always corresponding, yet on the whole, no objection drawn from their *size*, contradicts the supposition, that one nature belongs to both. The fragments, for example, collected from the atmospherick stone, lately observed in Connecticut, weigh above 330 pounds, independent of the missing portions; and therefore imply a size, which, though far inferiour to that of some of the specimens containing native iron, yet may still agree with others. A second more remarkable particular is, that, notwithstanding the heat, which both sets of substances appear to have experienced in whole or in part, certain specimens of each, after they have grown cool enough to be handled, have still retained a peculiar softness in their exterior surface, during a certain period. Thus, an *atmospherick* stone has been said at its first falling, to have been soft enough in some of its parts, to attach to itself straws, which have not easily been separated from it; though the mass has afterwards become hardened throughout, by exposure to the atmosphere. On the other hand, a certain specimen, soon to be mentioned, as including *native iron*, if ever it was heated, as probably it was, seems to have retained for a time such an union both of softness and coolness in its coat or crust, as to have admitted of permanent impressions from the naked touch of different animals. A new and general application of heat in an artificial manner, may be incapable of reproducing this peculiarity; not only because the primary operation from fire may have been *partial*, and also dependent on materials, which this operation has dissipated; but because time, joined to this operation,

may have occasioned a change of qualities, as to this particular.

A few concluding remarks on the analogy between the two substances in question, will be deferred, till we have given an account of some of the more celebrated *masses containing native iron.*

Mr. Kirwan's account of native iron, is as follows:

"The existence of native iron seems now (1796) placed beyond the reach of doubt. The testimony of Margraf, (transmitted to us by Lakman) with respect to that found at Eibenstock, in Saxony, seems to me sufficient. That specimen, Lakman assures us, was both *malleable* and *ductile:* consequently in the state of *bar iron.*

"It has also been lately found in the *same* state in the mountain of Grand Gilbert, in Upper Dauphine, by M. Gualtier des Cottes, (as M. Schreiber assures us, 41 Rozier. 7.)

"We have also had another late and indubitable instance of the existence of native iron, on the plains of Otumpa, in Peru, of several tons weight; on which the impressions of *men's hands and the claws of birds* have been found by Don Ruban de Celis.* He imagines it to have been produced by *fusion.* If it were, it is still the product of nature, and not of art. Yet I must own, the impressions made on it seem repugnant with the supposition of *this* mode of production; as they must have been made while the iron was as yet soft; and if softened by heat, what animal could then press it? It seems much more natural to suppose, that it originally consisted of *detached particles of native iron,* collected in the moist way, and hardened by subsequent desiccation, (as frequently happens to heaps of fiery cinders, near forges, after those heaps have been long exposed to the air;) the earthy matter which originally surrounded and formed the pit, in which it was collected, being by subsequent inundations washed away. What Don Celis calls *ashes,* by which, he says, it is surrounded, is probably nothing more than loose white clay.

The enormous mass of iron, found in *Siberia by Pallas,* is also plainly a *natural* production, and formed by a deposition in the *moist* way; *for no such mass has hitherto been seen in the neighbourhood of a volcano.* And if there had, it would be insufficient to lead the mind to any volcanick cause *in this case,* as this mass is found on the summit of a mountain, in which, nor in its vicinity for *some hundred miles,* no trace of a volcano can be discovered. It is *malleable when cold,* and produces inflammable air, when treated in acids; which prove it *not to be in a calcined state.* The substance found in it, which was thought to be *glass,* is now known to be *Chrysolite.*" Thus far Mr. Kirwan.†

"Stahlenberg, says M. Pallas, has spoken of pumice stones to be met with in the neighbourhood of the river Jenisee, [in Siberia;] but the scoriæ from the works of miners in former times deceived him. I have in vain searched the course of this river for the traces of volcanos; and, in particular, in the neighbourhood of that mountain, where I found a mass of iron, which was *naturally malleable,* and intimately mixed, and, as it were, kneaded up with a transparent yellow, vitreous matter. This mass is deposited in the cabinet of the academy of Petersburg. Its origin is a subject of con-

* Phil. Trans. 1788.

† See his Elements of Mineralogy, 2d edition, vol. ii. p. 156, 157.

1790. The force of this reply is confirmed by the softness, or, at least, friability of others of these stones, even in their interior, after they have become cool enough to admit of being touched.

3d. Atmospherick stones, and the substances, containing native iron, may have one and the same origin, notwithstanding certain diversities in them; few genera being without their species, and few species, without their varieties.

4. It may still be wise to hold as somewhat dubious, a doctrine so novel as that of the analogy in question; and particularly, till our principal specimens of native iron, shall have been more thoroughly examined, than they yet appear to have been.

'Leaving then the rest of this part of our subject to mineralogists and chemists, we shall next attend to atmospherick stones, as a branch of natural philosophy; and this inquiry will occupy our three remaining heads.

FROM HERDER'S SCATTERED LEAVES.

SLEEP.

AMONG the choir of countless genii, whom Jupiter created for men, in order to superintend, and to bless the short period of a painful existence, was the dim sleep. "What have I to do (said he, surveying his dusky form) in the midst of my dazzling brethren? how sadly I look in the band of the sports, of the joys, and of the loves! it may be, that I am welcome to the unhappy, whom I lull to oblivion of their cares; it may be, that I am welcome to the weary, whom I do but strengthen to renew toil: but not to those who are neither weary nor woe-begone, whom I only interrupt in the circle of their joys."

"Thou errest, said the father of genii, and of men; thou, in thy dusky form, shalt be a genius, dear to all the world. Dost thou not think that sports and joys fatigue? in truth, they tire sooner than care and want, and bequeath to their pampered host, the most loathsome sloth. And even thou, continued Jupiter shalt not be without thy pleasures, but shalt often surpass therein, the whole company of thy brothers." With these words, he reached out the grey horn, full of pleasing dreams: "Hence, added he, scatter thy poppy seeds, and the happy, no less than the miserable of mankind, will wish for thee, and love thee above all thy brethren. The hopes, the sports, and the joys, herein contained, were caught by the charmed fingers of thy sisters, the graces, on the most redolent meads of paradise. The etherial dews, that glitter on them, will image to every one, whom thou wouldst bless, his own wish, and as the goddess of love has sprinkled them with celestial nectar, their forms will be radiant with a glowing grace, which the cold realities of earth cannot attain. From amid the rosy band of the pleasures, gladly will men haste to thy arms. Poets will sing of thee, and strive to rival thy enchantments, in their songs. Even the innocent maid shall wish for thee; and thou wilt hang on her eyelids, a sweet, a welcome god." The complaint of Sleep was now changed into thankfulness and triumph, and he was united to the loveliest of the graces—to Pasithea.

THE BOSTON REVIEW.

FOR

MAY, 1808.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. PLIN.

ART. 13.

The Life of George Washington, commander in chief of the American forces, during the war which established the independence of his country, and first president of the United States. Compiled under the inspection of the honourable Bushrod Washington, from original papers bequeathed to him by his deceased relative, and now in possession of the author. To which is prefixed an introduction, containing a compendious view of the colonies planted by the English on the continent of North America, from their settlement to the commencement of that war, which terminated in their independence. By John Marshall. *Vol.* 1. Philadelphia, *printed and published by* C. P. Wayne. 1804.

WE owe an apology to our readers for the long delay of our notice of a work, which, whether we consider the grandeur of its subject, or the great and merited reputation of its author, presents itself with higher claims to attention, than any one, which it has hitherto been our fortune to examine. The cause of the delay we will frankly confess. Distrusting our own competency to a task, requiring so much preliminary knowledge, and so much curious research; and desirous that a work of so much importance should be examined by judges better capable of appreciating its merits and defects, we have successively applied to several gentlemen, who have all the requisites, which knowledge, talents and taste can give. Our hopes of success have been confident, till within the last six months; but either because the undertaking has been found by our friends less inviting than it appeared at a distance; or, because engaged in more important avocations, or possibly because the Anthology has appeared too humble a vehicle for their labours; from some or all these causes, our hopes have been entirely disappointed. We are at last compelled to trust to our own resources, and we presume we shall not be suspected of too much humility when we express our fears, that we bring to the task little other claim to attention than that of impartiality and fidelity. We may however venture to say, that our survey of the work has cost us labour. We have consulted all the accessible authorities

of Judge Marshall, and examined most of them with minuteness and care. Where we have doubted we have sought and obtained confidence from a gentleman, who leaves us only to regret, that he has not himself attempted, what he has shown us he is so able to perform. If therefore there should be any one, who thinks, that after this confession of our previous want of familiarity with the subject, our opinions are advanced with too much confidence, we may remind him, that our assertions are fortified by better authorities than our own, and that Teucer may be daring, when sheltered behind the buckler of Ajax.

On opening the volumes of Judge Marshall every reader is surprized to find the history of North America, instead of the life of an individual, and this as it is the most obvious, we imagine to be the most popular objection to the work. Yet it is to be recollected, that the precise boundary between history and biography is not always easily adjusted. In writing the lives of publick characters the limit between them is entirely artificial. Their biography is in truth history, or at least the line of separation between them, is so indistinct, so unmarked by any natural division, that the biographer has nothing to remind him that he is passing the limit of his own province, and invading the territories of the historian. The biographer of Washington will feel this truth more than of any other character in the whole compass of history. To Washington we are indebted for every thing for which a nation can be grateful to an individual, and from his accession to office till his death, his name is in some way connected with every publick event of importance in our history. Even those events in which he did not personally share are necessary to be known in order to appreciate the circumstances, which contributed to his success, and to know also the full extent of the difficulties with which he was compelled to struggle. We do not hesitate to say therefore, that in our opinion, Judge M. is completely justified in interweaving with his biography a history of the American revolution, and of the events which succeeded it. The early history of our country, with which the work commences, is however a voluntary offering, and to defend it is rather less easy. We concede to Judge Marshall the necessity of giving such a survey of preceding events as to make the reader acquainted with the genius, character and resources of the people about to engage in the revolutionary contest. But we confess that we think this object would have been better attained by a disquisition on the nature and causes of the revolution; an undertaking for which the habits of thought and investigation of Judge Marshall peculiarly fits him. This plan we think would have included a survey of all the principal events of our early history; and while it would have given greater scope for the display of his philosophical genius, than mere narration admits, he would not have been tied down to that minute and rigid exactness with which in a historian we cannot dispense. Our most serious objection to the mode he has adopted is the very great addition which it makes to his already laborious task, and we cannot forbear to wish that the time which he has bestowed on it, had been devoted to the perfection and elaboration of his necessary duties. We are the more disposed to quarrel with this part of his plan, because we think that it has contributed to produce what in our

view is the greatest general objection to his performance, that it is too uniformly historical; that we see too few tracts of the private character of Washington; that he is always presented to us in the pomp of the military or civil costume, and never in the ease and undress of private life. We complain not that there is too much history, but that there is too little biography. With the same documents, the same life might be written a century hence when none shall survive, who have seen the man, and remember any of those single and unimportant peculiarities, which constitute the charm of biography, and form the most strongly marked distinction between it and history. We scarcely know a little fact in these volumes, which a professed historian would not feel obliged to incorporate into his work, though not perhaps quite so much in detail. This cannot have arisen from any insuperable difficulties in his subject, because we have often seen the same difficulties successfully combated. We think, for example, Judge Marshall might have found a nearly faultless model for his undertaking, in Tacitus' Life of Agricola. Though Agricola was a mere soldier by profession, and though his life was distinguished by no other important circumstances, than the conduct of a campaign, yet has his biographer contrived to keep our interest perpetually centered in his hero; and at the conclusion of the work has given us a portrait of him, which, for perfection of outline and delicacy of touch, challenges comparison with any thing ancient or modern. It would be easy to find other proofs of the practicability of uniting biography and history. But it is time to attempt to estimate what we already possess, without indulging in useless wishes of imaginary and perhaps impossible improvement.

The work before us obviously takes three grand divisions; the first, embracing the early history of our country; the second, the American war; and the last, the establishment of the constitution and the political administration of the first President.

We know not whether to number it among the advantages or infelicities of the historian of our country, that so few important events are even doubtful. We have none of that indulgence to give to the fables of antiquity, which Livy thinks should be conceded to them, because they render the origin of nations consecrated and august. In the early history of North America, nothing is fictitious and scarcely any thing exaggerated. Yet is it not a subject either mean or uninteresting. The spectacle of a new country peopled by civilized men in a refined age; bringing with them the opinions, habits, and arts of civilization; freed from those fetters of feudality and superstition, against which the reason of mankind has so long and in every other country except Great Britain, unsuccessfully contended; occupying too a country of every variety of climate and circumstance, which can contribute to develope and modify the human character; it must be confessed that this is a spectacle, as grand and imposing as can be well conceived. Whether we are sufficiently distant from the æra of these events, to judge of them with impartiality is rather doubtful; but that a connected narration of them can be made interesting and attractive, we think Judge Marshall has successfully shown. The principal merit, however, of a piece of history must consist in the general arrangement of the materials, in the selection of those which are

important and worthy to be enlarged on, from those which are trifling and only to be mentioned; in the philosophy of the views, which are taken of their mutual connexions and consequences; and finally in the general fidelity and accuracy of the writer. Let us then successively apply these criteria to the first volume of Judge Marshall.

As the work is professedly an abstract, the necessity of arrangement and selection is uncommonly strong; and it has been properly felt and regarded by Judge Marshall. Till after the first century of our history, the circumstances of the other colonies besides Virginia and Massachusetts are comparatively unimportant; and the author has therefore with much judgment given his greatest attention to these parent provinces. His arrangement is every where sufficiently lucid, and never disordered by a too exact adherence to chronological order. To select from so great a mass of facts, those only which are important was more difficult, and though on the whole he has been generally successful, we cannot say that he has not sometimes narrated events with a minuteness disproportionate to their magnitude, and in one or two instances passed over silently or slightly some which are entitled to greater respect. Among the first we are disposed to place parts of the history of the colonization of Virginia, a subject on which he naturally dwells with complacency, and the introduction of the account of the defeat of Braddock in the twelfth chapter, and the partial repetition of it in the first of the second volume, is at least somewhat awkward. The most remarkable instance of the last is the meagerness of the account of the settlement of Pennsylvania by Penn; the detail of which, in our opinion, is not surpassed in political interest by any part of the history of either of the other colonies. We should gladly have seen from Judge Marshall's pen a more copious account of the convention at Albany, in 1754, which Gov. Pownal* considers not only as the original cause of our revolution, but of that revolutionary spirit which has new modelled the continent of Europe. We have already hinted our regret that Judge Marshall has not more indulged his genius in philosophical speculations on the causes, relations and consequences of events, nor is his mode of grouping and disposing facts, so that a philosophical reader may himself draw the inferences, perfect enough to completely supply the defect. Wherever he has given us any political reflections, however, they are of a kind to make us regret that they are not more numerous.

We come now to the consideration, which after all must decide the permanent value of a history, the fidelity and accuracy of the writer. To be wanting in these respects, is in a historian, a fault so original and radical, that it depraves his whole system, and one which no merit of any other kind, however splendid, can in any degree redeem. The sentence, which impartial criticism pronounces on the faithless historian can never be reverted; and no grace and flow of narration, no harmony or beauty of stile, not even ingenuity of thought, or novelty of observation, can mitigate the punishment which he deserves, who has presumed to claim for fiction and exaggeration, those honours which are due only to fidelity and truth. We place the histories of Voltaire on the same shelf with the Arabian Tales, with the

* Memorial addressed to the Sovereigns of Europe and the Atlantick.

reflection that he has taken the liberty of a writer of romance without the apology of fable. The judgment, however, which we make on him, whose only object in writing history is to display his powers of fine writing, and who, for the sake of amusing, habitually disregards all the restraints of accuracy, must be a good deal modified before it will apply to him, who writes with honourable intentions, and only errs where his authorities mislead him. Every errour indeed makes a large deduction from the confidence with which we read him, but if he cites his authorities we know when we are secure and when it is necessary to be on our guard. These observations do not in general apply to Judge Marshall. We would not be understood to insinuate, that we have observed any mark of indifference to the laws of historical exactness, far less any trace of willing neglect of them. But we are compelled to say, that the haste in which the first volume has been composed, is too visible, and we have observed so many instances of inaccuracy, that we have even been sometimes tempted to imagine, that the subject of American History had not engaged much of his critical attention, before he became a historian. His authorities, if he has cited all he possesed, are by no means complete, and that on which he has most implicitly relied on, is by no means correct. In support of the first assertion it would be easy to display a list of many important documents; but, besides that we are not authorized to assume the facts. Such an enumeration would be rather out of place. We must, however, mention one work, the Collections of the Historical Society, which is so completely indispensable to a historian of our country, that we cannot sufficiently regret, that Judge Marshall so evidently appears ignorant of its existence. The authority on which we have hinted that our author seems to have too unsuspiciously confided in the posthumous and unfinished volume of Robertson; a name splendid enough to mislead any one, who has not submitted to the drudgery of comparing him with the original historians, and discovered that he deserves every other praise, but that of accuracy. We will mention an instance in which Judge Marshall has been deceived by reliance on Robertson's accuracy; particularly as the errour is of kind to awaken all our feelings of New-England nationality. The mistake has been so well exposed by Dr. Holmes in his Annals (in our judgment the most accurate book of so much importance, which has been published in America,) that we shall, without ceremony transcribe his observations.

"An obscure sect," says Judge M. on the authority of Robertson, "which had acquired the appellation of Brownists from the name of its founder, and which had rendered itself peculiarly obnoxious by the democracy of its tenets respecting church government, had been driven by persecution to take refuge at Leyden, in Holland, where its members formed a distinct society under the care of their pastor, Mr. John Robinson. There they resided several years in safe obscurity. This situation at length became irksome to them. Without persecution to give importance to the particular points which separated them from their other christian brethren, they made no converts; and their children were drawn from them by intermarriages in Dutch families, and by engaging in the Dutch service. They saw before them, with extreme apprehension, the prospect of losing their separate identity, and of becoming entirely Dutch. In the extinction of their church, they dreaded also the loss of those high attainments in spiritual knowledge, which they deemed so favourable to truth. The laxity of exterior manners too, which

prevailed among their neighbours, so contrary to the strict sanctity of the Brownists, added its influence to the more powerful considerations which have been stated, and produced the determination of removing in a body to America." Vol. I. p. 89.

"It is not so difficult to *find* proofs of the incorrectness of this representations as it is to select them. They may be seen in Morton, 3—5; Hubbard's MS. N. Eng.; Mather's Magnal. book i. 6; Prince's Chron. 48—49; Hazard's Collections, i. 349—373; Hutchinson, i. 3; Belknap Biog. i. 151—178, *Art.* Robinson. The motives, ascribed by some English writers, for the emigration of the Puritans from Leyden, it is easily conceived, might have been readily admitted, without critical inquiry, by the advocates for the English hierarchy, near two centuries ago; but it was hardly to be expected, that writers of our own age, should copy the injurious representations, of those early times, into the pages of sober history. The historian, who tells us, that the Puritans removed from Leyden into the American wilderness, because they were 'obscure and unpersecuted,' must not expect to be believed. We endeavoured to assign, in the text, the true causes of that removal; and have nothing to subjoin, but an expression of regret, that the misrepresentations of foreign writers, on this, and the succeeding article, have been recently transcribed into the work of a very respectable historian of our own country."

"The character and principles of Mr. Robinson and his society, seem not *yet* to be fully known. The reverend John Robinson was a man of learning, of piety, and of catholicism. At first, indeed, he favoured the rigid separation from the church of England; but, after his removal to Holland, 'he was convinced of his mistake, and became, ever after, more moderate in his sentiments respecting separation.' Baylie, who was zealously opposed, both to the Brownists and Independents, allows, 'that Mr. Robinson was a man of excellent parts, and the most learned, polished and modest spirit, as ever separated from the church of England; that he ruined the rigid separation; and that he was a principal overthrower of the Brownists.' See Prince, 86—94; Coll. Hist. Soc. iv. 133—140; Belknap Biog. *Art.* Robinson; Mosheim, v. 381, chap. xxi."

"Against the concessions of enemies however, and the demonstrations of friends, the Puritans of Leyden and of New England are, *to this day*, represented as Brownists; that is, the followers of Robert Brown, a sectary, whose principles were, in many respects, very exceptionable, in the view of all sober christians; and who at length abandoned them himself, and conformed to the church of England. Mr. Robinson, who ought to be allowed to say what were his own principles, has explicitly declared them, in 'A just and necessary apologie of certain christians, no lesse contumeliously than commonly called Brownists, or Barrowists.' This apology professes 'before God and men, that such is our accord, in the case of religion, with the Dutch reformed churches, as that we are ready to subscribe to all and everie article of faith in the same church, as they are layd in the Harmony of Confessions of Faith, published in their name;' with the exception of 'one only particle;' relating to the Apocrypha. On examining the Dutch [Belgick] Confession of Faith, in the Harmonia Confessionum, I find

it to be the same in Latin, which, translated into English, now constitutes a part of 'The constitution of the Reformed Dutch church, in the United States of America.' It essentially agrees, in its *doctrines*, with the church of England."

Judge Marshall's account of the first hostilities between France and England, in America, is so erroneous, that nothing but the concurrence of so many writers in the same mistakes, could excuse him. A subject, which, however, eluded the sagacity of Belknap, and the minute and laborious accuracy of Prince, may be overlooked by any of their successors, without any very high impeachment of their fidelity. To Dr. Holmes we are indebted for discovering, that there were two expeditions of Argal, against the French settlements in Arcadie, one accidental, the other, meditated. We must content ourselves, however, with referring to the Annals, vol. I. p. 177, for a correction of this, and many other errours, in the common account, and the addition of several new circumstances, particularly the fact of the surrender of the patent of De Monts, to Madame de Guercheville. We will just observe, en passant, our author's unusual, though not in every instance, unauthourized orthography of several proper names. Judge Marshall always writes, De Mont for De Monts, Quartier for Cartier, Gosnald for Gosnold, Piquods for Pequods, Chalmer for Chalmers, Massassoet for Massassoit, &c.

We have noted several other inaccuracies of minor importance, such as slight errours in dates, and instances of a want of exactness in geography,* which we must forbear to particularise. We cannot, however, dismiss the subject, without mentioning a circumstance, which if that nationality, which we just now confessed, have not imagined it, constitutes no trifling objection to the work. We are aware of the extreme ludricrousness of the vanity, which supposes, that one's own country possesses every possible excellence, and we are not insensible, that our section of the United States, is more than suspected, of having a large share of the foible. But we think, our brethren, nearer the sun, are not wholly free from it; and even the expanded philosophy, and noble nature of Judge Marshall, have not entirely freed him from the hereditary prejudices of a Virginian. It is curious to see, how gently all the unpleasant facts, in the history of his native state, are passed over, while the faults of the unhappy Puritans of New England are set down, without mitigation or apology. Observe, for example, with what tenderness a fact is dismissed, which, certainly, a faithful historian should have more fully detailed.

"To this horrible massacre, (of the colonists in 1622,) succeeded a vindictive and exterminating war, in which, were successfully practised, on the Indians, the wiles, of which they had set so bloody an example." Vol. I. 67.

This is all that is said of an action, which the honest and unprejudiced Beverly has thus narrated, and which Judge Marshall's favourite Robertson has also detailed at length.

"This gave the *English* a fair pretence of endeavouring the total extirpation of the *Indians*, but more

* Our friends, in Connecticut, wou'd hardly pardon us, if we should omit to remark the blunder, of placing New-Haven on the Connecticut river.

especially, of *Oppechancan ugh*, and his nation. Accordingly, they set themselves about it, making use of the *Roman* maxim, (*Faith is not to be kept with hereticks*) to obtain their ends. For, after some months fruitless pursuit of them, who could too dexterously hide themselves in the woods, the *English* pretended articles of peace, giving them all manner of fair words and promises of oblivion. They designed, thereby (as their own letters, now on record, and their own actions, thereupon, prove) to draw the *Indians* back, and entice them to plant their corn on their habitations, nearest adjoining to the *English*; and then to cut it up, when the summer should be too far spent, to leave them hopes of another crop that year; by which means they proposed to bring them to want necessaries, and starve. And the *English* did so far accomplish their ends, as to bring the *Indians* to plant their corn at their usual habitations, whereby they gained an opportunity of repaying them, some part of the debt, in their own coin; for they fell suddenly upon them, cut to pieces such of them as could not make their escape, and afterwards totally destroyed their corn."

This disposition to palliate the faults of our country, is, we readily admit, an amiable weakness; but it is a weakness, and we should have called it so, even if it had been extended to our own ancestors. The great historian, who challenges immortality for his page must be superiour to every form of prejudice, and every mode of self love. But if it were allowable in any instance to soften that detestation, which religious intolerance ought to excite, we think a very plausible palliation might be offered of the bigotry of the first settlers of New-England. It is certain that no point of casuistry is more difficult to settle a priori, than the limits of toleration; and in that age the name of toleration was scarcely known. It is surely not surprising, that men who had left their native country in order to enjoy their religion without molestation, should think that they had a right to enjoy the desart in peace, and should seek even by violence to protect themselves from the introduction among them of those principles and that spirit, which had banished them from their native land. We grant that their reasoning was erroneous. God forbid that we should for a moment or on any pretence become the advocates of persecution, but we dare to say, that the intolerance of our forefathers was a crime of the age, and not any thing peculiar to them, and that after the most has been made of their foibles, they must still appear men too extraordinary to be despised by any historian. But this is not the place for a discussion of this kind.

We should be very greatly misunderstood, if we were supposed to imply by what we have said, that Judge Marshall has designedly depreciated the worthies of New-England. We are too full of respect for his virtues and genius to indulge such a suspicion. We have brought forward these circumstances partly as a curious instance of the manner in which early prejudice will unconsciously display itself, partly to illustrate the danger of too implicit confidence in second hand authorities, but chiefly because some readers might be misled if these assertions were suffered to pass without contradiction. In looking back on what we have hitherto said, we are surprised to observe so little commendation. It is not because we have nothing to commend, but

because we are more anxious to correct mistakes which might lead some readers into errours, than to point out excellences which no reader of taste will neglect. In forming our general judgment of Judge Marshall's first volume, we must recollect that his is the first attempt to give a connected history of the various States. He has succeeded in our opinion, in making it both interesting and instructive; and though we think the first volume decidedly inferiour to its successors, we have read it from the first page to the last, with pleasure. We cannot indeed say that we discern all that research and accuracy, which we anticipated; but we ascribe our disappointment to no deficiency in the author either of industry or powers. We imagine that when he planned a historical introduction to his work he was not aware of the extent of the undertaking; and that the impatience of the publick extorted it from him, before he had time to elaborate it. The stile we shall hereafter examine. We proceed now to the second division, which embraces the period of the American Revolution. We have passed through a vestibule, not indeed perfect in all its proportions, nor displaying all the grace and finish of Corinth and Athens, but still discovering in many places the hand of a master, and altogether inviting us to explore what is beyond it.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. 14.

A Philosophical and Practical Grammar of the English Language, by Noah Webster, *Esq.* New-Haven, *printed by* Oliver Steele & Co. *for* Brisban & Brannan, *booksellers*, New York. 1808. 12*mo. pp.* 250.

WITH a perseverance, that demands our approbation, even if its immediate utility be doubted, and its success improbable, we have seen Mr. Webster, upwards of twenty years, extending his inquiries into the philosophy of the English language. No philologist will deny, that his productions deserve attention for their frequent proofs of profound research, and for the subtilty of their disquisitions, with whatever coolness of incredulity he may hear his confident assertions, or however cautiously he may follow him as a guide. Mr. Webster thinks, that Wallis and Johnson, Harris and Lowth have been the great corrupters of our grammar; that their examples still influence, and their precepts with increasing contagion from their disciple, Murray, pervert our contemporaries; that he understands the true theory of our language, better than any, or than all, who have preceded him, even than Horne Tooke himself, who may indeed claim some honour for having acted as herald to the great monarch of etymology.

In this grammar, Mr. Webster's first quarrel is with the classes of words; and for our universal ignorance of our mother tongue, he kindly supplies us with an excuse. "I am firmly persuaded, that, with the present classification of English words, under the usual names, the true construction of sentences, with the force and effect of the words composing them, cannot be explained so as to be clearly understood by a student." But if the greater part of this art consists of arbitrary rules, why may we not as well keep the old names of the parts of speech,

which our grandfathers taught us, as "fly to others that we know not of." They seem like the tools of a mechanick; and if Mr. Webster would have us call a *gimlet* a *perforator*, we see not how it will better perform its original office. "I use the terms already received," says Johnson, "and already understood, though perhaps others more proper might be invented. Sylburgius, and other innovators, whose new terms have sunk their learning into neglect, have left sufficient warning against the trifling ambition of teaching arts in a new language."

We have commonly been taught to divide words into articles, nouns, pronouns, &c.; but in the work before us, articles and interjections, the alpha and omega of grammar, are struck out of the nomenclature, and the names of the whole etymological brotherhood, except verbs and prepositions, are changed. For nouns we are ordered to say names; for pronouns, substitutes; for adjectives, attributes; for adverbs, modifiers; for conjunctions, connectives. Over the grave of the departed interjection, though he was formerly no unuseful member of the family, especially at the theatre, we shall now only cry, alas! but we think articles capable of a solid defence.

An, Mr. Webster says, is merely a numeral attribute; its only signification is unity; and although he allows it cannot, in every phrase, be changed for *one*, the latter can always be used for *an*. I love an honest man. Must this be construed, as if I loved but one? Mr. Webster will tell us, the French would here employ their *un*, and he says it has the same power with our indefinite article. But do we not every day observe the contrary? In acquiring our language, the Frenchman, who will make the same blunder forever, if he studies Webster's grammar alone, says, I hate one silent woman, for, I hate a silent woman. The Latin and the Greek language would not, as Mr. Webster *almost wishes* us to believe, employ their numerals unus, and ἕις on this occasion. If the French language is so poor, as to want the indefinite article, and the Latin is destitute of both articles, it is a fallacious argument to adduce, that because a phrase, parallel to one from ours, must be found in either of their dictionaries, destitute of the article, that we have therefore no such part of speech as an article.

The, we are told in this book, is no part of speech distinct from *this*, or *that*. In Saxon authors the word was a pronoun or substitute, and with sorrow Mr. W. confesses, that it cannot in all cases be now used for *this*, or *that*. "As *one* has in modern times gained a use, which *an* has not, so *that* and *this* (though before names, they have the sense of *the*, for *the* man you saw, and *that* man you saw, are of the same import,) are often used as substitutes, and for emphasis in cases, where *the* cannot be employed." What a fallacy is this! *One* has gained no new meaning; though Mr. W. has perhaps shewn, that the Saxon *an* differs from our *an*. Nor is it true, that *this* and *that* have the sense of *the* before names, or, as our common grammars say, nouns, as an example will prove; *this* apple is better than *that* orange. The article *the* we esteem a very valuable word, but we cannot rank its merit equal to *this*, or *that*. By the words, *the honest man*, Mr. Webster assures us, we can mean only, *that man, who is honest*; and here indeed the article by periphrasis is proved to have the power of the pronoun, *this* or *that*. But as it is granted, that "*this* and

that are often used, where *the* cannot be employed ;" we believe it no less certain, that our most common use of *the* cannot be changed for *this* or *that*. *The* Lord is in his holy temple. Whether the Saxons would use a pronoun or not is of no consequence to the construction of the first word in this sentence, which has no more relation to *this* or *that*, than it has to *one* or *two*. Indeed our American philologist would lead us to confound our two articles. "In the Celtic" says he, "the article *an* signifies *the* and *that*." But as things, which are equal to the same, are equal to one another, it is easy to prove, since *an* means *that*, and *the* means *that*, that *an* and *the* are in the English language precisely the same thing. To what little purpose has Mr. W. brought his laborious Saxon derivations to change the force and meaning of our two articles in the true English language ?

The observations of Harris, Johnson, Lowth, and Murray upon our article *a* are contemptuously treated ; but Mr. W.'s wit, poor as it is, is better than his argument. From Johnson, who says, *a* has an indefinite signification and means *one* with some reference to more, we know no reason to appeal. Yet Mr. W. asks with triumph, whether *a*, in this sentence, "Johnson compiled *a* dictionary of the English language," denotes *one* thing of the kind, in other respects indeterminate. We answer readily, it is indeterminate, and means *one* with some reference to more. Had we but one dictionary of our language, and had that been made by Johnson, we should have *constantly* called it, as it is now *frequently* termed, *the* dictionary of the English language.

Against a *practical grammar* of our language, which would reject articles from the parts of speech, we earnestly protest. If we have always in this respect been deceived, if these words have acquired a name they have no right to enjoy, we will support them by prescription. Gratissimus error.

Mr. Webster will not be satisfied with changing the old classification of words, but abhors as much the polite pronunciation. In the elision of the letter *e* before *h* he quotes

Far in th' horizon to the north appeared,

from Milton, and a similar elision before the same word in Thomson, and observes, "but this elision usually renders the line harsh ; and before the word *horizon*, with a false, unnatural accent, creates a disagreeable hiatus." We deny that a line is commonly made harsh by such an elision ; but the elision would be very unpleasant with the accent, where Mr. W. desires it. We notice this sentence, however, to remind Mr W. that the quantity of any word in the English language is chiefly to be learned from our best poets ; that the accent on the second syllable of the word *horizon*, which he thinks false and unnatural, is uniform among polite scholars ; and that the authority of Milton, Dryden, Pope, and Thomson, on such a question at least, is superiour to that of any sailor on the forecastle, by whom alone, except by Mr. W. is the penultimate in our days shortened.

The subjects of *number*, *case*, and *gender* are well treated by Mr. Webster, though we cannot receive his observations with full credit. "Such," says he, "is the propensity in men to form regular inflection in language," that the words *Cherubim* and *Seraphim*, though real Hebrew plurals "are used *as in the singular*, with regular plurals." The

meaning of the words "as in the singular" is not easily discerned, and the general observation we deny. "*Cherub* and *Seraph*," we know have *too often* "obtained regular plurals;" but "*Cherubims* and *Seraphims*" are not common since our translation of the bible.

We may expect an extraordinary increase of the sibilant sound of our language by *erratums*, *geniuses*, *maguses*, *focuses*, *genuses* and *radiuses*, for "this tendency to regularity is by all means to be encouraged."

The principle of forming regular plurals Mr. W. wishes to extend, and says respectable authorities have used *focuses*, *stamens*, *stratuses*, and *funguses*; but we believe, that their weight is not sufficient to justify us in following the example.

But Mr. W. can depart from that principle in favour of an innovation by the vulgar. He justifies the use of two year, five mile, seven pound, without the plural *s*; though he allows, "The most unlettered people never say two league or three peck." But he is equally wrong in this exception; and though fond of the English of the mob, rather than that of the scholar, he is not acquainted with all the vulgar perversions of our idiom.

Upon the pronoun *you*, Mr. W. observes:

"As *you* was originally in the plural number, grammarians insist that it must still be restricted to that number. But national usage rejects the arbitrary principle. The true principle, on which all language is built, rejects it. What fundamental rule have we to dispose of words, but this, that when a word signifies *one*, or *unity*, it belongs to the singular number? If a word, once exclusively plural, becomes, by universal use, the sign of individuality, it must take its place in the singular number. That this is the fact with *you*, is proved by national usage. To assign the substitute to its verb, is to invert the order of things. The verb must follow its nominative—if that denotes unity, so does the verb."

We will admit, that, had we a new language to form, *you was* would be a more proper representation of singularity, and *you were* of plurality. We allow too, that *you was* is *frequently* used in common conversation, and *sometimes* by good writers; but we deny Mr. Webster's observation, that it is "*established by national usage.*" It is however less disagreeable to us than many other barbarisms, which he would introduce. Besides, his argument proves too much. The use of the plural of the first person was as common among the Latins, as that of the singular, when the word was intended to mean only one person; yet if *nos* is singular, the verb should have been so too. "Noris nos, inquit, docti sumus" is an excellent example. The plural form is preserved, but the meaning is confined to one; and when the world says to Mr. Webster, "you were unwise to attack Johnson so boldly," he cannot mistake its application to himself alone, because *you were* is not the singular number.

Again, the same phraseology, though commonly confined to the proclamations of royalty, is adopted in our language. "*We* (says queen Anne, or king George, speaking of herself or himself alone,) "*was* informed, that *we am* abused" is thought bad grammar by every one who is ignorant of the rule, "that when a word signifies one, or unity, it belongs to the singular number." The French too always say "*vous êtes*," and would as strenuouly maintain the expression to be plural, as all Englishmen, before Mr. Webster, have believed "*you is*" to be false grammar.

We know not the precise object

object of Mr. Webster in another passage, and shall not therefore charge him with intent to debase our language, when he says :

"*Me* is also used in the nominative, in popular practice—*it is me.* This is condemned as bad English; but in reality is an original idiom of the language, received from the primitive Celtic inhabitants of England and France, in whose language *mi* was the nominative case of the first personal pronoun. The French language retains the same word, from the same original, in the phrase *c' est moi.*"

Mine, thine, his, yours, hers and *theirs*, are to be considered as pronouns, or substitutes, and "are constantly used as the nominatives to verbs, and as the objectives after verbs and prepositions." But we do not acknowledge the justice of the innovation.

"*Whose,*" says Mr. W. "is equally applicable to persons as to things." Ay, Sir, and, as we think, much more applicable to persons than to things. Next comes a long tedious note to show how learned Mr. Webster is; how he understands the ancient Scotch, Saxon, Dutch, German, Latin as old as the days of Numa, cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis, Teutonick, Greek, Hebrew, Gaelick, or Erse, Gothick and Celtick, of the Lord knows what date. But after all this parade, a modest man, whose sole inquiry is for the unadulterated currency of our language at present, and who, therefore, is desirous of ascertaining the customary use, "Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi," will turn to the highest authority exhibiting that currency and declaring that use, and will learn, that, "whose is rather the poetical than the regular genitive of which." In common talk, we do not screw our mouths up to say, "the bread that you eat, and *whose* crust is so hard."

As and *so* in the division of Mr. W. are to become substitutes or pronouns, because they are derived from the German, and in that language, instead of being adverbs of similitude, are really pronouns. So might we conclude the illegitimacy of George III. because his collateral ancestor, William the Norman, was a bastard.

In support of the doctrine, he pounces upon an unguarded quotation, by the best of our grammarians :

"The phrase, *as follows*, forms an impersonal verb, and therefore it should always be in the singular; as, "the rules are as follows;" similar to the scriptural expressions, "As becometh women professing godliness;" that is, *as it becometh.* if we give the sentence a different turn, and instead of *as*, say *such as*, the verb is no longer impersonal. The pronoun *such* is the nominative, whose number is determined by its antecedent."

Murray's Grammar.

On this passage, which is an error from beginning to end, I will just remark, that had it been written in the days of Johnson and Lowth, the errors it contains must have been pardoned, like others which distinguished writers have committed. But to frame such an explanation of *as follows*, after the publication of the "Diversions of Purley," admits of no apology. In the familiar phrase, *as follows*, *as* is a substitute [pronoun] with the sense of *that* or *which*—it is without inflection; but retains its true primitive sense, and in both numbers. The insertion of *it, as it follows*, would render the phrase nonsense—*which it follows.* In the passage from Timothy, the author has cited some old translation. In my bible, the words are "*which becometh.*" But *as becometh* is as correct a phrase, and as common, as *which becometh.* They mean the same thing, and either of them is an exact translation of *o prepei.*"

Had the American philologist, when printing his book at New Haven, employed the Greek types of the University in that place, we should not have to reprobate so of-

ten the violation of the ὁ πρέπει. "*Which becometh,*" we admit to be a better version, than *as it becometh.* But from Mr. W. we should hardly have expected a censure of "some old translation;" for the nearer we approach the version of Saxon barbarism, the nearer he thinks us to the understanding of the present meaning of the English language. *As it happens* is more frequently used than *as happens*, though we think either good enough for the *ut accidit* of the Latin. To be sure the reformers will have *ut* to be a pronoun, as well as *as.* The most common use of this phrase disproves it: *certain pieces of land, bounded, as* [*which*] *follows.* The same instance affords a double proof. The relative should agee with its antecedent in number; therefore *as*, being the substitute of pieces, according to Mr. W. should have the verb in the plural, and that was never the common phrase, and cannot be desired by Mr. Webster.

"*Either* is used also for *each*; as "Two thieves were crucified—on *either* side one." This use of the word is constantly condemned by critics, and as constantly repeated by good writers; but it was the true original sense of the word, as appears by every Saxon author."

Whatever may have been the "original sense," we do not believe that this use of the word is common.

Mr. W. blames those who ridicule *thereby, whereof, hereto,* &c. and says the words are "legitimate, and, at times, indispensable." We know, as well as Mr. W., that they were born in lawful wedlock, and when they are *indispensable*, we shall permit their use.

The enmity to established forms and rules is exhibited in Mr. W.'s treatment of the modes and tenses of verbs; but as his *practical grammar* can never come into general use, as will be naturally concluded from our preceding observations, we omit a long discussion of them. The observations on the subjunctive mode, page 96. in notis, are very proper.

We find much matter for animadversion in what Mr. W. observes of irregular verbs. *Heat*, says he, has the participle of the perfect sometimes *het*, "but the practice is not respectable." In the very next line he admits, without censure, that *lit* may be used for *lighted*, though we recollect it only on the pages of a *noble* rhymester, and a *chambermaid* novelist.

He makes *shew* and *show* different verbs, which is indisputably wrong.

In his list of irregulars, are marked some verbs, which have past tenses and participles obsolete, or growing obsolete. But we cannot agree to sacrifice to the displeasure of Mr. Webster such words as *brake, clave, clove, crew, rang, sank, spake, spat, sprang, stank, sware, throve,* for we deny that all of them "are entirely obsolete in ordinary practice, whether popular or polite;" nor are we more inclined wholly to forego *bidden, cloven, clad, bolden, ridden, shapen, shorn, swollen;* nor will we admit *beat, broke, chose, dug, eat, froze, hung, shook, spoke, stole, took, tore, wore, wove, writ,* to the place of participles in elegant composition. Mr. W. abhors the participial termination *en*, yet though he puts *spoke* and *stole* for *spoken* and *stolen* boldly enough, he has not the hardihood to aver that *took* is more commonly written than *taken, rose* than *risen, drove* than *driven, forsook* than *forsaken.* With admirable self-complacency, he tells us, it is unnecessary to "discuss the utility or propriety of retaining these participles, because, as they are obsolete, they

cannot be recalled into service, and the learned must give way to popular practice."

"Men of letters may revolt at this suggestion; but if they will attend to the history of our own language, they will find the fact to be, as here stated. It is commonly supposed, that the tendency of this practice of unlettered men, is to *corrupt the language*. But the fact is directly the reverse. I am prepared to prove, were it consistent with the nature of this work, that nineteen twentieths of all the corruptions of our language, for five hundred years past, have been introduced by authors—men who have made alterations in particular idioms, which they did not understand. The same remark is applicable to the orthography and pronunciation. The tendency of unlettered men is to *uniformity* —to *analogy*; and so strong is this disposition, that the common people have actually converted some of our irregular verbs into regular ones."

We agree with Mr. W. on the subject of the verbs, *wist*, *wot* and *wit*, that our version of the bible might be improved; though, we hope, those, who attempt that holy work, will shew, in other parts, greater respect for antiquity, than we might expect from our author.

Among modifiers, or adverbs, this grammar inserts, *if*, *tho*, *whether*, *unless*, &c. words which have usually been termed conjunctions. With this, we are less offended than with a note:

"*Tho* is usually written *though*; but improperly; and probably by confounding *tho* with *thof*, a distinct word, nearly obsolete."

Such is the spelling throughout the volume, and the same perverse fondness for novelty, has deprived us of the final *e* in examine, determine, requisite, &c.

We have not room for the discussion of the variations between the old established authorities of Lowth and Murray, and the new dogmas of Mr. Webster, on the subject of conjunctions and prepositions. If not useful, they must be allowed the credit of ingenuity; if not reducible to practice, they will afford much amusement to the philologist.

In his rules of syntax, he has defended and explained his cause, and that of Horne Tooke. An instance or two will shew the diversity of his principles from those, in which we have been educated, and may satisfy our readers of the impracticability of this practical grammar.

"Rule 5. In some cases, the imperative verb is used without a definite nominative; as 'Israel burned none, *save* Hazor only.' Joshua 11. 13."

We should have always called this word *save* an adverb or preposition, had we never seen the grammar of Mr. Webster, and we are still inclined to our old habit. In the practice of the law, it is said to be of more consequence, to adhere to a rule, than to have that rule strictly just at its establishment. *Save*, as a verb, we have thought, was expressive of preservation, or excuse, from penalty; but the fate of Hazor is not to be changed by modern discoveries, although Mr. W. speaks very prettily on the subject:

"This use of certain verbs in the imperative is very frequent, and there is a peculiar felicity in being thus able to use *a verb in its true sense and with its proper object*, without specifying a nominative; for the verb is thus left applicable to the first, second or third person. I may save or except, or you may except, or we may suppose. If we examin these sentences, we shall be convinced of the propriety of the idiom; *for the idea requires no application to any person whatever.*"

Under rule 17, he maintains that

attributes or adjectives belong to whole propositions, or sentences, as in this passage:

"This letter of Pope Innocent, enjoined the *payment of tithes to the parsons of the respective parishes, where any man inhabited, agreeable* to what was afterwards directed by the same Pope in other countries." *Blacks. Comment. b. 2. ch. 3.*

Agreeably, in the adverbial form, would have been used by about one half of our good writers; and it may be said, that the word is an adverb in either shape, and that either may be used. Sub judice lis est.

Nor are we more inclined to Mr. W's. next rule, wherein he asserts;

"Attributes are used to modify the action of verbs, and to express the qualities of things in connection with the action, by which they are produced."

And, in his example, "*open thy hand wide*," he thinks this last word an adjective. The origin of the general errour he has kindly attributed to our knowledge of other languages.

"Authors, misguided by Latin rules, and conceiving that every word which is used to qualify a verb, must be an *adverb*, have pronounced many of the passages here recited and similar ones to be incorrect—and in such as are too well established to bear censure, they call the attribute an *adverb*. Were it not for this influence in early education, which impresses a notion that all languages must be formed with the like idioms, we should never have received an idea that the same word may not modify a name, an attribute and a verb."

Yet immediately after he says, the Romans had the same idiom of the adjective, which he desires to vindicate for our language. However, notwithstanding his inconsistency, we will give his own words to justify his opinion;

"The Roman writers availed themselves of the same idiom. 'Ob multitudinem familiarum, quæ gliscebat *immensum*.' *Tacitus. An. lib. 4. 27.*

'Fabius—Arpos primum instituit oppugnare—quæ maxime neglectam custodiam vidit, ea *potissimum* adgredi statuit.' *Liv. lib. 24. 46.*

"How much more impressive is the description which Tacitus here gives of an alarming insurrection of slaves, than if he had used the adverb! 'A multitude of slaves which was increasing and growing immense!' This is giving to prose the rhetorical sublimity of verse. It is giving the verb its full effect and at the same time, attaching the attribute to that effect.

"In the word *potissimum*, in Livy, as in many others, we see the effect of not understanding this elegant use of attributes. Such words are marked in dictionaries as adverbs! How would Tully, Livy and Tacitus smile to see their native tongue disfigured with accents to distinguish adverbs from adjectives, in a modern dictionary of the language! It is a just remark of Mr. Tooke, that all words which critics have not understood, they have thrown into the *common sink of adverbs*."

We enjoy the animated passage from Tacitus as much, when we reckon immensum an adverb, as Mr. W. while he construes it an adjective. We will quote one other example, Ανθρώπινον λέγω, Rom. 6. 19. on which we know the judgment of the Connecticut grammarian, and which we offer for the consideration of our readers.

In the remarks on comparatives and superlatives, we are told: "*worser* is obsolete; but *lesser* is still used." With deference to Mr. W. we believe that Addison was the last friend of the unhappy word, and that it has been languishing nearly a hundred years, in the ob-

scurity of a lexicographer's lumber room.

The remarks on the form of comparison in words, which, by their direct force, exclude the notion of comparison, and are very proper.

"Similar to these are numerous expressions found in good authors—more impossible, more indispensable, less universal, more uncontrollable; and others, in which the sign of comparison is not only improper, but rather enfeebles the epithet; for the word itself expressing the full extent of the idea, ought to bear some emphasis, which, if a qualifying word is prefixed, will naturally be transferred to that word."

[*Note.*] "'This effect may proceed also from another consideration. If the attribute alone is used, its sense precludes the idea of increase or dimunition—it expresses all that can be expressed. But admit comparison, and it ceases to express the utmost extent of the quality."

On page 186, commences the triumphant quotation of authorities, which fills more than three pages, intended to prove "the verbals of many of the regular verbs obsolescent, the past tense being often used in their place." From these the poets should be excluded; for we allow them the use of *wove* for *woven*, *shook* for *shaken*, &c. to preserve the harmony of their measure, or to produce the nicety of rhyme. Many of the other citations we refuse to acknowledge as authorities on this topick; such as Locke, Darwin, and several translators from the French. But the concluding observation shows Mr. W's. consistency:

"It is among the excellencies of that cluster of elegant English writers, who adorned and illuminated their country, in the beginning of the last century, that they wrote their native language as it was generally spoke, unfettered by arbitrary rules. To attempt to *fix* a living language, and to found present rules on the usage of speaking in the days of Elizabeth, is as wrong in principle as it will be fruitless."

Johnson's dictionary allows *writ*, as well as *wrote*, to be the preterit of write; and now Mr. W. cites two instances from the lives of the poets, to prove it the *true*, by which he must mean the *exclusive*, past tense of that verb. But for these two passages, we can produce twenty, to shew *wrote* employed by the Dr. for that tense. But we doubt, whether he can cite *writ* for *written* in one passage in a hundred, or even a thousand, from our polite authors, though he has dared to place the intruder in the seat of the regular incumbent. Although Milton has furnished this list with twenty anomalies, Mr. W. has ungratefully turned his face against him, two or three pages further on, and exclaims: "Milton seems to have understood Latin better than English."

Without any observation, we extract a remark, that will prove the veneration, in which the language of the vulgar is holden by Mr. W.

"In popular language, two negatives are used for a negation, according to the practice of the ancient Greeks and the modern French. This idiom was primitive, and was retained in the Saxon; as "Oc se kining Peada *ne* rixade *nane* while."—*Sax. Chron.* p. 33. And the king Peada did *not* riegn *none* while—that is, not a long time. The learned, with a view to philosophical correctness, have rejected the use of *two* negatives for *one* negation; but the expedience of the innovation may be questioned, for the change has not reached the great mass of the people, and probably never will reach them; it being nearly impossible, in my opinion, ever to change a usage which enters into the language of every cottage, every hour and almost every moment. Such usages are always regulated by tradition. The consequence is, we have two modes of speaking directly

opposite to each other, but expressing the same thing. "He did not owe nothing," in vulgar language, and "he owed nothing," in the stile of the learned, mean precisely the same thing. It makes no difference that men of letters denounce vulgar language as incorrect—Language in a nation should be uniform; the same words should, among all classes of people, express the same ideas—and rash indeed is the innovator who attempts to change an idiom which has the stamp of the authority of thousands of years—[for the idiom in question is certainly as old as the Greek language, which sprung from the Teutonic] and which is so incorporated into the language of common affairs, as to render hopeless every effort towards a reformation. To create essential differences between the language of polite and common life, is a serious evil. In this instance, the people have the primitive idiom; and if the Greeks, that polished nation, thought fit to retain two negatives for a negation, in the most elegant language ever formed, surely our men of letters might have been less fastidious about retaining them in the English. It is not expected that any change can now be effected in the practice of one class of people or the other: but these remarks are intended to suggest a salutary caution against indulging a spirit of innovation, under the pretext of reforming what is supposed to be wrong."

The observations upon the use of the indicative and subjunctive modes are excellent, and less marked, than the other parts, with the characteristick of Mr. W's. stile. From this praise, however, we shall except a remark, that we insert for the amusement of our readers.

"From a careful survey of the history of our language, I have ascertained beyond any reasonable doubt, that the English grammars which have been published within the last forty years, have introduced more errors than they have corrected."

In punctuation, Mr. Webster denies the utility of the colon. But the instance, that he cites of the propriety of substituting the period:—"To the rich I would tell of inexhaustible treasures, and the sure method to attain them. I would teach them to put out their money on the best interest," &c. seems rather to shew the advantage of retaining the old point.

The substance of the remarks on Prosody is from the pen of Judge Trumbull, the famous author of M'Fingal. In a note upon the subject of accent, Mr. Webster justifies the freedom he has employed, in censuring celebrated writers, and for his numerous offences we are not so angry, as to prevent his being heard, especially as the last paragraph of the note contains very judicious remarks.

It may be thought that I am captious in criticising the works of English authors, or of others who have written on this subject, but the propriety of detecting error, wherever found, supersedes the necessity of apology.

It has been the practice of most English authors to place the marks of accent, in all cases, over the vowel of the accented syllable—a practice probably borrowed from the Greek language. Thus in Johnson's Dictionary, the vowel *a* in *hábit* as well as *o* in *hóly*, has the mark of accent, for which reason the mark is no guide to the true sound of the letter, and a learnér would be led to give to *a* its long sound thus, hā-bit—as well as to *o* its long sound in hōly.

But this is not the worst evil. The rules for dividing syllables, from Dilworth to Murray, are not only *arbitrary*, but false, and absurd. They contradict the very definition of a syllable given by the authors themselves. Thus Lowth, defines a syllable to be "a sound either simple or compounded, *pronounced by a single impulse of the voice*, and constituting a word." This definition is copied and followed by Murray. But in dividing syllables, no regard is had to the definition—for *manifest*. Lowth divides thus, mani-fest. Here the first syllable *man* is pronounced with a *single impulse of the voice*—according to the definition; yet in writing, the syllable is split—the *constituent part* of a word, is divided into

two parts—that which is to be pronounced with a *single impulse of the voice*, is so separated, as to require *two impulses*. A syllable in pronunciation is an *indivisible* thing; and strange as it may appear, what is *indivisible* in utterance, is *divided in* writing; when the very purpose of dividing words into syllables in writing, is to lead the learner to a just pronunciation. Thus Murray, though he admits that a "syllable is short, when the accent is on the consonant" yet separates that consonant from the syllable—as in melón—ci-vil—timid. Most of the English elementary books which I have seen are liable to the same objection.

"The Amphibrach," says Trumbull, "is a foot of three syllables, the first and third short, and the second long. It it used in heroic verse only when we take the liberty to add a short syllable to a line.

"The piece you say is incorrect, *whў tāke ĭt*,
"I'm all submission, what you'd have *ĭt, māke ĭt.*"

This foot is hardly admissible in the solemn or sublime stile. Pope has indeed admitted it into his Essay on Man:

"What can ennoble sots or slaves ŏr cōwărds,
"Alas! not all the blood of all thĕ Hōwărds."

Again:

"To sigh for ribbands, if thou art sŏ sillў,
"Mark how they grace Lord Umbra or Sĭr Billy."

But these lines are of the high burlesque kind, and in this style the Amphibrach closes lines with great beauty.

The Judge should have added, that blank verse seldom admits this foot at the close of a line, and that double rhyme uniformly attends it.

We conclude our observations on this philosophical and practical grammar with offering our thanks as well as expressing our censure, *this* for the enmity exhibited by the author to that polite stile and settled grammar of our language, which has been above a century purifying from vulgarisms, *that* for the ardour and constancy of his literary pursuits in a country so little inclined to estimate and reward those qualities. If he is correct, he will assuredly be followed. Authority, we know, cannot confine him, and the voice of fashion will not long resist the dictates of truth. Inquiry will overturn whatever is wrong, and establish what is right. But we have settled our opinions, and believe that our language will be the same three hundred years hence, that it is now, in spite of the exertions of Mr. Webster to restore what has been lost, and to reform what has been corrupted. We scorn the notion of an American tongue, or of gaining our idiom from the mouths of the illiterate, rather than from the pages of Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, Attenbury, Prior, Chesterfield, Thomson, Hawkesworth, Sherlock, Johnson, Hume, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Armstrong, Blackstone, and Robertson. The English language, as well as their libertics, is our birthright; and in the ears of Mr. Webster, and of all other innovators in this respect, we would thunder the response of the nobility at the parliament of Merton, with a slight alteration: Et omnes comites et barones una voce responderunt, quod nolunt LINGUAM Angliæ mutare, quæ hucusque usitata est et approbata.

ART. 15.

The Christian Monitor, No. 6. a religious periodical work: containing a Treatise on Self-Knowledge. By John Mason. Boston. Munroe, Francis & Parker. 12mo. pp. 184.

THE Society conducting the Christian Monitor have consulted

both the taste and improvement of the great proportion of their patrons by selecting Mason's Self-Knowledge for re-publication. The importance of the subject is admitted by all, who are not absolutely indifferent to moral obligations or incapable of reflection. To learn what we are, in comparison with what we ought to be; to be apprised of our nature and relations, our dispositions and temper; our moral character and state is taking a considerable step towards wisdom and virtue. It is possible indeed to see the good and pursue the evil; to be sensible of faults and be too indolent or irresolute to make a business of amendment. If they who know their distemper can neglect to apply a remedy, those infected patients who are ignorant of their case must be considered beyond recovery. Moral teachers have always proclaimed that nothing is so easy and so common as self-deception. Wise men and great men as well as those of a vulgar and unreflecting mind conceal themselves from themselves. "We do not suspect that our passions are most to be distrusted when they appear most reasonable." The influence of sense; the power of self-love; indisposition to thought, the desire to be on good terms with ourselves and escape the molestations of conscience, the pain of discoveries that involve irksome duties; the habit of looking at our conduct through the eyes of flatterers are so many causes which keep us strangers at home. Thus we deceive ourselves much, mankind, less, and God not at all. So deep a malady requires all the efforts of skill and patience in the physician. Mason has written a "correct, nervous and methodical treatise." His prescriptions will undoubtedly prove sufficient, to those who will give them a fair trial. This work has been a text book for moral instruction in one or more of our higher schools. We hope it will hold its place in those seminaries, though it contain no scholastick theology, nor mystical devotion; and has never received the sanction of any ecclesiastical assembly, synod or council.

ART. 16.

A Discourse on the Nature, the proper subjects, and the benefits of Baptism, with a brief Appendix, on the mode of administering the ordinance. By the Rev. Samuel S. Smith, D. D. *President of the College of New Jersey.* Philadelphia. Published by B. B. Hopkins, and Co. Fry & Kammerer, printers. 1808. pp. 50.

THE controversy upon the nature, subjects and mode of baptism has been so thoroughly exhausted in this part of our country, that nothing but the name of President Smith, and the elegant typography of this discourse, persuaded us to read it, with a view to furnish the present article.

In his preface the President complains of "the vague and indefinite ideas of this ordinance, which are entertained by a large portion of christians," and hopes that "he has placed its nature and benefits in a light somewhat different from that, in which they have been commonly contemplated, and more obvious and plain to the apprehensions of common christians." This originality of views, and novelty of illustration, we have been unable to discover in the sermon before us, though we acknowledge with pleasure, that Dr. Smith has stated with unusual force and distinctness, the almost evanescent advantages, which belong to

this christian rite of initiation. The analogy between the mosaick and christian dispensations, which furnishes many of the arguments, and illustrations on the subject of baptism, was no doubt much more sensibly felt by the early christians, than it can be by believers at the present day. They had been accustomed to that kind of anthropomorphitism which is to be found in the Old Testament descriptions of the divine communications to the posterity of Abraham. The terms covenant, oath, league, seal, charter, &c. were familiar to the ears of the Jewish people; and they naturally sought for something of the same kind under a new and more liberal dispensation. Hence baptism acquired considerable significancy, as an initiation into a new *covenant*, a *seal* of gracious promises a sign of peculiar *privileges*, &c. and this language, in conformity to the Hebrew phraseology, is still preserved among christians, though the ideas, which it conveys, have lost much of that distinctness and peculiarity, which they originally possessed with the Jews.

Upon ideas of this kind, much of Dr. Smith's discourse is employed. The foundation of almost all his remarks is laid in the presumption, that baptism is to christians, what circumcision was to Abraham and his posterity; and relying on this substitution of the one for the other, he has chosen for his text, Romans, iii. 1, 2. For ourselves, we are perfectly willing that a preliminary so commonly received, should be universally granted, especially if the benefits of the ordinance can by it be more convincingly established, or ingeniously explained. But, if this postulate should be refused, or if, according to Dr. Smith's own observations, baptism should be shown to be originally a Jewish rite, adopted by our Saviour as a teacher's common mode of initiation, and established in the christian church, without any declared analogy to circumcision, we know not that much could be said in reply.

This sermon has three divisions.

1. The nature and design of baptism may be rendered obvious to the capacity of every hearer, from two sources of illustration, one is the use and application of a similar rite, which was frequent in the ancient Jewish nation, whence probably it was transferred into the christian church; the other is the denomination, borrowed from the Abrahamic dispensation of the covenant, which from the very first ages, it has received among christians, of *a seal* of the covenant of grace.

2. What profit is there, then, in being baptised? What are the benefits of baptism? This question I might proceed immediately to resolve, but that it is necessary, in the first place, to ascertain the proper subjects of this holy ordinance. For, on the right of our children to receive the seal of the covenant depends, in my view, its principal advantages. This right, then, is demonstrated from analogy; from scripture example; and from the whole stream of the history of the primitive church.

The following paragraphs, which are included in the second division, upon the right of parents to present their children, may be interesting to many.

Having offered to your consideration, in a few plain and obvious principles, the right of infants, born within the church, to the seal of the covenant, and the blessings of which they become partakers by it; it may not be unuseful more particularly to designate the limits of the *visible church*, and to point out the nature and extent of that profession of the name of Christ which entitles a parent to offer, and the church to receive his infant offspring in this holy ordinance. And happy shall I be, if, by the following brief reflections, I shall be able to remove the doubts, or compose the solicitudes of any serious and well disposed mind upon this subject:

The principal doubt turns on this single point, whether the church on earth consists only of those who are truly regenerated, and have added sincere, and *new obedience* to their open profession of the name of their Redeemer; or embraces all those who, having been baptised, and continuing to profess the name and doctrines of the Saviour, submit themselves to the counsels, admonitions, reproofs and to the whole discipline of that spiritual body whose head is Christ.

The constitution of the Jewish church, the counterpart and type of the christian, will assist us to determine this question. All who believed in Moses, the great prophet of God, and submitted to his law, were embraced in the external bonds, and received the distinguishing seal of the covenant. But *they were not all Israel who were of Israel.* A distinction existed among them, which must always exist upon earth among the professing disciples of Christ, between the visible, and the invisible church. The latter is composed of those only who, by sincere piety, and an entire renovation of heart, bear the inward image of their Lord and Master. The former embraces all who are united together under the profession of the same system of doctrines, who enjoy the same ordinances, and who submit to the same discipline for regulating the exterior order and manners of its members. To the church of Israel, comprehending the entire nation, were the oracles of God committed. And the seal of that gracious covenant which was contained and explained in these oracles, and exhibited to the ancient church, under a thousand typical rites, was impressed on all their offspring, and, and on all who were born in their houses and trained up in the knowledge of divine truth under their care. Analogy, then, will lead us to extend the application of the christian seal to the households, and especially to the children of all who are members of the visible church; that is, who have been themselves baptised, who acknowledge the Lord Jesus Christ as their Lord and Saviour, who profess to embrace the holy scriptures of truth as containing the only certain rule of duty, and the only foundation of their immortal hopes; who submit themselves and their households to the discipline and instructions of the church, and who promise to concur with her in the pious education and government of all those whom nature hath given to their affection, or providence hath subjected to their authority.

To the invisible church baptism cannot be confined, because men have no certain rule by which to discriminate it from the mass of visible professors. Let me speak freely to those of my brethren who believe that somewhat more is necessary in the recipient to the validity of this ordinance than regular morals, an open profession of the faith and submission to the discipline of the church. Is it because they esteem the actual sanctification of the parent essential to the rightful administration of baptism to the child? Who then can know with certainty that he is baptised? Do they say, that it is at least necessary that, in the judgment of charity, a parent should be a sincere believer? Where is the scripture rule which rests the benefit of baptism on our judgment of the internal state of a man's heart; or makes it the standard by which we are to admit his infant to the external privileges of the covenant of grace? Will not those judgments of charity vary in different churches? Will they not vary, perhaps, in different ministers in the same church? Too earnestly he cannot be admonished, indeed, that vital and universal holiness of heart and life is essential to salvation, and is essential to the faithful and acceptable discharge of this, and of every duty in the sight of God; yet is it not essential to the validity of this ordinance, and its spiritual benefit to his infant offspring.

3. In the last place, to answer the great inquiry, What profit is there in this our christian circumcision? What are the privileges it confers? What are the obligations it imposes?

In baptism the great charter of our salvation, with all its gracious promises, its merciful conditions, and immortal hopes, is confirmed by the seal of God. That transfer which, under the spiritual dominion of the Redeemer, has been made of our infant offspring from the curse and condemnation of the first covenant to the grace of the second, is, in this ordinance, palpably exhibited to our senses. Inestimable benignity and condescension! thus to be met by God, if I may speak so, at our first entrance into being, with the gracious propositions of

eternal life through Jesus Christ, confirmed to sense, as well as to faith, by a rite so solemn! The testament of our dying Saviour, sealed with his most precious blood, is visibly offered anew to believers and their offspring, at every repetition of this baptismal symbol. Christians! what subjects of gratitude and praise, what animating encouragements to early piety do we find in this merciful condescension of God; in this gracious care of the Redeemer, extended over all the infant seed of the church!

A brief appendix is added "on the mode of administering baptism," which, as it contains nothing superfluous, contains nothing new.

The style of Dr. Smith is sufficiently perspicuous, and sometimes eloquent. We feel the want, however, of more conciseness of phrase and condensation of thought. Without being guilty of absolute repetition, he weakens the force of his sentiments by a superabundance of epithets, and unnecessary circumlocution. Upon the whole, we heartily recommend this discourse to the perusal of christians.

RETROSPECTIVE NOTICE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

ARTICLE 3.

M. T. Cicero's Cato Major, or his Discourse of Old Age, with Explanatory Notes. Philadelphia, printed by Benjamin Franklin. 1744. 4to. pp. 159.

The history of this book is not a little curious. It is the first translation of a classick, and the best which has appeared in this country. The author was a Mr. Logan, of Philadelphia, and the printer was Benjamin Franklin. The translation was made in the year 1734, when the translator was in his sixtieth year, but it was not printed till the year 1744. The type is large, clear, and elegant, to assist the eyes of the aged; and the whole typographical execution reflects the highest honour on Dr. Franklin's press. Though the book has the appearance of an octavo, the pages will be found to be in quarto. The Greek words are sometimes printed in Italicks, and sometimes in Greek characters; an irregularity for which we cannot account. The advertisement written by Dr. Franklin, we shall here insert entire, because it has not appeared, we believe, in any collection of Dr. F.'s works.

THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

This Version of Cicero's Tract *de Senectute*, was made ten years since, by the honourable and learned Mr. Logan, of this city; undertaken partly for his own amusement, (being then in his 60th year, which is said to be nearly the age of the author when he wrote it,) but principally for the entertainment of a neighbour, then in his grand climacteric; and the notes were drawn up solely on that neighbour's account, who was not so well acquainted as himself with the Roman history and language: Some other friends, however, (among whom I had the honour to be ranked) obtained copies of it in M. S. And, as I believed it to be in itself equal at least, if not far preferable to any other translation of the same Piece extant in our language, besides the advantage it has of so many valuable notes, which at the same time they clear up the text, are highly instructive and entertaining, I resolved to give it an impression, being confident

that the publick would not unfavourably receive it.

A certain Freed-man of Cicero's is reported to have said of a medicinal well, discovered in his time, wonderful for the virtue of its waters in restoring sight to the aged, *That it was a Gift of the bountiful Gods to men, to the end that all might now have the pleasure of reading his Master's works.* As that well, if still in being, is at too great a distance for our use, I have, *Gentle Reader*, as thou seest, printed this piece of Cicero's in a large and fair character, that those who begin to think on the subject of *OLD AGE*, (which seldom happens till their sight is somewhat impair'd by its approaches,) may not, in reading, by the *Pain* small letters give the eyes, feel the *Pleasure* of the mind in the least allayed.

I shall add to these few lines my hearty wish, that this first translation of a *Classic* in this *Western World*, may be followed with many others, performed with equal judgment and success; and be a happy omen, that Philadelphia shall become the seat of the American Muses.

Philadelphia, Feb. 1743-4.

In the year 1750, the book was reprinted in London, in 1751, at Glasgow, and in 1778, another edition appeared in London, where Dr. Franklin's name was inscribed in the title page, as the author. This however, was a mere bookseller's trick to promote the sale.

As this work is the only translation of an ancient classick, which has appeared in this country, if you except Alexander's Virgil, "the clandestine refuge of schoolboys," and a version of Horace's odes,* we shall give it a more minute examination, than is probably authorized by its intrinsick merit. The numerous translations, which had been previously made of this *aureus libellus* are much inferiour to Logan's, and it would, perhaps, have retained a considerable reputation even to the present day, had it not been eclipsed by the version of the incomparable Melmoth; and to be excelled only by him is almost equivalent to praise, especially to a translator in 1734. Till within the last fifty years, the principles of translation were not well understood; and after a correct idea is formed of a perfect translation, it will be found almost as difficult, as original composition. The best writers though the easiest to understand, are always the most difficult to render, and Cicero, the most polished of the Romans, appears to no advantage, except in the translation of Melmoth. The style of this author, in his original works, as well as in his translations, a stile, which charms every reader, learned, or unlearned; though it seems to exhibit the most easy elegance, and attainable simplicity, will yet be found to possess that kind of *perfection desesperée*, which it is more easy to praise than to analyze. Of the style of Mr. Logan, therefore, we shall say little, because it can bear no competition with Melmoth's; but the faithfulness of the translation, we are more at liberty to examine and to judge. "Est aliquid prodire tenus, si non datur ultra."

[*To be continued.*]

* The Lyrick works of Horace translated into English verse, with other poems, by a native of America, 8vo Phil 1786. "To praise this publication, would be gross violation of conscience." Monthly Rev. We should be extremely obliged to any person, who would furnish us with a copy of this work.

CATALOGUE.

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES, *FOR MAY*, 1808.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.....MART.

NEW WORKS.

A Discourse on the Nature, the proper subjects, and the benefits of Baptism, with a brief Appendix, on the mode of administering the ordinance. By the Rev. Samuel Stanhope Smith, D. D. President of the College of New-Jersey. Philadelphia, published by B. B. Hopkins & Co. Fry & Kammerer, printers. 8vo. pp. 50.

No. II. of the Minor Novelist; containing, 1st, He loves me more than his life; or Ludwig, Clara and Randolph; a tale, from the German. 2d, Epinette and Melise, or the two Widows, a tale, from the French. 3d, an Essay on Romances and Novels. Published and sold by Wright, Goodenow & Stockwell, Boston and Troy, N. Y.

The 8th number of the Christian Monitor, by a Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, &c. Boston. Munroe, Francis and Parker.

The Nightingale, or Polite Amatory Songster, a selection of delicate, pathetick and elegant Songs, designed chiefly for the Ladies. To which is added an Appendix, containing some of the most popular New Songs. Boston, published and sold by William Blagrove. E. C. Beals, printer. pp. 144. price 75 cents.

A letter to the Hon. J. Q. Adams, occasioned by his letter to the Hon. Mr. Otis. By Alfred. Printed in America. 8vo. pp. 43.

An Appeal to the Tribunal of Publick Justice, being a concise statement of the facts, which led to the extraordinary case of Stockton *vs.* Hopkins. By Thomas Hopkins. Philadelphia, printed for the author. 8vo. pp. 48.

The Analyst, or Mathematical Museum, vol. 1, No. 1, containing new elucidations, discoveries, and improvements in various branches of the mathematicks, with collections of questions proposed and resolved by ingenious correspondents. Philadelphia, published by Wm. P. Farraud & Co. Fry & Kammerer, printers. 8vo. pp. 20.

Campbell & Mitchel, New-York, have published No. 2, of the American Artillerist's Companion, or elements of artillery, by Louis D. Tousard.

The Military Companion, being a system of company discipline founded on the regulations of Baron Steuben, late major-general and inspector-general of the United States, containing the manual exercise, facings, steps, turnings, wheelings, miscellaneous evolutions, firings, &c. together with the duty of officers and privates. Designed for the use of the militia. Newburyport, printed by W. & J. Gilman. 18mo. pp. 45. price 25 cents.

A Discourse delivered, Mar. 13, 1808, in consequence of the death of Deacon Thomas Thompson, who departed Mar. 7th, in the 66th year of his age. By Samuel Spring, D. D. Newburyport, printed by E. W. Allen, and sold by Thomas & Whipple. 8vo. pp. 24. price 12½ cents.

The Boston Primer; being an improvement of the New-England Primer; containing, among many other things suitable for young children, Dr. Watts's Catechism, the Assembly's Catechism, with a variety of instructive Lessons and Hymns, suited to the capacities of Children, and designed to assist them in learning to spell and read. Boston, printed and published by Manning & Loring. 24mo. price 12½ cents.

Patriotism & Piety. The Speeches of his Excellency Caleb Strong, Esq. to the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; with their Answers; and Official Papers of his Excellency, from 1800 to 1807. Newburyport.

The Signs of Perilous times, a Sermon,

delivered at the Publick Fast, in West-Springfield, April 7, 1808. By Joseph Lathrop, D. D. Pastor of the first church in West-Springfield. Springfield, printed by Henry Brewer. 8vo. pp. 16.

NEW EDITIONS.

Vol. VIII. Part 1. of the New Cyclopedia, or Dictionary of Arts and Sciences. By Abraham Rees, D. D. F. R. S. editor of the last edition of Chambers's Dictionary, with the assistance of eminent professional gentlemen. First American edition, revised, corrected, enlarged, and adapted to this country, by several literary and scientifick characters. 4to. Price 4 dollars for the half volume. Philadelphia, S. F. Bradford. L. Blake, No. 1, Cornhill, Boston, agent.

A Dissertation on the Prophecies, that have been fulfilled, are now fulfilling, or will hereafter be fulfilled, relative to the great period of 1260 years: the papal and Mahammedan apostacies; the tyrannical reign of antichrist, or the infidel power, and the restoration of the Jews. To which is added, an appendix, by the Rev. Geo. Stanley Faber, B. D. Vicar of Stockton-upon-Tees. First American from the London edition Boston. Published by Andrews and Cummings. Greenough and Stebbins, printers. 8vo. 2 vols.

A summary view of the evidence and practical importance of the christian revelation, in a series of discourses addressed to young persons. By Thomas Belsham, minister of the Unitarian chapel, in Essex street, London. Boston, published by Munroe, Francis and Parker. 12mo. pp. 180.

Of the Truth of the Christian Religion. By David Hartley, M. A. Author of "Observations on Man," &c. &c. Boston. Munroe, Francis and Parker. 12mo. pp. 167.

A Key to the Classical Pronunciation of Greek, Latin, and Scripture proper names, in which the words are accented and divided into syllables exactly as they ought to be pronounced, according to rules drawn from analogy and the best usages; to which are added terminational Vocabularies of Hebrew, Greek and Latin Proper Names, in which the words are arranged according to their final syllables, and classed according to their accents; by which a general Analogy of Pronunciation may be seen at one view, and the accentation of each word more easily remembered: concluding with Observations on the Greek and Latin Accent and Quantity; with some probable conjectures on the method of freeing them from the obscurity and confusion in which they are involved, both by the ancients and moderns By John Walker, author of the Critical Pronouncing Dictionary, &c. First American, from the third London edition. Boston, published by Farrand, Mallory & Co.

Zion's Pilgrim. By Robert Hawker, D. D. Vicar of Charles, Plymouth, Eng. First American, fourth London edition. To which are added, select pieces by different authors. Boston, printed by Lincoln & Edmands, for Rev. Daniel Oliver. 12mo. pp. 204.

An enquiry into the causes and consequences of the Orders in Council, and an examination of the conduct of Great Britain, towards the neutral commerce of America. By Alexander Baring, Esq. member of Parliament. N. York, Hopkins and Bayard. 2d American edition.

Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. By Dugald Steward, F. R. S. Edin. Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Brattleborough, published by Wm. Fessenden, bookseller. 8vo. pp. 496,

A Treatise of the Materia Medica. By Wm. Cullen, M. D. Professor of the Practice of Physick in the University of Edinburgh. Philadelphia, published by Matthew Carey. 8vo. 2 vols. in one pp. 605.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

A neat pocket edition of Blair's Grave, with Dr. Anderson's account of the Author; to which will be subjoined a Poem to the memory of Mr. Law, by Blair; and Gray's Elegy, written in a country church yard; adorned with a vignette title page. It will shortly be published by W. Blagrove.

Lincoln & Edmands, of this town, are now publishing by subscription, A Spiritual Treasury for the Children of God, consisting of a Meditation for each morning and evening in the year, upon select texts of scripture, humbly intended to establish the faith, promote the comfort, and influence the practice of the followers of the Lamb. By William Mason, Esq. The work to be com-

comprised in 2 vols. 12mo. 380 pages each vol. price to subscribers 2 dollars 25 cents.

Cushing and Appleton, of Salem, and Joshua Cushing, of this town, have in the press, and will soon publish, by subscription, The Military Mentor, being a series of Letters recently written by a general officer to his son, on his entering the army; comprising a course of elegant instruction, calculated to unite the characters and accomplishments of the Gentleman and the Soldier. 2 vols. 12mo.

WORKS ANNOUNCED.

Proposals have been issued at Philadelphia, for publishing, by subscription, a new work, entitled, the manual of the French and English student, or a new and complete dictionary of the French and English languages. In two parts: I. French and English—II. English and French. Containing all the words in general use, occasionally illustrated by French and English sentences; an extensive collection of new words, in every art, science, and trade; the pronunciation of every word, according to the most polite usage in France and England; a copious vocabulary of sea terms and phrases; a dictionary of French synonymes; a dictionary of French homonymes; an alphabetical list of the most familiar proper and christian names, and of the most remarkable places in the world; the difficulties of the French language, alphabetically arranged; a complete treatise on French poetry; the chief English idioms; a treatise on the English particles, &c &c. The whole carefully compiled from the best writers, and particularly from the dictionaries of the French Academy, Boiste, Feraud, Catineau, Wailly, Tocquot, Nugent, Chambaud, Boyer, Johnson, Walker, &c. By N. G. Dufief, author of Nature Displayed in her mode of teaching language to man, applied to the French language, &c. To be printed in two handsome large 12mo volumes, nonpareil type. Price, to subscribers, for the two volumes, in boards, five dollars.

Proposals have been issued, in this town, for publishing, by subscription, a Selection of Sacred Musick, in three and four parts. Formed with great care from the best English and American works. By U. K. Hill. The work to contain 160 pages, of the common size of musick books for schools. Price one dollar.

Munroe, Francis & Parker, Boston, propose publishing, by subscription, the works of Mrs. Steel, containing poetical and miscellaneous pieces on various subjects, with a versification of some of the psalms, &c. to be comprised in two vols. 12mo. 400 pages. Price one dollar, per vol.

Oliver & Munroe, of this town, have issued proposals for publishing by subscription, in 8 numbers, containing each 60 pages, The Court of Thespis, and Temple of Apollo, a selection of the best and most approved pieces, from the celebrated authors, Shakespeare, S. Johnson, B. Johnson, Aiken, Andrews, Barbauld, &c. &c. price 25 cents.

Alsop, Brannon & Alsop, New-York, propose publishing, Chili; translated from the Italian of Abbey Molina, to be comprised in 2 vols. octavo, with a map of the country, price 3 dollars.

Calvin F. Stevens, clerk in the post-office, New-York, proposes to publish by subscription, a complete List of all the Post Offices in the United States; their names, counties and states; together with their distance from Washington city; also, the rates of postage and distance from Washington city. To which will be added the laws and regulations of the post-office establishment, &c. The whole carefully comprised and published by permission of the assistant postmaster general.

Proposals are issued by Wm. Weeks, of Portland, for printing a publication entitled Abracadabra. To be printed on 12 pages, duodecimo, price 12½ cents, payable on delivery, and will probably average about one number in a month, though no specifick time is allowed for its appearance.

Oliver & Munroe, of this town, have issued proposals for publishing by subscription, Observations on the History and Evidences of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, by Gilbert West, esq. Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul, by the right hon. George Lord Lyttleton. To which is added, the Trial of the Witnesses of the Resurrection of Jesus, by Thomas Sherlock, M. D. Master of the Temple, and late Bishop of London. It will be printed in one vol. 8vo. to contain 600 pages, price 2 dollars 25 cents.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

THE following letters, addressed by the late Mr. Fox, before the formation of the late ministry, to Mr. Phillips, the bookseller, will explain his original views relative to the entire work, of which a posthumous fragment has been recently announced, under the title of "A History of the early part of the Reign of James the Second."

SIR,

I RECEIVED a few days since, your's of the 11th. I am about a history of the times immediately preceding and succeeding the revolution, but I have made very little progress; and, as it is chiefly a matter of amusement to me, it may be a long time before I publish, and, of course, the time when it may happen is altogether uncertain. I should, therefore, be very sorry to have any thing announced upon the subject at present. When the work is in more forwardness, I may give notice of it. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

C. J. Fox.

St. Anne's Hill, Wednesday.

To MR. PHILLIPS.

SIR,

I RECEIVED, yesterday, your's of the 27th. I am sorry to say, in answer to it, that your information with respect to the rapidity of my progress is wholly unfounded. It will be at least a year before I shall be ready to publish any part of the work, and then it will not be, as I guess, more than one quarto volume, with a small appendix, which may be added to the volume, or printed separately, according to the bulk of the volume itself.

I am still unengaged with respect to a publisher, and mean to remain so for some time. I have not given any other person any reason to expect that I shall employ them.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

C. J. Fox.

St. Anne's Hill, Sunday.

SIR,

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your letter, with the communication with respect to the late Pretender's papers. I have often heard of them, and I have little doubt, but if they could be obtained, they would prove a valuable publication. But as I have many years work before me, before *I can come to the Brunswick reigns*, to which only, as I imagine, these papers can relate; and, as I very much doubt even whether I shall *ever* go beyond the reign of Anne, they are not to me particularly material. I should think, as you seem to do, that money would be the best means of coming at them. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

C. J. Fox.

St. Anne's Hill, Thursday.

SIR,

MY time has been so taken up this last week, that I could not find a moment to read your inclosure till this day, nor of course to answer

your letter. The account in the paper corresponds exactly with what I have been able to collect, concerning the papers both here and in France. I had lost all hopes of finding the Scotch College papers before I went to that country, and the chief object of my journey was to consult the archives of the Secretary of State's office for Barillon's and D'Avaux's correspondence. In this I succeeded, and found much very useful and curious matter. There were not in the National Library any papers that either had, or were pretended to have, belonged to the Scotch College. I can have no doubt but Carpentier's account is true; for if he had them in his possession, he would certainly either have restored them to the right owners, or have disposed of them to his own advantage, which he might easily have done.

I hear there are in Scotland, at present, some manuscripts which are, or pretend to be, compilations from the Scotch College papers, and I am now actually engaged in an enquiry concerning them. This is all the intelligence I can give you upon this subject. The story you heard of the offer to me was grounded only upon a very loose conversation, but I am sorry to say, that I am not near enough to a conclusion to attend to this part of the business. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,
C. J. Fox.

St. Anne's Hill, Sunday.

Mr. Raymond will shortly publish The Passions, written by William Collins, embellished with sixteen superb engravings, by Anthony Cardon, from designs by Robert Ker Porter; with notes, and a comparative review, by the editor, of the life of Collins, as written by Mr. Langhorne and Dr. Johnson. The notes contain also biographical remarks, and anecdotes of the poet, which have escaped the notice of those biographers.

The following letter, was addressed by President Jefferson to Mr. D. Eccleston, of Lancaster, in Eng. in return for the fine medallion of Washington, lately produced by the latter gentleman.

Washington, Nov. 21, 1807.

Sir,

I RECEIVED, on the 22d ult. your favour of May 20, with the medals accompanying it, through the channel of my friend and ancient class mate, Mr. Maury, of Liverpool. That our own nation should entertain sentiments of gratitude and reverence for the great character who is the subject of your medallion is a matter of duty; his disinterested and valuable services to them have rendered it so, but such a monument to his memory by the members of another community, proves a zeal for virtue in the abstract, honourable to him who inscribes it, as to him whom it commemmorates. In returning you my individual thanks for the one destined for myself, I should perform but a part of my duty, were I not to add an assurance, that this testimonial in favour of the first worthy of our country, will be grateful to the feelings of our citizens generally.

I immediately forwarded the two other medals, and the letters to Judge Washington, with a request that he would hand on one of them to Chief Justice Marshall.

I salute you with great respect,

TH. JEFFERSON.

Daniel Eccleston, Esq. London.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER'S PLAYS.

A new edition of the Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, is preparing for publication. The tasks of collation and criticism will be executed with the editor's greatest industry and best judgment, and ample recourse will be had to the manuscript notes of the late Dr. Farmer, written in the folio edition of that author, of which the editor is in possession. Whilst elaborate editions of Massinger, Jonson, and even Shirley, are announcing, the publick will surely attend to any attempt to retrieve from the trifling comments of Theobald, Sympson, and Seward, or the more careless ones of Colman, authors, who, in the opinion of some criticks deserve to rank next to Shakespeare.

Dr. Carpenter, of Exeter, will, in a few days, publish a small work, entitled, The Plan, Rules, and Catalogue of a Library for young persons, with observations on some of the principal branches of science and literature, and occasional remarks on the books selected · intended to assist in the formation of literary institutions, and to aid young persons in the choice of objects of mental pursuit.

A new translation of the Georgicks of Virgil, in blank verse, is in the press, and may shortly be expected to be published.

The first folio edition of the plays of Shakespeare, published in 1623, being considered by the commentators on that great dramatick poet, as by far more authentick and valuable than the succeeding ones, but from its scarcity and consequent high price, only being accessible to few, it has been thought proper to reprint it ; and accordingly a copy of this edition has been a considerable time in the press, and is now nearly ready for publication. The greatest care has been taken to ensure its fidelity, and during the time it has been in hand, three separate copies of the original edition have been constantly consulted. The new edition is printed in the common roman type, but in arrangement, orthography and punctuation, is literally and scrupulously page for page, throughout, an exact copy of the edition of 1623, with all its peculiarities, not a word being added, altered, or omitted.

The Rev. T. F. Dibdin, is about to publish a new variorum edition of Sir Thomas More's Utopia. The text is from the first English edition of 1551 ; a book of considerable rarity, and scarcely known to bibliographers and lexicographers. Beneath the text, will be copious notes, and various readings from the Latin, French, and English editions, including the whole of Dr. Warner's. The Utopia will be preceded by a biographical and Literary Introduction ; comprehending, among other subjects, a complete Catalogue Raisonne of the various editions of the Utopia, hitherto published. The work will be ornamented with some fac-simile wood cuts.

A copy of Opie's well known painting of Belisarius, executed by Mr. Wm. Cantrill, the Marquis of Stafford's porter, was lately disposed of. It is an accurate representation of the fine original, and does infinite credit to this self-taught artist. The head of the neglected veteran, and the boy who holds the helmet for the donations of the passengers, are peculiarly well painted, and exhibits touches of a very superiour kind. It is impossible to view the picture, and at the same time to consider the circumstances and situation of the artist, without much interest and admiration.

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

FOR

JUNE, 1808.

For the Anthology.

THE BOTANIST, No. 15.

(The same subject continued from the Anthology for April.)

" The bright consummate Flower
"*Spirits odorous breathes.*" MILTON.

FLOWERS, says the most learned of poets, *spirits odorous breathe.* On what does this odour depend? The chemists give us this vague answer, that it depends on the *oil* of the plant. But a vegetable distils two kinds of oil, differing very much from each other; the one is *fixed*, the other *volatile*. The *fixed* oil is combined with mucilage; the volatile with the *aroma*, or *spiritus rector* of the plant. The *fixed* oil is found only in the seeds; and is confined almost entirely to those, which have two cotyledons, as flax-seed, almonds, and rape-seed; but the *volatile* oil is found in every part of a plant, except the cotyledons of the seeds, where it never occurs, and is distinguished pre-eminently in the flower.

When we say, that the fine odour of a flower depends on its volatile oil, or that its *aromatick* virtue is contained in it, and is therefore called its *essential* oil, we go not quite far enough.* This essential oil contains something more subtile and active than itself, viz. an exceedingly minute, volatile and scarcely ponderable *spirit*, which, when separated, leaves nothing peculiar in the remaining oil. This is the *spiritus rector* of the old chemists, the predominant, prevailing, paramount or *ruling* spirit of the plant. This spirit, which is inimitable by art, imparts that smell, taste, and medicinal virtue to that particular species of plant, and is found in no other. The fixed oil is innate; but the es-

* " We are so far from being admitted into the secrets of nature, that we scarcely approach the first entrance. We overlook the operations of those invisible fluids, which encompass them; upon whose motions and operations depend those *qualities*,† for which they are most remarkable. "LOCKE on Human Understanding. Vol. II. p. 207.

† *What* Locke *calls* QUALITIES, *some of the ancients called* FORMS.

sential oil is the vegetable œconomy, operating in perfect health, and in full perfection, while drawing its sustentation from the earth, and from the air. The essential oils of plants have their respective characteristicks from these *aroma*, or spirits alone; the volatile oil, serves, in some degree, for enveloping, arresting and preventing a too sudden and copious expenditure of them; while the fixed oil serves only for connecting the solid parts together, like the oil or fat in animals. The difference therefore of these two oils is very wide.

Should any one object, that, by fixing* our eyes too intently on the poetical phrase of Milton, we have strayed from the enlightened path of modern chemistry into a thicket of fragrant flowers, and are there stupified and bewildered, * we answer, that it may be so, notwithstanding the limits which we assign to the meaning of the term *spirit*. We mean by it the finest and most subtle parts of bodies; the most active part of matter, with regard to its facility of motion, in comparison with the grosser parts; that which is discoverable by the smartness to the smell, and which rises first in distillation. The name of "spirit" was formerly given to any subtle volatile substance, that exhaled from bodies in a given degree of heat; and by a sort of imaginary analogy, was transferred to the human system; hence the term *animal spirits*, which was ingeniously supposed to reside in the *nervous fluid*, as the *spiritus rector* resides in the essential oil of plants.

If the term *spirit*, or *spiritus rector*, should displease the fastidious critick, we would remind him, that *spirit*, in the German language, is *geist*, or as Juncker has it *gascht*, whence is derived the English word *ghost*, or *spirit*; and hence our fashionable chemical word *gas*, or *gaz*, by which we are to understand "an exceedingly rare, highly elastick, and *invisible* fluid, not condensible by cold." Should the critick persist in refusing his imprimatur to the term spirit, we will compound with him, by giving him, in its stead, the word *quintessence*, by which we mean the specifick essence, the active principle, by the power of which medicines operate. 'Tis the distinguishing part of medicinal simples, which can be separated, in imagination, from the tangible body, leaving its organization entire. To be still more particular. The ancient philosophers and the old chemists conceived that *fire*, *air*, *water* and *earth*, contributed to the composition of all vegetables; to all which was added, a *fifth* thing, or *ens*, which enriched and distinguished the whole, by its own particular efficacy; and on which the odour, taste and virtue of each plant depended: they, therefore, asserted, that each species of plants was made up of *the four* common elements; but to these was added a *fifth*, which, though small in quantity, was the most powerful, efficacious, and predominant of its ingredients: this, therefore, they called the *fifth* essence, or, as expressed in Latin, the *quinta essentia*. The knowledge of *quintessences* was considered, two hundred years ago, as the utmost bounds of chemical perfection. Is not this precisely the case, at present, with the knowledge of *gasses*, or *spirits*?

We have said, that all aromatick plants contain a volatile oil; but this aromatick oil does not reside in the same part in every kind of plant,

* See the effects of flowers on the human system, when in a confined place, in our thirteenth number.

Sometimes we find it distributed through the whole plant, as in the *Bohemian angelica*; sometimes it exists only in the bark, as in *cinnamon*. *Balm*, *mint*, *rosemary*, and *wormwood*, contain their essential oil in their leaves and stems; while the *Elecampane* and *Florentine iris* deposit it in their roots. All the *terebinthenate*, or resin-bearing trees, have it in their young branches, while the *chamomile* and the *rose* have it in their petals. Many fruits contain it throughout their whole substance, as *pepper* and *juniper*. *Oranges* and *lemons* contain it in their rind or peel.* The *nutmeg tree* bears its essential oil in the nut, and its immediate envelopement. The seeds of the *umbelliferous* plants, such as *fennel*, *cummin*, and *anise*, have the vesicles of essential oil along the projecting lines upon their skin.

The taste of volatile, or essential oils, is hot; but it is remarkable, that the taste of the plant does not always influence that of its essential oil; for the oil of pepper has no extraordinary acrimony; and that which is obtained from wormwood is not bitter: and so of colour, the oil of *red* roses is *white;* the oil of lavender yellow; of chamomile a fine blue; that of parsley a bright green; that of millefoil a sea-green. This is the valuable part of Botany; which, if diligently pursued in this country, will shew the subordinate rank of the nomenclatureship of the science, and the knowledge of the external forms of plants merely. Classifiers have almost led the world to forget the great use and end of Botany. Far be it, however, from the Botanist to speak slightly of the pleasure derived from the sight of an elegant plant. Amidst "*the insatiable variety of nature*," * few are its productions that can be placed in competition with a beautiful and fragrant flower. The most brilliant gem but dazzles the eye with its splendour; while the blind man is regaled with the fragrance of the rose, the lily, and the jessamine.

The attempt to describe by words what, in truth, requires the faithful pencil of a Flemish painter, may well be deemed a futile task. Who would attempt to describe "*the gay carnation* ?"‡ Even ——— may throw his pencil by, in despair of imitating the *violet* or the *apple* blossom. What colours on the painter's pallet can express the richness of the *Amaryllis foramsissima* or the *Superbia gloriosa*, or the *Dodecatheon* of Linnæus? Who could hope to succeed in the description of the *Strelitzia Regina*,† adorned, as it is, "*with purple, azure, and specked with gold*?"‡ or the *Ixora coccinea*, the cluster of whose flowers are so brilliant, that they resemble burning coals? If the painter can give but a faint resemblance of the *violet*, or the *passion-flower*, or the *Chalcedonian lily*, what would he say, if requested to express, with his colours, the CACTUS GRANDIFLORUS, or *night-blowing Ceres!* This stately flower is a native of Vera Cruz. It expands a most beautiful corol of nearly a foot in diameter; and has twenty stamina surrounding one pistillum. The inside of the calyx is a splendid yellow, the

* If a lump of sugar be rubbed against the oil-containing-vesicles of the orange, or lemon, it imbibes the volatile oil, and forms a pleasant *oleo-saccharum*, soluble in water.

* Cicero.

† So called by Sir Joseph Banks, in honour of the *Queen of England*. This plant is curiously formed, as well as pre-eminently splendid.

‡ Milton.

petals of the purest white; but viewing it in front, so as to look into its deep bell, with its long trembling stamina, baffles all description; for its colour, in one shade, is fire-red; and viewed in another light, it resembles the blaze of a furnace, or burning nitre. We may remark generally, that the most splendid flowers are of the shortest duration: thus this grand flower, expands its beautiful corol, and diffuses a fragrant odour, for a few hours in the night; and then closes to open no more. It generally opens about eight o'clock in the evening, and closes before sun rise; and the next day, this short-lived *belle* resembles a dingy, wilted husk of corn. The first time the Botanist gazed at this transient beauty, and saw its sudden change, it was with sensations he never can forget: he confesses, that, in the vast assemblage of flowers that adorn the earth, this flaunting beauty caught his eye, and excited strongly his youthful admiration. Well might the poetical DARWIN say of his "*refulgent Cerea,*"

"Bright as the blush of rising morn she warms
The dull cold eye of midnight with her charms;
There to the skies she lifts her pencill'd brows,
Opes her fair lips, and breathes her virgin vows;
Eyes the white zenith; counts the suns, that roll
Their distant fires, and blaze around the pole;
Or marks where Jove directs his glittering car
O'er Heaven's blue vault, *herself a brighter star!*"*

The Botanist, nevertheless, cannot, will not, suffer her to rival in his affection, his "*blushing* ROSE *veiled in a cloud of fragrance,*"† whose qualities are often disregarded because common. QUEEN of *Flowers!* where is the poet that has not celebrated thy beauties? where the painter that has not aimed to imitate thee? and who that has senses does not wish to take to his bosom "*the fresh blown* ROSES *wash'd in dew?*"‡ Of the beautiful sex we fondly compare the most beautiful to flowers. Were I then to renew my youth, and to live over again; and were I disposed to ransack creation for a comparison——I should compare———But—why this vain wish;—this melancholy reflection!

"No more the summer of my life remains,
My autumn's lengthening evenings chill my veins!
Down the bleak stream of years ——‖
Wing'd on, I hasten to the tomb's repose,
The port whose deep, dark bottom shall detain
My anchor, never to be weigh'd again!"

* Botanick Garden, Canto IV.

† Milton's Paradise.

‡ L'allegro.

‖ CAMOENS adds here "*by woes on woes,*"—but the "*woes*" of the Botanist are yet to come.

RETROSPECT OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE following is a letter from a Prussian nobleman at Paris to his friend at Berlin, written in the beginning of 1789, &c. containing an account of the men of letters residing in the former capital, the academies, the spectacles, &c. &c.

"I am at Paris: the very name

is so connected with great objects, and such delightful recollections, that my ideas are confounded, and I am scarcely able to contemplate the dazzling spectacle, which this superb city presents to my imagination. Since the distant period, when "four oxen paraded the indolent monarch through the streets of Paris," until the splendid age of Louis XIV. when Perault decorated the front of the Louvre; Le Brun and Le Seur animated the canvas; Moliere made both court and city laugh at their own expense; Boileau lashed with his satirical scourge all the bad authors of his time; La Fontaine aspired to and obtained immortality; Racine surprised in the inmost folds of the heart the true language of the passions; Bossuet, after having dragged man along the tombs, elevated him to heaven in a car of fire; Fenelon, nourished with the milk of the ancients, squandered useful lessons on kings; or the melancholy, but profound Pascal sounded the depth of our ignorance; from the Gothick magnificence of Dagobert, until the time when the great Condé wept at the verses of the great Corneille, and when nature exhausted herself, as it were, in assembling men of genius around the throne of Louis, what a series of interesting personages, and memorable events, of which Paris has been at once the cradle and the theatre, the very remembrance of which animates all the streets, edifices, and even the foot paths.

"What friend of humanity can survey the statue of Henry IV. without saluting it with a tender veneration! what secret horrour must not one experience while passing through the Rue de la Féronnerie, where this good king was assassinated. The Louvre, the Hotel de Bourbon, le Cerveau, and le Caffé Procope,* the spots on which great events have been acted, and where they have been celebrated, excite our sensibility, and combine the association of moral and local ideas.

"Pardon me this burst of enthusiasm. I return to you, my dear friend: you do not love politicks; in the arts, you pretend not to be a connoisseur; literature alone interests you, and it is relative to it that I am now about to write to you.

"The present is scarcely a favourable moment of literature. The French live on their past glory, in the same manner that a merchant without any money lives on his credit. Debauchery, which ever since the time of the regency, occupied the place of gallantry, the precious remnant of the days of chivalry, has equally depraved the taste and the morals. The ladies have become judges of literature, and placed themselves on the throne of criticism; formed as they are, to seize the delicate shades of sentiment, and decide on sallies of wit, they are not equally calculated to appreciate profound meditation, and the burning energy of real eloquence. What is *grand* therefore, is no longer known; and what is *pretty* is alone cultivated. The dissipated lives of men of letters bereaves them of the time necessary for great works, while it deprives them of that peculiar turn of mind, which conveys a colour of originality to their writings.

"The writers of the last age, closely following the steps of the ancients, have seized those simple and striking features, which characterise true beauty; their descendants have wished to excel them, but they have fallen into turgidity and exaggeration.

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* Where the man of letters and men of wit were accustomed to assemble.

"The exact sciences, and especially physicks, have annihilated poetry; general ideas have been substituted in the place of the pleasing fictions of antiquity; abstractions instead of images; maxims and sentences instead of a picture of the passions: such is the character of the poems which we behold born one day, in order to die the next. All these causes have produced the decadency of literature. Who knows what may be the influence of the approaching revolution on the republick of letters? We have constantly perceived, that the agitation of political convulsions has always been followed by great success in the arts and sciences.

"There are a great number of literary men in this capital, who live, and will perhaps ever remain, unknown, notwithstanding their efforts at celebrity. Many of the poets, who compose verses in despite of Apollo, stand a chance of dying from hunger, while they in their turn make their readers die from mere *ennui*: this however is a necessary effect, arising from the progress of knowledge, and the success of genius; one good work produces a thousand monsters in imitation of it. Out of ten theatrical pieces brought forward annually at the theatre Francois, there are not two that have any thing like a complete success. The vanity of these men is intolerable! I listened to the tragedy of one, the plot of which was founded on the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and really thought it passable, until the author hinted to me how superiour it was to that of *Berenice*.

"I have formed an acquaintance with the Abbe Delille,* on whom I wait at nine o'clock, in the morning, as it is necessary to catch him on his rising from bed; for he has no sooner composed five or six verses, than he jumps into his cabriolet, and drives about during the whole day. He is a little frisky man, whose eyes sparkle with wit and fire. He is in a continual agitation; lively, roguish, and at home, the best creature in the world. I had already heard him recite some morsels of his poem on the Imagination, at the Academy, and he has since favoured me with a variety of passages. It is wit rather than imagination that has guided his pencil. This new poem contains more beauties than that called '*Les Jardins*,' but they are beauties of the same kind. A soft melancholy is spread over both these compositions, and each of them is strictly consonant with moral propriety. As he does not commit any of his verses to paper, but carries them all in his *head*, they are thought to be extemporaneous; the fire darting from his eye, the expression of his countenance, and his quick and apposite movements, while he recites them, at once announce and produce enthusiasm, so one is tempted to exclaim, *Deus ecce, Deus!*

"He tells me that he adores the country, and is passionately addicted to solitude; yet he is constantly in the world. A single anecdote will fully depict his malignity. When his Georgicks were published, a sorry writer, called Rosset, happened to compose a poem on agriculture, in which he mentioned Delille with scorn. It was at that time the fashion to make cabriolets out of pasteboard. The Abbe accordingly employed the works of his rival, which were rotting at his bookseller's, and while driving along in his carriage, jocosely exclaimed, 'I tread Rosset

* M. Delille is since dead. His nephew, who is at once a poet and soldier, is the author of the celebrated *Marseillois* march.

under my feet; after which I drag him through the mud!'

"M. Goldoni, the authour of about forty comedies, or Italian dramas, which have had but little reputation among foreigners, and also of an excellent French comedy *Le Bourru bienfaisant*, is a gay old man of eighty, with more good nature than wit, and who, notwithstanding his advanced age, still thinks he has strength sufficient left, to finish a piece entitled *L'Avare fastueux*.

"Roucher, chanter of the Months, appears to be a poet of an amiable character, attached to his friends, and replete with sensibility. At first rated above his real merits, his reputation has since been permitted to decline below them; the praise he once received from the publick, makes him now protest against its present injustice. He is busied on an epick poem; Gustavus Vasa is his hero; the subject is a good one, for it affords great actions, a new scene, and novel manners.

"Roucher lately read to us some admirable verses, written by him, on the death of the interesting and respectable Dupaty, too early snatched away from letters and humanity. He also told me a curious anecdote: The famous work, entitled *Systeme de la Nature*, attributed to so many different persons, is the production of Baron d'Holbach, revised by Diderot. Several persons were in the secret, and what is equal to an eulogium on men of letters, they never allowed the least iota to transpire until after the death of the Baron. D'Alembert considered this book as irrefutable; a circumstance less likely to constitute a panegyrick of the work itself, than a satire on the philosophy of D'Alembert. It appears to me, that every man who draws his arguments from Spinosa, may easily achieve any of the other treatises on atheism.

"I often see a man of a most amiable character, M. Bernardin de St. Pierre. Read his work, entitled *Etudes de la Nature*, and you will discover many interesting passages in it. His physical hypotheses border a little on the chimerical. He deems himself able to refute the Newtonian system, and explain the phenomenon of the tides, by the melting of the polar ice. But those parts in which he treats of the happiness of man, the vices of society, and where he so admirably explains the contrarieties of our nature, are replete with novel ideas, described in excellent language. The man himself affects one by his simplicity; he possesses the manner and the simplicity of a child.

"His misfortunes, and the solitude in which he lives, have given a slight colouring of melancholy to his conversation, which is sage and instructive, without being brilliant or witty. He lives at a distance from the noise of Paris, like a true philosopher, in a little house, which appertains to him, and where he passes away his time in reading, meditation, the cultivation of his garden, and the care of his birds and his bees. He was intimately acquainted with J. J. Rousseau. We lately spent a most delicious day in his company, at the *Pre St. Gervaise*, a walk, a little way out of town, which Rousseau had taken a great fancy to, and whither he often repaired to enjoy his reveries.

"M. de St. Pierre was at Berlin after the Seven Years' War, and was on the point of entering into our service. Berlin pleased him exceedingly; in the third volume of his *Etudes*, he has presented the world with a charming eulogium on

the domestick virtues, and agreeable society of the inhabitants.

"You are too friendly to female authors, to pardon my silence respecting them. I assure you, that they are far more modest and agreeable than those, who, without being able to write, pretend sometimes to know and to decide on every thing. Madame le Comtesse de B***, who has composed some very pretty verses, does not want wit, and speaks but little of herself. The first day I was introduced to her, she was sitting on a sofa, in her cabinet, and had not disdained the cares of her toilette. Around her fluttered a swarm of wits, learned men, real or pretended philosophers, among others, the advocate B****, who pretends that all languages are derived from the *Bas-Breton*, and who boasts of knowing a great number, although he is unacquainted with Greek.

"Shall I speak to you of Mademoiselle de Keralio, who in her history of Queen Elizabeth, seems to have almost abjured her sex in the perpetuity of her erudition, whose amiable vivacity is singularly contrasted with her works? Of the Baroness de Vaize, who has translated the English Plutarch, and composed several original works, which she seems to have forgotten? Of Madame Monnet, author of several charming Oriental tales, and whose renown, perhaps, has not reached you?

"But I pass lightly over all the stars of inferiour magnitude to come to Mademoiselle Clairon,* the *dowager* of the French theatre, and in whose person I seem to behold all the queens of the French tragedies united. She still preserves in her own house, that grave and majestick tone she formerly exhibited on the theatre; and it is comical enough to hear her command her domesticks, as if she were still a sovereign of Carthage. She speaks admirably, perhaps too well for conversation. Accustomed to reign over the stage, she has been spoiled by the applauses of the publick, and the compliments of her adorers; it is no wonder, therefore, that she does not love contradiction. She read a work to us, composed by herself; the subject is "declamation:" and in it she traces, not only the accomplishments but the studies, which an actress ought to pursue, if ambition, and the desire to excel, be the ruling passion.

"Towards the conclusion she points out, with a masterly hand, the differences between the characters of Monimia, Paulina, and Roxana; there is a passage truly eloquent relative to Electra. She recites with such exquisite truth, that I thought I beheld the princess embracing the urn of Orestes; the tears instantly rushed into my eyes. She says that the actress who performs the part of Phœdra ought to assume the air and manner of a sleep-walker; and, in truth, this is the idea excited by the following charming line:

'Ah! que ne suis-je assise a l'ombre des forets!'

"In general, I find this work superiour to that written on the same subject by Engel; there is less depth, indeed, but it is far better fitted for practice.

"I have been thrice present at the sittings of the French Academy. The apartments in the *Louvre* are small, and the situation is inferiour to that of Berlin. The walls are ornamented with the busts of all the great men, who were formerly mem-

* This famous actress is since dead.

bers; and it may be truly said, that the dead are superiour to the living. Several of those who have chairs there at present, are indebted solely to their intrigues. During the lifetime of Voltaire, it was necessary to obtain a *brevet* of irreligion, prior to that of an academician; and since that period the candidate found it necessary to bow before the literary despotism, which D'Alembert exercised during the latter part of his life.

"The last day I was present M. Nicolai, president of the chamber of Accounts, was admitted. The benches were occupied by two o'clock, and two thirds of the assembly consisted of ladies. At four the academicians entered in a body, with the new member at their head. I saw Le Sedaine, the herald of the comick opera; Gaillard, the historian of Charlemagne, who has neither inherited the pen of Livy nor of Tacitus. He dared publickly to compliment the debaucheries of Richelieu, under the name of *chivalrous gallantry*. I also saw the fantastical Le Mierre, whose verses resemble the funereal screeches of the bird of night.

"After these appeared the ornaments of the academy, Target and Seguier, two advocates who have consecrated their talents to the defence of justice; Bailly, whose fruitful imagination has created a hyperborean people, and who has decked up an ingenious paradox with the charms of elocution; Boufflers, the favourite of the muses; Saint Lambert, the chanter of the Seasons, and with whom the spring and summer smack a little of the frost of winter; Florian, an agreeable imitator, but not the rival of Gesner.

"M. Nicolai read a discourse, in which he was pleased to term M. de la Harpe, the French Sophocles. In the customary, but ridiculous eulogium on Louis XIV. and Cardinal Richelieu, he spoke of the latter as 'a powerful genius, who had subjugated Europe, France, and even his own sovereign.' M. de Ruhliers, a man of great knowledge and talents, and who contributed not a little to the new law, in favour of the protestants, by means of his remarks on the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, and his connexion with the Baron de Breteuil, made the reply. He afterwards delivered an eulogy on the Marquis de Chastellux, to whom the new academician succeeded, and he justly praised that humanity, which had dictated his charming work, 'On publick Happiness.' This treatise, in which the author endeavours to establish that literature and the sciences are necessary to the welfare of states, gave rise to the 'Phocion' of the Abbe Mably, who, following the principles of the ancient legislators, refutes the opinion, and attributes every thing to morals. The Abbe is not eloquent, but energetick; and his two posthumous works, 'Les Observations sur l'Histoire de France,' and 'Le Traitè des Droits et des Devoirs du Citoyen,' are his best.

"The academy of sciences is far more celebrated than the French academy, more especially since it has enriched itself at our expense, and possesses M. de la Grange. La Place calculates the motions of the celestial bodies, while Lalande and Messier observe them. Fourcroy, De Machy, and Lavoisier decompose terrestrial bodies, and while D'Aubenton and de la Cepede write natural history, Charles enriches natural philosophy by means of new experiments in the same manner as Teisseir and Le Roi confer benefits on meteorology, through the medium of new observations.

"The Academies, however, are no longer what they were formerly, a point of union for the thoughts of great men, and the focus in which were concentrated all the scattered rays of genius, in order to be reflected with greater force. Notwithstanding this observation, the Academy of sciences is far more useful than its elder sister the French Academy, not only on account of the nature of the questions it proposes, the direction and encouragement it affords to talents, but also by the assistance it presents to agriculture and the arts, in facilitating labours of every kind, and inventing or simplifying machines, in order to economize human labour.

"Condorcet, in his quality of secretary, after having adjudged the prizes and proposed new questions, read the eulogy of M. Turgot, brother to the celebrated minister of the same name. The subject did not afford much scope for talent, and the manner in which it was written was far from being interesting. Condorcet has almost entirely abandoned the exact sciences, in order to devote himself entirely to politicks. He is much occupied about publick affairs, and is not a little chagrined at not being a deputy to the national assembly. His physiognomy is noble, and his eye betokens thought. The walls of this, like those of the French Academy, are decorated with busts. One there beholds those of Cassini, the Marquis de l'Hospital, Fontenelle, Maupertuis, La Condamine, &c. I greatly approve of those monuments erected to great men in the very sanctuary of science; it is natural that they should preside over their labours, and become the tutelary deities of the temple. I wish that the academicians of Berlin were also surrounded by Euler, Lambert, Margraff, Sulzer, and that the statue of Leibnitz were placed in the midst of the hall.

"The Louvre is no longer the abode of kings, it is abandoned to the academies, to the men of letters, whom the king permits to lodge there, and to the archives of the crown. This noble edifice communicates with the palace of the Thuilleries by means of an immense gallery. What a pity that the gallery intended to correspond with it has never been constructed, and that, instead of building new castles, they have never finished this superb monument. The celebrated colonnade is superiour to the reputation it enjoys, and never did architecture speak to my imagination with more force. What great and majestick proportions! What noble simplicity! Every time I behold it I am irritated at Boileau, and indignant at the satire with which he unjustly overwhelms the illustrious Perrault. In truth, if genius consists in tracing a grand outline, and in affecting the sensibility, I hesitate between the merits of the author of the satire and those of the author of the colonnade. The gallery of communication between the Louvre and the Thuilleries ought to be employed as a museum. They are now busied in collecting all the pictures of the great masters, and placing the antiquities, and the statues of all the men of genius who have done honour to France.

"Besides the two I have already mentioned, there are a couple more academies in this capital, that of Inscriptions and that of Painting. The members of the former support, encourage, and facilitate the study of the ancients in France. The Abbe Barthelemy, M. Dussault, and some others of them, knew how

to unite what is solid with what is agreeable. The first of these reminds us of the sages of Greece, whom he himself has so admirably described in his Young Anacharsis. He never expected that that work would have become so popular; that Encyclopedia of Greece, that composition of simplicity and elegance appeared to him scarcely to rise above mediocrity; his modesty is equally rare and affecting.

"As to the bulk of the people here, as every where else, the middle class is the best; among them the names of father, son, and wife, are still uttered with respect. It is far otherwise in the fashionable world. My lord and my lady inhabit the two extremities of the house, treat each other like strangers, abandon the sons to the tuition of a mercenary preceptor, and place the daughters in a convent, whence they never come forth, unless to receive husbands from the hand of a parent, actuated by avarice and ambition.

"A certain air of study and affection has for some time occupied the *beau monde*, and even taken possession of the theatres. The new comedies are replete with a sentimental jargon, and the dialogue often aims at being epigrammatick; the art of Moliere seems entirely lost; no more droll incidents, pleasing situations, or original characters.

"The age of great actors is past. La Dumesnil has retired on account of old age; Mademoiselle Clairon no longer makes her appearance in a theatre; Le Kain is dead; Aufrene is in Russia; and Brizard and La Rive have quitted the French theatre. I ought, however, to do justice to the talents of those two great actresses, Mlle. de Raucourt and Mlle. de Gariens. I have seen the former in the characters of Leontina and Aggrippina; in that of Cleopatra she chilled me with affright when she exclaimed:

'Epargne moi l'horreur de mourir à ses yeux!'

"Besides the French theatre, there are six other spectacles. The Parisians, like the Romans of old, seem to demand nothing so much as bread and shows. The Opera is the most perfect representation ever witnessed by me. 'Œdipe a Colonne,' accompanied by the musick of Sacchini, made me fancy myself at Athens, and I actually began to think I was listening to a Greek tragedy. As to dancing, all the world knows to what perfection it is carried here, and that too, by a vain creature, who, pluming himself on his art, exclaims, 'that there never were and never will be but one Frederick, one Voltaire, and one Vestris!' Adieu."

For the Anthology.

OF STONES FALLEN FROM THE ATMOSPHERE; WITH THE RELATION WHICH THEY BEAR TO CERTAIN OTHER STONES, AND TO CERTAIN METEORS. [CONTINUED.]

2. *Of the correspondence between atmospherick stones and a certain description of fire-balls.*

It may be useful, as a preliminary to this examination, to enumerate *some of the chief of the luminous meteors,*

seen in the New England States, and in Western Europe; excluding those dependent on the sun and moon, and those attributable to electricity or volcanos; as well as those whose connection with the earth or its waters, is *close and local*. A subject is often illustrated by means of the things from which it differs, as well as those with which it agrees.

The first article in this enumeration, will be *shooting* or *falling stars*, these being the most frequent among our meteors. They are free from noise; perhaps always descend; are of small comparative elevation; move by day, as well as by night; but are much more frequent in the warm and temperate, than in the cold states of the atmosphere. *Small luminous globes* are next to be mentioned; having a pure and mild white light, with a moderate, downward motion; commonly leaving behind them (like shooting stars, to which they seem much allied,) a faint and transient spotted trace, appearing always to be within a moderate distance, yet never seeming to produce a sound, nor, perhaps, ever depositing any visible remains. *Great streams, or bodies of fire*, also, are sometimes seen by day, as well as by night, without observable sound, a portion, at least, of each of them, being elevated to a considerable height. They inflame at first with rapidity, but seem afterwards devoid of extensive motion. They lie in various directions; the conflagration usually seeming to begin from above, but occasionally, also, from below. They die away gradually, being often observable for a considerable number of minutes by night, though they are necessarily sooner effaced by day. *Fiery whirlwinds* are affirmed to have had existence, by good authorities; and Boscovich speaks of one with a *sulphureous* smell, which travelled with great swiftness from Ostia to and beyond Rome. *Wandering combustible vapours* also have been noticed, which, having no attachment to the place where they originate, move near the earth or water, apparently at times guided by the wind, and if they explode, leave no discoverable traces of themselves, though by the violence of their explosion, or by their inflammable qualities, they sometimes cause serious mischief. But, as it will appear, that neither these wandering combustible vapours, near the surface of the ground or water, nor falling stars, nor small luminous dropping globes, nor greater streams or bodies of fire, nor fiery whirlwinds, (to omit the meteors expressly excluded from our account;) I say, as it will appear, that none of the preceding phenomena bear any relation to our atmospherick stones, it remains, in the last place, to inquire what resemblance to these stones can be found in *fire-balls*. That we may conduct this inquiry impartially, an entire section on this subject will be translated from Musschenbroek; though it will be found full of heterogeneous matter and uncertain principles. It is entitled by him, though perhaps erroneously, *De bolide*. The authorities cited by him, will be seen upon a reference to his work.

"*Of the Fire-Ball.*

"A fire-ball *(bolis)* is a large burning ball, inclining often to a red colour, moving with very great swiftness through the air, and having commonly a *tail*, four or five times as long as the diameter of the globe, and as thick as the globe itself, at its commencement, but decreasing gradually till it terminates in a point. Aristotle calls this meteor *Capra*.

"These globes are sometimes large, but they may be of various sizes. Sometimes their diameter seems one *quarter* of that of the moon, and sometimes (according both to ancients and moderns) it equals that of the moon. Gassendi even says, that he has seen one (which he calls *fax*) more than *twice as large* as that of the moon. When close to the spectator, the diameter has seemed as large as that of a *mill-stone*. Kirch saw one by night, at Leipsick, in 1686, with a diameter equal to *half of that of the moon;* whose light was sufficient to admit of reading by it, and expired gradually. It was noticed also eleven German miles from Leipsick, and had it been seen in both places at the same moment, its elevation must have been six Dutch miles, and its diameter 335 feet. But this is unlikely, for it cannot be depended upon, that the observations were made at the same instant, and the explosion, resembling thunder, would not be noticeable in such case, thunder itself being scarcely heard more than three Dutch miles. The meteor seen by Balbi, in 1719, at Bologna, in Italy, of the apparent size of the *full moon* and of the colour of burning camphor, was much larger, and spread a brightness, equal to that of the rising sun, so as to render visible the smallest objects lying on the ground. It had *four holes from which smoke issued;* many little flames also rose from it, and its tail was longer than seven of its diameters. Upon a comparison of its apparent altitude, as seen from different places, its elevation from the earth must have been not less than 16,000, nor more than 20,000 paces, which makes its diameter 3,560 feet. In the quarters, over which it passed, it left a strong sulphureous smell, and it exploded with noise. Similar effects attended one seen April 8, 1676, by Monterchi, though its height was less considerable, since a noise was heard from its tail, like that from red-hot iron passing through cold water, and it is even said to have burned the *branches of trees*. But, in truth, these meteors are not always very high, for that which was seen in 1749, in the *middle of the ocean*, ran above the surface of the water, towards a vessel, and burst at the distance of 40 or 50 ells from it, with a noise like that of 100 pieces of ordnance, and with so strong a smell of *sulphur*, that the vessel seemed enveloped with it. Part of one of the masts was shivered into several hundred pieces, and another mast was shattered. Of the crew also one was burned, and five others were thrown off their feet.* It often happens, that these bodies separating with a violent noise, completely vanish, without leaving any vestige of themselves. The explosion of all of them is commonly equal to that of great guns. That on February 9, 1750, at Breslaw, was not only accompanied with such a noise, but was remarkable for *turning round on its axis*. Among those which appeared with explosions, in 1753, one was *extinguished* by falling into a marsh.

"In some places, these meteors are *frequent*, so that several have appeared on the same night; and Ulloa tells us, that this is the case in the city of Santa Maria de la Parilla:† but it is not general.

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* It will be seen quickly, that our author gives an erroneous view of this case, which belongs, like various others here noticed by him, to another description of meteors.

† This passage is not to be found in Ulloa's voyage exactly as the author cites it, nor yet in Ulloa's Noticias Americanas

"It sometimes happens, when these bodies finish their career, *without noise*, that they *leave behind them* a little cloud or smoke, like the remnant of burned matter, being of an ash colour.

"As to the *motion* of these bodies, it is sometimes extremely rapid. The meteor seen by Gassendi traversed a tract of the visible horizon, answering to not less than twenty Italian miles, during the time that he counted fifty pulsations at his wrist. Others again move more moderately, as for example, that in Holland, on August 2, 1750. Some even stand still, or *seem to do so*, for some time in the same quarter of the atmosphere, as Kirch and Wolfe have noticed. In France, (at Ivoy in Berry) Nov. 4, 1753, one appeared* having a long tail, of which the end was not to be seen, and remained suspended twenty five feet above the ground, for some seconds, and then threw out dense smoke, followed by two reports as loud as from a cannon.

"These bodies have always a *light* sufficient greatly to overpower that of the moon.

"As a meteor of this kind spreads a sulphureous smell, it is probably a *cloud*, composed chiefly of sulphureous and other inflammable exhalations, proceeding sometimes from volcanos, when in the act of opening new mouths, or of emitting sulphureous smoke, previous to an eruption, or from an earthquake, which gives vent to some great deposite of sulphur, and puts it in the way of being agitated and carried about by winds. This sulphureous cloud, by effervescing with other exhalations, or from some other cause, takes fire, and the burning matter, when fluid, finding itself in an atmosphere *which yields to it*, is generally seen to assume a globular form, and the quantity of this matter, which is at last suddenly exploded in an inflamed state, occasions a report like that of a bomb.

"The apparent *want of motion* in some of these bodies, seems to arise from a tranquil state of the air, or because *their course is immediately directed towards the spectator*.* Others of them have their motion made more or less rapid, from being affected by the wind.

"The appearance of a tail, may arise, in part, from the remains of combustible materials, which shine in the track where they are left, till they grow cool, or from the immense celerity of the meteor, whose whole path is judged to be luminous, because the eye cannot discriminate the separate points of its appearance, but sees only the sum total of them.

"The *vividness of the light* indicates the substantial nature of the fuel, which feeds the meteor, and it is such as might be expected from sulphur and vegetable oils, mixed with matters from the earth, and perhaps with salts; for the colour of the flame evidently shews that some other substance is concerned besides sulphur.

"The great light, which Ravina described as seen at Faenza, and which Montanari (a mathematician living at Bologna) observed March 31, 1676, most probably arose from a ball of fire. It seemed to the latter to come from Dalmatia over the Adriatick. While crossing Italy,

* The memoirs of the French Academy, from which this account is taken, say, that the appearance was during the afternoon, *the sun being bright* and warm.

* When a body moves directly towards the spectator, its centre will appear stationary, when across him, its velocity will seem greatest, and between these extremes, there will be every intervening gradation, according to the case.

its course was marked by powerful cracking sounds; over Leghorn its report was like that of ordnance; and when it approached Corsica, it was like that of carriages rattling over a stony surface. It moved at the excessively swift rate of 160 miles in one minute; which, as it surpasses the speed of the wind, must depend on a cause as yet unknown. It was seen in other places.

"The possibility of sulphur becoming volatilized, and yielding a powerful and lasting flame, may be collected from what was noticed by Hallman in Nericia, where sulphureous little hills went into spontaneous inflammation, and emitted flashes and fire.

"Many fire-balls have been seen and described by more recent observers; and none have occurred without some peculiarity worthy of notice."*

Thus far Musschenbroek. His collection of facts is useful; though, like the state of knowledge which prevailed on these subjects at the time of his writing, it is imperfect and confused. Of the defectiveness of his own collection we are bound to give an example in the case which he states as having happened in the *middle of the ocean*. The incident occurred on Nov. 4, 1749, at no very immense distance from Cape Finisterre. Mr. Chalmers, an eye-witness of it, relates, that a ball of blue fire, at noon day was seen on board the Montague, an English man of war, at the distance of three miles, rolling on the surface of the sea, having come from the quarter of the land, and nearly also from the quarter in which the wind had been blowing hard for two days preceding, accompanied with rain, hail, and a large sea. The motion was not so rapid, as to prevent the lowering of the top-sails of the vessel, or an attempt afterwards to hawl up its courses. When the ball arrived within forty or fifty yards, it seemed of the size of a *large mill-stone*, and *rising from the water*, struck the main-top-mast of this large vessel; which it shattered into above one hundred pieces, rending the main-mast, which supported it, down to its heel. The colour and smell of the meteor bespoke sulphur; but no solid materials are known to have entered into its composition. Perhaps we may explain a part of this phenomenon, by supposing that the meteor, while travelling with the wind, became elevated somewhat by the obstruction which the vessel offered to the air in which it floated, and thus ascended, till it struck the mast and parts adjacent. A more intimate mixture of the ingredients of the meteor which was produced by this shock, the effect upon it of the fires then lighted to prepare the dinners of some hundreds of persons, the neighbourhood of pitch and tar with other combustible materials, some electrical operation performed either upon the ball or upon the vessel, or some other unknown circumstance, may have caused, or contributed to cause the explosion. But whatever may be thought of this explanation of the catastrophe, it is clear that Musschenbroek had no right to rank this meteor with *fire-balls with tails*, since it is evident, that it more naturally belonged to the class of *wandering combustible vapours*.†

Before we proceed to draw any general conclusion on the subject of the present section, it is proper to

* See Musschenbroek's *Introductio ad Philosophiam Naturalem*. Tom. 2. pp. 1065, 1068. Quarto. Leyden, 1762.

† See Phil. Trans. for 1750, No. 494.

say a few words respecting the fire-ball in 1758, concerning which Sir John Pringle has assembled much accidental evidence; being such indeed as sudden and brief appearances like these, commonly alone admit. This meteor became first illuminated over Cambridge in England, and then directed its course over Scotland; and the history of it sufficiently corresponds with what we have just been reading from Musschenbroek, with the exception of such variations as we find are to be expected on these occasions. Some irregularities, for example, disturbed the shape and constitution of the tail; the light of the body also fluctuated; the course taken also experienced changes both as to direction and as to speed; and the meteor seems even to have received a new direction and a new illumination, after it had appeared to suffer a final explosion and extinction. The meteor is computed to have sunk at one time from the height of 100 miles, (the elevation ascribed to it at Cambridge,) down to 32 miles; and it is afterwards thought to have had a considerable new rise, though this perhaps will be found to be an unnecessary supposition. Its motion is judged by Sir John Pringle to have been at the average rate of 25 miles in a *second* of time. Lastly, in different parts of its progress, it seems to have made small explosions, ending only in sparks or flashes of light previous to the greater explosions. But we shall again have occasion to speak of this meteor.

We shall now then close this section with our proposed parallel between *atmospherick stones* on the one hand, and a certain species of *fire balls* on the other; referring to the Monthly Anthology, Sir John Pringle's papers,* and other similar relations, for farther elucidation and confirmation of its particulars.

1. The *apparent diameters* of atmospherick stones and a certain description of fire-balls, while in the upper regions of the air, seldom exceed (and more commonly do not equal) those of the sun and moon. 2. *Sparks or flashes of light* may accompany each. 3. Each may have a *luminous tail*; of which the brilliancy is commonly less than that of the body to which it belongs. 4. Each may move with great *rapidity*; for however extensive may be the length of the course taken, the whole appearance in the case of those which move rapidly, seldom lasts a minute. 5. The *course* of each may be waving and irregular, whether viewed horizontally or vertically. 6. Each may have *explosions, or a rumbling* from the continuation or echo of smaller or greater explosions.† 7. Each commonly seems to have a *globular* form, while viewed in the *air*, apart from the tail. 8. The direct *light* of each is generally white; but its brilliancy may fluctuate, and towards the close of its career, it usually fades or inclines to a red colour. 9. The *smell* of sulphureous or other fumes is by no means constant in these meteors, as may be previously conjectured from their general distance.

The two sets of meteors here in question, after all, may be real varieties ranging under one common species; and if this be true, what

* See Phil. Trans. for 1759, for two papers (and *no more*) by Sir J. Pringle on this subject.

† The whizzing like that of cannon-shot, from fragments, and the stroke of these fragments on the ground, can only be heard when atmospherick stones explode near the observer.

remains for us will be to find out the character of these varieties. In the mean time, when we see an elevated luminous meteor, of a globular appearance, with a diameter equalling one quarter of that of the moon or upwards, having a rapid course, a motion not perfectly regular, a fluctuating light, and a tail, with occasional flashes or sparks, the whole being followed probably by one or more sorts of noises, we may suspect it to be a stony mass, containing native iron and nickel; and having in it pyrites, globules, and a cement, each of a peculiar kind, with a crust to surround the whole. If the meteor bursts in an open level country, *free from water* and over a firm soil, it is probable that a diligent and skilful search may discover some of its fragments; which will perhaps at first be found to be not only *warm*, but also *soft*, or at least capable of being easily broken.

Should it be urged against this conjecture, that the size usually ascribed to fire-balls, when seen in the *air*, is immensely greater than that known to belong to atmospherick stones when fallen to the ground, it may serve as a present reply, that atmospherick stones themselves offer a *similar difficulty*; their computed size on the ground, being no less disproportionate. This is a subject therefore reserved for our miscellaneous observations.

Should it be farther objected, that there are some species of fire-balls which do not correspond with those referred to in the above comparison, it is answered, that in our comparison, a *certain species* of fire-balls alone is noticed; as the other species will be touched upon in the appendix.

[*To be continued.*]

MRS. MONTAGU'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH LORD KAMES.

LORD KAMES TO MRS. MONTAGU.

Edinburgh, March 6, 1767.

"I LOVE to converse with Mrs. Montagu: I love to write to her: Sorry I am that the latter only is in my power. In gratifying my own inclination, however, I shall be so much upon my guard as to avoid persecution; and the plan I propose to follow, is not to write merely from inclination, without having at the same time some good pretext. My pretext at present is to recommend to you a book lately published here, and which probably has reached the shop of Andrew Millar, entitled, *An Essay on the History of Civil Society.* This subject, not less beautiful than interesting, employs some vigour in writing, and much original thought. Besides tracing minutely the history of society from its dawn in the savage state to its meridian lustre of civilization, sciences and arts, it has a further aim, which is, to wean us from selfishness and luxury, the reigning characteristicks at present of all commercial nations, and to restore the manly passions of heroism, generosity, and love of our species. The aim is noble; but the disease, I doubt, is too far advanced to be cured by any characters that can be formed with ink. The book will amuse you,

and you will be obliged to me for putting it into your hands. At the same time, I don't say it is without faults: but these I reserve as a pretext for another letter, when you have perused the book. Let me presume to give you only one advice, which is to reserve the book till your hours of perfect health. It requires too much attention even for Mrs. M. when in any degree indisposed. Your hints, though very slight of want of health, alarm me. You ought to be immortal; because there are some persons, rare indeed, who cannot be replaced; but that soul of yours, active and vigourous, is enough to wear out any body, not to talk of a delicate female constitution.

"Nothing would give me greater satisfaction than a prospect of many subjects for correspondence; and that of recommending books may be both pleasant and profitable; and I am certain it would give me double pleasure to peruse any book recommended by you. It is a great waste of time to read every book at random; and both of us know the valvalue of our time too well to be spendthrifts of it. You have inflamed the curiosity of my spouse, by mentioning the taste of Mr. Adam in ornamenting one of your rooms. You can make her happy in the description, and I know you love to make your friends happy. Yours, with zeal and affection.

HENRY HOME."

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MRS. MONTAGU TO LORD KAMES.

March 17th, 1767.

"I AM vain that your Lordship thought me worthy of Mr. Fergusson's work. I had indeed got it from Lord Shelburne, before it was to be sold at the bookseller's, so had read it before I had your letter. The character of the author, and the subject of the book, made me very impatient for it. I approve extremely of Mr. Fergusson in the preference he gives to the magnanimous virtues, above the effeminate and luxurious arts of modern life; and wish he could infuse into us some of that Spartan spirit he admires so justly. At the same time, if he learnt the practice of virtue at Sparta, it was at Athens he was taught to make it doctrine. A Lacedomonian might have said, when he swallowed his black broth, as Alexander did in his ambitious enterprize, What do I suffer that the Athenians may praise me! Had not the latter perpetuated its memory, the temperance of the former, like their broth, had diffused its salubrious effects only through a few individuals, and a few centuries. What had remained of Spartan patriotism for an example to other countries, and other ages, if the same system had prevailed all over Greece? It was happy for them that Xenophon and Plato were not their fellow-citizens; it was happy for the world they were not so. Now, is that state upon a perfectly right foundation where wisdom and virtue are mortal? However, as we Britons are in much more danger of becoming Sybarites than Lacedomonians, it is very meritorious in Mr. Fergusson to endeavour to preserve the native fire of courage and magnanimity in the human breast; for in *these piping times of peace*, like gunpowder at the conclusion of a war, being no longer necessary to combat our enemies, it is wasted in idle fireworks and childish festivity. I cannot express to your Lordship the pleasure and delight with which I read this elegant work of Mr. Fergusson; but as my admiration can

do him little honour, I will give you, who are his friend, the pleasure of knowing it is admired and approved by all persons of judgment in literature, or who have that nobler taste, the love of virtue.

"Your lordship is very good to feel any solicitude about my health. It is far from perfect, but it is better than it used to be. I had for ten years the most terrible state of health imaginable; it has been mending gradually and gently these ten years last past, and is now such as one inured to suffering and sickness thinks delightful, one unused to illness might think miserable. The constant cheerfulness of my spirits has put me on a level, in point of happiness, with the most healthy and robust, so that I think of my lot with thankfulness. I am, my Lord, &c. &c.

E. MONTAGU."

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LORD KAMES TO MRS. MONTAGU.

Blair-Drummond, April 16, 1767.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"I have endeavoured to do Mr. Fergusson a pleasure by your elegant epistle, which is upon the road to him with my compliments, and he will make it most hospitably welcome. I wish I had as good reason to be pleased; but you behave to me like a buskin'd queen acting a capital part in a capital play, without once admitting me behind the scenes into any degree of ease or familiarity. The Professor is the only subject; not a word of my concerns; not a word even of your own, (I suppose because they are mine likewise,) your health, your amusements, the company you keep, the books you read, or whether you be as much regarded in your own country as you are here. I think I perceive you smiling; and you have some reason: you have discovered the cloven foot, a rivalship between the two authors. I confess the fact; but being too lazy to burn and begin again, I proceed in the same tone. When I had the happiness of seeing you in Scotland, I ventured one day to suggest to you a short performance of mine, an *Essay on the Principles of Morality*. But I suddenly dropt the subject, being afraid it was too abstruse and dry for my lively friend. Of late I have taken up a fond conceit, that no subject is above or beyond her comprehension, and therefore I renew my hint; and I have at present an additional incitement, which is, that my friend F. if he has failed any where, is most deficient in that part of his work where he handles the Principles of Morality. My Essay was too small to be printed by itself:* it is prefixed to the second edition of a law-book, termed *Principles of Equity*, to be found at Millar's shop; but which you may borrow from any of your acquaintance learned in the law; for a fine lady would blush to have a law-book make part of her library. I know not whether the principles of this Essay may turn the balance on my side; but in one way I hope always to deserve your favour, which is, by imitating you in every good and social principle, to the best of my power. Yours, &c.

HENRY HOME."

"P. S. The *Epargne* is arrived, and it is charming. I never saw a

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* The Essay on the *Principles of Morality*, which was prefixed to the second edition of *Principles of Equity*, was left out in the third subsequent editions of that work, the author having republished it in a more complete form, in his *Sketches of the History of Man*.

piece of workmanship to which the term *elegant* can be more properly applied. Mrs. Drummond is delighted with it. Now that I have got your letter upon *ornaments*, I think I have a pretty good stock of materials for an episode upon that subject in the next edition of the *Elements*, in which I shall most impudently borrow from your Ladyship. 'But hark, the cock does crow me hence.' The coach is waiting."

For the Anthology.

SILVA, No. 40.

JAMES I.

IT is surprising, how many different titles of accession to the crown of Great Britain concurred in the person of this pedantick monarch. By right of his mother, Mary, queen of Scots, grand daughter of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. (and his heir after the extinction of the direct line,) he possessed the throne of England, and by direct lineal descent from the same queen, that of Scotland. The right of the house of Suffolk, which was doubtless inferiour to that of Mary, but which had a shadow of title by its preference in the will of Henry VIII. likewise centered in him by his father Henry Lord Darnley, heir to that house. He possessed the true right to the throne of England derived through a succession of Scottish kings from Malcolm, who married Margaret, daughter and heir of Edmund Ironside, the last of the Saxon kings; which right had been set aside by the violent usurpation of William the Conquerour. The dominion of Wales had been usurped by Edward I. and from his time united to the English crown; but to this also James possessed the true hereditary title by direct descent from Elizabeth of York, wife of Henry VII. heiress of the house of Mortimer, which house, "by virtue of descent from Gladys, only sister to Llewellyn the Great, the last king of Wales, had the true right to that principality. That nothing may be wanting to complete this multifarious title, it has lately been asserted in a popular work, that by the intermarriage in ancient times of the royal families of Ireland and Scotland, James possessed a legal title to the throne of that dependant kingdom. So numerous were the tributary streams that swelled the title of royal blood in the veins of James I. Strange that a monarch, so rich in nobility, instead of ennobling his rank by the defence of invaded rights and the punishment of audacious foreigners, should have distinguished himself only as the assertor of witchcraft, and the enemy of tobacco.

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FLORIAN.

THIS writer has been called the Goldsmith of France. He resembles him in a beauty of style, calculated for extensive popularity, though not in similitude of manner. Goldsmith pleases by an unaffected simplicity, which touches on common scenes and objects, heightening

beauty and veiling vulgarity. Florian has the happy talent of applying the same natural simplicity to the description of those modes of life, which, under the touch of less judicious or less fortunate pens, have swelled out absurdity and bombast. Goldsmith has entered the trodden paths of life and selected the pleasant, the simple and the elegant, adorned for the relish of every taste; Florian has risen to the regions of chivalry and fairy land, and culling the splendid, the noble and the romantick, has presented them divested of style and circumstance, that often stamp them with ridicule. Some of his romances are in a style nearer to poetry than seems practicable in our language without affectation; yet either the genius of the French tongue or the judgment of the writer has divested them of that odious quality. Perhaps his advantage may be attributed in part to the peculiar aptitude of the French language for delicate sentiments and feelings. Some of the tales in the Adventurer and Spectator have no small excellence of this kind, but we have no works in our language that can be opposed to "Guillaume Tell" and "Estelle." Our shepherds and shepherdesses degenerate into gaping moralists and snivelling lovers. "Thyrsis," says Goldsmith, "is one of the most insipid fellows I ever knew, and as for Corydon I do not desire his acquaintance."

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HORACE.

No author seems to slide so easily as Horace into the dress and air of a different age and nation. By the introduction of Pope, he is perfectly at home among the nobles of the English court, and lashes them even with touches of discrimination. Boileau has given him the flippancy of a Frenchman, and Swift the sententious brevity of a fabulist. "Omnis Aristippum decuit color." Imitation has exhausted its various forms on every part of his productions. This is a true, though perhaps not a favourable introduction to the following; what is done so often and so easily the reader may expect should be done better.

Imitation of Horace. I. XX.
Vile potabis, &c.
To J. G. C.

With me the apple's sprightly juice
Shall greet your taste, prepar'd for use
With no incurious hand;
The corks assum'd their watchful post,
What time from India's distant coast
You reached our native strand.

Dear Joe, methinks the joy I trace,
That brightened every friendly face,
To welcome you at last.
How swift from Cam, of rushy bed,
To silver Swamscut's reedy head,
The joyful tidings past.

Rich wines you drink of various names,
With courtly D—— and noble A——
When cheerful guests resort;
But simple cider here you find,
To garnish off a friendly mind,
At most a glass of port.

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SUBTILTY OF THE LAW.

The grave digger's argument upon the funeral obsequies of Ophelia was intended by Shakespeare to burlesque the law. One of the clowns is a great argufier, and justifies the verdict of the coroner's inquest upon the daughter of Polonius, by saying, "she drowned herself in her own defence: it must be *se offendendo*, for here lies the point; if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches: it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly." The irresistible force of this conclusion,

he thinks himself able to increase by explanation. "Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, will he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life."

On this Sir John Hawkins has given us a note worth transcription. "I strongly suspect that this is a ridicule on the case of Dame Hales. It seems, her husband Sir James Hales had drowned himself in a river, and the question was, whether by this act a forfeiture of a lease from the dean and chapter of Canterbury which he was possessed of, did not accrue to the crown; an inquisition was found before the coroner, which found him *felo de se*. The legal and logical subtilties, arising in the course of the argument of this case gave a very fair opportunity for a sneer at *crowner's quest law*. A great deal of subtilty was used to ascertain whether Sir James was the agent or the patient; or, in other words whether *he went to the water* or *the water came to him*. The cause of Sir James' madness was the circumstance of his having been the Judge, who condemned Lady Jane Grey."

Professor Christian in his edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, has quoted from Plowden part of the argument, if so it may be called, of the Chief Justice, (Sir James Dyer) which proves himself as mad as the defunct at least; "The felony, says he, is attributed to the act; which act is always done by a living man, as my brother Brown said; for he said Sir James Hales was dead; and how came he to his death? It may be answered, by drowning; and who drowned him? Sir James Hales; and when did he drown him? In his life time. So that Sir James Hales, being alive, caused Sir James Hales to die; and the act of the living man was the death of the dead man. And then for this offence it is reasonable to punish the living man who committed the offence, and not the dead man. But how can he be said to be punished alive, when the punishment comes after his death? Sir, this can be done no other way but by divesting out of him, from the time of the act done in his lifetime, which was the cause of his death, the title and property of those things which he had in his lifetime."

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PICTURES.

The value of pictures is sometimes exaggerated by amateurs, and will be always thought to be so by those who are ignorant of the subject. Yet many a person will pass heedlessly by a painting of Raphael or Corregio, who will guard with peculiar care a mishapen piece of plate, merely because it is two or three centuries old; surely then, it is excusable to appreciate with enthusiasm an original work of some great genius whose beauties time has respected and even increased. The pleasures attendant on the possession of good paintings, when once felt, will be sought for; and it is to be hoped, that they will daily become less rare among us. The biography of pictures, if it may be so termed, enhances their interest; and the perilous vicissitudes, which some of them have undergone, excite almost as much curiosity, as the dangers to which "adventurous damsels" have been exposed from their own beauty, the attacks of barbarous men, and the devastations of time.

Mr. Angerstein of London, has

a small but precious collection of pic ures, the principal of which is the *Resurrection of Lazarus*, by *Michael Angelo*, one of the most famous pictures in the world: its history was related to me by Mr. West. The Cardinal de Medicis obtained leave of the pope to have two ictures painted for him by Raphael and Michael Angelo. To the former he gave the subject of *the Transfiguration*. Raphael did not live to fi ish it entirely, but it is universally esteemed the most perfect work of art now existing, and it forms the first treasure of the gallery of the Louvre. The subject, given by the cardinal to Michael Angelo, was the *Resurrection of Lazarus*; he sketched the picture, which was finished by his scholar Del Piombo. When the cardinal became pope, he made a present of it to a convent in a city of the south of France, of which he had been bishop. When the regent Duke of Orleans was forming his collection, he purchased it, and it made the chief ornament of that celebrated Gallery, which was broken up in the beginning of the French revolution, and its most valuable works carried to England, when this picture was bought by Mr. Angerstein.

A very famous picture of Correggio experienced many adventures, and perished miserably. After the taking of Prague, in 1648, Gustavus Adolphus transported two pictures of Correggio, which he found in that city, to the palace at Stockholm, a Leda, and a Diana. At his death they were totally neglected, and remained so during the minority of queen Christina. They were found, after much search had been made for them, serving as blinds to the windows of the royal stables. They were restored in the best manner possible, and the queen who knew how to appreciate their merit, carried them with her to Rome. After her death, they passed into the hands of Don Olivio Odeschalchi: he preserved them with great care, but his heirs sold the greater part of his collection. These pictures were bought by the regent Duke of Orleans. At his death they passed to his son, and he with a severity, the opposite of his father's dissoluteness, ordered the picture to be cut to pieces in his presence, and particularly burnt the head of the Leda. The remnants of this masterpiece were gathered together, and became the property of M. Pasquier. He proposed to Carlo Vanloo and Boucher to restore the head, but their modesty made them decline it. Another painter at the time little known, named Deslyen, who had studied Corregio attentively, undertook the work and succeeded. Duchange made a very good engraving of this picture, but having grown devout towards the close of his life, he repented having engraved it, and destroyed his plate.

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EPITAPHS.

From whatever it proceeds, whether from vanity or from pride, from the hope of being remembered with gratitude and tears of mingled joy and sorrow, or from a secret fear of being forgotten or recollected only with contempt or indignation; the fact is certain, and cannot be denied, that every man is anxious to leave inscribed on his tombstone such a character, as if it neither involves nor displays many eminent virtues, may at least conceal or palliate his vices. I would not willingly incur the blame arising from the suspicion of being uncharitable, but it is my full and firm belief that ma-

ny, whose lives were probably disgraced by paltry designs or sinister motives, are after death praised (and the marble does not, only because it cannot, blush to record the lie) for the greatest elevation of mind, and an incorruptible integrity of heart. Others, who perhaps had published acrosticks in a newspaper, or had written or selected charades and riddles for a magazine or an almanack, are immortalized in their epitaphs, as poets little inferiour in all the powers and faculties of genius, to Homer or Virgil. Many a man, whose gloomy countenance perhaps never beamed with that dawning, brightening smile, which precedes and accompanies benevolence opening into action, and discharging its full and overflowing kindness in the relief of sorrow and of want, is, when his cheek can no longer redden at such wanton violation of truth, celebrated for a liberality which knew no limits, and for a tenderness which disdained all partiality. Nay, instances there are, and I am sorry they are not a few, of those, who, when cold and mouldering into dust, have whispered from their graves, that though they lived its votaries, and died the martyrs of intemperance, their characters were mistaken, for somebody has discovered and eternized the discovery on the slab which covers these consuming bodies, that sobriety was the moving spring and directing principle of their whole conduct.

I once knew, and while reading the abominable falsehood in his epitaph, I could not stifle, I did not even attempt to qualify with pity, the indignation which an open and flagrant outrage of general opinion and sentiment never fails to excite; I once knew a libertine and a deist, whose epitaph, written in the mere and unadulterated style of frontless panegyrick, extols the purity of his morals, and the soundness of his faith. But that epitaphs are always, without a single exception, false and undeserved, I am unwilling to believe; nay, I am persuaded that of monumental inscriptions, many are true and really due to the memory of the deceased. To exemplify the foregoing remark in its greatest latitude, perhaps the epitaph of Alexander VI. written by Sannazarius, is the happiest instance I could possibly adduce.

Fortasse nescis cujus hic tumulus fiet,
Adsta viator, ni piget.
Titulum, quam Alexandri vides haud illius
Magni est, sed hujus qui modo
Libidinosa sanguinis captus siti
Tot civitates inclitas,
Tot regna vertit, tot duces letho dedit,
Natos ut impleat suos.
Orbem rapinis, ferro, et igne funditus
Vastavit, hausit, eruit;
Humana jura, nec minus cælestia,
Ipsosque sustulit Deos;
Ut scilicet liceret, heu scelus, Patri
Natæ sinum permingere,
Nec execrandis abstinere nuptiis
Timore sublato semel.

There is nothing extravagant or irreverent in Pope's epitaph on Sir Isaac Newton; and to Dr. Samuel Johnson, though nothing but his name is found on the marble, which protects his ashes, it would be impossible in an epitaph to ascribe a prouder sublimity of piety and virtue, or a wider extent of learning and genius, than he actually possessed. The excellence however of an epitaph consists not in the swell of periods, or in a certain varying and almost enchanting melody of cadence, which is sometimes heard, but in that severe, though elegant simplicity, which insensibly and irresistably connects in melancholy contemplation, the author of the ep-

itaph, with the subject of the inscription. Johnson's Latin Epitaph on Goldsmith illustrates the preceding observation, and I know not, whether, if the round robin, addressed to Johnson, and requesting that a translation into English might be inscribed on Goldsmith's tomb had attained its object, we should not feel our love for Goldsmith cool, and our reverence for Johnson diminish. It would hardly have been possible for him, who was acquainted with all the delicacies, as well as with every energy of his native tongue, to have expressed in the vernacular idiom, such tender, such vivid affection; and it is undeniable, that without appearing to flatter, he could not have bestowed such manly encomium as he has expressed and bestowed through the medium of a language, at once foreign and obsolete. And here I may be permitted to protest against that swollen and bloated kind of panegyrick, which always disgraces, instead of honouring (though such without doubt, is in every case its sincere intention) the character of departed virtue or beauty. The memory of Hector or of Helen would not be reverenced with a deeper awe, or cherished with a warmer love, if Chandler or Stuart had found the tombs of both; and if of the inscriptions which lead to the discovery, the first had extolled the son of Priam as virtuous beyond the reach or hope of imitation; and the second had represented Paris' mistress as too beautiful to fear a superiour or an equal, from such false and fulsome praise, if it existed, we should be strongly inclined to suspect, that Hector was no better than he should have been; and as for Helen, that though she was probably a belle in her day, yet that setting aside her reputation as an arrant jilt, she had very little beauty to spare.

One of the finest, because it is artlessly simple, of commemorative poems, though I do not find that it ever appeared as an epitaph, is Ben Jonson's Epigramme on his first son. As it is full of tenderness, and may be safely imitated as a model of this kind of writing, no apology is necessary for subjoining it entire.

Farewell, thou child of my right hand and joy;
My sin was too much hope of thee, lov'd boy,
Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate on the just day.
O, could I lose all father now. For why
Will man lament the state he should envy?
To have so soon 'scap'd world's and fleshes rage,
And if no other misery, yet age?
Rest in soft peace, and, ask'd, say here doth lye
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetrie,
For whose sake henceforth all his vowes be such,
As what he loves may never like too much.

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USAGES AT FRENCH TABLES.

M. Delille, the French poet, being one day at dinner at Marmontel's, related something which he had been reading upon the fashions observed at table in genteel companies. They were speaking of the multitude of little things of which a plain, honest man must not be ignorant if he would avoid being ridiculed by the world. "They are innumerable, says M. Delille; and what is most provoking is that all the genius in the world is not sufficient to divine these important trifles." He added, the abbe Cosson, professor of belles lettres in the college Mazarin, was lately speaking to me of a dinner where he was a guest, some

days ago, in company with some gentlemen of the court, noblemen, Marechâls de France, &c. at the abbe Radouvilliers at Versailles. I bet, said I, that you made a hundred mistakes.--How, says the abbe, with some passion ; it appears to me that I behaved like other people.—What presumption! I venture to say, that you behaved like no other person at table. But let us see : I will confine myself to the dinner ; and in the first place, what did you do with your napkin, when you placed yourself at table?—With my napkin ? why—what every body else did ; I unfolded it, spread it out, and tucked one corner into my buttonhole.—Ah, my dear, you were the only person that did so ; nobody shows his napkin; he lets it remain in his lap. And how did you eat your soup ?—I took my spoon in one hand, and my fork in the other.—Your fork, bless me ! nobody takes a fork to eat soup: but let us go on. After your soup, what did you eat?—A new laid egg.—And what did you do with the shell?—Like other people, I gave it to the waiter.—Without breaking it?—Without breaking it. Dear me! One never eats an egg, without breaking the shell ; and what after your egg?—I asked for some *bouilli*.—*Bouilli!* Nobody makes use of this expression ; they ask for beef, and not for bouilli ; and what next?—I asked the abbe Radouvilliers to send me a piece of a fine fowl.—Oh dear ! A piece of fowl ! You should have asked for *poulet*, capon, or *poularde ;* they never speak of fowls except in the back yard. But you say nothing of the manner in which you asked for drink. —I asked, as every one does, for Champagne, for Bourdeaux, of those who had it near them.—You must know that they ask for *vin de Champagne, vin de Bordeaux*. But tell me somthing of the way in which you eat your bread. Like others, to be sure ; I cut it properly with my knife.—Alas ! They break their bread, never cut it. But let us proceed. Your coffee, how did you take it ? Eh ! Like other people, certainly ; it was hot, and I turned it, a little at a time, from my cup into my saucer.—So, so ; you did then what nobody else did ; for every one drinks coffee out of the cup, and never out of the saucer. You see then, my dear Cosson, that you did not say a single word, nor do a single thing, which was not unfashionable. The abbe, continued M. Dellille, was confounded. He was employed for six weeks, in inquiring of every body he met about these polite usages which I had remarked to him. M. Dellille himself was acquainted with them by one of his female friends, and had long found himself ridiculed in the world, while he did not know how to eat and drink in the true mode.

For the Anthology.

ORIGINAL LETTERS;

From an AMERICAN TRAVELLER in EUROPE, to his friends in this country.

LETTER NINETEENTH.

Rome, Dec. 8, 1804.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I HAVE said a great deal about *baths*, and *aqueducts*, and *arches*, and *mausolea*, and *theatres*, and *columns*, and *obelisks*, much more to my own satisfaction, I fear, than to that of my friends ; but I think they must

have at least been convinced of one truth, that the Romans exceeded all other nations in the splendour and magnificence of their publick works. It was not to be expected, that a people so proud of rearing monuments of glory to successful heroes, should be less solicitous to pay the noblest tributes to the gods, whom they ignorantly worshipped. The Romans, always superstitious, were, in the fairest periods of their history, a sincerely *devout* and moral people; for I must honour with the name of devotion, that respect even for false gods, which is accompanied with purity of morals, when the persons who exercise it have no means of enlightening themselves: I pity their ignorance and delusion, but I honour their respect for their own religion so long and so far *as it is sincere*. No man can read the beautiful injunctions of Virgil to the husbandmen to address the gods before they begin to sow, or to reap the yellow harvest, without admiring the pure, though mistaken piety, which breathes throughout his beautiful lines on this topick. That their religion was an extremely bad one, cannot be denied; and it produced the effects that might naturally be expected from a system so corrupt. Leaving however these reflections, which the revelation of a pure and undefiled religion enables us to make, I will only remark, that the Romans exhibited all their taste for grandeur and expense, in the temples which they raised in honour of their gods. The multiplicity of the gods in the Roman mythology, and the variety of their supposed attributes, gave rise to a correspondent number and variety of edifices.

To give you a detailed description even of the ruins of those which remain, would be to insist on your commencing antiquary, and entering upon the career of Madame Dacier. It will be sufficient to say, that Rome is yet full of remains, more or less mutilated, of ancient temples.

Wherever they were so perfect as to admit of it, they have been converted into churches. The temples of Jupiter Capitolinus, of Minerva, of Fortuna Virilis, of Vesta, of Romulus and Remus, of Pudicitia, of Hercules, and many others, are among this number. Of others, only single columns or façades more picturesque and beautiful are yet left to us. These are innumerable. The most striking are those of Jupiter Tonans, Jupiter Stator, Antoninus and Faustina, of the temple of Concord, temple of the Sun, of Juno, and of Peace.

The most beautiful temple, however, which remains, is that which was devoted to all the gods, and was for that reason called the Pantheon. This building is the most perfect model of architecture in the world, and is entire. It is now, with no material change, converted into a church, called the Rotonda. It was erected by Agrippa, in the time of Augustus Cæsar, when the fine arts were at their meridian at Rome. It is perfectly round, and its roof is formed like the dome of the state house at Boston. Its proportions are the most beautiful that can be conceived of. *Not a pillar* to support its extensive roof projects from the sides more than a few feet: All the centre is supported by the art and skill of the mechanick.

It has not a single window in it, and yet from a small aperture in the roof, not injurious either to its beauty or strength, it is perfectly and agreeably lighted. This window, if it may be so called, has never been glazed, it is and has been open for almost 2000 years, without injuring the edifice. On the whole we must

acknowledge, that, though infinitely inferiour to St. Paul's in size, or St. Peter's in splendour, it exceeds them both in simplicity and grandeur. What gives the ancient edifices a vast superiority over the modern, is the nobleness of their pillars. Not content with introducing the different styles of architecture, which moderns have never been able to improve, they chose to have their pillars correspondent to the grand simplicity of their architecture. For a thousand years, the Mediterranean and the Archipelago must have groaned under the weight of the vast masses of marble, alabaster, porphyry and granite, which the Romans transported to Rome. Can you believe it? No potentate of Europe can shew such pillars in his publick works, as many common churches of Rome can boast. The French have robbed Rome of three or four, or perhaps a dozen, which they erect not as part of any building, but as single objects of admiration; and they are only the *smallest* of the Roman pillars, which they could more easily transport. Modern Rome owes all these noble objects to the industry and enterprise of the ancient inhabitants. Even *St. Peter's* is not finished with marble columns, which decorated, I believe, every ancient temple. So far as the ancient pillars could be procured, St. Peter's is decorated with them; after which, oh baseness! they have covered brick pillars with stucco painted in imitation of marble.

After these general remarks, I presume none of my friends, who have encountered the fatigue of reading my letters, can doubt, that a man of taste would prefer Rome to any other city in the world for a *short residence* ONLY, and that he would equally prefer the antiquities of Rome to all its modern beauties, which, in truth, are only borrowed. For though Rome has more superb churches, and more magnificent palaces than any, or, in my opinion, all the cities of Europe, yet she owes it all, with *one* exception, to the industry of her ancient inhabitants; the antiquities contained in the modern edifices constitute their richest treasure.

Is a modern palace elegant? Is its architecture beautiful? You will find its model antique, its pillars dug up out of the ruins of some ancient temple, and its façade ornamented with beautiful bas reliefs, which owe their restoration to the modern *spade*, rather than to the chisel.

Are their houses well furnished? You will find assembled the works of Grecian and ancient Roman artists, statues, sarcophagi, urns, and vases.

I have made one exception in favour of the moderns; it is an important and honourable one, their paintings: they are numerous; indeed, they are innumerable, excellent, *invaluable*. I may say, I think, invaluable, when I tell you that it is said that a prince who has ten or twelve large rooms filled with originals, sold *four* to Prince Lucien Bonaparte, for 150,000 Spanish dollars.

The description of Rome is more arduous, and more fatiguing than the examination of it. I wish the reading of it may not be equally so. I have concluded my remarks on the great antiquities of Rome, and I now pass to the beauties, which distinguish modern Rome from the other cities of Europe. These beauties are its churches and its palaces and its villas. Of the churches of Rome one may say *generally*, without fear of contradiction, that they ex-

cel those of *any other*, or of all the other cities of Europe.' There are not less than thirty or forty rich in architecture, marble, statuary and paintings. I shall not notice any but the most remarkable. St. Maria Maggiore is one of the oldest and most splendid, and, in my estimation, most beautiful churches of Rome. Its roof is square, divided into compartments, and ornamented with gilded stucco, in a style of magnificence known only in Italy and France. Its pillars are all of a most beautiful and singular white marble. Its altar is rich in a great variety of costly marbles and precious stones. It has like all the great Roman catholick churches, separate chapels within the body of the church. Two of these, built by two popes, Paul V. or pope Borghese, and Sextus V. two of the most distinguished pontiffs, are very superb. That of Paul V. called the Paulina, has two magnificent tombs in it, erected in honour of two dignitaries of that family, and the back part of one of the tombs is lined with a single piece of lapis lazuli (a precious stone of a deep blue colour) sixteen feet high and twelve wide.

Opposite to it is the chapel of Sixtus V. called Sixtina, which excels the other in splendour. This chapel (only an eighth part of the whole church) is said to have cost the pope 800,000 crowns, or more than four times the expense of the state house in Boston. The great events of the life of this pope are represented in basso relievo in marble. They exhibit in this chapel what they pretend is the original manger of Bethlehem, in which our Saviour was born. The church, on the whole, is a most splendid and elegant edifice.

The church of St. Giovannia, in Laterano, is the oldest church in Rome, and, as they pretend, in Christendom. It has been rebuilt by the later popes, and is now the second in point of splendour in the city. Its front or façade is most magnificent, and alone cost 400,000 crowns. Its interiour is ornamented with the richest marbles. Among the others, are twenty-four columns of verd antique, a rich species of Egyptian marble, taken from the temple of Jupiter. There are two superb brass columns, which they assure you were taken from the palace of Pilate in Jerusalem. They shew you the original table, on which the last supper was served, as they pretend, and the very well where our Saviour encountered the Samaritan woman; the curb of which they have transported hither. But aside from the puerilities of catholick superstition, this church abounds in works of taste in architecture, sculpture, and painting.

The church of St. Paul's just without the city, is most extensive and magnificent. It is 780 feet in length, and 260 in breadth, and of course, larger than any church in the world out of Rome. It is supported upon four rows of pillars of superb marble, to the number of one hundred, said to be taken from the mausoleum of Adrian, or, as some writers say, the baths of Constantine. It is ornamented with the portraits of all the popes, at the head of whom, they take care to place St. Peter.

The church of St. Gregory is ornamented with some beautiful fresco paintings by Guido and Domenichino, a stamp of one of which I shall send out to America. The church of the Capucins is rendered famous by a single piece of Guido's,

representing the angel St. Michael chaining the prince of darkness. A single eminent piece is capable of giving celebrity to a church throughout Europe. The Transfiguration of Raphael was known to all the world, and it was the first object of the cupidity of the French, when they seized Rome. Transferred to Paris, it makes the brightest ornament of the Louvre, to see which *alone*, amateurs would make the tour of Europe.

The church of the Madonna della Vittoria, is a rich superb edifice, famous for two statues of the celebrated Bernini; one representing St. Theresa in the ecstasy of divine love, and the other, St. Joseph in his dream. They are both exquisitely wrought.

But it would be too tedious to enumerate only half the *great* beauties which are to be found in the churches of Rome, so we will quit the subject with a slight notice of that wonder of Europe, the cathedral of St. Peter's. This edifice, the largest, most magnificent, and confessedly on the whole, the most perfect in the world, responds in almost every part to this high reputation. The area in front of it is the largest and most striking, I have ever seen. It is ornamented with two immense corridors, consisting of four rows of columns of astonishing extent and size. In the centre of the area is the largest obelisk in Rome; and on each side of it, are two of the noblest fountains in Europe. The water rushes out of them with impetuosity, and forms a magnificent jette d'eau correspondent to the grandeur of the edifice.

The building and all its appendages externally are built of a free stone of a plain but excellent light brown colour. As you approach it, the building appears small, not above half the size of St. Pauls, in London. This Dr. Moore thinks a fault, and I agree in the opinion, because grandeur and sublimity were the objects intended to be attained; and though the artist may have proved *his skill* in making the proportions so fine as to diminish its apparent size, yet I think he would have done more wisely, to have made its real grandeur and vast proportions visible to all. It is however true, that it is only when you measure or examine, that you find its almost *incredible size*. Its length is 722 feet, its height 432, and its width 496 in its largest points. It is therefore nearly one third larger than St. Pauls, and of course bigger than any church in Europe.

But its size is the smallest part of its wonders. The elegance, the costliness, the richness of this edifice in the interiour is beyond belief. It is filled, *though not crowded*, with statues, bas reliefs, tombs, paintings and pictures in Mosaick.

It requires two days to examine with care and attention the various beauties of this church. Almost every great artist from the time of Michael Angelo, who planned and erected the cupola, to the present day, has contributed something to enrich it.

There are not less than twelve or fifteen superb monuments to different popes, all executed in a masterly style.

The fine paintings of Raphael and Domenichino having suffered by the dampness of the walls, they have renewed them in Mosaick, in such a style, as that it would be impossible for any but an artist to distinguish them from paintings. These large Mosaicks are the most wonderful objects of modern art. On

the whole, a volume has been written upon the subject of St. Peters alone, and less than a volume would be insufficient to give a correct idea of it. It leaves on the mind an impression of grandeur in comparison with which all former and future objects of the same nature sink into contempt.

I have seen no calculation of the cost of St. Peters, but from what I have heard of some details, it is my opinion that it has amounted to sixteen millions of dollars at least.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

THE MARINER.

THE storm was spent; and, frowning waste and wild,
In shoreless pomp the darken'd ocean lay,
Nor glimmering moon the gloom of night beguil'd,
Nor sound proclaim'd the dirge of absent day.

Plung'd in the horrours night and silence give,
Unfathom'd depth, and dark and shoreless view,
See, spent with toil, and struggling yet to live,
The short survivor of a stranded crew.

Faint is the arm, whose agonizing throw,
With wearied effort feebly beats the wave,
And faint the panting, strangled voice of woe,
That breathes to heav'n the hopeless prayer to save.

For once on high the courier of the day,
Has wheel'd his course unpitying o'er his head,
Since, urg'd on rocks, the fragile bark gave way,
And plung'd him helpless in the ocean's bed.

Oft from afar the dim discover'd land,
Or distant sail has met his fancy's eye,
Oft from his bursting voice and waving hand,
Has slowly sunk or pass'd unpitying by.

And oft despair, and anguish, and alarm
Have sunk him hopeless to the depths below,
As oft the pang of death has nerv'd his arm,
And bade him toil for still protracted woe.

Yet soon, as nature's flame is glimmering less,
The pains of death repeated shall be o'er,

That breast, that heaves tumultuous with distress,
Full soon shall think of life and home no more.

No pitying voice his distant friends shall tell,
For them what pangs his dying bosom wrung,
Nor speak, when time has struck his funeral knell,
The last fond prayer, that linger'd on his tongue.

Sufferer, farewell! no mortal eye was near
To see thee sink expiring in the wave,
No ear was there thy groan of death to hear,
No hand to mark thine undistinguish'd grave.

Yet for thy sake along the winding shore,
The poet's harp shall raise its mournful strain,
Thy matchless sufferings plaintive shall deplore,
And shield thy fate from dark oblivion's reign.

B.

EPIGRAMS, FROM THE ITALIAN.

NEGRI capelli e bianca barba poi,
Ha Gabbriello. La ragion ne vuoi?
Debbe aver travagliato Gabbriello
Colle ganasce più che col cervello.

PANANTI.

While Gabriel's chin salutes the sight,
Deck'd in a beard of hoary white,
His hair still black remains.
The thing is strange, but clear the cause;
Much has been wrought by Gabriel's jaws,
But little by his brains.

I due Medici.

Fausto e Publio han rinome in medicina,
L' uno e gran parlator, l'altro ha dottrina;
Vedi il primo in carrozza e tutti a lati,
E il secondo trottar sudando a piedi
Sai perche? questo pagan gli ammalati,
Quello sempre pagato e dagli eredi.

ROLLI.

The two Physicians.

Faustus and Publius both renown'd,
One talks, the other knows.
In coach and six the first rolls round,
On foot his rival goes.
The cause is plain, why fate has made,
Such odds in their affairs;
One by the patient's self is paid,
The other by his heirs.

Dici che i versi non ti costan punto?
Ti costan quel che vaglion per l'appunto.

PANANTI.

Say'st thou thy verses cost thee nought at birth,
'Tis well, they cost thee then precise their worth.

Dell' umane miserie tu pingesti
Coi più tristi color le varie parti,
Ma fra tante disgrazie a noi tacesti
La peggior, che fu quella d'ascoltarti.

RONCALLI.

Well hast thou painted, reverend priest,
Those ills the fates to us decree,
Yet why neglect among the rest.
That worst of woes the hearing thee?

ELEGIA COLLINS, SUPER MORTE THOMSONI,

LATINIS REDDITA VERSICULIS.

En tumulo jacet hoc sylvæ nemorumque poeta,
Quem tacitis rivus reptans circumluit undis;
Hic partes variæ volventis mensibus anni,
Munera spargentes ornabunt optima solum.

Densâ quâ fluvius prætexit arundine ripas,
Testudo spirans placidè suppôsta quiescet;
Pectore sic vulnus tacito si quis fovet ægrum
Dum spiritus maneat, luctum solabitur umbra.

Vespere et errantes pueri innuptæque puellæ,
Chordæ cum resonant, aurâ modulante secundâ,
Flamina captabunt, et credent pectore tristi
Sylvestris carmen vatis audire supremum.

Littoris atque animo jucunda subibit imago,
Floribus æstivis ripas cum Thamesis ornat;
Deponet sæpe et patulos nauta æquore remos,
Manibus ac requiem placidam exoptabit amatis.

Aerios montes, riguos et visere valles
Cum juvat, et pacem colere et per rura salutem;
Conspiciens silvis turrim tum candidam amicus
Effundet luctu lacrimas florentibus arvis.

Tu, quoque, quem gremio tellus complectitur alma,
Quid tibi nunc moesto prodest elegeia cantu?
Aut lacrymae, quas dabit amor lugubris honosque,
Cymba qui gemitus advecti flumini ciunt.

Et fugit ullus nunc captus oculis animoque
Marmoreo cultum saxo præstare decorum?
Nunquam illi faverunt Musæ, divine poeta,
Deserat ac anno mentem florente voluptas.

Tu, cujus tristem, deserta heu! Thamesis, undam
Naiades ornatæ nullæ nunc carice servant,
Flumine funestam collem prono sine linquam
Terra qua frigida claudit mihi cippus amicum.

Et valles tenui umbrosæ vix luce videntur,
Vesper nam inducens umbras velamine celat.
Nunc iterum vale, naturæ proles et amata!
Sit tibi terra levis! salve, formose, valeque!

Quæ tibi erant olim cordi flaventia culta,
Viventi jucunda dolebunt morte peremptum;
Pastor agrestis ibi tenera cum virgine flebit
Puris dum manibus cumulabit munera ruris.

Tempore post longo marmor aggestaque terra
Suffundet lacrimis oculos cum Britonis ægri;
Lugete (inquiet heu valles, silvæque relictæ;
Hoc vestrum tumulo clausum plorate poetam.

THE BOSTON REVIEW.

FOR

JUNE, 1808.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. PLIN.

ART. 13.

The Life of George Washington, commander in chief of the American forces, during the war which established the independence of his country, and first president of the United States. Compiled under the inspection of the honourable Bushrod Washington, from original papers bequeathed to him by his deceased relative, and now in possession of the author. To which is prefixed an introduction, containing a compendious view of the colonies planted by the English on the continent of North America, from their settlement to the commencement of that war, which terminated in their independence. By John Marshall. Philadelphia, *printed and published by* C. P. Wayne. Vol. I, 1804, Vol. II, 1804, Vol. III, 1804, Vol. IV, 1805, Vol. V, 1807.

[*Continued.*]

WHEN we look back on what we have written, and recollect that we have only arrived at the commencement of the second volume of this work, we perceive that we have already made an alarming demand on the patience of our readers. The volumes however, which succeed, as we approach nearer the personal knowledge of Judge M. regularly rise in accuracy, eloquence, and interest, and at every step we find the task of examination growing lighter. We shall therefore in some degree, contract our original design, and make the remarks which we have to offer on the second grand division of the work, with all possible brevity.

In the second volume the life of Washington may be said to commence. All the circumstances of his birth, connexions, education and early habits, are narrated in somewhat less than a page and a half. This, we confess, excites our surprise and chagrin. We can scarcely think it possible, that tradition has preserved no record of any of the events of the private life of one, who, as it is evident from his early promotion, must have been considered as a youth of extraordinary promise. We regret therefore, that the occupations of Judge Marshall did not permit him to collect any of those anecdotes, which we take

for granted must exist, or that he could not find some American Boswell, who would relieve him of the task, and secure these fading memorials, which, if once suffered to be lost, can never be recalled. "Tradition," let us remember, "is but a meteor, which, if it once falls, cannot be rekindled." Cicero thought his discovery of the forgotten and neglected tomb of Archimedes, an event interesting and important enough to be introduced into one of the gravest of his philosophical disquisitions; surely therefore no man has a right to think it labour too humble for his talents, to investigate any circumstances, however minute, which may contribute to illustrate the character of Washington. There is scarcely any thing, which would give us greater pleasure than sit down to the examination of a work, which would acquaint us with the private habits of our hero; and notwithstanding any thing which has yet appeared, such a work is still altogether a desideratum. To the English edition* is annexed an account of the ancestors of Washington from the herald's office, which, as it supplies one of Judge M.'s deficiencies, and as we presume it is not very common among us, we shall extract; though, indeed, Washington is not a man whose fame can receive any additional lustre from any lineage however splendid.

"*Pedigree of Gen. Washington, communicated to the editor by Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King at Arms.*

"It is presumed, upon good grounds, that the late President Washington was descended from a very respectable family of the name, anciently established at Twitfield and Warton, in Lancashire, and afterwards lords of the manor of Sulgrave, in the county of Northampton.

"Sir William Washington of Packington, in Leicestershire, the eldest son and heir of Laurence Washington, of Sulgrave, Esq'r. married Anne, the half sister of George Villiers, duke of Buckingham.

"This Sir William had, among other younger brothers, two, named John and Laurence; and the latter appears to have been a student at Oxford, in 1622.

"John and Laurence Washington, brothers, emigrated from the north of England, (according to the tradition in the family of the President) and settled at Bridge's Creek, on the Potomack River, in the county of Westmoreland. John was employed as General against the Indians, in Maryland, and the parish in which he lived was called after him.* He was the father of Laurence Washington, gentleman, who died in 1697, leaving two sons, John and Augustine.

"Augustine died in 1743, at the age of forty-nine, leaving several sons by his two marriages. George, the President, was the eldest by the second wife, Mary Ball, and was born the 11th of February, 1732."

We have before hinted a wish that our author had given us a disquisition on the causes and grounds

* We have examined both the quarto and octavo copies of this edition, and believe that it is incomparably the most incorrect book lately issued from the English press. To the American edition we can give the rare praise of being very accurate as well as extremely neat.

* This John had previously resided at South Cave, in the east riding of the county of York, upon an estate now the property and residence of H B. Barnard, esq. of Cave castle, South Cave, and he emigrated to America about the year 1657. ENGLISH EDITOR.

of the American revolution, and among other reasons because we should have been gratified with seeing on what principles so distinguished a politician as Judge M. would now defend the justice of it. Without pretending to have either thought or read much on the subject, it strikes us, that the plea on which it was usually rested at the time, that England could not justly claim the right of taxation, without allowing us to be represented in her Parliament, would not now be thought the most cogent. While we acknowledged ourselves to be subjects of Great Britain, and conceded to her the full right of legislation, it appears to us that we gave up the right of making this plea. Legislation includes all the powers of civil government, and none more clearly than that of taxation. The right to demand the protection of the civil power, and the obligation to support it are reciprocal and inseparable. As subjects of the British crown indeed, we had the right to representation, whenever the exercise of that right was practicable, but as the exercise of this right in our case was acknowledged to be impossible, we might lament the circumstance as an evil, but we had no right to complain of it, or any of its necessary consequences as a grievance. Taxation is no tyranny, even without representation, when circumstances are such as to make representation impossible. If this evil was insupportable, as certainly it would ultimately have been, *that* would have been a sufficient ground to justify a dissolution of our connexion, and a renunciation of all our rights as well as obligations as British subjects. But to acknowledge the general right to legislate, and to deny the application of it in a most essential particular, in our opinion, included an absurdity; and every act of opposition, therefore, *before the Declaration of Independence* was an act of rebellion. We shall not, we presume, be misunderstood. We are only questioning, as a mere matter of speculation, the theory on which our resistance was defended. We mean only to say, that there could be *no alternative between submission and independence*, and that the ground therefore, which was so universally taken in the early stages of the contest, was untenable and inconsistent. With regard to the general principle of the necessity of the revolution, there can be now no division of sentiment. No men can believe more firmly than ourselves, in the propriety and utility of that glorious event, or be more deeply penetrated with reverence and gratitude for the heroes and sages who effected it. That an immense continent should be governed by a power a thousand leagues distant, was too monstrous to be long supported; and the interest of England, quite as much as that of America, demanded the separation. If we were to offer to resume our ancient connexion with her tomorrow, every motive of policy would require her to decline it.

The events of the war are in general narrated with spirit and elegance. Judge Marshall's superiority to the historians which preceded him, consists principally in the greater fullness and exactness of his statements of political transactions. His narrative of the negociations with France and Spain is particularly luminous and interesting, and sufficiently displays the folly of supposing that we are under any obligations of gratitude to either of those nations, for espousing our cause. "Friendship," "generosity," "gratitude," &c. do very well

to make up the burthen of a state manifesto, or to give spirit and roundness to the periods of an ambassador's correspondence: but every one who has observed ever so superficially the conduct of the cabinets of Europe, will see, that this is all the mere cant of diplomacy, and that the only principle which governs the intercourse of nations, is mutual interest.

We think Judge Marshall has also given us a better survey of the proceedings of Congress, than we have before seen, and enabled us to appreciate more fully the difficulties with which Gen. Washington was compelled to struggle. Yet even here we have been disappointed in our hope of finding a more ample account of the parties in Congress, their principles, views, &c. concerning which little correct information has hitherto been presented to the publick. If we mistake not, there is a great deal of curious and interesting information, which the world does not yet possess, respecting the first Congress, with which Judge M. does not furnish us, and which, if not preserved, must in a few years be irretrievably lost. We will indulge the hope, that he will hereafter find leisure to review and perfect his work, and that the task of preparing a new edition will form the dignified amusement of the evening of life.

We will indulge ourselves in extracting the following picture of the spirit displayed by Congress, in the most disastrous period of our history.

The firmness manifested by congress throughout the gloomy and trying period which intervened between the loss of fort Washington, and the battle of Princeton, entitles the members of that day to the admiration of the world, and the gratitude of their fellow citizens. Unawed by the dangers which threatened them, and regardless of personal safety, they did not for an instant admit the idea, that the independence they had declared was to be surrendered, and peace to be purchased by returning to their ancient colonial situation. As the British army advanced through Jersey, and the consequent insecurity of Philadelphia rendered an adjournment of congress from that place to one further removed from the seat of war, a necessary measure of precaution, their exertions seemed to increase with their difficulties. They sought to remove the despondence which was seizing and paralyzing the public mind, by an address to the states, in which every argument was suggested which could rouse them to vigorous action. They made the most strenuous efforts, too, to animate the militia, and impel them to the field, by the agency of those whose popular eloquence* best fitted them for such a service.

When reassembled at Baltimore, the place to which they had adjourned, their resolutions exhibited no evidences of confusion or dismay; and the most judicious efforts were made, by collecting as soon as possible a respectable military force, to repair the mischief produced by past errors.

Declaring that in the present situation of things the very existence of civil liberty depended on the right execution of military powers, to a vigorous direction of which, distant numerous, and deliberative bodies, were entirely unequal; they authorized general Washington to raise sixteen additional regiments, and conferred upon him, for six months, powers for the conduct of the war which were almost unlimited.

When reduced to their lowest ebb, towards the close of 1776, while the tide of fortune was running strongest against them, some few members, distrusting their ability to make a successful resistance, proposed to authorize commissioners they had deputed to the court of Versailles, to transfer to that country the same monopoly of their trade which Great Britain had hitherto enjoyed.† This proposition is stated to have been relinquished, because it was believed that conceptions

* *General Mifflin was on this occasion peculiarly useful.*

† *Ramsay.*

of this kind would destroy the force of many arguments which had been used in favor of independence, and, probably disunite the people. It was next proposed to offer a monopoly of certain enumerated articles of produce. To this the variant interests of the states were so directly opposed, that it received a speedy and decided negative. Some proposed offering to France a league offensive and defensive; but this also was rejected. The more enlightened members of congress argued that, though the friendship of small states might be purchased, that of France could not. They alledged that if she would risk a war with Great Britain by openly espousing their cause, it would not be so much from the prospect of direct advantages, as from a natural desire to lessen the overgrown power of a dangerous rival. It was therefore supposed that the only inducement likely to influence France to an interference, was an assurance that the United States were determined to persevere in refusing to return to their former allegiance. Under the influence of this better opinion, resolutions were again entered into, declaratory of their determination to listen to no terms founded on the idea of their resuming the character of British subjects; but trusting the event to Providence, and risking all consequences, to adhere to the Independence they had declared, and the freedom of trade they had proffered to all nations. Copies of these resolutions were sent to the principal courts of Europe; and proper persons were appointed to solicit their friendship to the new formed states. These dispatches fell into the hands of the British, and by them were published; a circumstance by no means unwished for by congress, who were persuaded that an apprehension of their making up all differences with Great Britain was a principal objection to the interference of foreign Courts, in what was represented to be no more than a domestic quarrel. A resolution adopted in the deepest distress, and in the worst of times, that congress would listen to no terms of re-union with their parent state, would, it was believed, convince those who wished for the dismemberment of the British empire, that it was sound policy to interfere, so far as would prevent the conquest of the United States.

The narrative of the events of the various campaigns, does not, as far as we observe, differ in any important particulars from that of preceding writers. The attack on Quebeck is narrated with more minuteness than by any other historian, and if it were not done with so much spirit, we should say that it occupies a greater space than its importance justifies. In the account of the defence of Long Island, and the battle of Brandywine, we think that our author has fallen into the usual failing of biographers, that of attempting to make his hero too faultless. In our opinion it would not be the slightest impeachment of the talents of Gen. Washington, if we were to admit that he was outgeneralled in both those affairs by Gen. Howe. When we recollect that neither he or his troops had ever before seen any regular service, we shall not be surprised, that in his first encounters, he displayed some inferiority to a veteran in European tactics. We have not the slightest pretensions to any knowledge of these subjects, but we confess that the statements of Mr. Galloway,* of the conduct of Sir William Howe, have strongly inclined us to believe that the American army was saved only by that general's want of enterprise. As Mr. G's pamphlet is rare, we will extract his summary of the charges against Gen. Howe for his conduct during the campaign of 1777. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that some of these representations are coloured by the prejudices of the ex-speaker of the assembly of Pennsylvania.

"It seems impossible for a candid inquirer after truth, however painful the task, not to take a brief

* Letters to a nobleman on the conduct of the war in the middle colonies.

and collected view of the errours of this campaign. The British General had declined taking the field, because the green forage was not sufficiently grown, although the country produced, and his magazines were stored with, dry and better forage. He had met his enemy at Hillsborough, and though possessed of treble his strength, he would not fight him, or even distress him, by passing the Delaware and taking his magazines. He preferred wasting on his *ill advised* voyage to the Chesapeak, three months of his valuable time, which, had they been wisely and vigorously employed, were more than sufficient to suppress the rebellion. He omitted to support General Burgoyne, or even to make a diversion on the coast of Massachusett's Bay in his favour, though he knew such was his Majesty's pleasure (*b*), and that either measure would have saved the northern army. And he took care not to suffer Sir Henry Clinton to perform those important services, by not leaving him sufficient force, though the rebel army, at that time, consisted of less than one third of his own effective force(*c*). And though experience had taught him, that as soon as the operations of the British army took place in the country, the people were so intimidated, that the rebel states attempted to recruit in vain, yet, as if determined to give the Congress and new states opportunity and time sufficient to reinforce their armies, he pursued the very measures which Washington himself would have advised for that purpose. He relinquished his operations already begun, and hid his high spirited army on the ocean. He declined his intended route up the Delaware, at a time when the city of Philadelphia and the fort at Mud Island were not able to oppose him; and thus he gave the enemy full time to put the latter in the most perfect state of defence. He met Washington at Brandywine, on stronger ground, and with a force twice as great as that which he possessed at the mountain above Quibbletown, attacked, defeated, and dispersed his army; and though that army was hemmed in on all sides by British troops, or impassable waters, yet he would not pursue the advantage. He met the same enemy at Goshen, and began the attack, but was diverted from certain victory by a shower of rain. He declined suffering the dykes on the province and Blackeley's Island to be repaired, though it was a work absolutely necessary to the taking of Mud Island fort. He refused to permit Colonel Stirling to take post at Red Bank, though it was the key to that fort, and without the possession of which the rebels could not have defended it a week. He supinely suffered himself to be surprised at Germantown, where the valour and activity of his troops, notwithstanding the surprise, gained a victory, as honourable to *them*, as ignominious to their General, who suffered the enemy to escape without effectual pursuit, when they were languid with fatigue, and despondng from their defeat. The same General after seeming to invite Washington to battle at White Marsh, pursued every measure that was likely to prevent, and omitted the only one that must inevitably have brought on an engagement."

We should have been pleased to have seen in Judge M. a willingness to admit the conclusion, which these

(*b*) Letter from Lord George Germaine, August 6, 1777.

(*c*) British force 17,000 veteran troops, rebel force 8000 new raised, undisciplined men.

facts seem to force on us. We pay the highest compliment possible to the greatness of Washington's mind, when we display these things without disguise; for we may then claim the admiration which that fortitude demands, which could bear up under so much difficulty and discouragement. The more we magnify the original superiority of the British army, the higher we exalt the merit of him, who ultimately succeeded in triumphing over it. Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre, adds to his own wreath all the laurels which his enemy had formerly won.

We have little more to remark on the second division of this work. We have observed many minor inaccuracies, which seem, however, rather the result of haste, than of want of information. He talks, for instance, vol. ii. p. 249, of "the Welsh mountains, near Cambridge" which are quite without our geography. He speaks too of "the troops falling down to the castle, in order to proceed from thence up the river to the scene of action, [Dorchester heights.] Vol. ii. p. 295; an errour which Mr. Ramsay has very innocently copied.

The list of similar inaccuracies, if we had been more solicitous to note them, might easily have been enlarged. We advance now to the last division of the work, in which Judge M. appears in the character of a completely original historian. With the indulgence of our readers, we shall reserve our remarks on it to a future number.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. 17.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, from March 1806, *to June,* 1807, *both inclusive. Part 2, of Vol. II.* from p. 269 to 585. *Published by* William Sawyer & Co. Newburyport.

IN a former number we reviewed the first part of the present volume of Reports with considerable minuteness; and with a view to engage the publick attention, we adverted to the principles of some of the judgments. At that time we professed, that we had no intention to question the propriety of any of those judgments, and avowed our cheerful acquiescence in the law of the land, as promulgated by the learned and impartial bench, to which is confided in the last resort the judicial authority of this Commonwealth. From the course, thus prescribed to ourselves, we feel no disposition to deviate; and on the present occasion shall content ourselves with a few remarks, exacted by the perusal of the work before us.

Aware that the reputation of Reports must essentially depend upon the character of the Court, and the diligence and accuracy of the Reporter, we feel the impotence of transitory eulogy to obtain or to secure their permanent respect. The keen eyes of the accomplished barrister will easily detect the fallacy of unsound reasoning, and expose the errours of hasty precedents. The solid base of legal erudition presents the sole adamant, which can withstand the wasting power of time. Mistaken zeal and provincial partiality, may, for a while, foster an undeserved applause; but the voice of flattery or of friendship will never reach the bench and bar of a future age, to direct or to silence their verdict. The juridical labours of our days will then receive a calm and dispassionate examination, and vindicate no title to respect beyond their just value and utility.

From considerations of this nature, we were induced to bestow our commendation on the former part of this volume with temperance, yet, we trust, with justice. On a revision, we find no reason to doubt the opinions then expressed; and if we did, the present work would completely dispel it. Whatever was anticipated from experience in the arrangement and abbreviations of the cases, or in the succinct display of the arguments of counsel, Mr. Tyng has performed with an ability that leaves little or nothing to regret. The opinions of the Court are in style and method improved; and as the novelty of the task wears away, it is easy to perceive that our judges are astute in the fluent and appropriate language of Westminster Hall.

We observe also a gradual change in the manner of delivering these opinions. Instead of several opinions delivered by every judge, that of the whole Court is pronounced by one, and generally by the Chief Justice. This method was adopted with approbation and success in the time of Lord Mansfield and Lord Chief Justice Willes; and their elaborate judgments have commanded the veneration of every sound lawyer. But of late years the former method has revived, as well in the King's Bench as in the Common Pleas; and with very few exceptions, we believe, that it prevails in the courts within the United States. Each method has its particular advantages; but perhaps in the maturity of legal establishments, that which gives cogency to the judgment by the weight of the reasons of every judge is to be preferred. We do not mean to intimate, that in this Commonwealth that course should be pursued. On the contrary, we are impressed with the propriety of the present arrangement, as combining convenience with utility.

A peculiarity more striking is the very comprehensive manner in which the leading questions before the Court are examined in their judgments. Of late, the object of the Courts in England seems to have been, to decide the single point, which involved the issue of the cause, and to leave all others for subsequent investigation. This practice may be very well suited to the jurisprudence of that country, where the principles of the common law are generally known, and the forms of actions and the provisions of statutes have received a settled construction; but in this Commonwealth, where many statutory regulations exist varying from the common law, and many eccentricities of practice have arisen from local circumstances, it is desirable that the great questions respecting them should receive an ample discussion and an unrestricted adjudication. Principles, as well as precedents, are thus matured to assist the inquiries of the student and to aid the deliberations of the Counsellor. It has been therefore with the greatest pleasure, that we have perused many of the opinions of the Court in the present publication, in which the doctrines respecting the nature of real actions, mortgages, covenants in the realty, and parochial and glebe lands are amplified and expounded with a technical elegance, and luminous exactness, worthy of the acute precision of Littleton, and the nervous sense of Holt. We might cite among others, as belonging eminently to this class, the opinions in Marston *vs.* Hobbs, Wheelwright *vs.* Wheelwright, Bickford *vs.* Page, Cook *vs.* Allen, Champion *vs.* Noyes, Erskine *vs.* Townsend, and Weston *vs.* Hunt.

We would suggest to Mr. Tyng the propriety of giving an analytical index, which should comprehend not only the points directly decided, but the doctrines thus incidentally stated and recognized by the court. Such an index, in our opinion, would be a most valuable addition to the Reports, and would very greatly abridge the labours of the profession.

We shall now take our leave of the volume, after giving our earnest recommendation in its favour, as reflecting honour on the Bar, the Bench, and the Commonwealth.

As specimens of the pleasantry, which may sometimes mingle with the solemnity of the forum, and of the sound logick, which is employed in juridical dissertation we subjoin the cases of Coffin *vs.* Coffin and Weston *vs.* Hunt.

MICAJAH COFFIN *vs.* WILLIAM COFFIN.

Trespass for an assault and battery, brought originally at the Court of Common Pleas in *Nantucket* county, and by appeal to this court. Upon the general issue pleaded the plaintiff had recovered a verdict in both courts, and now *B. Whitman* for the defendant, moves that judgment be arrested, on the ground that the declaration was insufficient. The supposed defect in the declaration was, that the plaintiff has declared in an action of trespass for an assault and battery by way of recital only, and has not directly alledged any trespass to have been committed, but has declared "*For that whereas,*" &c.

Whitman, in support of the motion, observed, that it was more important, and especially in matters of practice, to be ascertained what the rule of law was, than why it had been so ruled. However trifling exceptions of the kind now taken might appear to those not of the profession, yet standing as he did in a court of law, where the necessity of a strict adherence to forms in judicial proceedings was well understood, he believed the objection would be gravely considered.

It is laid down by *Blackstone*, (1) that judgment is to be arrested, where the declaration is not sufficient in point of law to found an action upon. It is true, he says exceptions, moved in arrest of judgment, must be more material than such as will maintain a demurrer. But he adds, if the plaintiff sets forth a title defective in itself, such a defect is not cured by a verdict for the plaintiff, and no judgment ought to be rendered. Now here, it is conceived, the plaintiff has totally failed to entitle himself to his action, inasmuch as he has not directly alledged any trespass whatever.

The declaration must contain a certain affirmation, that may be traversed; if otherwise, it will not be cured after a verdict, because it is a defect in substance; as if the declaration be *quod cum* the defendant assaulted him, and the defendant pleads not guilty, here is nothing put in issue, for the pleadings have affirmed nothing; and though the defendant be found guilty, yet cannot the plaintiff have judgment, because nothing is directly affirmed. (2) And in *Hore* vs. *Chapman*, (3) *quare* is said to be much worse than *quod cum*. In *Amy.* vs. *Shore*, (4) there was one good count for an assault, and the second began *cumque etiam*; * entire damages were given, which the court said had always been taken as recital in these declarations; and for this the judgment was arrested. The case of *Wettenhall* vs. *Sherwin*, (5) being on a writ of error, is stronger than the case at bar. The other cases in the margin were also cited by *Whitman*. (6) But he relied principally on the decision of this court in the case of *Holbrook* vs. *Pratt*, (7) which was directly to the point. He said, he should not question the authority of the court to give a contrary opinion in the present case, but he humbly presumed they would not do this lightly; it being of more consequence that the law so far as it respected questions of practice,

(1) 3 *Bl. Comm.* 393, 394.

* This sentence is evidently misprinted. ED. ANTH.

(2) 4 *Bac. Abr. Pleas and Pleadings*, B. 5.
(3) 2 *Salk.* 637.
(4) 1 *Str.* 621.
(5) 2 *Lev.* 206.
(6) *Dunstall* vs. *Dunstall*. 2 *Show.* 27.—*Marshall* vs. *Riggs*. 2 *Str.* 1162.—*White* vs. *Shaw*. 2 *Wils.* 203.—*Douglas* vs. *Hall*, 1 *Wils.* 99.—*Dobbs* vs. *Edmunds*, 2 *Ld. Raym.* 1413.
(7) 1 *Mass. Term Rep.* 96.

should be settled, than in what manner it was settled.

Dexter, on the other side, observed, that the court would lean in favour of a verdict twice rendered upon the merits, and support it if possible. Though this declaration begins by way of recital, yet if there is a material part positively affirmed, the verdict may be supported. Here "*and other enormities did*" is well affirmed, and does not come in under the *whereas* or by way of recital. The cases, that have been produced in support of this motion, display a strong desire in the English courts to put this objection out of countenance, for the promotion of substantial justice; and this court will not indulge an adherence to what is merely formal, when such adherence goes to the perversion of sound principle. It has been understood, that the case of *Holbrook* vs. *Pratt* was a sudden determination of the court without argument: and however the court may conceive themselves bound by solemn decisions, made upon argument and consideration, hasty opinions delivered on the circuits seem by no means entitled to the same respect.

By the statute of Oct. 30, 1784, sect. 14, it is enacted, "that no summons, writ, declaration, process, judgment or other proceedings in the courts shall be abated, arrested, quashed or reversed for any kind of *circumstantial* errors or mistakes, when the person and case may be rightly understood by the court, nor through defect or want of form only; and the court, on motion made, may order amendments."

The provisions of this statute are much more liberal than the English statutes of jeofails. The statute of 4 *Ann.* c. 16, which enjoins the judges to proceed and give judgment, according as the very right of the cause and matter in law shall appear to them, is expressly confined to cases, wherein a demurrer is joined. There are no expressions in any of those statutes, corresponding to the "circumstantial errors or mistakes when the person and case can be rightly understood by the court." The word *circumstantial* is not technical. Our best dictionaries give *accidental* and *minute* as synonimous to it, words which aptly enough apply to the mistake, of which the defendant in this action is endeavouring to avail himself. It will not be said, I trust, that by means of this word *whereas*, the court cannot rightly understand the person and case.

Whitman in reply. "Circumstantial" in the statute must refer to errors or mistakes in form only. But that this is substance and not form is very clear from its being held bad upon general demurrer, and in arrest of judgment. As well might the plaintiff have declared in debt for this assault and battery as in this mode by recital only. In the case of *Holbrook* vs. *Pratt*, the court held this defect to be substance, and this after our statute of amendment, which, by the way, does not change substance into form.

The opinion of the court was afterwards delivered as follows by

PARSONS, C. J. This is an action of trespass for an assault and battery, and a verdict has been found for the plaintiff upon the general issue. The defendant now moves in arrest of judgment for a defect in the declaration. The defendant was attached to answer the plaintiff in a plea of trespass, for that *whereas* the defendant, at the time and place mentioned, with force and arms committed the trespass complained of. It is said that this manner of laying the trespass is by way of recital, and not sufficiently certain and positive to admit of a legal judgment after verdict. A count in trespass of this form, when the proceedings were in latin, was called a declaration with a *quod cum*, *whereas* being substituted for *cum*. In examining the cases on this point, it is very certain that formerly declarations in trespass with a *quod cum* were holden bad, and that no judgment could be rendered thereon, even after verdict; and the defect was not considered as cured by any of the English statutes of amendment or jeofails. For many years past the judges in England have appeared dissatisfied with these decisions, and after several attempts it is now holden, that a declaration of this description filed in the Common Pleas is not bad, even on special demurrer. Much legal *astutia* is discovered in the reasoning, which has led to this conclusion. To explain it, it must be remembered that a count in the Common Pleas recites the writ, and this recital is considered as a part of the count. Thus in trespass for an assault and battery with a *quod cum*, the defendant is attached to answer the plaintiff in a plea, *quare* or wherefore with force and arms he assaulted and beat the plaintiff; whereupon the plaintiff complains *quod cum*, for that whereas the defendant assaulted and beat

the plaintiff, by which he hath damage to the sum of, &c.

The first attempt was made in the case of *Norman* vs. *George*.(8) The declaration was in the Common Pleas, and was trespass with a *quod cum*. The error assigned was, that the trespass was alledged by way of recital, when the charge ought to have been certain and positive. The defendant in error insisted, that, as the count inserted the writ, a reference to the writ aided the insufficiency of the charge. Of this Lord *Raymond* doubted, for if the recited original vary from the count, the court could not take notice of it, but by resorting to the original. He also observed, that a reference to the writ, as recited, would not amount to a positive allegation, for there it is *quare vi et armis*. No judgment however was given.

Four years after this, in the case of *Warren* vs. *Lapdon*, (9) in the Common Pleas, the declaration in trespass was with a *quod cum*, and a motion was made after verdict to arrest the judgment for this cause. But the court refused a rule to shew cause, being of opinion, that although *cum*, if it stood alone, might be bad, yet the recital of the original had helped it.

Notwithstanding the Common Pleas would not arrest the judgment for this defect, an attempt was made in the king's bench, in the case of *Douglass* vs. *Hall*,(10) to reverse a judgment of the Common Pleas for this error. But *Lee*, Chief Justice, thought the declaration with a *quod cum* well enough, as it referred to the writ, in which *quare vi et armis* was a sufficient averment. However *Dennison*, J. assumed a different ground. He would reject *cum* as surplusage after the merits had been tried, but thought it bad upon demurrer. No judgment was given.

Afterwards, in the case of *White* vs. *Shaw*, (11) in the Common Pleas, *whereas* had compleat success. A declaration in trespass with a *quod cum* was demurred to specially for that cause. The court observed, that, if the declaration had been in a bill in the king's bench, it might have been bad; but in the Common Pleas, the count is helped by setting out the writ in the declaration, and the plaintiff had judgment. Thus it is settled in the Common Pleas that *cum*, when referred to the potent word *quare*, amounts to a positive allegation. Yet if we look into the case of *Hore* vs. *Chapman*, (12) in the king's bench, we shall find a declaration in trespass, where *quare* is substituted for *quod cum*. But judgment was arrested after verdict, because *quare* is not positive but interrogatory, and much worse than *quod cum*. It is however settled in the Common Pleas, that by connecting the *whereas*, a word of recital, with the interrogative *why* or *wherefore*, there results a positive allegation: the reasons for this decision it is not expedient critically to examine. We perfectly understand Justice *Dennison*, when he observes, that, after the merits had been tried, "*whereas*" ought to be considered as surplusage, and no notice be taken of the officious intruder.

I have found no decision of the court of king's bench, since the proceedings were in English, on the effect of *whereas* in a count in trespass, when introduced in proceedings by a bill, in which is not contained the interrogative *why*.

Thus far we have considered the authorities in the books. The general rule, which governs in deciding on the forms of declarations in all cases, is that they should with sufficient certainty describe the *gravamen*, that the defendant may know what to answer. And certainty to a common intent is sufficient. But there is a greater strictness in the rule, in actions where the consequences of a conviction are penal to the defendant, than in others. In *assumpsit* it has been determined as long ago as the case of *Ernly* vs. *Ld. Falkland & al.* (13) that a declaration *quod cum super se assumpsit* is good after verdict. But the reason why in trespass it is not, is given in the case in *Fitzg.* 255, already cited. It is because, on a conviction in trespass, there is a judgment *quod capiatur* against the defendant. In this state a judgment of *capiatur* cannot be entered, and there is therefore no reason for requiring greater strictness in declarations in trespass than in *assumpsit*. There is also a difference in the form of the writ prescribed by our statute, and the common law form in the Common

(8) *Fitzg.* 255.
(9) 1 *Barnes' Notes*, 176.
(10) 1 *Wils.* 99.
(11) 2 *Wils.* 203.
(12) 2 *Salk.* 636.
(13) *Hard.* 1. 103.

Pleas. In the English form, the plaintiff, after alledging his damages, adds, "*and thereupon he brings suit*," &c. or proffers his witnesses. In our form, there is a material substitution of the affirmative words, "*which shall then and there appear.*" By our writ the defendant is attached to appear at a court named, there to answer to the plaintiff in a plea of trespass, for that *whereas* the defendant with force and arms at the time and place mentioned assaulted and beat the plaintiff, to his damage, &c. "*which at the said court shall appear.*" In this view of the declaration, can it be doubted, whether it is not certain to a common intent; or whether the charge be not positively, although not in technical form, affirmed?

To relieve parties from the consequences of objections to mere informality in legal proceedings, the statute of Oct. 30, 1784, besides vesting the court with a general power to order amendments on motions, enacts that "no summons, writ, declaration, process, judgment or other proceedings in court or course of justice, shall be abated, arrested, quashed or reversed for any kind of circumstantial errors or mistakes, where the person and case may be rightly understood by the court, nor through defect or want of form only." In the action before us, the person and case cannot be misunderstood by the court from the unnecessary use of the word "*whereas.*" Its insertion is a mere technical mistake in form, and not a substantial error. And we think with Mr. Justice *Dennison*, that it is mere surplusage, and after verdict shall rejected. It is not necessary to decide what judgment would have been given, had the defendant demurred specially to this declaration. But as it is a matter of practice, and the negligence or unskilfulness of attornies may again bring up the question, we are fully satisfied that as the mistake is merely formal and not substantial, a general demurrer would not avail the defendant. As we are not satisfied with the reason of the judgment in the case of *White* vs. *Shaw*, if the defendant should demur, and assign this mistake specially for cause of demurrer, we think the exception must prevail.

We are sensible, that this opinion is against the judgment of the court in the case of *Holbrook* vs. *Pratt*. By the present system of administering justice by this court, the Judges on the circuit have not time to deliberate, or to examine books on any subject. Under these circumstances it would be surprising, if a mistake were not sometimes made by the Judges. This apology which we make for others, we hope the candour of the public will allow to the present Judges.

Let judgment be entered according to the verdict.

DANIEL WESTON *vs.* MOSES HUNT.

In this action the plaintiff demands possession of a lot of land in the township of *Gray*, in this county, which, he alledges, was, in the original division of the township, appropriated to the use of the minister of *Gray*, for the time being: that he was on the 26th of October, 1803, duly settled and ordained, as the minister of said *Gray*, and still so continues, "and ought by the law of the land to be in the quiet possession of said lot of land, and enjoying the use thereof without hindrance or molestation. Yet the said *Moses Hunt*, without right or judgment of law, hath entered into the said lot, and turned the said *Daniel* out of the possession of the same, and still holds him out. To the damage," &c.

The defendant pleaded not guilty, and upon trial before *Thatcher*, *J.* at some former term in this county, obtained a verdict. And now the plaintiff moves for a new trial, on what grounds does not clearly appear, but it may be presumed as on a verdict against evidence, the evidence being reported by the Judge, who sat in the trial of the cause. As the opinion of the court was not bottomed upon the particular facts reported, it is unnecessary to recite them here.

PARSONS, *C. J.* delivered the opinion of *the court*, as follows:

So far as we can collect from the declaration, the plaintiff demands the land described in his writ, as minister of the town of *Gray*, and in right of his town. After stating, very unnecessarily, the title, but without declaring on his own seizin, or the seizin of any predecessor, he concludes by averring, that he ought to have quiet possession, and that the defendant has turned him out of possession, whence by implication it may be inferred, that the defendant entered on him when in possession. Upon trial on the issue of not guilty, the Judge reports that it was admitted by the parties that the

plaintiff never had been in possession. Thus the part of the declaration that was most material was not proved, and the verdict for the defendant is right. Indeed if the verdict had been for the plaintiff, it is difficult to discover any legal principles, on which he could have had judgment upon his declaration; the nature of his remedy, if he had right, being totally misconceived.

By the provincial statute of 28. G. 2. c. 9. the ministers of the several Protestant churches were made sole corporations, capable of taking, in succession, any parsonage lands, granted to the minister and his successors, or to the use of the ministry. And no alienation made by any minister of any parsonage lands, holden by succession, shall be valid any longer than he shall continue minister; unless, being minister of some particular town, district or precinct, such alienation be made with the consent of such town, district or precinct; or being a minister of some Episcopal church, the alienation be made with the consent of the vestry.

The provisions of this statute, on this subject, are re-enacted by the statute of Feb. 20, 1786, on which rests the right of ministers, to hold parsonage lands, in succession, as sole corporations, and also the restriction of the alienation of their parsonages.

Ministers being thus made sole corporations, their rights and remedies are clearly defined by the common law. They stand on the same foundation, as to their parsonages, with all other sole corporations holding lands in succession, at common law.

The minister, holding parsonage lands in fee simple, holds them in the right of his parish or church; and therefore, on his resignation, deprivation or death, the fee is in abeyance, until there be a successor.

During the vacancy the parish or church have the custody, and are entitled to the profits of the parsonage.

If the minister alien with the assent of his parish, or of the vestry of the church, the alienation shall bind the successor: if without such assent, it will be valid no longer than he continues minister; and it will be no discontinuance of the estate, so as to drive the successor to his action, but he may enter.

An alienation of the parsonage by the town, district, precinct, or vestry is void: for if there be a minister, the fee is in him; or if there be a vacancy, the fee is in abeyance. And a corporation cannot acquire a freehold by a disseizin committed by itself.

Because the minister holds the parsonage in succession, in all legal proceedings he must claim it in the right of his town, district, precinct or church.

If the minister be, or his predecessor has been disseized, he may enter, if the right of entry be not taken away; or he may bring a writ of entry, declaring upon his own seizin, or upon the seizin of his predecessor, according to the nature of his case.

If his predecessor has aliened without the assent of his town, district, precinct, or church, he may have a writ of entry *sine assensu parochiae*, and in the writ he must declare on the seizin of his predecessor within *fifty* years, and this writ may be brought in the *per*, in the *per* and *cui*, or in the *post*. And the writ of entry *sine assensu capituli*, in the register, will be an authority for him.

The minister may also have his writ of right on his own seizin within *thirty* years, or on a disseizin done to, or an alienation without assent made by, his predecessor in which last case he may declare on the seizin of his predecessor within *sixty* years.

In examining the declaration in the case at bar, it is not supported by any of these principles nor by any other legal principle that occurs to us. If the verdict had been rendered in favor of the plaintiff, he could not have judgment, but as it is against him, judgment must be entered according to the verdict.

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* *As some of our readers may not possess the Registrum Brevium, we transcribe for their use the form of the writ here alluded to.*

" *Precipe A quod juste, &c. reddat B. episcopo de S. unum messuagium cum pertinentiis in N. quod clamat esse jus ecclesiæ suæ beatæ Mariæ de S. & in quod idem A. non habet ingressum nisi per H. cui R. quondam episcopus de S. predecessor predicti nunc episcopus illud demisit sine assensu & voluntate capituli sui &c.* See S. W. Fitz. Nat. Brev. 194.

ART. 18.

A Sermon preached on the day of General Election, May 25, 1808. *By* Thomas Allen, A. M. *Minister*

of the Congregational Church in Pittsfield. Boston, printed by Adams & Rhoades, printers to the State.

We should naturally conclude, that men would become adepts in any art, which they had long practised; and that what they are under the necessity of doing often, they would at length learn to do well. But this certainly is not the case with the divines of New-England, where, though more sermons are published than in any other part of the world, yet there are few, that bear the stamp of sterling merit. The cause of the general insipidity, which pervades these performances, we have not presumed to determine; whether it proceed from too strong an attachment to metaphysical pursuits in the writers, or from the narrowness of their circumstances, which, rendering manual labour indispensable, allows them no leisure for the cultivation of elegant literature.

The sermon of Mr. Allen is a flat, ill written performance; nor does it contain a single good sentence from beginning to end. It is, however, in general intelligible, and so far, Mr. Allen, as an author, is superior to Mr. Bentley, the orator of the last year.

The text is from 1 Tim. iv. 8. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come." On these words, Mr. Allen thus comments:

An inspired apostle assures us in our text, that godliness is profitable unto all things; that religious obligation reaches every state and condition of life, even the most exalted.

With submission to Mr. Allen, the text says nothing like the latter clause of this sentence, and the whole meaning of the apostle is, that piety will be rewarded both in this life and the next. Mr. A. has a right to draw his own inferences from any text of scripture, of the justness and propriety of which the publick are to judge, but he is not authorized in making the sacred writers say, what they have not said.

Godliness in the human breast is a precious gift of heaven, it is an unction from the Holy One, a seal and earnest of the Spirit, a well of water springing up to everlasting life. It triumphs over every selfish consideration, inflexibly adheres to truth and duty, notwithstanding every discouragement, and opens the eyes to see the truth as it is in Jesus. It courts no man's favour, and fears no man's censure, so as to make shipwreck of a good conscience, and nothing can quench the sacred flame. p. 7.

Here godliness is transformed by the reverend orator into Proteus himself. It is a *gift*, an *unction*, a *seal*, an *earnest*, a well of *water*, and a *flame*.

Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum,
Ignemque horribilemque feram, fluviumque liquentem.

Pious rulers will be opposed to state establishments of religion, and to the imposition of creeds. They will give the people the benefit of their pure examples. Their veneration of the holy scriptures, their regard to the institutions of religion, their affection for the faithful ministers of the Gospel, their fear of God and constant sense of accountableness to him will give a lustre to their characters, which will shine around them. p. 12.

All this is highly applicable to our most virtuous and pious administration, and must be perused with delight by our exemplary president, and his accomplished secretaries.

These principles brought our first fathers here. p. 13.

It should be *hither*. I go *thither*, and *there* should remain until it is time to depart *thence*, and return *hither*, and continue *here*, and go *hence*.

Though for the present our ships are shut up in our harbours to preserve them from capture, &c. p. 13.

To detain our ships in port to be worm eaten, in order to prevent their capture, is about as wise, as if we were to lock up our cloaks in a trunk to be moth eaten, lest by wearing them abroad, they might be stolen from a friend's entry, as it has sometimes happened. Ships and cloaks were designed for use; and if the former are not employed, and the latter worn, the money expended in their purchase is thrown away. To discover the wisdom of the embargo, we must borrow the spectacles of Mr. Jefferson, or those of Mr. Allen, his admirer, who thus proceeds in his panegyrick on our most excellent president.

The President of our country has for many years employed his talents in pursuing the public good, has displayed in life many virtues honorable to his character. p. 16.

The friends of Mr. Jefferson would have been more gratified, if Mr. A. had specified the virtues that adorn that eminent statesman and philosopher. Why did he not descant on his piety and attachment to christianity; on his unsullied chastity; on his inviolable integrity; on his personal courage, on the frankness of his disposition, and on the noble qualities of his heart. These virtues are truly respectable, and should not have been omitted on such an occasion in the enumeration of presidential accomplishments.

ART. 19.

Corinna, or Italy. By Mad. De Stael Holstein. Boston, Farrand, Mallory & Co. Belcher & Armstrong, printers. 2 vols. 12mo. 1808.

THIS work, though assuming the form of a novel, is of higher rank than most others of that name. The author has interwoven with her fable sketches of history, discussions of literary and moral topics, and pointed discriminating reflections, which raise the work much above the farrago of love, and absurdity, and ignorance, commonly denominated a novel. The fable is indeed, if not a secondary, a partial object of the performance, as the title seems to imply: It is therefore not greatly diversified with incidents.

Oswald, Lord Nelvil, a nobleman of Scotland, is the hero. He is designed as an example of the true national British character. Possessed of sensibility, taste, and nobleness of mind, but veiled by a reserve and seclusion of manners, heightened by the influence of unfortunate circumstances. In his travels in France, in the early period of his life, he had contracted an acquaintance with an artful and designing woman, whose character is depicted with much niceness of observation. This connexion, though exceedingly disagreeable to the father of Oswald, by the artful management of the lady, was continued for some time in spite of his disapprobation. A further developement of circumstances at length totally dissolved it, but not till the death of his father had ensued, hastened by his anxiety for the consequences. In this situation then we see Oswald, at the opening of the story, his health impaired and his feelings lacerated by remorse, on a

journey to Italy for the benefit of the climate. On his arrival at Rome, the first object he sees is the coronation of Corinna, at the capital; a ceremony, which in Italy has often been the reward of pre-eminent genius, and which is honoured by the names of Petrarch and of Tasso.—Her beauty, her grace, and the genius her performances displayed, captivated the heart of Oswald.—Corinna was then living at Rome in the full blaze of literary glory, her birth, her origin and even her name a profound secret. She had fixed her residence there about five years before, and by her talents alone acquired her celebrity. Oswald is soon acquainted with her, and a similar sensibility of disposition renders their affection mutual. No small part of the work is employed in describing the visits they paid in company to the palaces, the ruins, the antiquities, the statues, the pictures and the monuments of Rome. Corinna refuses for a long time to satisfy his curiosity respecting her name and quality. At length she informs him that she is the daughter of Lord Edgermond, the sister of Lucilia Edgermond, who had been designed by his father as the wife of Oswald. She relates her birth in Italy, her residence there for the first fifteen years of her life, and her passionate fondness for that country: that after the death of her mother, her father removed again to England, and married a second wife, the mother of Lucilia. She describes the disagreeable contrast between the manners of Italy and England: heightened by the uncommon reserve and rigidity of their family economy. After the death of her father and her arrival at the age of independence, this contrast became insupportable, and she resolved to quit her stepmother and settle in Italy. In the course of the narrative she mentions the intimacy of the families of Edgermond and Nelvil, and that she had herself been designed by the elder Lord Nelvil, for the wife of Oswald; but that he had altered his determination in favour of her sister. In consequence of this information, Oswald, to whom his father's wishes are a law, resolves to go to England, and examine the reasons of this determination; previously pledging his affections, and his hand if possible, to Corinna. On his arrival in England, he finds the objections of his father to have arisen from the eccentrick and elevated genius of the lady, which he thought unsuitable to his son's retired and domestick taste. This staggers his resolution, the beauty and modesty of Lucilia entice his affections, accidental circumstances prevent his hearing from Corinna, and he thinks her feelings altered. At this time Corinna, tortured by passion, had sailed to England, but finding the state of circumstances, without discovering herself or her journey, releases Oswald by letter from his engagements to her. He marries Lucilia, and Corinna returns to Italy, to expire in sorrow and despair; her genius faded, her imagination withered, and her spirit broken.

Poetical justice is thus not strictly adhered to in the denouement of the fable, but even this may inculcate a lesson of respect for the mild intercourse and the gentle and unobtrusive virtues of social life; for it exhibits the misfortunes of genius and the curse of sensibility indulged.

Delineations of national character are executed with the nice touches and the discriminating penetration of a master. Among many other characteristick remarks on the Italians, these may serve as an example.

"There is somewhat mysterious in the

Italian character and imagination. You may perceive in it alternately the most unexpected traits of generosity and friendship, and the most gloomy and fearful projects of hatred and vengeance. In Italy there is no object of emulation. Life is there little more than a crowded dream, under a celestial sky: but give these people a substantial object and you would see in six months that all would learn and all understand. This remark certainly includes the women: but why instruct these, since the greater part of the men know nothing. They may perhaps isolate their hearts while cultivating their understandings; but these women would speedily become worthy of superiour men, did such become the object of their tenderness.

To all of the least classical taste or information, descriptions of the scenes of Italy have an irresistible charm. We are delighted to recognize those objects, which are connected with the most pleasing remembrances of childhood, with the pleasantest excursions of fancy, and the purest amusements of life. Hence this work cannot but entertain by its descriptions of the antiquities of Italy. When reading it, we seem to have returned home to those elegant temples and groves, where we walked in childhood. Every thing is familiar, and yet so illustrated either by beautiful reflection, or by lights drawn from the study of antiquity, that the patience is never wearied.

The talent of extemporaneous poetical composition, of which considerable notice is taken in the course of the book, is a distinguishing peculiarity of the Italians, owing principally to the melodious character of their language. With them, common conversation is musick; and an eminent degree of feeling and imagination fits its possessor for an improvisatrice. The exertion of this talent is by no means a fiction, nor is it unfrequently displayed. Metastasio the poet of love, as he is called by Madam de Stael, relates in his posthumous letters, that about the age of sixteen he was continually called on to produce verses extempore. That on these occasions, he was wrought up by the power of his feeling and the enthusiasm of poetry into a temporary inspiration, his eyes sparkled and his cheeks grew inflamed, that at last a regard for his health occasioned his friends to prohibit the exercise of this talent.

The principal objection against the value of the book, is the comparative insignificance, at which are rated the enjoyments of sober and rational society. Genius is a noble quality, and the pleasures it affords are transcendant and sublime; but for that very reason they are not calculated for continual use. They soon exhaust and fatigue the mind, which finds refuge joyfully in social intercourse. It is a fault then to speak lightly of the enjoyments of domestick life. It is the medium through which only the delights of genius and talent can be felt; and real goodness and suavity of temper are no small counterbalance for the want of brilliant and imposing accomplishments. Such a caricature of domestick society, as that in Corinna's relation of her early life, is therefore unpleasing to a correct mind. It cannot, however, have a very bad effect, for solitude, however we may reason upon it, while enjoying society, is immediately felt on the transition; like the air, we scarcely perceive that we use, though we cannot live in its absence. Allowing however for the characters in whose mouths they are put, these sentiments are not very obnoxious, and the ultimate impression is somewhat removed by the catastrophe.

We have said nothing of the style of this work, as we have viewed it only through the medium of a trans-

lation. Of this we can only observe that it is no small recommendation to show even in this faint transcript so many beauties. Purity of language is perpetually violated by a recurrence of French idioms and affected phraseology.

We take this opportunity to correct from good authority a mistake which has found its way into the publick prints, respecting the author of this work. Madame de Stael was not banished from Paris for any obnoxious passages contained in Corinna. Her crime was that she made her house a place of rendezvous for a society of disaffected citizens. The officer of police informed her, that she must abolish this plan, or submit to leave Paris. She chose the latter, and is now resident in one of the provinces.

ART. 20.

The Embargo, or Sketches of the Times, a Satire. By a youth of Thirteen. Boston, printed for the purchasers. 1808. 12mo. pp. 12.

IF this poem be really written by a youth of thirteen, it must be acknowledged an extraordinary performance. We have never met with a boy at that age, who had attained to such command of language and to so much poetick phraseology. Though the poem is unequal, and there are some flat and prosaick passages, yet is there no small portion of fire and some excellent lines. The following passage is written with strength and spirit.

Much injur'd Commerce! 'tis thy falling cause,
Which, from obscurity, a stripling draws;
And were his powers but equal to his zeal,
Thy dastard foes his keen reproach should feel.
Curse of our nation, source of countless woes,
From whose dark womb unreckon'd misery flows,
Th' embargo rages like a sweeping wind,
Fear low'rs before, and famine stalks behind.
What words, oh, Muse! can paint the mournful scene,
The saddening street, the desolated green;
How hungry labourers leave their toil and sigh,
And sorrow droops in each desponding eye!

We regret that the young poet has dared to aim the satirick shaft against the breast of our most excellent President. But, as the lines are a good specimen of the author's powers, we cannot resist the temptation of quoting them, conscious that the first magistrate of this country, secure in the impenetrable armour of moral rectitude, "smiles at the drawn dagger, and defies its point."

When shall this land, some courteous angel say,
Throw off a weak, and erring ruler's sway?
Rise, injur'd people, vindicate your cause!
And prove your love of Liberty and laws;
Oh wrest, sole refuge of a sinking land,
The sceptre from the slave's imbecile hand!
Oh ne'er consent, obsequious, to advance
The *willing vassal* of imperious France!
Correct that suffrage you misus'd before,
And lift your voice above a congress' roar!
And thou, the scorn of every patriot name,
Thy country's ruin, and her council's shame!
Poor servile thing! derision of the brave!
Who erst from Tarleton fled to Carter's cave;
Thou, who, when menac'd by perfidious Gaul,
Didst prostrate to her whisker'd minion fall;
And when our cash her empty bags supplied,
Didst meanly strive the foul disgrace to hide;
Go, wretch, resign the presidential chair,
Disclose thy secret measures foul or fair,
Go, search, with curious eye, for horned frogs,

'Mongst the wild wastes of Louisianian bogs;
Or where Ohio rolls his turbid stream,
Dig for huge bones, thy glory and thy theme;
Go scan, philosophist, thy ****** charms,
And sink supinely in her sable arms;
But quit to abler hands, the helm of state,
Nor image ruin on thy country's fate!

If the young bard has met with no assistance in the composition of this poem, he certainly bids fair, should he continue to cultivate his talent, to gain a respectable station on the Parnassian mount, and to reflect credit on the literature of his country.

ART. 21.

Lectures on the Catechism, on Confirmation, and the Liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church. By James Abercrombie, D. D. Printed at Philadelphia. 1808.

THE reputation of Dr. Abercrombie, as an excellent man and an eloquent preacher, has reached us; nor will it suffer by the present publication, which we recommend not only to episcopalians, but to unprejudiced christians of all denominations. This work comprises fifteen lectures on subjects generally acknowledged important, nor does the Doctor meddle with the divine right of episcopacy, or the validity of presbyterian ordination. We regret that this ridiculous controversy has been revived at New York by the 'puny whipsters' of modern theology, in which the great ecclesiastical gladiators of former times, left the victory undecided. Great and good men have adopted different modes of faith and worship, nor can the mere forms of religion be of much importance. We abhor bigotry, whether in an episcopalian, or a dissenter, in a trinitarian or an unitarian. If revelation were clear on these subjects, there could be no dispute. But since they are involved in obscurity, let every one adopt that system, which he thinks on the whole most eligible, nor presume to censure the creed of others, who may be as sincerely pious, and as learned as himself. The man who first attacks the mode of worship adopted by another, is in fact the bigot, and will be avoided by all prudent men.

Hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.

RETROSPECTIVE NOTICE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

ARTICLE 3.

M. T. Cicero's Cato Major, or his Discourse of Old Age, with Explanatory Notes. Philadelphia, printed by Benjamin Franklin. 1744. 4to. pp. 159. *(Continued.)*

THIS treatise of Cicero affords little to exercise the sagacity of a critick, or to interrupt the progress of a translator. Like all his writings on subjects not obscure in themselves, it hardly presents a difficult passage to delay the reader; and therefore from this translation of Mr. Logan it is not very easy to ascertain the accuracy of his knowledge of Latin. The notes are en-

tirely historical, illustrating no obscurities in the text, and offering no comparisons of various readings. The edition which he used it is impossible to determine; though he appears not to have availed himself of that of Grævius, which was the best of that time. Instances in which he appears to have erred through ignorance of the force of individual words are not numerous; the following are the most important. The word *inhumanus* (sect. 3.) he has rendered *inhuman*, a term which in this place by no means conveys the meaning of the original. Cicero is speaking of the defects of old men, and one is that they are unsociable, and indisposed to join in the amusements of others. "*Inhumanus* dicitur, says Ernesti, qui in convivio meditatur attentius, quod alienum est ab homine &c."

In the tenth section Cato says of himself, that he "was never denied to any who came to consult him. Nemo ad huc convenire me voluit, cui fuerim occupatus." This Logan has unaccountably rendered, "no man ever yet found me quite idle." He must have followed the reading of Manutius, *quin* fuerim occupatus, who quotes from the treatise de Officiis this saying, numquam minus otiosum, quam cum otiosus, nec minus solum quam cum solus, of which the famous inscription of Sir Henry Wotton, (I think,) over his study door, *never less alone, than when alone*, is little more than a translation.

In the eleventh section, Cicero mentions it as a circumstance highly honourable to old age, when, *nemini emancipata est*. The difficulty of the expression has been felt by the commentators, and Logan appears to have thought it most prudent to give it no translation. We should have thought *mancipata* the proper word, but the criticks tell us, "liber homo est suæ potestatis; itaque cum se *emancipare* dicitur, intelligitur è potestate sua abire, non amplius suus esse, alienus fieri, &c. This legal subtlety of the language Logan appears not to have understood.

In relating the story of Lucius Flamininus in the twelfth section, a story too odious to be here repeated, he appears to have been ignorant that *scortum* is used to signify both sexes, and of course has considerably diminished the detestable nature of the transaction; and has at the same time pretended to discover a disagreement in the story between Cicero and Livy which does not exist.

At the beginning of the fourteenth chapter, Cato observes, that, old as he was, he found a sensible pleasure in the protracted entertainments of his friend. The word he uses is *tempestivis conviviis*, which many of the commentators have ignorantly interpreted to mean, regular, and seasonable feasts, and Logan has fallen into the same errour. The truth is that the Romans in the more pure and frugal ages of the republick used to defer their principal meal, which we should call their dinner, till a late hour in the day; but as luxury increased, the hour of dining was continually anticipated, that their meals might be the longer protracted, till at last, contrary to modern custom, they dined at the unfashionable hour of one o'clock. Hence the word *tempestivis* came to denote an early, and of course a luxurious entertainment. It would seem that this meaning of the epithet was not understood, till it was settled by the laborious Salmasius, in one of his learned notes, and the grammarians were forced to acquiesce in this reading, which in many instances they had ignorantly attempted to alter to *intempestivis*. We make this remark, because we

find that Adams, in his admirable work on Roman antiquities has fallen into the same mistake.

Our translator has discovered also his ignorance of a Greek word in the last book of the Odyssey, v. 226 where λιστρεύοντα is used. It means *pruning*, and not *levelling*, and Logan in correcting a mistake of Cicero, has fallen into one of his own. Once more; after relating the speech of Cyrus on his death bed, when he expresses his hopes of immortality, Cicero concludes, "Cyrus quidem hæc moriens, *Nos, si placet, nostra videamus.*" This Logan has rendered "and now to mention some of our own people;" whereas the meaning undoubtedly is, as Melmoth has given it, "permit me now to express my own sentiments."

These are the principal instances in which Logan appears to have discovered a want of intimacy with the language, and surely his sins of ignorance are very few. He has frequently, however, mistaken the meaning of passages, through mere inattention; and some of these sins of negligence we proceed now to note.

[*To be continued.*]

CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,

FOR JUNE, 1808.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.....MART.

NEW WORKS.

An Address delivered before the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, on Friday, May 27, 1808. By Charles Paine, esq. Boston, printed by Russell & Cutler.

A Sermon delivered May 26, 1808, in Brattle Street Church, Boston, before the convention of the Congregational Ministers of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. By Daniel Chaplin, A. M.

No. III. of the Minor Novelist, containing, The Shrubbery, a tale; and The Cure for Jealousy. Published by Wright, Goodenow and Stockwell, Boston, and Troy, (New York.) price 12 1-2 cents.

The Trust, a comedy, in five acts. By Mr. Charles Breck, of Philadelphia. New York. D. Longworth. 31 cents.

Federalism Unmasked; or a Vindication of the General Government, on the cause of the Embargo, and its kindred measures; in reply to the Letter of Timothy Pickering, esq. addressed by him to his excellency James Sullivan, governour of the state of Massachusetts. By a citizen of New York. Price 1 shilling.

A Sermon delivered at the Installation of the Rev. James Miltimore, to the pastoral care of the 4th church in Newbury, April 27. By Joseph Buckminster, D. D. pastor of the 1st church in Portsmouth, (N. H.)

A Treatise on Trigonometry and Navigation, containing an explanation of their principles and tables, and a new method of working trigonometry by memory. By Richard Burroughs. New York. Alsop, Brannan and Alsop. Price 75 cts.

The Militia Officer's Assistant, containing forms of orders, notices, returns, and other proceedings, previous to and at company meetings and company Courts Martial, &c. &c. By an Officer of the Third Brigade. Baltimore. 37 1-2 cents.

A Sermon delivered at the opening of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, at their late sessions in this city. By the rev.

Archibald Alexander, pastor of the Presbyterian church, in Pine street, Philadelphia. Hopkins and Earle, Philadelphia.

A Sermon delivered by the appointment of the committee of Missions of the General Assembly. By John B. Romeyn, A. M. Pastor of the Presbyterian church in Albany Philadelphia, Hopkins and Earle.

The Embargo, or Sketches of the Times, a satire. By a Youth of Thirteen. Boston. 12mo. pp. 12.

The Embargo and Non Importation Laws, with their various supplements, collected at the request of several merchants. Philadelphia, published by T. Hope. 25 cts.

The Drummer's Assistant; containing instructions for beating the English and Scotch duties, with the calls, marches and tattoos. By S. Holyoke.

Horrors of Slavery; or the American Tars in Tripoli. Containing an account of the capture and loss of the frigate Philadelphia, treatment and sufferings of the prisoners, description of the place, manners, customs, &c. of the Tripolitans, publick transactions of the United States with that regency, including gen. Eaton's expedition The whole interspersed with remarks, anecdotes and poetry, on various subjects. Written by William Ray, during nineteen months' imprisonment and vassalage among the Turks. Price 1 dollar 12½.

A Sermon, preached before his excellency James Sullivan, esq. governour, his honour, Levi Lincoln, esq. lieut. governour, the honourable Council, and both branches of the Legislature of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on the day of General Election, May 25th, 1808. By Thomas Allen, A. M. minister of the congregational church in Pittsfield. Boston, printed by Adams & Rhoades, printers to the state. 8vo. pp. 19.

A Sermon, preached before the members of the Female Charitable Society of Newburyport, May 17, 1808. By Elijah Parish, D. D. pastor of the church in Byfield. Published at the request of the Managers. Newburyport, published for Thomas & Whipple. E. W. Allen, printer. Price 12½ cents.

NEW EDITIONS.

Poems, by Thomas Romney Robinson, written between the age of seven and thirteen. To which is prefixed a short account of the author, by a member of the Belfast Literary Society. First American, from the Belfast edition; embellished with a likeness of this extraordinary child. Philadelphia. Bradford & Inskeep. price 1 dollar.

Britain Independant of Commerce, or Proofs deduced from an investigation into the true causes of the wealth of nations, that our riches, prosperity and power, are derived from sources inherent in ourselves, and would not be affected even though our commerce were annihilated. By William Spence, F. L. S. First American from the Fourth London edition, corrected and enlarged. Inskeep and Bradford, New-York, and Farrand, Mallory & Co. Boston.

A Winter in London: or Sketches of Fashion; a novel, in two volumes. By T. S. Surr. Philadelphia. price 2 dols.

Female Quixotism: exhibited in the romantic opinions and extravagant adventures of Dorcasina Sheldon. Two volumes complete in one. Second edition. Thomas & Whipple, Newburyport. pp 394. price 1 dollar, 25 cents.

A Platform of Church Discipline, gathered out of the word of God, and agreed upon by the Elders and Messengers of the churches assembled in the Synod at Cambridge, in N. E. to be presented to the churches and General Court, for their consideration and acceptance in the Lord, the eighth month anno 1648. Boston, printed by Belcher and Armstrong. 12mo. pp. 70. price 25 cents.

An Address to young Persons, by Richard Watson, Lord Bishop of Landaff. Oliver & Munroe. pp. 72. Price 20 cents.

The Progress of Love, a Poem. By Martin Kedgwin Masters. Oliver & Munroe, Boston. pp. 108. Price 50 cts.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Collins & Perkins, New York, have commenced an American edition of Bell's Principles of Surgery. The English edition sells at 60 dollars. The American edition, it is intended, shall be equal in every essential point, and be rendered at less than half that price.

In the press of Manning and Loring of this town, Doddridge's Lectures on Preaching, and the various branches of the ministerial office; in 1 vol. 12mo.

Thomas and Whipple of Newburyport, have in the press, The Village Curate, a poem. By J. Hurdis, B. D. Pro-

fessor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Second edition.

A collection of Psalms and Hymns for publick worship; by the Rev. Mr. Emerson, is in the press of Messrs. Munroe, Francis and Parker; of this town.

WORKS ANNOUNCED.

Mr. Davis, of Petersburg, Virginia, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription an Indian Tale, entitled the Massacre of the Virginian Planters.

F. Nichols, Philadelphia, proposes to publish, Elements of General History, antient and modern, by Alexander Frazer Tytler. 8vo. price to subscribers, 2 dols. 50 cents.

Cushing & Appleton, Salem, intend shortly to publish the Anatomy of the Gravid Uterus, with Practical Inferences relative to Pregnancy and Labour. By John Burns, Surgeon of Glasgow.

Also, Practical Treatise on various Diseases of the Abdomenal Viscera. By C. R. Pemberton, M. D.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

ON THE MANGANESE FOUND IN VERMONT.

Gentlemen of the Anthology,

Mr. Geo. Higginson has transmitted to me a mineral, sent to him by the superintendant of the iron works of Monkton, in the state of Vermont.

This mineral is the *black oxyded Manganese Haüy;* its colour is a dark greyish black, its texture compact, it is formed in orbicular, or mamillary concretions, the interstices of which are coated with the same substance chrystalized in small rhomboidal, four sided prisms of a lustre and colour like polished steel.

Experiments, to which I have submitted it, indicate that it exists almost free of extraneous matters, and in an high degree of oxydation.

According to the information communicated to me by Mr. Higginson, it forms a powerful stratum of about two or three feet thick, from whence may be inferred that it is sufficient to set America free from the necessity of importing a substance, which is of some importance in several manufactures.

This mineral is accompanied with a yellowish brown clay, strongly impregnated with oxyd of Manganese, which may be employed in the manufacture of pottery ware. I have obtained from it, and shewn to several gentlemen of this town, a kind of pottery very much resembling the black pottery of Wedgewood.

NOTE. *Manganese is found also in the vicinity of Boston, (7 miles south) but in too small a quantity to be considered an object of utility.*

S. GODON.

NEW SYSTEM OF NOTATION.

We understand from Mr. Pelham, that his System of Notation applied to Johnson's Rasselas has been several weeks in the press, and will, in a few days be ready for publication. The time, labour, and expense necessary to produce this specimen of a new kind of printing have much exceeded the first calculations. This circumstance, however, we are assured has only increased the author's desire of rendering the work acceptable to his subscribers and the publick, and by no means diminished his attention to the neatness and correctness of the typographical execution.

EDITORS' NOTE.

IN former numbers of the Anthology, we have published several articles of Intelligence, which we selected from the Medical Repository, a work deserving high commendation, published in New-York. As many of the articles, particularly one respecting Col. Gibbs' grand cabinet of Minerals, and the account of the American Tourmaline, which was mutilated by a mistake of the printers, without the knowledge of the editors, have been republished in several newspapers in various parts of the United States, and the Anthology quoted as their authority, we feel it our duty to make this acknowledgement.

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

FOR

JULY, 1808.

For the Anthology.

INTERMENT OF THE DEAD.

Gentlemen,

THE manner, in which we dispose of the dead, can never be a question uninteresting to the living. Ere long to become members of that tranquil community, we feel unusual solicitude in the inquiry, what is to become of us, at a time when we shall have suffered a change so important. Probably it was intended by the wise economy of Divine Providence, that death should be regarded by mankind as a curious matter of philosophick speculation and an evil that *may happen*, rather than one to be proved by *infallible experiment*. We tremble at the thought of sickness and pain, because these our bodies have endured, and by recurrence to memory, we can feel our former sufferings again. Death on the other hand wants that test of reality: never having experienced the change, we cannot bring it home to our minds with such distinct perceptions of its nature.. Could we feel as forcibly the latter evil as the former, life would pass off in gloomy forebodings, and occupy so large a portion of our thoughts, as to leave no room for considerations, which, although indispensable, are comparatively insignificant. It is however a departure from the design of this essay to dwell on our fortitude or fears, as they very remotely touch the subject now under consideration.

Our present mode of interring the dead, is liable to a variety of objections, which we shall suggest as they arise, without a strict adherence to methodical arrangement. One of the objects of our solicitude is now, and ever has been, to perpetuate the memory of the dead. For this purpose grave stones are erected, describing the name, character and family of the deceased, and many of them may be said with far more truth than poetry to "*Implore* the passing tribute of a sigh."

In cities swarming with population, such as London or Paris for instance, they feel peculiar reverence for the repositories of the dead. Westminster Abbey is not more venerable for the sepulchres of kings and heroes, than it is for the antiquity of those mansions. The chisel has lent its assistance; the heroes of England are frowning in marble; but the skill of the most

consummate artist is incompetent to excite that solemnity of thought, which we derive from consciousness that we are treading on their ashes. At the successful attempt to redeem the memory of the great we are struck with astonishment; but our reflection over their tombs is a tacit satire on the ability of the artist, and admonishes us, that of those great men nothing but the cold memorial exists.

Nations, both antient and modern, have regarded it as one of their indispensable duties, to dedicate certain portions of their ground to the repose of their dead, and to keep them inviolate. Whatever increase of population may enhance the value of their lands, still they do not think of trespassing on the graves of their countrymen. Every generation augments this veneration in the eyes of the subsequent, until the frequency of interment endangers the health of the survivors.

So strong was this attachment in revolutionary France, that the National Convention to dissipate more effectually the charm, invaded the recesses of their slumbering princes, and plundered those gloomy apartments of their silent inhabitants. Louis, our old benefactor, was denied the privilege of decay, and interred in quick lime, that no vestige might be left, where loyalty might repair by stealth and shed a tear over the vicissitude of human greatness.

In times of pestilence and disease, mortality has been so prevalent, and the grave yard so crowded with victims, that noxious vapours have exhaled from their corruption, which, mingling with the gloom of an inauspicious sky, have enlarged the contagion and made its poison more inveterate.

It is a kind of compact between the living and the dead, that the bones of our ancestors shall be mingled with our own and await the day of resurrection together. These feelings are not the offspring of civilization: nature has impressed them on her children in the wilderness. When the Scythians retreated from Darius, and abandoned their forests without regret, the ambassadours of that barbarous race admonished the haughty monarch not to meddle with the graves of their parents.

To the disgrace of our country it must be confessed, that we appear to be in a manner strangers to those endearments and regards felt by almost all other nations ancient or modern, civilized or savage. We violate without reluctance or remorse the enclosures consecrated to the dead. We traffick in the bones of our ancestors, and barter away their mouldering bodies to nourish the growth of a cabbage or a tulip. We see with unconcern the implements of husbandry pass over their heads, and it is no uncommon thing to behold their sepulchres converted into barns. Posterity will scarcely give credit to the tale, that we have followed our fathers to the grave, shed tears of anguish on the turf, and then disposed of their bones at publick auction. This new article of merchandize, may hereafter turn to some profit, for it has been, "credite posteri!" ascertained that such enclosures are far more propitious to vegetation than others, on account of the substances composing the soil. How much our ancestors may be worth, and how much they ought to be revered by their posterity, bids fair to depend on the small or large extent of ground, which they occupy in their graves. Modern philosophy, which has kindly undertaken the correction of heaven, and would fain make

us feel by metaphysicks, has informed us, that such dust is nothing more than ordinary dust, and has proved the fact by chemical experiment. Let the objection be fairly stated, and it answers itself. Let it be stated then, that the hand, that once loaded us with benefits, is lifeless and incompetent to confer any more, and that of course our gratitude ought to cease, the moment our benefactor is unable to repeat his kind offices.

Accidents have sometimes happened by a premature interment, too alarming to be passed without observation. Medical writers of the first professional eminence have declared all symptoms of death to be equivocal and liable to deception, save one, the offensive nature of the body. Instances of what they are pleased to call suspended animation have happened, where the body is deprived of all its functions and faculties for a season, and appears as perfectly destitute of life as any evidence of that kind is capable of affording. Such a case occurred in a neighbouring state many years ago, and witnesses are now living to attest the truth of the fact. A woman, who had been for a long time labouring under a religious dejection and despondency, fell a victim to that malady: the anguish of her mind preyed upon her body and deprived it of all the exercise of its faculties. She was to appearance dead; for if a mirrour was held to her lips, it retained no evidence of respiration, the limbs were motionless and cold, and the nicest enquiry could not ascertain a single pulsation of the heart. While the body remained in this state, it was made the subject of cruel experiment. Pistols were discharged near her ears, pins thrust under her nails, and various other modes of torture were devised to gratify inhuman curiosity, and yet no convulsion or tremor of the nerves indicated life. The woman remained in this imbecile state for the space of three weeks, and at the expiration of that term, emerging from that torpidity, gave a distinct narration of the tortures that she had suffered, and declared that at the time they were inflicted, she felt them as exquisitely as she ever could; that all her senses preserved their integrity, although deprived of ability to give evidence of their existence.

It seems therefore a dictate of humanity, wherever instances of sudden death occur, to wait for infallible evidence of dissolution, before the body is consigned to the grave. No reasonable man can doubt that instances of premature interment have happened, where the body has awakened to endure suffocation. In large and populous cities groans have been heard by the terrified watchman to issue from adjacent tombs, which he ridiculously supposed to have proceeded from disembodied spirits. On the disinterment of some bodies, they have been found in horrible and uncouth attitudes, exhibiting alarming evidence of revival in the grave, and enduring a death more dreadful than imagination can represent. Fancy is here excluded by fact. Suppose, and it is not an improbable thought, that the mind awakens with all its functions unimpaired to contemplate the gloom of its condition, its darkness, its solitude, its narrow apartment, and inevitable death, and we feel an involuntary tremor, lest such an allotment may be ours.

The moment and the mode of our parture from time into eternity, is by a benevolent Providence, for wise purposes, concealed from our vision. Whether we ourselves are to endure

this death, is deposited amongst the other arcana of futurity. Every living man has then an interest in the decision of this inquiry; it involves a fact in which he may be a sufferer, and he owes it to himself to do all in his power to ensure security. It is hardly necessary to represent surviving sympathies, to suppose that a wife or a child, in whom our hopes of terrestrial happiness concentered, was, on a disinterment, discovered to have been buried before life had departed. We should then reproach ourselves with the thought that we had anticipated the approach of the King of Terrours and become the involuntary destroyers of a life, which we held as precious as our own.

If such premature interment was accompanied at the time with a knowledge of the fact, the laws of our country affix the brand of murder on the deed. It may be said, such instances are rare, and we hope for the honour of humanity that they are; but how is this fact susceptible of proof. Researches are seldom made amongst the repositories of the dead; but numberless instances may occur, and we remain in total ignorance of them. The usual mode of interment in the grave precludes the possibility of hope, that any exertions on the part of those thus confined could effectuate escape, or obtain assistance from others, or that surviving friends could have the most distant conception of their sufferings. Considering then how seldom a deed of this nature can be known, and yet that such have been known, does it not afford a legitimate presumption, that others, and is it too much to say many others have been committed.

The ancient mode of burning the dead and preserving their ashes, at first sounds horrible in our ears. The pain endured by a living body under the same operation is associated with our abhorrence, and fastidiously applied to a corpse. When we come to scrutinize these feelings more nicely, we shall find them too capricious and inconstant to be denominated the natural impulses of the heart. Although it appears a sort of parricide in us to commit the lifeless body of a parent to the flames, yet we know, that by our mode of interment it must infallibly undergo a change far more offensive. This circumstance excites such horrour and disgust, that, in speaking or writing on the subject, we abandon the notorious fact by common consent, adopt the idea of the ancients, as the least offensive of the two, and substitute the term *ashes* instead of *putrefaction*. The following lines in Blair's poem entitled "The Grave" are subject to critical reprobation, because *they are a just delineation of nature*:

> ——— "On Beauty's cheek
> "The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
> "Riots unscar'd."

This we conceive to be an evidence, that a sympathy thus *at war with itself*, is not the product of nature, but of habit. It is a direct acknowledgment, that the ancient disposal of the dead has more delicacy than the modern, since we are compelled to resort to their mode, and to employ *figuratively now, what was a matter of fact then*, before we can bear the contemplation of the thought. The ancients spake the language of truth, and our feelings attest it, when they expressed the greatest horrour and concern at the consequences of the modern mode of interment.

Achilles, anxious as he was to revenge the death of Patroclus in battle, is still restrained from indulging

his passion by the thought, that the body of his friend may become offensive in his absence.

"Now to the verge of battle let me bend:
But ah! the reliques of my slaughter'd friend!
In those wide wounds, through which his spirit fled,
Shall flies and worms obscene pollute the dead."

The practice of burning the dead, sanctioned by the example of the ancients, would relieve us from many difficulties, which our mode of interment has to encounter. The thought of leaving our friends to the loathsome devastations of corruption, equally reprobated by both ancients and moderns, would be anticipated by the ravages of the devouring element, to which they may be consigned. The fears of contagion from this quarter, now so prevalent in populous cities, would be dissipated by this summary process of prevention. After the fire has forestalled all apprehensions of this kind, we may preserve in urns all that can be preserved of our relatives and friends, and can a stronger motive attach us than a consideration of the identity of their dust? A man's sepulchre would then be in the bosom of his own family, a perpetual warning to his descendants, that all their labours and exertions, their hopes and disappointments, must finally terminate in the urn before their eyes, awaiting to receive the scanty accumulation of their bodies, after all those towering hopes and expectations shall be enjoyed, or disappointed. The surviving posterity would know with certainty that they inherited the dust of their ancestors; and the connecting link between the living and the dead, now too often destroyed by the appropriation of the grave yard to other purposes, might be preserved entire for a series of ages. How much more correspondent to truth, and at the same time with how much more justice, might the poet Gray, have penned the following lines, in his beautiful elegy, if the word *urn* had been substituted for *grave!*

"E'en from the *urn* the voice of nature cries;
E'en in our *ashes* live their wonted fires."

The poets of antiquity have availed themselves of the superstitious reverence, paid by their countrymen to the dead, and founded on it some of their most interesting fables. Allowing what we please for the embellishments of the muse, enough still remains to form a faithful picture of the times. The family urn was a home for their ashes, and none could endure the thought of becoming exiles in death. No exertions were too arduous in the hour of battle to reclaim and restore to their native country the bodies of the dead. The thought of dying in a foreign land embittered the agonies of death, and nothing quieted such apprehensions more than an assurance from their surviving friends, that their ashes should repose in the urns of their fathers.

We fear not the stings of any literary Culex, when we assert, that the urn tended powerfully to nourish and preserve the patriotism of the ancients. This mortuary domicile partook of that reverence and love, which was felt for the paternal roof. The thoughts of emigration were not with them as amongst us, confined to the pain of a separation merely from living relatives and friends: the unity of death, if we may be allowed the expression, was broken and disturbed. Their ashes were then to be deposited in a strange land, remote from those of their ancestors. Hence when adverse for-

tune compelled a separation, amongst the many melancholy lamentations excited by such events, we find an absence from the urn one of the principal causes.

The same enthusiastick reverence might be excited amongst us, were the same expedients adopted. Our mode of burial on the other hand applies an oblivious antidote to such feelings; and it is no uncommon thing to behold a man, who has recently attended the funeral, inquiring for the spot, where the remains of his father are deposited. One generation begins one grave yard, another generation another, until this strange disposition breaks up all recollection of former times. Many are as ignorant of their ancestors, as if they themselves the accidental offspring of the elements. This gives to presumptuous arrogance an opportunity of uniting its existence with great and venerable characters, and tracing from them a legitimate descent with no other foundation in fact, than the fortuitous similitude of their names. It likewise debars a man of unassuming merit from claiming the privilege of just genealogy, since the plough has past over the ashes, of his ancestors and what was once the spot where their identity might be discovered, is by the vicissitude of interment converted into a cornfield. Ancient poets have spoken of the River of Lethe, in terms of abhorrence, but we have substituted fact for their fictions; and though it has been and now is in our power to change the course of the stream, we have done every thing to deepen its channel and widen its surface. R.

For the Anthology.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Department III.
Miscellaneous.

1. Rudiments of Grammar for the English Saxon tongue, by Elizabeth Elstob. London. 1715. 4to.

This grammar was printed with Saxon types, cut for the purpose, at the expense of Lord Chief Justice Parker.

The learned lady who composed this work was born 1683. Under many disadvantages from humble birth and poverty, she made astonishing progress in literature, and became mistress of eight languages besides her own. Having with difficulty subsisted some time by keeping a small school, she was, at last, countenanced by Mr. George Ballard,* and the wife of the Rev. Mr. Capon, who kept a boarding school at Stanton, in Gloucestershire. They raised for her, among her friends, an annuity of 21*l.* which Queen Caroline was pleased to continue till her own death; after which she was taken into the family of the Duchess dowager of Portland, as governess to her children; in which she died, May 30, 1756.

For other particulars of Miss Elstob, see Nichols' Anecdotes of Bowyer, p. 10, 48, 316, and 498.

* Author of "Memoirs of British Ladies who have been celebrated for their writings or skill in the learned languages, arts and sciences." 1752. 4to and 8vo. and reprinted in 8vo. 1775. Mr. Ballard was originally a stay-maker.

II. ANTHROPOMETAMORPHOSIS: *man transformed, or the artificial changeling; historically presented in the mad and cruel gallantry, foolish bravery, ridiculous beauty, filthy fineness, and loathsome loveliness of most* Nations, *fashioning and altering their bodies from the* mould *intended by* Nature; *with figures of those* transfigurations. *To which artificial and affected deformations, are added all the* native *and* national monstrosities *that have appeared to disfigure the* human fabrick. *With a* vindication *of the regular beauty and honesty of Nature: and an* Appendix *of the pedigree of the* ENGLISH GALLANT.

Scripsit J. B. *Cognomento Chirosophus*, M. D. London. 1653. 4to.

The book was first published in twelves, in 1650, without any figures or prints, but one in front of divers distorted or disguised heads and faces; but to this edition there is prefixed "a comely sculpture of the author, Dr. JOHN BULWER, engraved by W. FAITHORNE. Next we have a device of the awful *tribunal of Nature*, by commission from *Heaven*, trying the *artificial changelings*, or miscreants of all nations, for the abuse of their bodies; with a short explanation. Then follows a specimen of the author's poetry, in an "Anacephaleosis," or recapitulation of his work, intimated by the frontispiece. After this a *Dedication* to his friend THOMAS DICONSON, and several epistolary poems, some in English, and some in Latin, addressed to the author in honour of the performance. Next follow, "a short hint on the use of this treatise," and a Latin poem called "Diploma Apollinis," the award of merit to the learned writer. After a list of nearly 300 Authors, Historians, Physicians, Travellers, &c. referred to in this work, we come to the *Introduction*, which highly extols the unadorned beauty and excellency of the human fabrick, and shews the impiety of varying from nature.

The work itself is represented in twenty four scenes, and is all along illustrated with wooden prints of the forms and fashions described and exposed; making 559 pages.

Whoever would trace the history and changes of fashions and dress, among all nations, will find in this *very singular work*, "rare information and delectable amusement."

DR. BULWER was also author of several books on the language of the hand, on physiognomy, and instructions to the deaf and dumb, intended, as he expresses it, "to bring those who are so born, to hear the sounds of words with their eyes, and thence to learn to speak with their tongues."

III. Libro de re DUELLO, imperatori, principi, &c. Stampato in Vinegia, *per* COMIN DE TRIDINO *de Montseratto, 1540, del Mese de Marzo.* 12mo.

We refer our modern duellists to this ancient work for some historical anecdotes of that rude species of retaliation they practice, and for the laws of false honour by which they profess to be governed. While they find this to be "opera dignissima et utilissima ad tutti li spiriti gentili," they will shudder at the thoughts of the vengeful purposes they meditate.

IV. La Circe, di GIO. BATTISTA GELLI. *Appresso per Lucio Spineda, Venet.* 1600. 12mo.

This entertaining and instructive little volume contains ten dialogues between Circe, Ulysses, and his companions. It exhibits and confutes the allurements of sensuality, and recommends purity of sentiment, and chastity of conduct in a very pleasing manner. The Arguments

and Annotations of GIROLAM. GIOVANNI render the work more interesting.

The writer was remarkable for uniting one of the lowest occupations in life with great literary attainments. Though a tailor by trade, he was author of several works of much celebrity, was a member of the Academy at Florence, and was admitted to the friendship of all men of genius and learning in that city. He was born in 1408, and died in the 65th year of his age. His dialogues, which are in the manner of Lucian, have been translated into Latin, French, and English.

V. Certain fruitful sermons, by HUGH LATIMER, Bishop of Worcester. London. 1635. 4to.

This worthy prelate was a celebrated preacher at Court, in the reign of Edward VI. when there were no sermons but in the principal churches, and upon some particular fasts and festivals: it is probable that they drew the attention of the people, as much for their rarity, as the reputation of the preacher.* We are informed by Dr. HEYLIN, that such crowds went to hear LATIMER, that the pulpit was removed out of the Royal Chapel into the Privy Garden.† Artless and uncouth as his sermons appear to us, yet such was the effect of his preaching, that restitution was made to the king of very considerable sums of which he had been defrauded. As a specimen of the quaintness of his manner, we refer to his sermon on John i. 19. which is divided in allusion to *a pack of cards*.‡

Bishop LATIMER was a zealous promoter of the Reformation, and on the accession of Queen Mary, he and Bishop RIDLEY were sentenced to be burnt at Oxford, in 1555. In STRYPE's "Memorials of CRANMER," is a picture of him with a staff in his right hand, a pair of spectacles hanging at his breast, and a bible at his girdle. This venerable prelate, worn out with labour, old age and imprisonment, walked thus equipped to the place of execution. When he was chained to the stake, two bags of gunpowder were fastened under his arms, the explosion of which, presently put an end to his life. "While he was burning, a large quantity of blood gushed from his heart as if all the blood in his body had been drawn to that part."*

VI. APOLLONIUS PERGÆUS de sectione rationis, edit. BARROW. London. 1675. folio.

We refer to this work merely to introduce the following translation of the prayer of Dr. BARROW from the preface.

"Geometry knows no limits, and even human sagacity can discover numberless new truths: but thou, O GOD, perceivest them all at one view, without any chain of deduction, or tiresome length of demonstration. In other subjects, our intellect possesses but little power: like the imagination of brutes, it seems only to dream of some uncertain objects, concerning which there are almost as many opinions as there are men. But in mathematical truths, there is an universal agreement; in them the human mind seems capable of something great and wonderful. Thee, therefore, I rejoice to love. To thee I look up, ardently longing for that day,

* GRANGER's Biographical History of England, Vol. i. p. 97.

† History of the Reformation, p. 57.

‡ See Fox's Acts and Mouuments, p. 1571, edit. 1492.

* Turner's History of Remarkable Providences.

when thy immense and most holy benignity shall enable me to understand not only these, but far more numerous and important truths, with a mind purged from errour and prejudice, and without this successive and laborious effort of thought."

MRS. MONTAGU'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH LORD KAMES.

MRS. MONTAGU TO LORD KAMES.

"*Sandleford, May* 9, 1767.

"MY LORD,

"I AM rejoiced to find I have pleased Mrs. Drummond and your Lordship in the *epargne;* but you have disappointed me terribly about my notable letter on the subject of ornament. I was in hopes it would have given occasion to a paper war between us. I imagined you would laugh at me, quarrel with me, rally me, confute me, and do every thing but what no disputant ever does with his antagonist, convince me; but instead of that, you are mighty silent, and mighty civil; and you put my letter quietly in your pocket; and very politely say, you may hereafter put some of my conjectures into your *Elements of Criticism:* but the muses forbid that my reveries, like poor maggots in amber, should there lie so conspicuously preserved! * * *———Your Lordship never mentions Dr. Gregory, or any of my Edinburgh friends. I hope they are all well. I often think of the agreeable society I enjoyed in Scotland, with great pleasure, and as great desire to return to it.————I will chide your Lordship for exposing my nonsense to Mr. Fergusson. I don't remember what I said; but as I admired the work, I suppose my observations were at least very harmless. I will get the book your Lordship mentions, when I go to London again. You tell me I am stately and reserved, like an actor performing a capital part in a capital play. Your Lordship is mistaken; I am like a puppet acting a foolish part in a foolish puppet-show. What does any one hear or say, think or do, read or know, in a London life, worth communicating.* * * * *——Lord Lyttelton desired me, when I last saw him, to beg of your Lordship, who is such a judicious and accurate critick in stile, not to read the first edition of his History; as the second will be more correct, and he is ambitious of appearing in the best light to your Lordship. I don't understand all this delicacy. If I were to make a book, I should not care for all the criticks that are, or were, or ever should be. I like the play of *Every Man in his Humour.* Authors should be free to make blunders, and criticks to expose them. If I had lands in Parnassus, I would not inclose them with wall, pale, sunk fence, or *chevaux de frise.* I would resolve to write a book this moment, if I thought

* Mrs. Montagu's *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare,* was not then published: it did not appear till 1770. She was known however as the writer of some of the best dialogues in Ld. Lyttelton's *Dialogues of the Dead,* printed in 1761.

you would write a criticism upon it, and then perhaps they might be bound up together; and then says I, see how we apples swim down the tide of time: however, it strikes eleven, and I wont begin my book to-night, nor swell this letter to a volume; so I will only add my compliments to Mrs. Drummond, and that I always am, with perfect regard, my Lord, &c. &c.

E. MONTAGU."

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LORD KAMES TO MRS. MONTAGU.

"*Edinburgh, July* 8, 1767.

"YOU treat me cruelly, my friend, in giving me a character among your London acquaintance, which I never can hope to support. What else should have led Lord Lyttelton to judge me such a profound critick of stile? In short, to preserve my reputation, I must hide myself, and abandon, among others, one of my favourite projects, which was the passing some time with you at London, and studying you while acting your part in the great world.

"But now that I have given a little vent to my spleen, (occasioned probably by a cold I have somehow contracted), I find my heart a little lighter. I submit cheerfully to Mrs Montagu's superiority; and I am sensible, that the good she does me, far outweighs the ill. I go no farther for an example than this very morning. We are at present deciding the great *Douglass cause;* and it is expected, that, in a case of such importance, every Judge shall, along with his opinion, give at least a summary of his reasons. In bed this morning, having been feverish in the night, I felt myself weak, dispirited, and without strength or inclination to rise. Why should I kill myself for the sake of others, was my grovelling reflection? A certain friend, whose opinion I most highly value, came across my thoughts. It immediately struck me, How will that person scorn me for such pusillanimity? I started up, got to the Court in time, delivered my opinion, and my reasons, more to my own satisfaction than usual: and thank God, I am still alive.——

"*15th July* ——

——— "I am indeed still alive, and now perfectly well, though weak; for ever since the former date, I have been confined to bed with the illness I mentioned. By that means I have been forced to put off the principal, or rather the only purpose of my letter, which was to lay down measures for repaying the money you so kindly have advanced for my commissions. * * *——Though I shall always be proud of Mrs. Montagu's favours, yet with my good will, the obligations I owe her should be of a rank above any that relate to money.—I am, &c. &c.

HENRY HOME."

—

MRS. MONTAGU TO LORD KAMES.

"*Sandleford, July* 30, 1767.

"MY LORD,

"I AM much concerned to hear that you have been so ill. The cause of the orphan, I dare say, would always animate you; but as your life is valuable to many orphans, you must not hazard yourself too much.

"After having convinced the world by many a volume, that you are a perfect master and judge of stile, it is very pleasant that you should attribute an opinion of your being so to me. I think your Lordship will have a great deal of plea-

sure in reading Lord Lyttelton's History. You will like to see a Gothick building by a Roman architect. The story is Gothick, but expressed with majesty, gravity and force, without any thing dark or rude, or perplexed and confused.

"I suppose that as early as business will allow, your Lordship will retire to Blair-Drummond. There I order you to sit on my bench, and think of me, daily, till I come into Northumberland; and then you are to transfer yourself to Kames, from whence Mrs. Drummond and your Lordship may easily make me a visit. My journey to the north is delayed a fortnight longer than I intended, by the marriage of a cousin of mine, who desires earnestly that I would attend her nuptials; and the gentleman who is to marry her, is very importunate with me to attend the ceremony; as he is a great match for my cousin, I do not know how to refuse his request. The bride and bridegroom are to dine with me on the wedding-day in Hill-street, the 17th of August; so I cannot set out till the 18th or 19th. I shall stay only a day or two in Yorkshire in my way. As your Lordship is in a great hurry to pay your money, be pleased to order it to be paid to Sir George Colebrook in Threadneedle street, and into Mrs. Montagu's account; Sir George honours my bills when I draw upon him; but as he has never received any money of mine, he knows nothing of me, but that I can spend it. I had the pleasure of seeing Lady Elliot-Murray, the night before she left London; I told her I was very jealous of her, and desired she would not coquette with your Lordship; but I suppose she will not be so generous to an absent rival. I beg my most respectful compliments to Mrs. Drummond; and am, with great regard, my Lord, &c. &c. &c.

ELIZ. MONTAGU."

For the Anthology.

SILVA, No. 41.

Neque erubuit silvas habitare Thalia. VIRG.

LOGICK.

HOWEVER childish it may now appear, the solution of riddles was once, and perhaps not without some reason, considered as an amusement not altogether below the attention of a mind matured by age and enriched with learning. And indeed it must be confessed, that riddles, as they invest a subject with circumstances, and expose it to contingencies, to which contingences and with which circumstances nature has not exposed and invested such subject, require for their analysis a sagacity such as few men and fewer boys can boast.

I do not remember who proposes it, and I am not quite certain that the projector is serious, when he proposes, that instead of wasting their time in studying logick, boys should often task their ingenuity in solving riddles. To such exercises, provided logick is not elbowed out of its niche, there lies no objection; but if, in order to become riddle-

solvers, boys are to incur the risque of coming into the world without knowing the difference between a syllogism and a predicament, the innovation is dangerous, and though it will probably never obtain, it ought, even while in contemplation, to be resisted.

Logick is perhaps of all the liberal arts the most useful. It is indeed the basis of every science; and, without some axiom of logick for its foundation, the proudest edifice of mathematical demonstration is nothing more than an ice-built palace, which, as soon as it feels the beams of truth, will dissolve to water, or ascend in vapour. I mean not to say, that, before one can become an accomplished dialectician, he must have chimed all the drowsy changes on Barbara, Celarent, Baralipton, &c. &c.; but I do mean to say, that no man can reason with precision and to effect, till he has acquired the habit of classing his thoughts; and this habit it is the exclusive province of logick to induce.

It is, I know, fashionable to despise logick: it was once too thought a sure sign of talents to ridicule mathematicks; but Newton's researches have rescued the latter from laughter, and the labours of Locke ought long ago to have retrieved the former from contempt. The truth is, logick is indispensably necessary to two of the three learned professions; and though a physician may mould a pill, or mix a bolus as well, and perhaps better, without such assistance, than if he acted under the immediate direction and controul of Burgersdicius or Ramus, yet if a preacher or a lawyer be ignorant of logick, it is hardly possible that the argument of the one or the sermon of the other should be tolerable.

Riddles in their proper place, are, I admit, clever things; but clever as they are, I cannot think that they ought to supersede Logick. For my own part I am not ashamed to acknowledge, that, if I owned both, I should value a clumsy and mutilated bust of Aristotle at a higher price, I should regard it with a deeper awe, than I could fix on or feel from a finished and perfect statue of the Sphinx.

.....

TRANSLATORS.

I KNOW not how much of their beauty English works of taste lose, when they are exhibited in a foreign dress; but so barbarous is the diction of some of our late English translators in rendering modern authors, that they threaten to be the greatest corruptors of language. I say nothing of the *kind* of books, with which half-learned men and women, boys and girls, kindly favour us, to relieve us from the task of translating for ourselves: if silly or wicked books find purchasers enough to pay for publishing, they must have their circulation, till the weak become wiser, or the profligate are reclaimed. But if every superficial pretender to learning is allowed to translate, and to impose on the publick a crude assemblage of words, without regard to propriety of terms, or the idiom of the language, in which he aims to present his author, we shall in time be overrun with such an illegitimate race of phrases and idioms, that we shall have to exercise all our skill to distinguish what is genuine from that which is spurious.

It seems to have been the prerogative of pedagogues to disgrace some of the Roman classicks, by what they call literal translations,

which are neither English nor Latin, with a view to facilitate the progress of their pupils in acquiring a knowledge of the original. They, however, who translate for scholars from modern languages, that have some affinity to our own, are unpardonable for overlooking the real differences, and making the writer speak a sort of broken English, that betrays the country, from which he has been translated, without exhibiting any of his native graces.

.....

I HAVE already given my opinion of Gray, as a lyrick poet, that he is affected, fastidious, and coxcombical, that he is altogether a mechanical poet, and that any scholar, who has the command of poetical language, can write as well. This I endeavoured to prove by publishing in the Silva an Ode to Winter, which, in my opinion, has all the characteristicks of that writer. I now present to the reader another ode by the same hand, which, I trust, will not be considered as inferiour.

Ode on Summer.

Lo! sun-born Summer's golden eye
  Beams brightening from the East,
Sheds lustre o'er the radiant sky,
  With cloudless ether fleec'd.
Excursive through the arid air
The feathery troops to groves repair
  At noon, to woo the sheltering shade,
Where frolick zephyr, fresh and young,
Disports the bending boughs among,
  Light tripping from the glade.

The wing'd Cicada winds her horn
  Monotonous and shrill,
The marshy people croak forlorn,
  And mourn the failing rill.
The patient grazers of the plain
Feel Summer boil in every vein,
  Whilst scorching Sirius heats the sky;
To shady tree or neighbouring pool
They move their languid limbs to cool,
  And shun the assailing fly.

To bear me from the sultry shore
  The painted pinnace flies,
Thy depths, old Ocean, to explore,
  And snare the scaly prize.
Then let my labouring lungs inhale
The ambrosia of thy sea-born gale,
  As, Neptune, o'er thy realms I glide.
Or, with wove wings our way we win,
Or the lithe oar extends its fin
  To cleave thy treacherous tide.

Else, couched where nature forms a skreen,
  Mid shady bowers and blooms,
Where velvet verdure spreads its green,
  And Flora breathes perfumes,
Eager the golden perch to kill,
Watchful, I mark the sinking quill,
  And hook, with gentle twitch, the prey;
Where the clear brook, with murmuring waves,
The flower-enamelled margin laves,
  And weaves its winding way.

While sickening crowds in cities pant,
  And suppliant sue for air,
To thy wild, wave-wash'd rocks, Nahant,
  Behold thy bard repair.
When whelming snows no more deform,
Nor roars the genius of the storm,
  Who guards thy adamantine plain,
I saunter o'er thy sun burnt green,
Or plunge me in the blue serene,
  And health and vigour gain.

Thus, Pleasure, may the friends I love
  Avoid thy Summer's joy,
Nor e'er thy poison'd chalice prove,
  That tempts but to destroy:
May white-robed Truth their footsteps guide,
Where Virtue's hallowed band reside,
  And her illustrious triumph sing,
Till life's rude seasons glide away,
And blest in realms of ceaseless day,
  They feel perennial Spring.

.....

MR. AMES.

OF Mr. Ames, whose memory still remains, and will, I hope and trust, long continue warm and vivid in my mind, it is hardly possible that his bitterest political opponents (for the personal enemy of Mr. Ames no man was ever found willing to acknowledge himself,) should speak

without ascribing to him in their full efficiency and just proportion all those qualities and faculties of heart and mind, which constitute the character of one eminently good and illustriously great.

Mr. Ames's imagination was uncommonly vigorous, and such was its versatility, that he was equally capable of brightening the beautiful to its most brilliant lustre, and darkening the sublime to its most tremendous gloom. Nor was his sagacity less acute than his imagination was vigorous. Mr. Ames was not easily or often deceived; for, though far from regarding the conduct of others with that sullen and malignant suspicion, which too often assumes the name and shape of prudent circumspection, he seldom permitted his vigilance to wink, he never suffered his caution to sleep. Mr. Ames's judgment seemed to arise as an inevitable result from his intellectual energy and perspicacity. It was at once ready and correct. His ratiocination, though not confined to the moods and figures, was predicated on the rules and actions of the soundest and purest logick; and though, in consequence of his warmth of fancy, which delighted to luxuriate in all the pride and pomp of poetry and eloquence, his reasoning sometimes appeared embarrassed and involved yet his arguments were, with few exceptions, so arranged and conducted, that the inferred conclusion seemed necessarily to follow from the premises assumed.

The consequence of such faculties of mind seemed necessary, and Mr. Ames became not only an elegant scholar, an accurate lawyer, and an orator almost without a superiour, and infinitely above every rival, but a statesman, who, relying on his own unborrowed opinions, disined to take or to hold any place or office, which he could hardly hope to keep, if he should dare to accuse the people of acting, in a single instance, contrary to their interest or their honour.

The qualities of Mr. Ames's heart were not less amiable than the faculties of his mind were respectable. All the gentle, and all the severe virtues thronged to his bosom, and dwelt and worshipped there, as if his bosom had been their temple and their home. His benevolence was unwearied and indefatigable; his friendship was ardent, constant, and sincere; his temperance was rigid to a degree little short of austerity; and the integrity (it was indeed incorruptible) of Mr. Ames would not have been endangered, if, as they did not and could not, the other constituents of his character had allowed him to aspire to power or grovel for wealth.

The effect of such qualities of heart was natural; and Mr. Ames was not merely an exemplar of filial affection, of conjugal attachment, of fraternal forbearance and forgiveness, of parental tenderness and providence; he was more and better; in his conduct, Mr. Ames was a living evidence of the divine original of christianity.

.....

MADAME DE GENLIS.

Madame de Genlis is one of the most voluminous and successful writers of the present day. In the year 1806, she published a volume, entitled *Les Souvenirs de Félicie L****, which was followed by a second in 1807. They consist of anecdotes, interspersed with reflections, of celebrated persons in France, towards the close of the reign of Louis 15th, and during that of his successors, and will probably be continued by

her for some years later. I have been much amused in perusing this work, and have translated the following for the Anthology.

"I am very fond of M. de Flahault: he unites to the most perfect civility an original character. Here is a trait which paints him. The Countess of —— has, as every one knows, a great deal of pride and very little politeness. One evening she arrived at a card party of the late queen's, after the game had commenced: the Countess of —— would have a place at the top of the circle: she advanced, got up there, and stopped to sit down, but did not find any stool. M. de Flahault, standing in the opening of one of the windows, saw her embarrassment, and very obligingly drew a stool from under a marble table, which he placed behind her: the Countess looked at him, did not thank him, nor even salute him, and sat down. A moment after another lady arrived, they all rose up; during this movement, M. de Flahault drew away softly the stool which he had given her, and replaced it under the table. The Countess wishing to seat herself again, made a strange overthrow; but the ladies who were at her side caught her, and softened the fall; when on her feet again, she turned round saying, but who took away my chair? It was me, madam, answered M. de Flahault coldly; I had the honour of offering it to you, and, as it did not appear to give you any pleasure, I took it away."

"M. de Schomberg related to me a singular fact of Chirac, the famous physician. Chirac was far gone in the sickness of which he died; after some days of delirium, he partially recovered his senses; all of a sudden he felt his own pulse: I have been called too late, cried he; has he been bled? No, answered they. Well then! he replied, he is a dead man; and he spoke true."

"M. de —— is extremely avaricious. Not having kept house during the summer, his ice-house was quite full in the month of January, the butler asked him what should be done with all the ice? Why, answered he, let it be given to the poor. This was the first act of charity he ever did."

"Some singular instances of egotism are told of a M. de Laitre, who died a few years since; the following in my opinion surpasses all the rest:

"M. de Laitre was the friend of Madame de B——; and during one winter, having given himself up to the dissipation of the world, he was a long time without seeing her, though he knew she was ill. When he came to see her, he found her sitting up in an easy chair. She reproached him with his absence, adding that she had been constantly unwell, and had suffered the greatest pain. But how long have you been sick, asked M. de Laitre—For six weeks—Good God, six weeks, how time passes!"

"This same M. de Laitre one day related the following story. You know how much I love S——: I was hunting with him yesterday, his horse stumbled and fell over upon him: I flew to his relief. I was excessively alarmed. I disengaged S—— from under his horse; he had no wound, but he was frightfully pale; I saw he was going to faint. Fortunately I always carry with me a little phial of brandy; I drew it from my pocket, and I swallowed it, for I felt as if I should faint myself. Thus, during an emotion of lively pity, this man discovered the most profound egotism."

"Madame —— possesses more

egotism than any woman of my acquaintance. She has a disorder that obliges her to pass more than half her time in bed; but which does not prevent her receiving a great deal of company. The other day a number of visitors arrived at the same time; Madame —— was in bed; they complained of the coldness of her chamber. How, said she, is it very cold then? They assured her that it froze hard: she then rang the bell precipitately: they were delighted, thinking she was going to call for some wood; no such thing: bring me, said she, a counterpane of eiderdown. After giving this order, she spoke about other subjects."

"M. de Nedonchel is a great Anglomanist. Yesterday he was on horseback at the door of the king's carriage who was going to Choisi. It had rained, and M. de Nedonchel, trotting in the mud, spattered the king, who, putting his head out of the window, said to him, M. de Nedonchel, you muddy me: *yes, Sire, in the English fashion*, answered M. de Nechondel, with a very satisfied air, who, instead of the word **crotter*, had understood *trotter*. The king, without knowing the mistake, was content with putting up the glass, saying with great goodness, *Well! this is rather a strong trait of the Anglomania*"

* *Crotter* signifies to muddy, *trotter* to trot.

SKETCH OF THE LITERARY INSTITUTIONS OF EDINBURGH.

In a sketch, it would be impossible to give a minute account of the different literary institutions of Edinburgh, or to pursue to any length the various remarks which objects of this description naturally suggest to the mind. The college, however, being the most extensive and important of these institutions seems to require a more particular attention; and, I trust, a few observations upon its present state and system of education will not be found uninteresting.

The university of Edinburgh was established in the year 1582, by a royal charter from King James VI. and from that period to the present has been progressively advancing in its reputation as a school of literature and science. The buildings connected with this institution are situated in the Old Town, on the most southerly of the three ridges. They were originally constructed on so small a scale, and their plan was found so unsuitable to the subsequent prosperous state of the college, that it was deemed necessary some years ago to erect a new building for the accommodation of the professors and students. A subscription was accordingly opened, a part of the old structure was removed, and the erection of a new one commenced, under the directions of Mr. Adam, as an architect. The plan, however, was so extensive, and so many unforeseen obstacles occurred to its execution, that, notwithstanding the large amount of the subscription, and a subsequent royal donation of 10,000*l.* the greater part of the building still remains in an unfinished state, and will continue so, unless some considerable assistance is afforded by parliament for its completion. At present the college

business is conducted in what remains of the old building, and in that part of the new structure which has been finished. The whole assemblage of buildings has a motley, irregular appearance, and is destitute of many of those accommodations, which are required by the present state of the institution.

The plan of education pursued in the college of Edinburgh, materially differs from that adopted in the English universities; and a comparison of their respective merits might form an interesting and important subject of discussion. At Edinburgh, the students have much less individual connection with the university than is the case at Oxford or Cambridge; they are dispersed in lodgings in different parts of the town, and no direct obligation is imposed upon them to attend to the daily business of the college. In this respect, perhaps, too much license is allowed to a body of young men, many of whom have never before been dependent on their own guidance, and who are without those connections in the place which might steady their habits of industry, and preserve them from the idleness and dissipation to which their situations present so many allurements. It may be remarked on the other hand, that the greater distance at which they are placed from each other, takes away one strong temptation to dissoluteness of conduct, and that by this entire freedom from restriction they are frequently enabled to form connections in the town, which are highly conducive to their improvement as well as temporary gratification. From what has been said before of the general state of society in Edinburgh, it will be evident that the latter circumstance is of peculiar importance in this place. Among a particular class of the inhabitants, more especially, a cast of conversation prevails in the common visiting parties, which renders an admission to them highly desirable for the young student. Instruction cannot obtain access to the mind under a more pleasing form than that of colloquial intercourse; nor does knowledge, thus acquired, lose any of its permanency by the almost insensible manner in which it is conveyed.

The business of the university is entirely conducted through the medium of lectures, delivered by professors of the different departments of science and literature. The number of professors is about thirty, of whom eleven are connected with the several branches of medical study, three with the divinity classes, and three with those of law. The remainder are occupied with the classes of general literature, the languages, logick, mathematicks, moral philosophy, natural philosophy, &c. As the emoluments of the different professors depend almost entirely on the fees they receive from the students, a spirit of individual exertion is created among them, eminently favourable to the general interests of the college. It is worthy of remark, that the existence of a different system in a neighbouring Scotch university has been the means of bringing it to the extreme verge of annihilation; so true is the old proverbial saying, that "money makes the mare to go," even where literature is the subject of the personification. The usual fee at Edinburgh to each course of lectures is three guineas, independently of some small gratuities to the porter who attends at the lecture room. The courses continue during the whole of the session, or from the beginning of November to the end of April in the ensuing year. The few which are given during

the summer months are usually of shorter duration.

I have no means of stating with exactness the number of students attending the college of Edinburgh; but taking the average of the last five years, it certainly would not fall much below fifteen hundred. Of this number it is probable that about six hundred are occupied in the study of physick, three hundred in the studies of divinity and law, and the remainder in the acquirement of the languages and of general literature. Very little distinction with respect to college forms is made among these different classes of students. At the commencement of the session, all those who wish it go through the ceremony of matriculation, which consists simply in the enrolment of the name in the college books, accompanied by a small donation from each individual to the publick library of the university. The society of the students among themselves is determined, in great measure, by the pursuits in which they are engaged. The students of medicine, divinity and law, regarded as bodies, have little connection with each other, and differ very considerably in many of their habits and modes of life. Those engaged in the studies of divinity and law, are, with few exceptions, all natives of Scotland; a natural consequence of the peculiarities in the Scotch church and judicial establishments. In the Latin and Greek classes the greater number of the students are very young, and belong principally to the town and neighbourhood of Edinburgh.

As a school of medicine, this university undoubtedly ranks higher than any other at present in existence. The important and valuable labours of Cullen, of Black, and of other celebrated contemporary teachers, are now indeed forever closed; but the various branches of medical education are still conducted with a degree of ability, spirit, and industry which continues to this department all the reputation it formerly enjoyed. A sufficient testimony is borne to this fact by the increase which has progressively taken place in the number of the medical students; an increase too considerable, on the whole, to be accounted for by a reference to any causes external to the state of the university. Among the professors connected with the different branches of medicine, there are six who are distinctly named the *faculty*, and who possess some peculiar rights in the college. A student, proposing to take out a medical degree, must previously attend the course of lectures delivered by each of these professors; and at the period of graduation, is submitted to their examinations, as a test of his admission or non-admission to the honours of a diploma. The professorships, thus distinguished, are those of anatomy, chemistry, materia medica, the practice of physick, physiology, and botany. Excepting the botanical class, which opens in May, the business of all these classes is conducted during the six months of the winter session. The anatomical theatre is situated in the new part of the college buildings, and is remarkable for its spaciousness and elegance. The dissecting-room attached to it is large, and possesses all the requisite conveniences; but the difficulty of procuring an adequate supply of subjects for dissection renders Edinburgh very greatly inferiour to London as a school for practical anatomy; and it is a general custom with the young men who take degrees in this university to pass a winter in the English metropolis, either before or subsequent to graduation. The

present professor of anatomy, Dr. Monro, sen. has occupied the chair during a period of about fifty years, but now gives only the surgical part of the course, the anatomical demonstration being conducted by his son, Dr. Alex. Monro. The course of chemistry at Edinburgh is perhaps superiour to any other delivered in the kingdom. Dr. Hope, the present professor, and the immediate successor of Dr. Black, conjoins to a thorough understanding of his subject, a neatness and facility of experiment, which render his lectures on this important branch of science more than usually interesting and valuable. The lecture room is not large, but it is fitted up so as to accommodate a very considerable audience; a measure rendered necessary by the number of students generally attending this course. Of the other medical lectures the most important, perhaps, are those on the practice of physick, delivered by Dr. Gregory. This gentleman who has deservedly attained the highest celebrity as a physician, is known to the literary world by a metaphysical work, directed principally against the doctrine of necessity, in which he labours to convict the supporters of this doctrine with wilful misapprehension and inaccuracy of statement, and to expose the fallacy of their principles by mathematical reasoning, as well as by arguments derived from the nature and attributes of the human mind. Whatever may be thought of Dr. Gregory's metaphysical talents, his merits as a medical teacher are certainly very great, his lectures being rendered particularly valuable to the student by the abundance of practical information, which they contain.

The examinations for degrees of medicine at Edinburgh are conducted with a strictness and impartiality extremely creditable to the professor, and very favourable at the same time to the interests of the university. The importance of guarding the publick against the impositions of pretended medical skill may readily be appreciated; and no method appears so well calculated to effect this end as the test of a fair and liberal examination, which, while it excludes the pretensions of ignorance, may give their due value to the information and acquirements of the industrious student. The number of graduates at Edinburgh has been progressively increasing since the first establishment of the medical school, and at the present period not unfrequently exceeds forty annually, of whom, it is probable that the foreign students compose about a fifth part. The examinations are all conducted in the Latin language; a practice, which, though disadvantageous on some accounts, is not without its general utility. The first examination, which constitutes the principal ordeal of the abilities of the candidate, takes place privately at the houses of one or other of the faculty; the remainder are conducted publickly in the library of the university; but though more formal, are of much less real importance and difficulty to the graduate.

The reputation of Edinburgh, as a school of divinity and law, is by no means inconsiderable, though more confined than that which it derives from the conduct of the medical department. The greater number of young men who enter into the church of Scotland, remain for some years in the divinity hall here, as a preparation for the active duties of the ministerial office, studying the general doctrines of religion, and exercising themselves in pulpit composition and delivery. A good deal of

doctrinal othodoxy prevails at present among this class of students; all, no doubt, destined to the future edification and improvement of the people, with the generality of whom a preacher of the *wild party* seldom fails of obtaining credit. Connected with the department of divinity, are professorships of church history and Hebrew: the latter study, however, is by no means in present vogue among the divines of the Scotch church; less so, perhaps, than is consistent with its importance as a means of scriptural reference. As a school of law, Edinburgh derives great advantages from the facility of access to the judicial courts, which are open during the greater part of the winter session. The lectures on Scotch law are delivered by Mr. Hume, nephew to the historian, and are held in considerable estimation; there are, besides, lectures on civil and publick law, delivered by professors of these respective departments.

Among the classes of general literature in this university, none has acquired such high and deserved celebrity as that of moral philosophy, conducted by professor Stewart. An anonymous tribute of applause could add little to the reputation which this gentleman has obtained as an acute inquirer into moral and metaphysical truths; as an eloquent and animated teacher of philosophy; as the accomplished and feeling biographer of departed merit. In no respect certainly, are the talents of Mr. Stewart more eminently conspicuous, than in the discharge of his publick duties as a professor. The subject entrusted to his care is one of peculiar importance and difficulty: interesting to every individual of mankind, it involves questions of so complex and intricate a nature, that its verbal elucidation can only be expected from a combination of the most rare and imposing talents. Mr. Stewart's excellence as a lecturer on moral philosophy is principally derived from three circumstances; the accuracy and proportion displayed in his arrangement of subjects; the facility with which he invests his ideas in all the elegancies of language; and the extreme copiousness and beauty of the illustrations, which he always lends to the immediate object of discussion. In these points, perhaps, his merits are unequalled. If any flaw is discoverable in his philosophical character, it is a too rigid adherence to the metaphysical opinions of Dr. Reid, who, though he was undoubtedly an ingenious man, and the founder of a distinct school of philosophy, cannot certainly be ranked among the metaphysicians of the first class: his frequent misapprehension of Berkeley, Hume, and other opponents, ever hanging as a dead weight upon his reputation. In coincidence with this school, professor Stewart publickly opposes the ancient theory of ideas, as well as the modernized doctrine of materialism and philosophical necessity; while he admits the principle of common sense as a valid and competent authority in inquiries of this nature. Any discussion of the accuracy of these several opinions would be totally foreign to my present object.

Of the other classes of general literature in this university, the most important, perhaps, is that of natural philosophy, conducted by professor Playfair, whose reputation as a man of science has been decidedly established by his very elegant and ingenious illustrations of the Huttonian theory. In the conduct of this class, much attention is paid to the elucidation of physical truths by

mathematical reasoning; a method of inquiry truly interesting in itself, and highly important to the student from the accuracy and arrangement which it gives to his ideas. The mathematical chair of the university is at present occupied by Mr. Leslie, a gentleman well known to the scientifick world by his excellent Inquiry into the Nature of Heat; in which, whatever may be thought of the nature of the deductive reasoning, we certainly find proofs of an unexampled ingenuity and precision of experiments. It was on a note attached to this work that a party of the Edinburgh clergy grounded their opposition to the appointment of Mr. Leslie to the mathematical chair, exhibiting in their conduct on this occasion a low, self-interested and vindictive spirit, for which no circumstance can plead an adequate apology.

The methods of instruction pursued in the Latin and Greek classes at Edinburgh very much resemble those of common schools; and even the rudiments of the latter language are taught in the college by the professor of this department. Though a certain degree of classical acquirement is more extensively diffused in Scotland than in the southern part of the island, it is an undoubted fact that the proportion of good classical scholars is much more considerable among the English; a circumstance which may be attributed principally to the greater variety of studies comprehended within the plan of education at the Scotch universities. The question of comparative advantage here may admit of some doubt; but, upon the whole, it would seem probable, that the system pursued in Scotland has a more powerful effect in quickening the intellectual exertions, and in giving clearness, comprehension, and precision to the ideas of the youthful student. The classical department at Edinburgh has lately sustained a great loss in the death of professor Dalzel; whose merits as an accomplished Greek scholar were universally acknowledged and admired.

The celebrity of Edinburgh, as a school for education, is not however, derived solely from the excellence of its college institutions. Several courses of lectures are delivered, during both the winter and summer sessions, by individuals who have no immediate connection with the university, but are dependent entirely on their own exertions, or on the eminence they may have acquired in the branches of science which they respectively teach. The very valuable courses of chemistry, conducted by Dr. Thomson and Mr. Murray, contribute materially to the support and prosperity of the medical school; while their equally important labours, as systematick writers on this subject, have aided in no slight degree the diffusion of science, which is now become an essential requisite to every scheme of liberal education. Mr. Murray's lectures on pharmacy, and the course of anatomy delivered by Dr. Barclay, are likewise extremely valuable, with a reference to the character of Edinburgh as a school for medicine. The latter gentleman published, some time ago, a new scheme of anatomical nomenclature, which promises to be productive of considerable advantage by the greater facility which it affords to the labours of the student.

Among the other literary establishments of Edinburgh, the Royal Society undoubtedly assumes the principal place, whether we consider the respectability of its members, or the general importance of the trans-

actions of the institutions. For some time past the attention of this society has been principally directed to subjects of geological inquiry; and much very interesting discussion took place during the last winter on the comparative merits of the Huttonian and Wernerian theories of the earth. The advocates of the latter doctrine derive many advantages from the accurate and comprehensive system of geognosy constructed by the celebrated professor of Freyberg, whose persevering industry in the collection and arrangement of mineralogical facts may well entitle him to rank among the first of our modern philosophers. Mr. Jameson, professor of natural history in the Edinburgh college, and Dr. Thomson, the lecturer on chemistry, are warm and zealous supporters of this system; and the best account of it, hitherto given, may be found in the third edition of the System of Chemistry published by the latter. The Huttonian theory is likewise most ably supported in the Royal Society, as well by the number as by the distinguished abilities and scientifick eminence of its advocates. Sir James Hall, Mr. Playfair, and Dr. Hope, are among the most active adherents to this system, to the elucidation of which they have respectively contributed by their experiments, writings and mineralogical observations. The discoveries made by Sir James Hall on the effects of heat modified by compression, while they authorize one of the most striking of the Huttonian principles, have thoroughly established his own credit as an ingenious and accurate experimentalist.

In speaking of the literary institutions of Edinburgh, it would be improper not to notice the societies established for the verbal discussion of questions of literature and science. These are very numerous, and are attended not merely by the students, but by many respectable and well informed inhabitants of the place. The principal among them is the Medical Society, which was established by royal charter about seventy years ago, and has since that time progressively increased in reputation and general usefulness. The meetings are held once a week in rooms appropriated to the purpose, and the discussions are not unfrequently characterized by a degree of animation and ability, highly creditable to the conduct of the institution. At the time of the celebrated controversy between Cullen and Brown, the warmth and agitation produced by this question extended themselves to the debates in the Medical Society, and that transition took place from sober reasoning to indignant anger, which is so well described by Horace:

> ——— Jam sævus apertam
> In rabiem verti cæpit jocus.

Connected with this institution is a large and valuable medical library, the management of which may certainly be regarded as extremely judicious and liberal. In the Speculative Society, which is second to the Medical in point of reputation, the subjects of discussion are of a more general nature, including the various questions in metaphysicks, political economy, jurisprudence, and the belles-lettres. The greater number of its members are either studying or actually engaged in the business of the law. Not a few of the Edinburgh reviewers have served their apprenticeship, as criticks, in this society, where the detection of actual errours, or the distortion of an argument to create them, are the principal and most immediate objects of individual exertion.

For the Anthology.

REMARKER, No. 34.

——Laureâ donandus Apollinari. HOR.

IT has been the fortune of Gray, as well as of other poets of the first order, to suffer by the ignorance and the envy of contemporaries, and at last to obtain from posterity, amid the clamours of discordant criticism, only a divided suffrage. The coldness of his first reception by the publick, has, however, been more than compensated by the warmth of his real admirers; for he is one of those few poets, who at every new reading recompenses you double for every encomium, by disclosing some new charm of sentiment or of diction. The many, who have ignorantly or reluctantly praised, may learn as they study him, that they have nothing to retract; and those, who have delighted to depreciate his excellence, will understand, if they ever learn to admire him, that their former insensibility was pardonable, though they may be tempted to wish, that it had never been known. Gray was not destitute of those anticipations of future fame, which God has sometimes granted to neglected genius, as he gives the testimony of conscience to suffering virtue. His letters to Mason and Hurd show how pleasantly he could talk of those, who could neither admire nor understand his odes. He knew, that it was not of much consequence to be neglected by that publick, which suffered Thomson's Winter to remain for years unnoticed, and which had to be told by Addison at the expiration of half a century of the merit of the Paradise Lost. Still less could his fame be endangered by Colman's exquisitely humourous parody of his odes, especially since it is now known, that Colman has confessed to Warton, that he repented of the attempt; and at the present day, I know not whether it would add any thing to the final reputation of a lyrick poet, to have been praised by that great man, who could pronounce Dryden's ode on Mrs. Killigrew the finest in our language, and who could find nothing in Collins' but 'clusters of consonants.'

It appears to the Remarker, that the whole controversy upon the subject of Gray's twin odes,* which have been received with so much disdain, and so much enthusiasm, rests upon this single question, is there such a description of poetry as the lyrick? There are many whose taste in one kind of composition is highly polished, who yet remain entirely insensible to the merit of any other. One man is bigotted to didactick poetry, another to descriptive; one likes nothing but reason, another admires nothing but wit; one looks out for the colours of a picturesque fancy, another can never dispense with the melody of versification. Thousands can be made to feel no perfection, but such as they have been

* Progress of Poesy and the Bard.

accustomed to admire in their favourite poet, and innumerable are the "word-catchers who live on syllables," men whom nothing but the grace of Apollo can exalt into the unaffected admirers of the enthusiasm and inspiration of his bards.

But if Gray has any claim to the character of a poet, he must hold an elevated rank or none. If he is not excellent he is supremely ridiculous; if he has not the living spirit of verse, he is only besotted and bewildered with the fumes of a vulgar and stupifying draught, which he found in some stagnant pool at the foot of Parnassus, and which he mistook for the Castallian spring. But if Pindar and Horace were poets, so too was Gray. The finest notes of their lyre were elicited by the breath of inspiration breathing on the strings; and he who cannot enter into the spirit which animates the first Pythian of Pindar, or the "Quem virum aut heroa" of Horace, must be content to be *shown* beauties in Gray, which it is not yet granted him to feel, or spontaneously to discern. The Remarker is willing to rest the merit of Gray on Horace's definition of a poet—

Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os,
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.

This comprehensive definition, even Pope, with all his good sense and satire, has not ventured to disdain; for Eloisa to Abelard is an immortal commentary on these lines, and Horace is propitiated. Whoever will ponder well the meaning of this definition, must acknowledge that there is a higher species of poetry, than the mere language of reason. Spencer, Milton, and even Dryden knew this, and they studied successfully the Italian poets; but after the time of Dryden, our English poetry began to be formed too exclusively upon that of the French. The authority of Pope has been eminently useful; but the world is not yet persuaded that, to be a poet, it is always indispensable to write like Pope. Since his time, however, the lyrick powers of *our* language have been retrieved by Gray, Collins, Mason, and Warton; we have been saved from the elegant perfection of the school of Boileau, while the French poetry yet continues barren of the higher beauties of verse, correct without enthusiasm, and sensible without inspiration. When a man like Boileau, of a mind merely didactick attempts the ode, he falls as he has done in that on the taking of Namur, into frigidity and bombast; or like Pope, when he contended with Dryden in the ode on St. Cecilia's day, "how do the tuneful *echoes* languish!" Racine, and Racine only could have united that classical polish and spirit of exquisite combination, that touching pathos, and mysterious musick of verse which are requisite to the perfection of lyrick composition. But he has left us little of this kind, except the choruses in his tragedies, and in the judgment of Voltaire, he holds the first rank among their lyrick poets, surpassing even J. B. Rousseau, whom those, who understand French better than the Remarker, are content to admire.

We shall be more ready to admit, that the sole perfection of poetry consists not merely in faithful description, fine sense, or pointed sentiment in polished verse, if we attend to some curious remarks of Burke, in the last part of his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful. He has there sufficiently shown that many fine passages, which produce the most powerful effect on a

sensible mind, present no ideas to the fancy, which can be strictly marked, or embodied. The most thrilling touches of sublimity and beauty are consistent with great indistinctness of images and conceptions. Indeed it is hardly to be believed, before making the experiment, that we should be so much affected as we are, by passages which convey no definite picture to the mind. To those who are insensible to Gray's curious junction of phrases and hardy personifications, we recommend the study of this chapter of Burke. There they will see, that the effect of poetical expression depends more upon particular and indefinable associations, than upon the precise images, which the words convey. Thus, of Gray's poetry the effect, like that of Milton's finest passages in the Allegro and Penseroso, is to raise a glow, which it is not easy to describe; but the beauty of a passage, when we attempt to analyze it, seems to consist in a certain exquisite felicity of terms, fraught with pictures, which it is impossible to transfer with perfect exactness to the canvas. The following instance which occurs to me at present in the poetry of Gray, may explain my meaning. In describing the queen of the loves and graces, he says,

O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love.

Here, we feel that no other expressions could have excited in the mind an emotion so vivid, though they might have conveyed an image more distinct.

The dissatisfaction with the poetry of Gray, arising from notions of poetry too confined, is not so common perhaps, as that which results from the irregularity of the compositions. Many after reading them are tempted to ask, what is the subject of the piece, or what the object of the writer? We have received an indistinct impression of something poetically beautiful but we want the regularity of the drama, the coherence of a canto, the bearings and dependencies of an epick leading to some definite conclusion; in short we want a beginning, a middle and an end. But this results from the same insensibility to different forms of perfection in writing that suggested the criticism of the mathematician, who, after reading Homer, exclaimed "all this is very fine, but I do not find that he has proved any thing?" If the perfection of poetry consists as Aikin has defined it, in imparting every impression to the mind in the most exquisite degree; and the ode has by the consent of criticks in all ages, been indulged in irregularities, which are not pardonable in other kinds of verse, because it is supposed to follow the rapid and unrestrained passage of images through the mind, it is surely enough to satisfy even Aristotle himself, that in Gray's odes the subject is never entirely deserted, and that a continued succession of sublime or beautiful impressions is conveyed to the mind in language the most grateful to the ear, which our English tongue can furnish. For my own part I take as much delight in contemplating the rich hues that succeed one another without order in a deep cloud in the west, which has no prescribed shape, as in viewing the seven colours of the rainbow disposed in a form exactly semicircular. The truth is, that after having read any poem once, we recur to it afterwards not as a whole, but for the beauty of particular passages.

It would be easy to reply in order to the invidious and contemptible criticisms of Johnson on particular passages in these odes, and to show their captious futility. This however has been frequently and successfully attempted. Those faults, which must at last be admitted in Gray's poetry, detract little from his merit. That only two flat lines should be found in a whole volume of poems, is an honour, which even Virgil is permitted to envy. He who can endure to dwell upon these petty blemishes in the full stream of Gray's enthusiasm, must be as insensible to the pomp and grandeur of poetick phrase, as that traveller would be to the sentiment of the sublime in nature, who could sit coolly by the cataract of Niagara, speculating upon the chips and straws that were carried over the fall.

That his digressions are sometimes abrupt, is a character which he shares with his Grecian master; and that an obscurity sometimes broods over his sublimest images, is not to be denied. But violence of transition, if it is a fault in this kind of poetry, must be excused by those laws of lyrical composition, which we have hitherto been content to receive, like the laws of the drama and the epick, implicitly from the ancients; and the obscurity of Gray is never invincible. It is not the fog of dullness; but, like the darkness which the eye at first perceives in excessive brightness, it vanishes the longer it is contemplated, and when the eye is accommodated to the flood of light.

The obscurity, however, which is said to attend the whole of his two odes, is of more consequence than the difficulty of particular passages. In the Bard, it may certainly be justified from the very nature of the subject. The language of prophecy is always indistinct, and the terrour of predictions is heightened by the half uttered intent of the prophet. If Gray in this ode presumed too much upon his readers' familiarity with English history, it is a misfortune which has retarded, but not prevented the perception of his excellence. As to the Progress of Poesy, if you except the union of the simile and subject in the first stanza, I know of nothing which can long perplex an attentive and poetical reader. It should not be forgotten that every species of poetry has its peculiar character, and obviousness of meaning is not always an indispensable excellence.

The staleness of his morality, also, is an objection with those who forget that there are no discoveries to be made in ethicks. The truth is, that the most impressive maxims in common life are the most indisputable. They have always been the common property of poets, who have sufficiently attained their purpose, when they have given these common sentiments all the force and beauty of poetical expression. What can be imagined more trite than this morality of Horace:

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres.

Yet what can be imagined more forcible in phrase and imagery. It would be easy to fill pages with truisms of this kind, from the odes of this most elegant and lyrical of the Latin poets. If you will revert farther back to the morality of Homer, or the rare reflexions of Pindar, you will find nothing but the common maxims of common men, clothed however in "words that burn."

The distinguishing excellence of Gray's poetry, is, I think, to be found in the astonishing force and

beauty of his epithets. In other poets, if you are endeavouring to recollect a passage, and find that a single word still eludes you, it is not impossible to supply it occasionally with something equivalent or superiour. But let any man attempt this in Gray's poetry, and he will find that he does not even approach the beauty of the original. Like the single window in Aladdin's palace, which the grand vizier undertook to finish with diamonds, equal to the rest, but found after a long trial, that he was not rich enough to furnish the jewels, nor ingenious enough to dispose them, so there are lines in Gray, which criticks and poets might labour forever to supply, and without success. This wonderful richness of expression has perhaps injured his fame. For some times a single word, by giving rise to a succession of images, which preoccupy the mind, obscures the lustre of the succeeding epithets. The mind is fatigued, and retarded by the crowd of beauties, soliciting the attention at the same moment to different graces of thought and expression. Overpowered by the blaze of embellishment, we cry out with Horace, "parce, Liber! parce! gravi metuende thyrso." Hence Gray, more than any other lyrick poet, will endure to be read in detached portions, and again and again.

Another characteristick of Gray, which, while it detracts something from his originality, increases the charm of his verse, is the classical raciness of his diction. Milton is the only English poet who rivals him in the remote learning of his allusions, and this has greatly restrained the number of their admirers. For my own part, I know not how the other sex can ever attain to a clear perception of the general meaning or individual beauties of some of his odes. It requires such a degree of previous learning as few of our own sex acquire; yet without something of classical knowledge and taste, it is impossible to feel the peculiar force and beauty of Gray's terms and images. The meaning of the word *rage* in this line of the Elegy, a poem which all profess to relish and admire,

Chill penury repressed their noble rage,

cannot be understood without reverting to a common use of the word ὀργὴ among the Greeks, to which Gray refers, signifying a strong bent of genius. The Progress of Poesy is peculiarly full of allusions to the Heathen Mythology. The sublime imitation of Pindar in the description of the bird of Jupiter in the second stanza, is almost worth the learning of Greek to understand.

The last perfection of verse in which Gray is unrivalled, is the power of his numbers. These have an irresistible charm even with those, who understand not his meaning, and without this musical enchantment, it is doubtful whether he would have surmounted the ignorance and insensibility, with which he was first received. His rhythm and cadences afford a perpetual pleasure, which, in the full contemplation of his other charms we sometime forget to acknowledge. There is nothing surely in the whole compass of English versification to be compared in musical structure with the third stanza of his ode on the Progress of Poesy. The change of movement in the six last lines is inexpressibly fine. The effect of these varied cadences and measures is, to my ear at least, full as great as that of an Adagio in musick immediately following a Rondo; and I admire in silent rapture the genius of that man, who could

so mould our untractable language as to produce all the effect of the great masters of musical composition. If the ancient lyricks contain many specimens of numerous verse, equal to this, we need no longer wonder that they were always accompanied with musick. Poetry never approached nearer to painting, than verse does in this stanza to the most ravishing melody.

The length which this number has reached precludes the Remarker from instituting as he intended a parallel between Collins and Gray, to show still more decisively the beauties and defects of the latter. It may be reserved for another place.

ON THE SUPERIORITY OF WOMEN TO MEN, IN THE MORE REFINED FEELINGS.

FROM A CELEBRATED ENGLISH PUBLICATION.

In the portraiture of deep and tragick passion, men may possibly excel women; but surely it is a fact, and no fancy, that women understand better, and pencil out more gracefully, those finer and more fugitive impressions which come under the description of *sentiment*. Even the countrymen of Rousseau are apt to recommend some of their fair writers, as the best models of the sentimental style. They find in them more truth, nature, gentleness; less of exaggeration and mannerism; sensibilities less morbid, and language refined without bordering on effeminacy.

It would be a very interesting inquiry, whether this power of susceptibility in the female mind, a power made up, as we have mentioned it to be, is original, or formed by circumstances? We certainly do believe it to be in a great measure original; and yet there are many things in the situation of women, in the ground which they occupy in society, that seem to assist nature in the production of the effect described. Their conscious inferiority of personal strength must of itself dispose them to a cultivation of the finer and lovelier feelings; and this disposition is much aided by their exemption from those employments which *hackney* the minds of the other sex, and have a tendency to wear down all the minuter feelings. In consequence, too, of their domestick life, that reciprocation of social kindnesses, which is only a recreation to men, is to women in some sense a business. It is their field duty, from which household cares are their repose. Men do not seek the intercourse of society as a friend to be cultivated, but merely throw themselves on its bosom to sleep. Women, on the contrary, resort to it with recollections undistracted, and curiosity all alive. Thus, that which we enjoy and forget, keeps their attention and their feelings in constant play, and gradually matures their perceptions into instinct.

To similar causes the softer sex owe their exquisite acquaintance with life and manners; their fine discernment of those smaller peculiarities of character which throw so much light and shade over the sur-

face of ordinary society. Of the deeper varieties of the mind they know little, because they have not been accustomed to watch its movements, when agitated by the vexing disquietudes of business, or ploughed up into frightful inequalities by the tempests of publick life. It is human nature in a calm, or ruffled only into gentle undulation; it is the light restlessness of the domestick and the social passions; it is the *fire-side* character of mankind, which forms their chief study, and with which of course, they are perfectly intimate.

Consider also that class of domestick occupations which concerns the care of children. Peace be to those wretched votaries of dissipation, if indeed they can find peace, who, all selfishness, resign their offspring to fortune, apparently not as pledges, but as presents. Of these we say nothing: but with respect to the majority of the middling classes, there can be no question, that, either as mothers, or elder sisters, the female sex are infinitely more conversant with children than with the other. Trace the effects, naturally produced on their minds by this sort of society, for surely it may be honoured with that appellation. What habits of quick and intelligent observation must be formed by the employment of watching over interesting helplessness, and construing ill-explained wants! How must the perpetual contemplation of unsophisticated nature reflect back on the dispositions of the observer a kind of simplicity and ingenuousness! What an insight into the native constitution of the human mind must it give, to inspect it in the very act of concoction! It is as if a chemist should examine

—'young diamonds in their infant dew.'

Not that mothers will be apt to indulge in delusive dreams of the perfection of human nature and human society. They see too much of the waywardness of infants, to imagine them perfect. They neither find them nor think them angels, though they often call them so. But whatever is bad or good in them, they behold untrammelled and undisguised. All this must, in some degree, contribute to form those peculiarities in the female character, of which we are attempting to follow out the natural history.

The same peculiarities may, in part perhaps, be traced up to the system of European manners, which allows to women a free association with the world, while it enjoins on them the condition of an unimpeachable strictness of conduct. However loosely the fulfilment of this condition may be exacted in some countries of Europe, the system is still pretty extensively acted upon; and it doubtless tends to produce in the sex a habit of circumspection, an alarmed sense of self-respect, and a scrupulous tenderness of that feeling, which is to conscience what decorum is to virtue. But these qualities seem to be intimately allied with delicacy of perception and of mind. In fact, in the western world, *bienséance* has become (if we may use a very hard and workmanlike term) the *professional* virtue of the fair, and it is therefore that they excel in it. On the whole, if it should be asked, why women are more refined than men? it may be asked in return, why civilized men are more refined than barbarians? It is society which has polished the savage: It is the task of presiding over the society of society, the more civilized part of civilized life, which has so highly polished, and thrown so fine a finish over the women.

Is it not then wonderful to hear some men wonder, that female minds should be so quick of comprehension on common subjects, and yet so much averse to profound disquisition; so intelligent, so susceptible of impressions, in familiar discourse, and yet, in politicks so dull, in metaphysicks so tasteless? They wonder at all this as inconsistent; but the wonder and the inconsistency would be, if the matter were otherwise. We are all adroit at that which we have practised; and these sagacious wonderers may as well consider, why many a sage, who has mines of thought and magazines of information, sufficient to supply the intellectual commerce of a kingdom, should yet be miserably clumsy and stupid at the retail traffick of ordinary chit-chat; or why many a philosopher who can determine to a minute the curvature of a comet's path, should be utterly unable to curve his own person into a tolerable bow. From these, however, or any of the preceding remarks, it were strange to conclude, that women are to be repelled from the severer studies, as if ignorance were the first of female qualifications. The remarks would rather justify an opposite conclusion. Providence has clearly assigned to the one sex the forensick, to the other the domestick occupations; and before so obvious a difference of destination can be overlooked, not only must all right principles and feelings be abandoned, but the essence of things must almost be changed. Till this crisis occurs, women will be the tutelary powers of domestick and social enjoyment; and so long, if there be any truth in the foregoing reflections, they will retain their present *agrémens*. To embellish their minds, therefore, with an ampler furniture of knowledge would only confer on them the means of decorating with additional effect their proper sphere; for the muses can never, of themselves, be at war either with the graces or with the virtues.

And yet, after all, there must be an original susceptibility in the female mind, which no education can give, and which hardly any could entirely destroy. Suppose a country, in which all the feebler and more ricketty males should be carefully culled out, and instead of being committed to the river, as they would have been in Sparta, should be cooped up in drawing-rooms, secluded from publick affairs, forbidden the gallery of the House of Commons, devoted to the household deities, and in all respects subjected to those laws of conduct, which opinion has, in this country, imposed on women. There can be no rational doubt, but that this order of beings would make a considerable approach to the female character; but surely it would prove but a sorry concern. They would turn out, it is much to be feared, a mere corporation of tailors; sad men, and worse women.

FROM HERDER'S SCATTERED LEAVES.

AURORA.

Aurora was complaining to the gods, that, although she was much praised by men, she was little beloved or visited by them, and least by those, who loudest sang her praises. "Do not grieve about thy lot, (said the goddess of Wisdom,) is it not the same with me? and then (continued she) look at those

who slight thee, and at the rival whom they prefer. Behold them, as thou passest, floundering in the embrace of laziness, and decaying body and mind; and hast thou not friends, not adorers enow? The whole creation worships thee: all the Flowers awake and cloth themselves by thy roseate beam in new and bridal beauty. The choir of birds welcome thee, and seem wholly intent on varied arts to charm thy transient presence. The laborious peasant and the industrious sage never disappoint thee; they quaff, from the cup thou offerest, health and strength, repose and life: doubly pleased that they enjoy thee, undisturbed by the prating crowd of sleepy fools. Dost thou consider it as no blessing, that the unworthy are never seen among thy admirers? To be worshipped without profanation, is the highest prize of love among gods and men.

Aurora blushed at her thoughtless murmurs. Let every beauty aspire to her fortune, who equals her in beauty and innocence.

THE OFFSPRING OF MERCY:

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

When the Almighty was about to create man, he summoned before him the angels of his attributes, the watchers of his dominions. They stood in council around his hidden throne. "Create him not," said the angel of Justice, "he will not be equitable to his brethren, he will oppress the weaker."—"Create him not," said the angel of Peace, "he will manure the earth with human blood, the first born of his race will be the slayer of his brother."—"Create him not," said the angel of Truth, "he will defile thy sanctuary with falsehood, although thou shouldst stamp on his countenance thine image, the seat of confidence." So spake the attributes of Jehovah: when Mercy, the youngest and dearest child of the Eternal, arose, and clasping his knees, "Create him, father," said she, "in thy likeness, the darling of thy loving kindness. When all thy messengers forsake him, I will seek, and support, and turn his faults to good. Because he is weak, I will incline his bowels to compassion, and his soul to atonement. When he departs from Peace, from Truth, from Justice, the consequences of his wanderings shall deter him from repeating them, and shall gently lead him to amendment." The Father of all gave ear, and created man, a weak faultering being; but in all his faults the pupil of Mercy, the son of ever active and ameliorating love!——Remember thine origin, Oh man! when thou art hard and unkind towards thy brother, Mercy alone willed thee to be, Love and Pity suckled thee at their bosoms.

THE VINE.

On the day of their creation the trees boasted one to another of their excellence. "Me the Lord planted," said the lofty Cedar, "strength, fragrance, and longevity he bestowed on me."—"The goodness of Jehovah fashioned me to be a blessing," said the shadowy Palm; "utility and beauty he united in my form." The Apple Tree said, "like a bridegroom among youths, I glow in my beauty amid the trees of the grove." The Myrtle said, "like the rose among briars, so am I amid other shrubs." Thus all boasted, the Olive, the Fig Tree, and even the Fir. The Vine alone drooped silent to the ground. "To me," thought he, "every thing has been refused; I have neither stem,

nor branches, nor flowers; but such as I am, I will hope and wait." He bent down his shoots and wept. Nor had he long to wait, for behold the divinity of earth, Man, drew nigh. He saw the feeble, helpless plant, trailing its honours along the soil. In pity, he lifted up the recumbent shoots, and twined the feeble plant about his own bower; and now the winds played with its leaves and tendrils, and the warmth of the sun began to empurple its hard green grapes, and to prepare within them a sweet and delicious juice, the repast and the drink of gods and of men. Decked with its rich clusters, the Vine now leaned toward its master, who tasted its refreshing fruit and juicy beverage, and named the Vine his friend, his grateful favourite! Then the proud trees envied the Vine; for behold they stood barren and neglected; but he rejoiced in his humble growth and his persevering patience; and still his juice enliveneth the heart of the sad, lifts the sinking courage, and inspires to perseverance and exertion. Despair not, ye forsaken; hear, wait, and strive. From the insignificant reed flows the sweetest of juices; from the bending Vine springs the most delightful drink of the earth.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

ELEGY ON PERCEIVING A RENT IN MY OLD SHOE.

Invidious time, beneath thy power
All nature hastes to swift decay,
From thee we wait th' ungrateful hour,
That calls each fav'rite joy away.

Ev'n now, alas! I lose, forlorn,
The lov'd companion of my way,
That oft my fainting steps hath borne,
And watch'd my feet so prone to stray.

Ill fated shoe, thy end draws near,
With pain I view thy mangled form;
Sad is that heart, thou us'dst to cheer,
Cold are those *toes*, thou us'dst to warm.

Ill fated [illegible], when at your cost
Through splashing gutters I must go,
I know not which bedews you most,
Or tears above, or mud below.

Once was the time when tight and smart,
My shoes defied the tempest's sway,
Till canker time, like Æneas' dart,
Through two tough bull-hides forced its way.

Now torn, defac'd, in woeful turn,
No trace remains of beauty there;
Scarce shall the passing trav'ler learn,
Their hue was black, their toes were square.

Sweet shoes, no more, in graceful sway,
Shall waving silk your tops adorn,
No more the black-ball's dazzling ray
Eclipse the pearls of dewy morn.

Nor ever more, in lively dance,
Shall you admiring mouths distend;
No more on *right* and *left* to prance,
One more *cast off* shall be your end.

Ye shoe nymphs, beat your leathern breasts,
In handfuls rend your locks of thread,
Shed tears of wax from eyes opprest,
And mourn your fav'rite offspring dead.

B.

THE BOSTON REVIEW.

FOR

JULY, 1808.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. PLIN.

ART. 22.

An Accurate Report of the Argument on a motion of Attachment against Baptis Irvine, Editor of the Whig, for a Contempt against the Court of Oyer and Terminer for Baltimore County. By A. C. Hanson, *one of the Counsel for the State.* Baltimore: printed and published by P. K. Wagner. 1808. 8vo. pp. 116.

THIS pamphlet has attracted our attention, rather from the importance and novelty, in this country, of the subject discussed in it, than from any extraordinary ability displayed in the discussion. In these times of democratick laxity, when a willingness to strip the judicial tribunals of their accustomed dignity and authority is so prevalent, it will not be useless to invite the publick notice to a trial, which in a democratick state, and before a democratick court, with the sanction of a democratick governour, established a principle, obvious and unquestioned, it is true, in all regular and well settled governments, but obnoxious to fanaticks in politicks, who believe that liberty can exist without those wholesome restraints, which alone give it life and durability.

The liberty of the press and the trial by jury, have long been the idols of faction, before which all other rights and privileges must bow down and humble themselves in the dust. Is a man's reputation destroyed, his peace and happiness invaded by some newspaper paragraph, he must submit in silence; because, to punish the offender would be to interrupt the freedom of the press Is a court of justice braved to its teeth, its officers traduced, its proceedings misrepresented, its regular and impartial administration intercepted; it must lament the misfortune without a struggle to prevent it; for to seize and punish the perpetrator, while punishment can answer any purpose, will be to violate the trial by jury; and to wait the formal process and issue of such a trial would be to close the doors after the treasure is stolen. Who will deny that a cunning and eloquent statement of facts, published in a popular paper during the trial of a cause, is calculated to interest the minds of a jury, and predispose them to adopt an opinion, which it may

be difficult for the strongest evidence to efface ? Who will deny that to charge the judge with partiality, the opposite party with malice, the witnesses with perjury, will probably induce one or more of a jury to shut their ears against truth, and to be eager to oppose an influence, which they may be thus led to believe is unjust ? What then is to be done, unless the court is vested with power instantly to vindicate its purity, and protect the rights of suitors ? Surely our constitution, professedly made to guard the rights of property and reputation, because it establishes the freedom of the press and the trial by jury, cannot have left unprotected the greatest blessings it was intended to secure.

And yet the perusal of the pamphlet we are now reviewing will shew, that an attempt of the court of Oyer and Terminer in Maryland to preserve itself from disgrace was resisted with a zeal and pertinacity, which leave little doubt of the sincerity of the gentlemen, who it seems volunteered their services in what they call the cause of liberty and the rights of man.

The facts, upon which the prosecution was founded, were as follows : one of the journeymen of Baptis Irvine, who was the editor of a democratick paper in Baltimore, was indicted for an assault and battery, and upon trial was convicted. Several other persons were charged in the same indictment with the same offence, but, not having been arrested, their trial had not come on. After the verdict, and before sentence, a very scurrilous libel on the jurors and witnesses appeared in the defendant's paper ; and on affidavits made by ten of the jurors and two of the witnesses that they believed themselves to be abused by the publication, a motion was made by the attorney for the government for a rule to shew cause, why an attachment should not issue against the defendant for a contempt of the court. The rule was granted, and a time assigned for hearing counsel on the question, " Why an attachment should not issue against Baptis Irvine for a contempt of court, in publishing, pending a prosecution therein," the obnoxious paragraph. Irvine was not without friends upon the question : several gentlemen of the bar, professing themselves republicans, volunteered their services, either sincerely believing that a stretch of power dangerous to publick liberty was assumed by the court ; or, what is more probable, conceiving that an opportunity was offered to shew their love for the people's rights, and to signalize themselves as champions of the fashionable politicks of the day. On the day appointed for the hearing, which was sufficiently distant for preparation, the prosecution was opened by a Mr. Meredith, in a neat style of declamation, in which he stated the necessity of punishing any attempt to influence a judicial tribunal or any of its officers, or in any way to affect a cause out of court, in its progress towards decision. He stated in strong language the mischiefs, which would flow from permitting remarks to be made in newspapers with impunity on subjects pending before the court ; and reprobated that spirit of democracy, which would withhold all respect from the constituted authorities of the country, and finally, if not checked, would overturn all the institutions established for the security of liberty. He characterizes the defendant as " a foreigner, a political missionary from the great High Priest of a philosophy that is ignoble, savage, devilish ; of a democra-

cy, shameless, irrational, ferocious." He says, "the paper managed by the defendant is unexampled in venom and malignity by any of the columns of its great prototype, the Aurora." In another paragraph he says, "it is a truth within the knowledge of all his hearers, that this city (Baltimore) has been for some time disgraced by a newspaper, assuming the title of the Whig, marked by a contempt of order and violence of outrage, by a rage of defamation, and audacity of falsehood, seldom equalled, but never surpassed by the most profligate pages of the most licentious paper, that society or government ever tolerated." After indulging himself in some handsome flights respecting the true liberty of the press, and the necessity of preserving the dignity of the courts of law, in the course of which there are many severe, and perhaps unwarrantable attacks upon the defendant's general conduct and character, which was not then a subject of investigation, Mr. Meredith produced his authorities to support his positions, which were, 1. That the publication complained of was a contempt of court, and, 2. That as such, by the common law, it was punishable by attachment: and also, that by several decisions in other states, and in the court of the United States, the principle had been fully recognized and established.

Mr. Meredith was followed by Mr. Donaldson for the defendant, who controverts his position with ingenuity, and is no mean competitor in the field of declamation. Zealous in the cause of liberty and the sacred rights of the press, he seems to think all restraint of either incompatible with the dignity of free and independent man. The basis of his argument is the several articles in the Constitution and Bill of Rights of Maryland, providing for the trial by jury, freedom of discussion, personal liberty, &c. which are found with little variation in the constitutional codes of all the states, which have a written constitution, and of which, indeed, most are taken from the *Magna Charta* of that land of true civil liberty, *Great Britain*.

Mr. Donaldson's argument is, that by the constitution, in all criminal prosecutions, the accused has a right to trial by jury; that a process for contempt is a criminal prosecution, its consequence being fine and imprisonment; that therefore the court could not punish in the summary way of attachment, but that there must be indictment and trial before any punishment could be inflicted. The force of Mr. Donaldson's argument is weakened by his admission, that there are contempts, which the court may punish by attachment, such as all disobediences of officers to their lawful orders, and disturbances in the presence of the court. With this admission, it would seem the only question must be, whether the facts complained of amounted to a contempt, for Mr. Donaldson did not pretend to shew by any authority the line of distinction between contempts, on one side of which they could, and on the other side they could not punish, without the intervention of juries.

Next follows Mr. Hanson for the prosecution, who compliments the court, and severely lashes the defendant and his paper; he says "it is the most infamous paper ever published in the state of Maryland. Even the foul and filthy pages of the Aurora, the pimping falsehoods of the Intelligencer, are not half so reprehensible as the paragraph com-

plained of. To put them in competition, steeped in gall and venom as they are, would be to compare the chastity of a vestal with the most infamous and abandoned prostitute, that ever waded through the filth of pollution." There is some danger, that to those, who have read the Aurora and the Intelligencer, this sentence may appear somewhat hyperbolical.

He further says, the defendant is "an emigrant from that distracted and politically miserable state of Pennsylvania. Trained up under William Duane, of famous newspaper memory, not even Moloch himself was better qualified for his mighty revolutionary purposes." Mr. Hanson appears to have been upon higher stilts than any of his brethren, and in the course of a tolerable argument, indulges himself in many ebullitions of passion and zeal. We are not a little surprised, that in an argument addressed to the court, upon a grave law question, so much latitude of remark should have been permitted, as most of the counsel were indulged in.

Next follows Mr. Glenn, who talks solemnly about the trial by jury, liberty of the press, and the rights of man. His argument is short, and not without merit. He is replied to by Mr. Livermore, who, without declamation, in a speech which shews considerable research, and a perfect understanding of his subject, has treated the question in a lawyer-like manner, and very intelligibly and satisfactorily maintained the prosecution. Mr. Livermore's speech comprehends all which was said upon the subject by all the advocates, and ably refutes the objections, which had been raised by the defendant's counsel. From the arrangement of ideas, and the freedom from flourish discernible in Mr. Livermore's argument, we conclude he has had more professional experience than the gentlemen who preceded him, and we are confirmed in this opinion from the rank he held in the argument, he being the last but one out of four, who spoke in favour of the prosecution. But if we should be mistaken in this conjecture, and Mr. Livermore should turn out to be as young a man as his colleagues, we think we may venture to say, he had advantageously improved his noviciate, and that he is less eager to display his powers of oratory, than to do justice to the cause which he espoused.

Mr. Kell concludes in the defence, and Mr. Jennings for the prosecution; and it may well be imagined, considering the number who preceded them, and allowing them tolerable ability, that there was little left for them to do. The only thing remarkable about Mr. Kell is, that he was candid enough to admit a principle, from which his colleagues thought it necessary explicitly to dissent.

The court decided in favour of the attachment, and the Chief Justice in a neat, concise manner, delivered their opinion, with the reasons on which it was founded. They sentenced the defendant to thirty days imprisonment.

The counsel for Irvine were not disposed to abandon him, while any hope of defeating the prosecution remained. Confiding in the democratick propensities of gov. Wright, they addressed a letter to him, urging the interposition of his power of pardon. But they were mistaken in the man. Whatever may have been his theoretick notions of liberty and the rights of man, he seems to have been sensible, that practical liberty is perfectly consistent with the wholesome restraints of the law;

and that to sanction the *licentiousness* under the imposing name of the *freedom* of the press, would be to commit every man's reputation and his rights to the keeping of the profligate and malignant. He refused to interfere; and in his answer to the application gives an interesting, intelligent, and independent summary of the principles upon which the authority of the court rested. We wish this letter to be read, as it will go far to retrieve a reputation, which in a political view, was not a little impaired by a bill, proposed, we think, by this same gentleman, when a senator of the United States, offering a bounty for shooting and drowning Englishmen.

Upon the whole, this pamphlet will be read with interest. The gentlemen, who acted as counsel, if not very profound in their researches, at least shewed considerable skill in declamation. Indeed after the brilliant, luminous and deep display of legal and political knowledge, exhibited by Mr. Lewis of Philadelphia, before the legislature of Pennsylvania, on the motion to impeach the judges of that state, for giving a like decision in the case of Oswald, a lawyer must have possessed uncommon talents, who could have furnished any thing new upon the subject. This speech of Mr. Lewis may be seen in the first volume of Dallas' reports, in a note, where also will be found a very able argument on the other side of the question, ostensibly by Mr. Findley, but we think probably furnished by the reporter himself, or some other democratick lawyer of eminence in that city.

We do not recollect any instance, in which the courts of our state have exercised this authority of attachment for any newspaper remarks upon their proceedings or the causes before them: but we have in mind many paragraphs, which, if seen by the court, we think would have met their reprehension. We trust, that, whenever attempts are made improperly to influence their decisions, or to interfere with the regular course of their duty, they will not shrink from a due exercise of the power, which the constitution and laws of the land have deposited in their hands for the preservation of their own dignity and the welfare of the people.

Here follows the letter of governour Wright:

COUNCIL CHAMBER.

ANAPOLIS, MARCH 1, 1808.

Gentlemen,

I received your communication, with the memorial in the case of Baptis Irvine, together with the document containing the depositions and proceedings of the criminal court of Baltimore county, and their sentence of imprisonment of said Baptis Irvine for thirty days.

The conviction of Tomlin by a jury of his country, must be considered a perfect evidence of his guilt, and any witnesses against him, who might have sworn falsely, were liable to have been contradicted by other witnesses on the trial, and all their testimony weighed by the jury; and if guilty of perjury, are yet liable to be indicted and punished.

The petit jury are the legitimate and constitutional organ of guilt or innocence, and for corruption in giving their verdict, are themselves liable to punishment on conviction: thus are suitors guarded constitutionally against the perjury of witnesses and the corruption of jurors.

By the common law of England, which the constitution of Maryland has declared a part of the law of the land, courts of justice have authority to punish contempts by attachment; and any interruption to the fair and impartial administration of justice, is a contempt of the court: to publish any thing pending a trial, in any manner to influence the decision of the court or jury in the case, is certainly a contempt of court, and a violation of a great constitutional secur-

ity, that of being confronted with the witnesses on oath in open court—by substituting an unsworn anonymous history of the case in a publick newspaper, where every publication of this sort will have its weight, its influence, and its advocates. It has frequently been decided, that such a publication is a contempt at common law.

That the liberty of the press ought to be inviolably preserved, the constitution has declared; but that the licentiousness of the press should be as invariably punished, the *law* has declared, and the repose of society most imperiously demands.

I am confident, that you will admit that the ministers of justice should be protected from insult, when discharging their judicial functions; who, as the guardians of our rights, are as much bound to punish the licentiousness, as they are to protect the liberty of the press, although secured by the constitution.

Can it be conceived that the liberty of the press as secured by the constitution, meant to authorise printers to charge courts and juries with corruption, and witnesses with perjury, and to force on a court and jury, through the medium of a newspaper, a history of the merits of a case depending before them, by anonymous unattested publications, when no testimony can be given but on oath, and by the permission of the court submitted to the jury? On this subject there can be but one opinion.

You speak of the hardship of not being permitted to give the truth in evidence in this case, when, in fact, the party charged on an attachment is so far from being estopped from giving the truth in evidence, that he is peculiarly favoured by being himself a witness to purge himself of the contempt; and if on his *own* oath he shall declare his innocence, the court are bound to discharge him.

You eulogize the trial by jury, and yet wish to protect a printer from wantonly insulting its members. You reprobate the doctrines of the common law as declared by the judge, although introduced by our constitution, and he sworn to execute them.

I can never consent, gentlemen, to arrest the execution of that legitimate power in a court of justice, which is not only necessary to its protection, but to its very existence. Nor can I refrain from observing, that nothing will so securely preserve the liberty of the press as the punishment of its licentiousness. And have we not daily experience of the most wanton carnage of character, from which neither piety, virtue, publick services nor patriotism can shield the victim from the poisoned shafts of the masked assassin?

I have taken the liberty of briefly assigning my reasons for not interfering in the case.

I have the honour to be, gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

ROBERT WRIGHT.

T. Kell, J. L. Donaldson, and T. Glenn, Esquires, Baltimore.

ART. 23.

An Historical Sketch of the county of Berkshire and town of Pittsfield, written in May, 1808. *By Thomas Allen, A. M. Pastor of the Congregational Church in Pittsfield.* Boston. Belcher & Armstrong. 1808. pp. 14.

THIS publication we seized with avidity, expecting to receive some addition to our knowledge of one of the most flourishing districts of this commonwealth. From the clergy are to be derived the best statistical accounts of their respective parishes and the neighbouring country; and this is the requisite basis for a computation of the aggregate wealth, power, and happiness of the citizens, and for all plans, digested by the government or individuals for the extension of blessings through all classes of the community. Political economy has not perhaps been so much neglected in America, as other sciences; but a very large part of its domain continues unexplored.

Our hopes from this performance are blasted. It is a meagre pamphlet, a production of one hour's labour. The historical sketch of Berkshire begins thus:

Pittsfield is situated one hundred and forty miles west of Boston, in the *local centre* [where is that?] of the county of Berkshire, within seven miles of the west line of the state of Massachusetts, separating it from the state of New-York, and within seven miles of New-Lebanon springs. The county of Berkshire extends across the west end of the state, and is more than fifty miles in width, [perhaps the author meant length,] and twenty in breadth.

Iron ore is abundant in the county; marble is found in Lanesborough, shaking quakers in Hancock, and the county courts in Lenox, though they were formerly held in Pittsfield and Great Barrington: and this is the description of the county of Berkshire, excepting the town of Pittsfield.

The writer of this pamphlet is a great statesman; and, because salt may be brought from the westward into Berkshire, affirms:

We receive no injury from the embargo. Great advantages would result from its continuance for years to come, by enlarging our manufactures, promoting our independence, &c.

To be sure there is a trifling discordance in the paragraph, when we are told,

Nine tenths of the people of Berkshire are well satisfied of the wisdom and necessity of the measure, and are willing to undergo a little *present inconvenience* for a greater future good.

But of his own place of residence the author writes with complacence, and we regret that he has only told, that there are ten schools, one meeting house, one bank, and one academy in the town; that the births amount to one hundred, and the deaths to thirty, in a year. He concludes with an address "to the church of Christ and inhabitants of the town of Pittsfield." The political aspersions upon "the tories, monarchists or federalists" in the "historical sketch" are continued even in the pastoral letter to his spiritual children. The author writes,

I have gained much knowledge of the spirit and fatal effects of federalism since my arrival in this place.

He has visited Boston for the recovery of his health; and we heartily hope, that he may improve in strength and style before his return.

ART. 24.

A Sermon, preached at the Third Parish in Dedham, April 7, 1808, the day appointed by his excellency the Governour, for a day of humiliation and prayer, throughout the commonwealth of Massachusetts. By Thomas Thacher, A. M. Minister of the third parish in Dedham. Dedham. H. Mann, printer. 8vo. pp. 21. 1808.

THE productions of this gentleman always reward the reader and the reviewer for any time and attention which may be devoted to them. Though some of the positions may appear visionary, and some of the reasoning fallacious, though the style is occasionally incorrect, and often inelegant, yet there is a vein of original and profound thought, a bold and vigourous invention, and frequently a most brilliant display of fancy, discovered in the compositions of Mr. Thacher, which justly entitle them to particular and very honourable notice among the pamphlets, which issue from our presses.

The text of the discourse under review is from Psalm lxxxi. 11, 12. "But my people would not hearken to my voice; and Israel would none of me. So I gave them up to their

own hearts' lust, and they walked in their own counsels."

These words are first briefly but very judiciously explained; and then treated under two grand divisions, viz. "We shall

I. Inquire, what duties are so plainly pointed out and enjoined by Heaven on nations, or rather on man in his collective capacity, that they may be properly called the *voice of God.*

II. Exhibit those marks of national disobedience and depravity, which demonstrate that the divine commands are totally neglected.

Under each of these, we shall intersperse such moral and practical reflections, as may arise on the subject.

Under the first are considered national religion, the positive duties of christianity, private and social virtue, patriotism and publick manners. Under the second, a coldness and indifference to religion, both in its form and essence; the violation of truth and justice, and even of common honesty; the want of family government; the spirit of discord and party rage; are enumerated as indications of our being "left to follow our own counsel." In the indignant tone of a moral satirist, and in the authoritive voice of a christian minister, Mr. Thacher has inveighed against our vices and our follies. As men love to be praised rather than counselled, as flattery is always more grateful than reproof; and as those who most justly incur the latter are not unusually most greedy of the former, it must have been presumed by the reverend author that many readers would be incredulous, and many resentful, at his faithful representations of our faults and dangers. Some however will we hope be benefitted by the wholesome warnings, which we trust all will ascribe to benevolent and patriotick motives, and acknowledge to be executed with dignity and energy. Take a specimen from page 6.

Would to God, my fellow citizens, there were not a "fatal pertinence" in the words of the text to the people of the United States! Can we examine closely into their import without finding our traits and features of national character moral and religious so nearly delineated, that they are a natural picture, rather than a general resemblance? Have we not revolted, in principle as well as practice, against Religion and Morality? Do we not already feel from the effect of our national wickedness, that we are left to *follow our own counsel?* Are there not those omens of publick death to be discerned at this day, which have been the precursor of destruction to other communities, once famous for religion and civil liberty, for arts and arms? Is it not feared by the most wise and sagacious, contemplating the wars and convulsions, which have recently changed the face of all civilized Europe, and reflecting on the danger and ruin, to which we are exposed, that the angel of fate, by command of the Eternal, is now winding up the last threads of our political duration? Doth not the pious and devout mind, observing the history of God's moral providence, and comparing the same with the profaneness, licentiousness, and almost total absence of moral principle, so obvious at this day, behold *the hand writing on the wall*, shewing how soon our destinies will be completed? Doth not he perceive from the *signs of the times*, the great and terrible voice of an angry Deity proclaiming through the land, "*Your end is come, and your days shall not be prolonged?*

ART. 25.

Secret History: or the Horrors of St. Domingo; in a series of Letters, written by a Lady at Cape Francois, to Colonel Burr, late Vice President of the United States, principally during the command of General Rochambeau. Philadelphia. Bradford & Inskeep. 1808. pp. 225.

THE island of St. Domingo is the finest, and has been the most valua-

ble of the West India colonies. It would afford a copious subject for an interesting statistical work, which might be enlivened by many a romantick story, many pleasing, and many, O how many! horrible relations. The scenery, peculiar to the tropical regions, is here to be met with in all its luxuriance and variety, and would offer frequent opportunities for beautiful description. The city of Santo Domingo, on the south side of the island, once the seat of the Spanish Council General of the Indies, contains many fine churches, among which the cathedral is remarkable for its size and massy construction, and for being the oldest church in the American world. The ruins of the unfinished palace of Columbus, built in the Moorish style of the day, and the fountain of Columbus, which was poisoned by the negroes during their last attack upon the city, create interesting recollections about the most illustrious of all navigators, the most fortunate in what depended upon himself, the most ill treated by those to whom he rendered the greatest services.

From the impression given by the title of this book, we were agreeably relieved by its perusal. The Horrours of St. Domingo are so dreadful, so recent, and so numerous that the bare recital would be an inhuman task. Perhaps it is no exaggeration to say, the blood which has been spilt, beginning with the destruction of the miserable Indians by the unrelenting Spaniards, after the first discovery; the European armies, Spanish, French, and English, that have melted away in garrisons and camps; and the massacres of the French and negroes by each other, would be sufficient to encompass the island. Nor would there be any utility in such a recital: a few facts might be selected to shew the danger of visionary innovations, and the consequent miseries of theoretick changes of government and society; but the mass had better be consigned to oblivion, for it has a bad tendency to familiarize mankind to the relation of enormities, whose existence they could not conceive or realize.

These letters, which have probably been revised, bear the marks generally of having been written at the time, and on the spot. Whether they were really addressed to Col. Burr, as the author is anonymous, we may perhaps have a right to doubt, though there are two or three allusions in the course of them, that incline us to think they were. The authoress appears to be a Philadelphian, unmarried, and the letters are principally occupied with the affairs of her sister, married by her guardian to a Frenchman, who, from his wealth, had been thought to be an advantageous match, but who proves to be a brutal, jealous character, and whose ill-treatment of his wife, justifies her elopement from him. This takes place at Cuba, where they had escaped from St. Domingo; she runs away in the night, without consulting any one; her sister soon goes to Jamaica, where she is eventually joined by the runaway lady, and they prepare to return to Philadelphia, which forms the subject of the last letter in the book.

We make the following extract for the sake of relating another anecdote in corroboration of it, which we had from a party concerned, both illustrating French character, and above all, French Creole character.

Many similar anecdotes have been related by my Creole friends; but one of them, after having excited my warmest

sympathy, made me laugh heartily in the midst of my tears. She told me that her husband was stabbed in her arms by a slave whom he had always treated as his brother; that she had seen her children killed, and her house burned, but had been herself preserved by a faithful slave and conducted, after incredible sufferings, and through innumerable dangers to the Cape. The same slave, she added, and the idea seemed to console her for every other loss, saved all my Madras handkerchiefs.

Some American gentlemen at the Cape, at the greatest hazard of their own lives and property, had concealed a Frenchman for some weeks in a small space between two houses, whose ends nearly joined; here they lowered him down his food and cloathing out of a small window, unknown to any one but themselves. The time at length arrived to embark, and through a thousand difficulties they got him safely on board the vessel. Here he recollected having left, not the portrait of his mistress, or even a lock of her hair, but a pair of boots; and they had some trouble to prevent his going back and endeavouring to recover them.

The following anecdote amused us, though, begging the lady's pardon, it recalled to mind Pindar's tale of "Susan and the Spider."

You say, that in relating publick affairs or those of Clara, I forget my own, or conceal them under this appearance of neglect. My fate is so intimately connected with that of my sister, that every thing concerning her must interest you, from the influence it has on myself; and, in truth, I have no adventures. I described in a former letter, the gallantry of the French officers, but I have not repeated the compliments they sometimes make me, and which have been offered, perhaps to every woman in town before they reach my ear. But a civil thing I heard yesterday had so much of originality in it, that it deserves to be remembered. I was copying a beautiful drawing of the graces, when a Frenchman I detest entered the room. Approaching the table he said, What, mademoiselle, do you paint? I did not know that you possessed that talent. Vexed at his intrusion, I asked if he knew I possessed any talents. Certainly, he replied, every body acknowledges that you possess that of pleasing. Then looking at the picture that lay before me, he continued: The modesty of the graces would prevent their attempting to draw you. Why? I asked. Because in painting you, they would be obliged to copy themselves.

In the 25th letter is an anecdote honourable to the British character, of the commander of a frigate, who perished in a bold exertion of humanity to save the property, after having preserved the lives of some French emigrants.

The most amusing letter in the book is the 28th, written in Cuba, to the authoress, by her sister; yet it is in the same style with the others. It is too long for insertion, but as a specimen of the book, we give the 6th letter.

Cape Francois.

General Rochambeau has given Clara a proof of his attention to her wishes at once delicate and flattering. She dined with a large party at the government-house, where, as usual, he was entirely devoted to her. After dinner, he led her, followed by the company, to a saloon, that was fitting up for a dining-room. It was ornamented with military trophies, and on every pannel was written the name of some distinguished chief.

On one Buonaparte, on another Frederick, on another Massena, &c.

Clara said it was very pretty, but that Washington should also have found a place there!

A few days after, a grand ball was given, and on entering the ball-room, we saw, on a pannel facing the door,

Washington, Liberty, and Independence!

This merited a smile, and the general received a most gracious one. It was new year's eve. When the clock struck twelve, Clara, approaching the general, took a

rose from her bosom, saying, let me be the first to wish you a happy new-year, and to offer you les etrennes.

He took the rose, passed it across his lips, and put it in his bosom.

The next morning, an officer called on her, and presented her a pacquet in the name of the general in chief. On opening it she found a brilliant cross, with a superb chain, accompanied by an elegant billet, praying her acceptance of these trifles.

Take it back, she exclaimed; I gave the general a flower, and will accept nothing of greater value.——The officer refused, and, as the eyes of her husband expressed no disapprobation, she kept it.

We have since learned that it is customary to make at this season, magnificent presents, and this accounts for the passiveness of St. Louis on this occasion.

Shortly after, at a breakfast given by Madame A——, Clara appeared with her brilliant cross: the general was there.

When they sat down to table he offered her an apple, which she declined accepting. Take it, said he, for on Mount Ida I would have given it to you, and in Eden I would have taken it from you.

She replied, laughing, no, no; since you attach so much value to your apple I certainly will not accept it, for I wish equally to avoid discord and temptation.

Her husband looked displeased, and withdrew as soon as possible.

On their return home, he told her that her flirting with the general, if carried much farther, would probably cost her too dear. She became serious, and I foresee the approaching destruction of all domestick tranquillity.

Clara, proud and high spirited, will submit to no controul. If her husband reposed confidence in her, she would not abuse it But his soul cannot raise itself to a level with that of his wife, and he will strive in vain to reduce her to that of his own.

He has declared, that she shall go to no more balls; and she has declared as peremptorily, that she will go where she pleases. So on the first publick occasion there will be a contest for supremacy which will decide forever the empire of the party that conquers.

Their jarrings distress me beyond measure. I had hoped to find tranquillity with my sister, but alas! she is herself a stranger to it.

I have no pleasure but that which the recollection of your friendship affords, which will be dear to my heart whilst that heart is conscious of feeling or affection.

The writer tells us in the preface, that this is only a *coup d'essai* at the solicitation of her friends, but which will encourage her to prosecute another work she has commenced, if it be favourably received. We venture to say, that, if she is fortunate in her subject, she has talents to merit success. There are a few verbal inaccuracies, probably the fault of the printer.

ART. 26.

A Discourse on Revealed Religion, delivered in the Chapel of the University in Cambridge, May 11, 1808, *at the Anniversary Lecture, founded by the Hon. Paul Dudley, Esq. By* Reuben Puffer. *Minister of Berlin.* Cambridge. Hilliard & Metcalf.

EITHER from its language, which is happily selected, and constructed with great perspicuity and a degree of neatness, that often rises to elegance, and occasionally expands and brightens to a fullness and splendour hardly surpassable, and seldom surpassed by the most eminent of the English or Scotch divines; or from its argument, which is well conducted and urged home to its conclusion with irresistible weight and effect; though from which of these two causes it is not easy to say, we have read Mr. Puffer's discourse preached before the university at the Dudleian* Lecture in May last, with

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* The Dudleian Lecture was founded by the Hon. Paul Dudley. This gentleman was born at Roxbury, 1675; he was the son of gov. Dudley, a grandson

higher pleasure, than generally arises from perusing works of this description.

Under the authority and guidance of the conciliating answer, "come and see," returned by Philip to the cavilling question, proposed by Nathaniel, "can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Mr. Puffer, instead of following the track of his predecessors, who, as he truly says, "have in the course of these lectures ably stated and defended the importance of divine revelation, and the evidence by which its credibility is attested," undertakes to state and defend, what the passage chosen for his text evidently suggests, "the propriety and importance of free inquiry on religious subjects."

"In illustrating this point," says Mr. Puffer, page 6, "it may be useful to exhibit a summary view of the evils of implicit faith; offer some considerations adapted to excite inquiry; show how the inquiry must be managed; and close with the invitation of the text."

This happy division of his subject, Mr. Puffer pursues through its four distinct members, with not less ability than address. And we regret, that, instead of a rude sketch, our limits do not permit us to present a minute and accurate analysis of this very sensible pamphlet. Such however is Mr. Puffer's discourse,

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of Thomas Dudley, one of the first governours of Massachusetts. Paul entered Harvard college in his eleventh year. He proceeded A. B. 1690, and A. M. 1693. His law studies he completed at the Inner Temple. He was a member of the Royal Society, and among the transactions of that body for 1720 and '21, are some tracts from his pen relating to the Natural History of New-England.

Paul successively filled the offices of Attorney General for the province, representative from Roxbury to the general court, one of his majesty's council, and Chief justice of the superiour court of judicature, to which office he was in 1745, promoted from the place, which he had filled from 1718, of one of the puisne judges on the death of Benjamin Lynde, Esq. In all these stations he was distinguished for his talents and integrity. He married a daughter of col. John Wainwright, of Ipswich. Paul died at the place of his birth, Jan. 30th, 1750-1.

By his will, dated Jan. 1 and 2, 1750, and the directions thereto annexed, Paul gave 133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* to Harvard College, the yearly profit of which was to be applied to maintaining an anniversary sermon or lecture.

1st. For the proving, explaining, and proper use and improvement of Natural Religion, &c.

2d. For the confirmation, illustration, and improvement of the great articles of the Christian Religion, properly so called, &c.

3d. For the detecting, convicting, and exposing the idolatry of the Romish church, &c.

4th. For the maintaining, explaining, and proving the validity of the ordination of ministers or pastors of churches, and so their administration of the sacraments or ordinances of religion, as the same hath been practised in New-England, &c.

For trustees, &c. he appoints the president, the professors of divinity, and senior tutor of Harvard college, and the pastors of the first churches of Cambridge and Roxbury, for the time being. He also appoints the president to preach the first lecture, and that he, as well as his successors, preachers of the said lecture, should leave a fair copy of their discourses with the treasurer of said college to be filed among the records thereof.

In compliance with these appointments, the first lecture was preached by president Holyoke, in 1755; the next by John Barnard, of Marblehead, which was the first that was printed. Twenty-one of the sermons, preached at this lecture, have been printed, and are among the best specimens of pulpit compositions which New-England has produced. Most of these printed sermons are in the Theological library in this town, and the manuscripts of all of them are deposited in the college Library at Cambridge.

that, if one may judge from the lively sentiments of devotion and humble adoration which a silent and solitary perusal of it infuses or excites, it must have breathed, and we are are not without some vivid hopes, that, when delivered, it communicated as well as breathed the warmest spirit of piety. To Mr. Puffer, whom we respect and reverence as a scholar without pedantry, and a christian without bigotry, the university and the community at large are much indebted. As his lecture is calculated to soften obduracy, to silence ridicule, to exhilirate despondence, to dissipate doubt and perplexity, to inspire confidence and joy, to quicken hope to warm and living faith, and strengthen faith thus warm and living to full and unwavering assurance; since its direct and necessary tendency is such and so beneficial, Mr. Puffer's lecture can hardly fail, if its tendency opens into effect, of securing to its author his interest in the reward, awaiting such as have "turned many to righteousness."

In the close of this article, which we fear has already stretched to such a length as to need in the opinion of some an apology, it may not be improper to subjoin, and with those feelings of honest pride, which can only arise from our persuasion of its truth, we do now, in order to correct, if corrigible, an impression current in some of the sister states, subjoin the remark, that of the rural clergy of Massachusetts, no inconsiderable portion are like Mr. Puffer, gentlemen of sound understanding, of solid learning, of *modest* but *active* virtue, of fervent though humble piety.

RETROSPECTIVE NOTICE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

ARTICLE 4.

Viaggio negli Stati Uniti dell' America Settentrionale fatto negli anni 1785, 1786, *e* 1787, *da Luigi Castiglioni, Patrizio Milanese, Cavaliere dell' ordine di S. Stefano, P. M. Membro della Società Filosofica di Filadelphia, e della Patriotica di Milano. Con Alcune Osservazioni sui Vegetabili più utili di quel Paese.* Milano, Nella Stamperia di Giuseppe Marelli. Con permissione. 1790.

AMONG the host of European travellers, whom curiosity, enterprize, commercial speculation, a desire of fame, or a real wish to promote the interests of science, have brought to our country, Count Castiglioni may claim a distinguished rank.

It is not a little singular, that, while the shelves of our own bookstores, and those of Great Britain are crowded with miserable and prejudiced accounts of travels in this country and descriptions of our manners, published by ignorant coxcombs, a work by a man of real science should not yet have found a translator, or should not have a place in our libraries.

A copy of this work in the Italian language having fallen in our way, and it being one of the princi-

pal objects of our institution to notice all books of any merit, which relate to the natural or political history of our country, we think we cannot do a more acceptable thing than to take a short notice of this production.

Count Castiglioni was a Milanese nobleman, devoted to letters and science, but more particularly to botany, who visited this country in the years 1785, 1786, and 1787.

His account of his voyage and observations was not printed until three years after his return to Italy, when it made its appearance in his native language at Milan.

His narrative is simple and interesting; his style pure and unaffected; his political and moral remarks are generally just and impartial. Few works of this nature present so little national prejudice, and at the same time it is almost wholly free from those enthusiastick opinions, with which the works of some of the French philosophick travellers abound.

His picture of our manners, making suitable allowance for the period, at which it was sketched, and the unavoidable feelings of a nobleman, educated in a country so totally different from our own, is liberal and honourable, both to us, and to his own character.

We cannot give a better idea of this book, nor excite a stronger desire in our readers to peruse it, than by giving such a translation as we are able to make of his modest and unassuming preface. Perhaps we may hereafter give some further extracts from the work.

PREFACE.

The Revolution which has within a few years past taken place in North-America, is one of the most memorable events of the present age, and may in time produce the most important consequences to Europe. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that whatever relates to the United States of America should now be sought for with so much interest, and that so many travellers have visited that country, heretofore so little known. Among others I felt a strong desire to see the political rise of a Republick composed of so many different nations, scattered over vast provinces, so distant from each other, and so various in climate and productions.

Nor was this my only motive, since an object of more immediate utility had a share in my determination. Experience had taught us that the plants of North America from Florida to Canada are admirably adapted for the climate of Europe: I thought therefore, that it might be of great advantage to run over that extensive country not only to make an ample collection of seeds and plants, but to learn the nature of the most useful plants, the mode of culture and propagation, and the uses to which they are or may be applied.

Among these, I have paid the greatest attention to trees, many of which merit to be introduced into Lombardy, either on account of their flourishing in barren soils, of the rapidity of their growth, the excellent qualities of the wood, or, in fine, of other peculiar benefits we might derive from them.

I have not omitted in my researches, those plants which are celebrated for their medicinal virtues, (although perhaps the effects of many of them will not correspond with their reputation,) nor those vegetable productions, which are useful in manufactures.

A few vegetables have been added on account of the singularity of their form and growth, and finally many shrubs and plants, which appeared to be calculated to become new and beautiful ornaments to our gardens and pleasure-grounds.

The botanical observations will be found collected at the end of the work, it appearing to me much better to unite them in one body in this manner, especially for those who are admirers of this particular pursuit.

I have taken great pains to procure accurate accounts of the state and modes of agriculture, being persuaded, that although our industrious and improved cultivation cannot be compared with the first efforts of a people whose country is so thinly settled, still it would be useful and pleasing to know the methods of cul-

ture adopted in a country, whose climate so nearly resembles our own.

These were the objects of my voyage, and with them I was chiefly occupied during my residence in America.

My readers, however, must not expect to find in this work any new discoveries in the vegetable kingdom, nor minute botanical descriptions, it having appeared to me sufficient to give the Linnean generick and specifick name of any plant of which I was describing the uses, adding thereto the synonime of those authors who discovered them, or had been very particular in describing them.

The history of animals, and mineralogy which are objects of the highest utility, and at present the most favorite studies, might have received great aid and assistance from a well informed traveller in this country.

But so far from claiming any merit on these subjects, I freely confess, that I have not attended to this part of natural history.

After all, I wish it to be understood, that my voyage was undertaken chiefly for my own instruction, and I pretend to give only a simple narration of what I have seen and observed. Perhaps the reader will sometimes think that the descriptions are too minute, but I preferred to err on this side, rather than to leave any doubt as to the exactness of the facts related by me.

With these sentiments, I leave to the publick this work, without any pretensions; and I shall be fully rewarded, if my writings shall tend to excite and spread among my fellow-citizens the desire of applying to the study of botany, taking into consideration the true object of that *science*, that is to say, the use which society may derive from it.

ARTICLE 3.

M. T. Cicero's Cato Major, or his Discourse of Old Age, with Explanatory Notes. Philadelphia, printed by Benjamin Franklin. 1744. 4to. pp. 159. *(Continued.)*

In the seventh chapter is a passage, which, as Melmoth and every other commentator appears to have too hastily imagined, conveys the strange and unaccountable opinion, that the memory is impaired by reading the inscriptions upon tombstones. Cato in this passage says, "nec sepulcra legens, vereor (quod aiunt) ne memoriam perdam: his enim ipsis legendis redeo in memoriam mortuorum." Melmoth indeed acknowledges that this is the only passage in any ancient author, where this foolish superstition is expressed; and that this is the only authority that he has found for the notion, that it ever prevailed among the Romans, or any other people. Instead however of seeking a more rational meaning of the sentence, he goes about to account for the folly, though without much success. Our American translator has not indeed expressed this absurd fancy, but by the omission of the clause quod aiunt, and the latter part of the sentence has made the words susceptible of a more natural meaning. "Nor when I read over the inscriptions of the tombs do I find I am in danger of losing mine." Perhaps it is not necessary to omit any words to extract from the original an intelligible sentiment. Cato, it is well known, was a famous antiquarian; and was at the time of this dialogue employed upon his *Origines*, a work, where as he himself tells us, "omnia antiquitatis monumenta colligo." In the composition of this work he was obliged, no doubt in many instances, to consult the tombstones for dates and facts. As he was now in his eighty-fourth year (sect. 10.) it is extremely natural that people in general should imagine, that his memory had in some degree failed, and that he was therefore incompetent to such a labour of accuracy and learning. In reply to this suspicion he observes, "when I read the inscriptions upon the tombs, I feel no apprehensions, as they suggest, of the failure of my

memory; for I find as I read, that I fully recollect the persons and events there recorded." This employment satisfied him, that he had not lost any of the retention and vigour of that faculty. If the passage will not, as we think it will, admit this construction, the interpretation of Manutius is to be preferred to that, which, without any other support, presents the absurd meaning we first mentioned—"legendis enim multorum nominibus," says this commentator, "perturbatur & confunditur memoria."

Cicero, in the eleventh section, says, that the aged were excused by the laws and institutions of the commonwealth from those publick duties, which required strength; "ergo et legibus et institutis vacat ætas nostra muneribus iis, quæ non possunt sine viribus sustineri." If this was the reading in the edition used by Logan, it is unaccountable that he should render it as he has done.

The laws, their administration, the institutions and discipline of our ancestors, publick and private, are their proper business.

There is a passage in the nineteenth section, where the meaning of the original is perhaps doubtful. The reader may determine whether Logan is not entirely mistaken. Cicero observes, that we ought always to be contented with the limits assigned to our present life, for that a short one is sufficient for the purposes, and long enough to obtain the honours and rewards of virtue. "Neque enim histrioni, ut placeat, peragenda est fabula, modo, in quocunque fuerit actu, probetur." It is thus rendered by Logan: "No man expects of any one actor on the theatre, that he should perform all the parts of the piece himself: one role only is committed to him, and whatever that be, if he acts it well, he is applauded." Surely all that Cicero says, is, that it is not necessary for the applause of an actor, that his part should continue to the conclusion of the play.

The consul Duilius was remarkable for his pompous appearances in publick, with a company of musicians. Cicero says he took this liberty in consequence of the glory he obtained in his naval victory—tantum licentiæ dabat gloria. This Logan has strangely metamorphosed. "So great was the pleasure he gave himself, though not without some vanity, in keeping up the memory of that great action." There are many other perversions of the original, of little consequence, which it is needless to enumerate, but which discover a want of critical attention.

The great fault however of this translation is the unnecessary insertion of superfluous clauses, which the Latin does not justify, with a view of helping out the meaning. Many of these additions seem to be the suggestions of a sportive imagination, attempting to make the work more pleasant and lively to the mere English reader. The omissions, which are few, may sometimes be accounted for from the difference of editions, and sometimes from mere negligence.

Our modern prose writers, who are fond of the puerile ornament of alliteration, may perhaps be gratified by having one pointed out to them in Cicero, which he seems to have intentionally admitted in this highly finished treatise. It is in the eleventh section, where speaking of the imperceptible approach of old age, he says, "ita sensim sine sensu ætas senescit." The commentators say that this is peculiarly proper in the mouth of Cato, as it was the fashion

of his age. Take for example the following line of Ennius: "O Tite, tute Tati, tibi tanta Tyranne tuliste;" or this; "Stultus est qui cupida cupidus cupienter cupit." Or this of Plautus: "Non potui paucies plura plane proloqui." Perhaps the tautology, as well as the alliteration in Cicero, might have been worthily imitated by a translation like the following: "We grow grey with gentle gradation, gradually gliding into the grave." There are one or two more instances of this figure in Cicero, not however so forced as this, nor so unnatural as to be considered as blemishes.

An unfortunate want of precision is observable in our translator's use of the word *pleasure*, which he continually uses as synonymous with voluptuousness, or mere sensual indulgence, and thus exposes the English reader to mistake the meaning of some excellent sentiments of Cicero.

The notes, with which the book abounds, are chiefly historical and biographical; generally entertaining, and taken, not from modern compendiums, but from the original authors. They discover considerable familiarity with the classical historians. Among a great number of nearly equal interest, take the following as a specimen.

Marcus Atilius Regulus, being in the year 498 of Rome (256 years before Christ) elected the second time Consul, in the place of Q. Cædicius, who was chosen for that year, but died soon after, embarking in the 9th year of the Romans' first war with the Carthaginians with his colleague Lucius Manlius Vulso, in a fleet of 330 ships [though this was but the 5th year since the Romans had any fleet at all, see Note 69] and 140,000 men, each ship carrying about 420, engaged that of the enemy, consisting of 360 ships and 150,000 men, commanded by Hanno and Hamilcar; sunk 30 of them, and took 63, with the loss of 24 on their own side, which were all sunk, and none taken. After this victory, they invaded Africa, and besieged and took Clupea. This year being expired, and new Consuls chosen, the Senate ordered Manlius to return with the fleet and army, excepting 40 ships, 15,000 foot, and 500 horse, to be left under the command of Regulus, during whose government they continued to him as Pro-Consul. Regulus, on receiving these orders, remonstrated to the Senate, that if he continued longer absent from home, his farm [which consisted only of 7 Jugera, or 4 and a half English acres] would be ruined; for that his hind or manager that he had left on it, was dead, and another had run away with his implements of husbandry; and his wife and children would want bread. Upon which the Senate appointed another to take care of his business, and made good the loss of what was stole from him, out of the public treasury [Val. Max. l. 4. c. 4.] Regulus then augmenting his troops, carried on the war successfully: but his army lying near the river Bagrada, exceedingly suffered by a monstrous serpent; which was proof against all their weapons, till they brought battering engines against it. Silius Italicus says, it was 100 yards in length; but Pliny calls it only 120 feet, or rather says its skin of that length, was sent to Rome, together with its jaw-bone, which were kept there in a temple, to the end of the Numantine war, that is, at least 120 years. Valerius Maximus, l. 1. c. 8. from a book of Livy (the 18th) now lost, is large in the account of the army's sufferings by it, and says, it was more terrible and destructive, than all their enemies' forces. Regulus having gained several victories over the Carthaginians, was willing to make peace with them, that he might himself have the honour of ending the war; and the Carthaginians earnestly desired it, but the terms he proposed appeared intolerable. Xanthippus with some mercenaries that they had sent for, arriving soon after from Lacedemon, observing their past mistakes, at their request took on him the command of their army, gave Regulus battle, defeated him, and destroyed his whole army, then consisting (as Eutropius says) of 47,000 men, excepting 2000 that escaped to Clupea;—killing (as he gives it) 30,000, and taking 15,000 prisoners, with Regulus himself, whom they sent in chains to Carthage. The Romans, notwithstanding this le-

so vigorously carried on the war, that the Carthaginians five years after, sent embassadors to Rome, and with them Regulus himself, to sue for peace, or if they could not obtain it, at least for an exchange of prisoners; taking Regulus's oath to return if they did not succeed. [So sacred was an oath by their idols held by those heathens, that are now so little regarded, even by christian princes, as well as others.] Coming to the Senate, Regulus behaved as a Carthaginian, whose subject he said he was; but being required to give his sentiments as a Roman, he advised both against a peace and an exchange See Horace, Bo 3. Ode 5, on this subject. His friends on the Senate's taking his advice, used their utmost endeavours to dissuade him from returning with the embassadors, since he could expect nothing but the most cruel treatment; nor would the Senate either encourage his return or his stay. But, his oath and plighted faith, he said, was of more weight with him, than the fear of tortures or death. He was unmoveably fixt, refused to see his wife and children, and embarked and returned in the same company he came in. Upon his arrival, the Carthaginians incensed against him, caused him (as 'tis said) to be tormented to death, by cutting off his eye-lids, placing him erect on his feet in a narrow wooden case drove full of sharp spikes, with their points towards his body; that he should not lean, or sleep, or rest, without running upon them; and exposing him in that condition with his face turned all day to the sun, until he expired. This account of his death, or the substance of it, we have from Cicero in another place, from Livy, (Argum. 18. B.) Silius Italicus, Appian, Florus, Orosius, Zonaras, and others of the ancients; and yet some late critics reject it, and treat it only as a fable. Palmerius (Jaques Paumier de Grentemesnil, a very learned Frenchman) in his observations upon Appian, I think was the first who modestly proposed his doubt, and gave his reasons from Polybius's silence in the case, who, he say, has largely and prolixly given the history of the first Punic war; but chiefly from a fragment of the 24th book of Diod. Siculus, an excellent historian, recovered, with others, last century, by Peiresc, and published by H. Valesius, in which there is this expression in Greek, 'oti 'e meter, &c. *That the mother*—of the youths (that is Regulus's wife and mother of his children) *being deeply affected with her husband's death, and believing he died (di' ameleian) for want of care being taken of him*, caused [or advised] her sons to treat the prisoners (Bostar and Hamilcar that were delivered to them) with rigour: Which they effectually did, by shutting them up together in a narrow closet, without victuals; so that Bostar died in 5 days, but Hamilcar continued until the Tribunes hearing of it, summoned the young men, and threatning them with death, for so highly dishonoring the State, obliged them to take due care of them; upon which, throwing all the blame on their mother, they burnt Bostar's body (according to the Roman custom,) sent his bones to Carthage to his relations, and by proper care restored Hamilcar to his health and strength. From which passage, in so faithful an historian, *Palmerius* concludes, that the family of the Atilii, (i. e. of Regulus) to excuse that barbarity, framed this story of Regulus's death, which, being to the dishonour of the nation they were at war with, and greatly hated, easily obtained credit, and passed afterwards for truth. Which, indeed, is not improbable. J. le Clerc, in a note on Freinsheimius's Suppl. to Livy, (lib. 18.) joins in this with Palmerius.—But though, for the sake chiefly of this late discovery, I have already dwelt too long on it here; I cannot forbear adding, that Palmerius ought not to have said, that Polybius has given the history of this war largely or prolixly (fuse ne dicam prolixe,) for he professes to give only a summary account of it, as but preparatory to those actions, with which he designed to begin his history; and therefore, though that war continued near 24 years, and was, as he himself says, the greatest and most terrible that had ever been known, (the Romans, who had not one large ship when it began, having lost 700 of five banks of oars, that is, of 300 rowers each, and the Carthaginians 500 such, besides vast numbers of others; and, as near as I can judge, not less than 300,000 men on each side;) yet Polybius bestows but about two thirds of his first book upon the whole. Livy gave it 4 books, from the 16th to the 19th inclusive; but these, with all the rest of his 2d Decad, from 11 to 20, are lost, and only the arguments saved. Appian's history of it is also lost, and he only barely mentions it, with Regulus's death, in his beginning of

that of their 3d war. Diodor. Siculus's account of it is also lost; for of his 40 books we have but 15, with that fragment mentioned before, and some other few scraps. Of Polybius's 40 books there remain but 5 whole, with some excerpts of 12 more, and some other fragments. Of Livy's 140 books there remain but 35, i. e. from 1 to 10, and from 21 to 45; but Freinsheimius has given us excellent supplements of the rest. Of Appian's 24 volumes of the Roman wars there are about 8 or 9 left, for their divisions are uncertain. So that a great part of the Roman history, and particularly of this great war, excepting what Polybius has given, as mentioned above, is to be picked out only from scattered hints in other old authors, or from epitomes, as Florus, Eutropius, Justin, and such like: but there is nothing mentioned in any part of these notes, but what is taken from the original authors themselves. When or how Bostar and Hamilcar were taken, I find nothing, nor their captivity mentioned, but in that fragment of Diodore. They were committed to the charge of Regulus's family, as a pledge for him, as he was a captive at Carthage.

p. 139.

Though it is now well understood, that the story of Regulus is at least doubtful, yet, when this translation was written, we are not sure that it had been doubted by any English historian. This account of the suspicions of Palmerius discovers some attention to critical studies, and may yet be read with interest.

From the general complexion of the notes, it would not be surprising, if it should prove, that Dr. Franklin himself had occasionally inserted some remarks. There is sometimes much quaintness and always great freedom in the reflexions, which perhaps betray more of Pagan than of Christian philosophy.

This tract of Cicero is peculiarly interesting, from its containing the most explicit avowal to be found in his works of his belief in the soul's separate existence after death. True, it is very difficult to reconcile this language of Cato with other passages in Cicero's philosophical works, and especially with some in his letters; but as this seems to be his last opinion we are willing to believe it his real one. But in their doctrine of the soul's future existence, as the philosophers excluded all idea of punishment, and left only the alternative of non existence or beatitude, there was nothing of much practical value, and their most sublime and confident speculations on this doctrine of immortality remain now only to illustrate the value of the christian revelation.

The following translation of a well known passage in this treatise, is a fair specimen of the work we have been reviewing.

I am therefore far from being of the mind of some, and amongst them we have known men of good learning, who lament and bewail the condition of human life, as if it were a state of real misery: for I am not at all uneasy that I came into, and have so far passed my course in this world; because I have so lived in it, that I have reason to believe, I have been of some use to it; and when the close comes, I shall quit life as I would an inn, and not as a real home. For nature appears to me to have ordained this station here for us, as a place of sojournment, a transitory abode only, and not as a fixt settlement or permanent habitation. But Oh the glorious day, when freed from this troublesome rout, this heap of confusion and corruption below, I shall repair to that divine assembly, that heavenly congregation of souls! and not only, to those I mentioned, but also to my dear Cato, than whom a more virtuous soul was never born nor did ever any exceed him in piety and affection. His body I committed to the funeral pile, which he, alas! ought to have lived to do by mine: yet his soul did not forsake me, but keeping me still in view, removed to those abodes, to which he knew, I was in a little time to follow. I bore the affliction indeed with the fortitude that became me, to outward view, though inwardly I severely felt the pangs of it; but in this I have supported myself, that I knew our parting was to

be neither far nor long, and that the time is but short till we shall happily meet again.

Now, these, my friends, are the means, (since it was these you wanted to know) by which I make my old-age sit easy and light on me; and thus I not only disarm it of every uneasiness, but render it even sweet and delightful. But if I should be mistaken in this belief, that our souls are immortal, I am however pleased and happy in my mistake; nor while I live, shall it ever be in the power of man, to beat me out of an opinion, that yields me so solid a comfort, and so durable a satisfaction. And if, when dead, I should (as some minute philosophers imagine) be deprived of all further sense, I am safe at least in this, that those blades themselves will have no opportunity beyond the grave to laugh at me for my opinion. But whether immortal or not, or whatever is to be our future state; as nature has set limits to all its other productions, 'tis certainly fit our frail bodies also should at their proper season be gathered, or drop into their grave. And as the whole course of life but too much resembles a farce, of which old-age is the last act; when we have enough of it, 'tis most prudent to retire, and not to make a fatigue of what we should endeavour to make only an entertainment. This is what I had to say of old-age; which I wish you also may live to attain that you may from your own experience, witness the truth of the several things I have now delivered you in this conversation. *De Senec. ad fin.*

CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,

FOR JULY, 1808.

Sunt bona sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.——MART.

NEW WORKS.

A System of Notation; representing the sounds of alphabetical characters, by a new application of the accentual marks in present use, with such additions as were necessary to supply deficiencies. By William Pelham.

An Historical Sketch of the county of Berkshire, and town of Pittsfield, written in May, 1808. By Thomas Allen, A. M. Pastor of the Congregational Church in Pittsfield. Belcher and Armstrong, printers, Boston. 8vo. pp. 16. price 12 1-2 cents.

A Sermon delivered May 18th 1808, at the ordination of the Rev. Joshua Huntington, colleague pastor with the Rev. Joseph Eckley, D. D. pastor of the church of Christ in Marlborough Street, Boston. By Jedidiah Morse, D. D. pastor of the congregational church in Charlestown. Published by request of the committee of the society. Belcher & Armstrong, Boston.

Remarks and Criticisms on the Hon. John Quincy Adams' Letter to the Hon. Harrison Gray Otis. Boston, printed by Joshua Cushing. pp. 56.

An Oration delivered July 4, 1808, at the request of the selectmen of the town of Boston, in commemmoration of the anniversary of American Independence. Boston. Russell & Cutler. 8vo. price 20 cents.

A Sermon, preached at Concord, before his excellency the governour, the honourable council, senate and house of representatives of the state of N. Hampshire, June 2, 1808. By the Rev. Asa McFarland, A. M. Pastor of the church in Concord. Concord, printed by Geo. Hough, for the general court. 8vo. pp. 30. price 12½ cents.

The American Magazine of Wit, being a collection of humourous, marvellous, witty, queer, remarkable and interesting Anecdotes, Stories and Narratives, many of them original. By a Judge of the Convivial Court of Dover, and a Jury of Odd Fellows! the work is decorated with a ludicrous Frontispiece, respecting the ancient Court of

Dover in full Session, and in the full practice of its ordinary business. 12mo. Henry C. Southwick. New-York.

An Oration, pronounced on the 32d Anniversary of American Independence, at Barre, in the County of Worcester, July 4, 1808. By Joseph B. Caldwell, A. M. To which is added, an Appendix, containing fourteen spirited Resolutions, adopted on the occasion. Published at Worcester, by Isaiah Thomas, jun. Isaac Sturtevant, printer 8vo. pp. 31.

The Tenth and last number of the American Military Library. Published by William Duane, Philadelphia.

Thoughts upon the Conduct of our Administration, in relation both to Great Britain and France, more especially in reference to the late negotiation concerning the attack on the Chesapeake. By a Friend to Peace. Boston. Printed at the Repertory office. 8vo. pp. 28.

An Oration, pronounced at Newburyport, July 4, 1808, on the anniversary celebration of American Independence; at the request of the federal republicans. By Ebenezer Moseley, Esq. Newburyport. Thomas and Whipple.

An Oration, pronounced in the New, Meeting House in Plymouth, July 4, 1808. By Zabdiel Sampson, A. M. Boston. Belcher & Armstrong. 8vo. pp. 16.

An Oration, delivered at Roxbury, July 4, 1808, the anniversary of American Independence. By N. Ruggles Smith. Boston. Belcher & Armstrong. 8vo. pp. 20.

A Sermon delivered before the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company, in Boston, June 6, 1808, being the hundred and seventieth anniversary of their election of officers. By Rev. Leonard Woods, A. M. Boston. Belcher & Armstrong.

Medical Papers, communicated to the Massachusetts Medical Society. No. II. Part II. Boston. Printed by Greenough & Stebbins.

Report on Vaccination, presented and accepted at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Medical Society, June 1, 1808, and ordered to be printed in an Appendix to the second part of the second number of the medical papers of the Society. Boston. Printed by Greenough & Stebbins.

No. 3, of the American Artillerist's Companion, or elements of artillery. By Louis D. Tousard. New York. Campbell & Mitchel.

An Oration, pronounced July 4, 1808, at West Cambridge, in commemmoration of American Independence. By William Nichols, jun. of Westford. Boston. Oliver and Munroe, printers. 8vo. pp. 22.

An Essay on Musick, pronounced before the Middlesex Musical Society, Sept. 1807, at Dunstable, Mass. By John Hubbard, professor of mathematicks and natural philosophy Dartmouth College. 4to. pp. 19. price 25 cents.

A sermon, delivered before the Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Society, May, 1808. By Jeremiah Chaplin, A. M. 8vo. pp. 43. price 25 cents.

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NEW EDITIONS.

The fourth volume of Doddridge's Family Expositor, is just published by Hastings, Etheridge & Bliss. Boston. 8vo. pp. 516.

Also, the fourth volume of Rollin's Ancient History. 8vo. pp. 686.

The Speech of Henry Broughman, esq. before the House of Commons, Friday, April 1, 1808, in support of the petitions from London, Liverpool and Manchester, against the orders in Council. Taken in short hand, by A. Fraser. Boston, published by Farrand, Mallory & Co. Boston. Belcher & Armstrong, printers. price 37 1-2 cents.

The Baptist misrepresented and properly represented. By John Gother. Baltimore. price 37½ cents.

Solitude, considered with respect to its influence upon the mind and the heart. Written originally in German, by M. Zimmermann, Aulic Councillor and Physician to his Britannick Majesty at Hanover. Translated from the French of J. B. Mercier. New London. Printed by Cady & Eells, for Thomas & Whipple, Newburyport.

Vol. VIII. Part II. of the New Cyclopedia, or Dictionary of Arts and Sciences. By Abraham Rees, D. D. F. R. S. editor of the last edition of Chambers's Dictionary, with the assistance of eminent professional gentlemen. First American edition, revised, corrected, enlarged, and adapted to this country, by several literary and scientifick characters. 4to. Philadelphia, S. F. Bradford. L. Blake, agent, Boston.

The Grave, a poem, by Robert Blair, with the life of the author, prefatory notes on the poem, and a poem to the memory of the late Mr. William Law. To which is added, Gray's Elegy written

in a country church yard. Boston. Published by W. Blagrove.

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WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Cole and I. Bonsal, Baltimore, have in the press, Postick Trifles. By John Henry Mills, Comedian.

James P. Parke has just received a new work, from the pen of Henry Tuke, published in York, (Eng.) entitled "The Duties of Religion and Morality, as inculcated in the Holy Scriptures: with preliminary and occasional observations." He has put to press this interesting little manual, which has gained general approbation in England, and will publish it as speedily as accuracy and neatness will admit.

James Humphreys, of Philadelphia, has in the press, Herdman on the Management of Infants, and the treatment of their diseases. Also,

Poems, by Hugh Downman, from the fifth edition.

E. M. Blunt of Newburyport has in the press, Ashe's Travels in America, performed in 1806, for the purpose of exploring the rivers Alleghany, Monongahela, Ohio and Mississippi—3 volumes.

David Attinson of Burlington, (N. J.) has in press, an Historical Compend, containing the great line of history from the earliest times to the present day, together with a general view of the present state of the world, and a brief dissertation on the importance of historical knowledge. By Samuel Whelpley, A.M. Principal of the Morris Academy.

Somervell & Conrad, of Petersburg, (Va.) have commenced a work, entitled, Terpsichore: or a collection of minuets, marches, waltzes, and other miscellaneous pieces of musick, for the piano forte. Composed and arranged by John C. Pike, Petersburg.

Oliver and Munroe, of this town have in the press, the History of Don Francisco de Miranda's late attempt to effect a revolution in S. America. In a series of letters, by a gentleman who was an officer under that general, to his friend in the United States. The work to be printed in 1 vol. 12mo. containing about 300 pages, price one dollar in boards.

In the press at Washington, an address to the People of the United States, on the importance of encouraging agriculture and domestick manufactures; tending to shew that by a due encouragement of these essential interests, the nation will be rendered more respectable abroad, and more prosperous at home. Together with an account of the improvements in sheep at Arlington, the native sheep of Smith's island, and the plans proposed of extending this valuable race of animals, for the benefit of the country at large. By George W. P. Custis, Esq of Arlington House, in the District of Columbia.

Hastings, Etheridge & Bliss, of this town, and S. Etheridge, Charlestown, are publishing by subscription, in 60 vols. duodecimo, to be ornamented with plates, engraved by the first American artists, a work entititled, "Select Miscellaneous classicks," comprising the entire works of Pope, Swift, Smollet, Addison, Goldsmith, Johnson, Sterne, and Fielding. The work to be printed on fine vellum paper. One or more volumes to be issued every month, and delivered to subscribers, in extra boards, at one dollar each, payable on delivery; and if hot-pressed, one dollar and twenty-five cents. Any person having other editions of any of these authors, may have the privilege of taking such only as they have not, or their's will be taken at a fair price, in part payment. The two first volumes are published and ready for delivery.

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WORKS ANNOUNCED.

Proposals are issued at Philadelphia, for publishing Pike's expeditions to the sources of the Mississippi, and through the western parts of Louisiana, to the sources of the Ousage, Arkensaw, Kans, La Plate, and other rivers. Performed by orders of the government of the United States, during the years 1805, 1806, and 1807. Also,

A Tour through the internal parts of New Spain, when conducted through those provinces by order of the Captain General, in the year, 1807. This work will be prepared for the press by Major Z. M. Pike. It will be divided into three parts, but comprised in one volume, large octavo.

F. Nichols, Philadelphia, proposes to publish Selections from the Spectator, Tatler and Guardian, by Mrs. Barbauld, 3 vols. 12mo. price to subscribers 2 dols. 75 cents.

Hopkins & Earle, Philadelphia, propose publishing a Systematick and Practical Treatise on the Doctrines of Divinity, intended to explain some of the most essential articles of the christian faith.

to encourage sinners to come to Christ, and to direct believers how to obtain the comforts of the gospel. By the Rev. William C. Davis, Pastor of the church of Bullock's Creek, South Carolina. This work consists of four books, which are divided into chapters. The first book contains a view of our lost state; the second treats of the doctrine of Election; the third of the laws of God and the Covenant of Works; and the fourth of the Covenant of Grace, &c. The work will be comprised in one volume, 8vo. containing nearly 600 pages.

Proposals are issued at Norfolk, for publishing The whole Trial of Commodore James Barron, Capt. Charles Gordon, James Hale, Esq. and William Hook, making one volume, price one dollar seventy five cents, in boards.

Robert Eastburn and William Elliot, of New Brunswick, (New Jersey) propose publishing by subscription, a hot pressed family Bible: containing the Old and New Testaments, Apocrypha, Annotations, and Brown's Concordance. In 2 volumes, royal quarto, printed on a new type, and delivered to subscribers at five dollars per volume.

Thomas B. Wait & Co. of this town, propose publishing the Works of Fisher Ames, Esq. consisting of unpublished manuscripts, together with printed speeches and writings, selected by a number of his friends. To which will be prefixed, notices of the life and character of the author, prepared at the request of the compilers. The work to be printed on a fine medium paper, with a new and elegant type, in one large octavo volume, to contain not less than 500 pages. The whole execution to be equal if not superiour, to the edition of Blackstone, now printing by the same publishers. The price to subscribers will be three dollars, in boards. The work shall be put to press in sixty days, and the greatest dilligence used to finish it immediately.

Proposals are issued at Baltimore for the publication by subscription of a new Law Work, under the title of "The American Law Journal and Miscellany, to be conducted by John E. Hall, esq. The size of the work will depend on the assistance which the editor may receive. It is at present proposed to print about four numbers in each year, which will form an octavo of 400 pages. Each number must be for on delivery, at a rate not exceeding one cent per page. Subscriptions in Boston received at the office of Russell & Cutler.

Proposals are issued at Augusta, Geo. for publishing the Journal of a Voyage of Discovery, from St. Louis, on the Mississippi, across the North American continent, by way of the Missouri river, to the western or Pacifick Ocean, under the directions of captains Lewis & Clark, during the years 1804, 1805, and 1806, and patronized by the government of the United States, including a particular account of the countries through which they passed, taken from actual survey, with the latitude and longitude of the most noted places on the Missouri and Columbia rivers; together with a particular account of the Indian Nations and Tribes residing on the waters of Missouri river. By Joseph Whitehouse. The work will be published at the Herald Office, in one octavo or two duodecimo volumes, as may hereafter be found most advisable; and in either case one large or two small volumes will be furnished to subscribers, at three dollars, bound in boards, payable when the work is ready for delivery. A correct and elegantly drawn Map of the rivers Mississippi, Missouri, Columbia and the rocky mountains, to the north Pacifick Ocean, will accompany the work.

William Duane, of Philadelphia, proposes publishing by subscription, Illustrations of Prophecy. In which are illustrated many predictions which occur in Isaiah and Daniel; in the writings of the Evangelists, and the book of Revelations; and which are thought to foretell, among other great events, a Revolution in France, favourable to the interests of mankind; the overthrow of the papal power, and of Ecclesiastical tyranny; the downfall of civil despotism, and the subsequent meliorations of the state of the world; together with a large collection of extracts, interspersed through the work, and taken from various commentators, and particularly from Joseph Mede, Vitringa, Dr. Thomas Goodwin, Dr. Henry Moore, Dr. John Owen, Dr. Cressener, Peter Jourien, Brenius, Bishop Chandler, Sir Isaac Newton, Mr. William Lowth, Fleming, Bengelius, Daubuz, Whitby, Lowman, Bishop Newton and Bishop Hurd. By the Rev. Joseph Towers, LL. D. In two vols. large octavo. Subscribers to pay two dollars and fifty cents, on the delivery of each volume in boards.

Miss Jane Aitken, of Philadelphia, proposes publishing by subscription, a new translation of the Sacred Scriptures, the Old Testament, from the Greek of the Septuagint, and the New Testament, from the most correct Greek Text, with occasional notes. By Charles Thompson, late secretary to the congress of the United States. It is proposed to print the work elegantly with a good type, and to have it executed with great care and accuracy. It will be comprised in four volumes, octavo.

Proposals have been issued at Baltimore for publishing by subscription a History of the Kine Pock, and for supplying physicians and others regularly with active matter, until the first day of May, 1811, by James Smith, Physician, Chatham-street. The work will be published as soon as circumstances will admit. It shall be as concise as possible; not omitting, however, any information that may be considered either useful to the innoculator, or interesting to the community. The subscription for each copy will be five dollars, payable on delivery of the work. Every subscriber shall be entitled to a free supply of active vaccine matter, at any time until May 1st, 1811.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

The following order passed the House of Representatives of this State.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

In the House of Representatives, June 2, 1808.

WHEREAS the Boston Athenæum is an institution of great publick benefit in promoting a taste for the arts and sciences, and for polite literature, and as such is worthy of legislative patronage:

Ordered, That the Clerk of this House be, and hereby is required to deposite with the Secretary of said Athenæum a copy of all the papers, which, during the present year are printed for the use of the House, and also a copy of the Journals of this House which now are, or which during the year ensuing may be printed by order of this House.

Attest, N. TILLINGHAST, *Clerk*.

Mr. Hugh Murray will publish, in a few days, a work, entitled, Enquiries Historical and Moral, respecting the character of nations and the progress of society. In this work it will be Mr. Murray's object to exhibit a view of the *moral* history of man; of the manners and character of nations, and the circumstances on which these are dependent. After endeavouring to ascertain the general principles by which they are regulated, he proceeds to give a view of society, as it exists in the earlier stages of its progress. Mr. Murray has some intention of hereafter extending a similar survey to subsequent periods in the history of man.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

We are much disappointed in not being able to present our Readers with a continuation of the valuable Papers upon Atmospherick Stones. We hope our learned Correspondent will not forget us.—The series of Letters too, from Europe, is now for the first time interrupted. We hope that a writer to whom we are so much indebted, will not again fail to enrich our pages.

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

FOR

AUGUST, 1808.

For the Anthology.

ORIGINAL LETTERS;

From an AMERICAN TRAVELLER in EUROPE, to his friends in this country.

LETTER TWENTIETH.

Rome, Feb. 20th, 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BEFORE I quit this city, I anticipate your desire to know something of its topographical situation, and particularly in its relation to the ancient city. I presume that you will feel the same curiosity which I experienced, and that you would ask the same questions. Is modern Rome placed precisely on the same ground with the ancient? Does it cover as large a space? How are its seven hills? Are they still visible? Are they worthy of that name? How is the Tarpeian Rock? Does it respond to the descriptions of it by ancient authors? Or is it that contemptible fragment, which some modern travellers represent it? How is the Tiber at the present day? Is it the roaring Tiber, "chafing with his flood?" Or is it a muddy and contemptible rivulet, as some persons pretend? On the whole, is Rome still so magnificent, and does it yet bear so much resemblance to the famed mistress of the world, as to satisfy your expectations, and gratify your feelings?

I will endeavour to satisfy your curiosity on all these points, observing however, that I follow no former traveller, but rest wholly on my own personal observation, and the best lights I could procure from plans of the ancient and modern cities.

Modern Rome is erected on precisely the same ground, and is of the same general form with the ancient. Its walls have been preserved for many centuries; but there is this difference in the two cities; ancient Rome was completely filled with edifices, either for habitation or luxury, while modern Rome contains within its walls vast deserted fields, in which the traveller may be lost, without being able to find a solitary or straggling inhabitant to direct his footsteps.

Ancient Rome also was surrounded with suburbs, scarcely infe-

riour in elegance or population to the city itself. On the northern side they are said to have extended to Otricoli, a distance of forty miles, and to have borne so much the marks of a city, that, when Constantius visited it, he thought himself already arrived in Rome, when he was at the distance of thirteen leagues. The environs of modern Rome, on the contrary, are, as I have formerly noticed, the most desolate and melancholy I ever beheld. If you had known Hounslow Heath in the vicinity of London, I could give you an object of comparison, but in our own country I know not where to find one. The plains of Danvers, or the entrance to Salem over the new turnpike will give a very feeble idea of the horrour of this scenery.

The modern city, like the ancient, is built upon both banks of the Tiber, which flows through it in a meandering course from north to south. Much the greater part of the city is now, as well as formerly, built upon the eastern side of the river, though the inhabitants of the western side, a turbulent and intrepid race of men, boast of being the true descendants of the ancient Romans.

Rome is about fourteen miles in circumference, though the inhabited part of it does not amount to more than one quarter, and is principally confined to the vicinity of the ancient Forum Romanum.

You enter the city, in coming from Florence, by the ancient Porta Flaminia, which is now called Porta del Popolo, and which formerly was the termination of the Via Flaminia, the remains of which are in many places still perceived in excellent preservation. The ancient Forum Populi, which you entered on passing the Flaminian gate, is still an elegant square, called Piazza del Popolo, and is very imposing to a stranger who for the first time visits the city.

Three strait and beautiful streets commence on the south side of this noble square, directly opposite the gate, and go off in diverging lines, one along the banks of the Tiber, another along the centre of the city, and the third toward the celebrated hills, around which are placed the principal beauties of modern Rome.

The surface of Rome, with the exception of the particular quarter, in which the mountains or seven hills are situated, is in general extremely level; the streets are clean, and well paved; the churches and palaces are in a noble style of architecture, and the houses are much superiour to those of most cities on the continent.

This splendid metropolis boasts a vast number of noble squares, which possess two advantages almost peculiar to Rome: I allude to their fountains, and their obelisks. The enterprize and the wealth of modern princes are not equal to such vast undertakings. It is necessary that a whole world should be tributary to an absolute prince, to enable him to execute such magnificent and noble works. Whether the emperour of France will acquire the requisite power and wealth, is yet uncertain; and still more so, whether he or his servants will have the necessary taste. The French, if you will pardon me a digression, are a people entirely different from the ancient or modern Romans. They want not only the dignity of taste and grandeur of conception, but they lack the perseverance and patience requisite to the execution and perfection of great designs. They prefer something light and airy, which can be executed as soon as it is thought of, and

they are indifferent whether it lasts longer than its novelty.

That they have begun a great number of noble works, cannot be denied; but it has been remarked of them, that they have never completed a single one. I confess I cannot remember one, which appeared to me to be perfect in all its parts; but I can recollect one hundred, which are a daily reproach, and constant monuments of their fickleness and versatility.

I think, from these causes, that Rome will still mock her proud conquerour, and will boast her own superiority in the exhibition of the powers of human genius and enterprize, while she is compelled to surrender the seat of the Cæsars to the descendants of the vanquished Gauls.

The seven celebrated hills of ancient Rome, the Palatinus, Capitolinus, Celius, Aventinus, Quirinalis, Viminalis, and Esquilinus, although somewhat changed by the repeated sackings and overthrows, which the city has experienced from its numerous and successive conquerours, still preserve a considerable portion of their beauty and grandeur, and contribute greatly to the ornament of this splendid metropolis.

The Palatine mount has suffered the most of any of them from the changes produced by time and the ravages of the barbarians, and it has now little interesting about it, except the remains of the palace of the Cæsars, which occupied the principal part of this mountain.

The Capitoline hill still maintains a respectable rank, and commands a fine view of the city. The quarter of the town, which takes its name from this celebrated hill, a name connected with the most splendid parts of the Roman history, and therefore interesting to every man of classick taste, may be still considered as the principal and most important part of modern Rome.

This hill is about six hundred feet wide from north to south, and about twelve hundred feet from east to west. Its height and general dimensions appeared to me about the same with those of Beacon hill in Boston.

The temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, which was placed on the northern side of this hill, has given place to the church called Ara Cæli, which is built chiefly out of its ruins.

The Tarpeian Rock formed the southern defence of this famous hill, and though some travellers are disposed to lessen its importance, and have even intimated that it would now be no punishment to be thrown from this rock, yet my views of the subject are extremely different. You shall however judge for yourself. It is a fact, that the houses in the streets below the rock, are, in general, four and five stories in height, and yet the roofs of them are vastly below you, when you stand on the summit of the rock. It is still a perpendicular precipice of solid stone, of at least sixty or seventy feet in height, and one would not wish an enemy a more certain or awful punishment, than to be precipitated from this eminence.

I have given you this minute detail, because I know that you feel an interest in a subject so often mentioned by the writers, whom you cherished in your youth.

You ascend the Capitoline hill by a beautiful stone stair case, or flight of steps constructed by Michael Angelo. At the foot of the steps are two superb sphinxes of Egyptian basalte, and at the head of it are two colossal statues of Castor and Pollux, each holding a horse by the head, but of coarse and ordinary execution.

The square on the top of the hill is ornamented with the celebrated equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. The square itself is surrounded with magnificent edifices from the designs of Michael Angelo. On the west, fronting the steps is the *Senatorial palace*, a feeble and miserable attempt to preserve the recollection of their former grandeur One, who is acquainted with the history of modern Rome, can hardly believe, that its present inhabitants should have the ridiculous vanity to preserve the forms and ceremonies of their ancient government. A wretched, enervated and miserable people, successively the prey of every bold invader, and for centuries governed by a superstitious and feeble priesthood, ought to wish, if they had any pride, that the recollection of the glory of their ancestors might be obliterated from the memory of all mankind. But so inconsistent are men, that these degraded Romans cherish the fame of their ancestors as if it was their own, and they endeavour to preserve their institutions, when the force which maintained them, and the objects for which they were created, are no more.

Perhaps, however, this disposition is not more ridiculous than that of the French in celebrating the destruction of the Bastile, after they have passed under a military yoke, infinitely more heavy than the one, from which they fancied that they had escaped.

It is a fact, which may be as new to you as it was to me, that the Romans annually elect one Senator, who has his residence in this palace, and that they continue to elect their consuls, though they have long since ceased to lead their armies to conquest, and indeed have no armies to command. Among the curiosities in this palace is the register of their consuls, which has been regularly continued, and is engraved with great pomp, in imitation of their ancestors, on tables of marble. Consul Barberini, or Rospighiosi makes as respectable a figure in engraving or sculpture as Cæsar or Cicero: and though they can neither boast the heroism of the one, nor the eloquence of the other, as long as the marble endures, they may hope to be as immortal.

The other edifices on this celebrated hill are the Museum Capitolinum, and the palace of the Conservators, which, like the other, is a mere name without meaning, and may do very well to rank with the "Palais du Senat Conservatif" of Bonaparte.

One thing these palaces can boast, which those of France cannot, that what they are deficient in modern merit or utility, they make up in ancient beauties. They are filled with fine busts, statues, and relicks of all kinds, as well as with excellent paintings by modern artists. The rest of the topographical description of Rome, I must suspend till I have an opportunity of writing another letter to America.

NOTICE OF THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

FROM AN ENGLISH PUBLICATION.

MARIA ANGELICA KAUFFMAN was born in Coire, the capital of the Grisons, on the 30th Oct. 1740. She was the only daughter of John Joseph Kauffman, of Swarthemberg, and of Cleophe Lucin, of the same

place. Her father was a painter of some consideration, and her mother a woman highly respectable for her domestick virtues.

In her very infancy Angelica evinced a strong disposition for the arts of design; for nothing gave her so much delight as examining and copying prints. Her inclination did not escape the observation of her father: her infant genius was accordingly fostered by him with instruction in some principles of the art; and so rapid was her proficiency, that, when only between eight and nine years of age, she already began to paint, first in crayons and then in oil. In these pursuits she laboured under an insurmountable difficulty, as, by the decorums of her sex, she was prevented from resorting to academies, and from thus forming her judgment and taste by naked living figures. But this circumstance by no means discouraged her. By drawing after the most correct models, and by the assiduous study of the works of the best artists, she compensated the unavoidable deficiency of academick instruction. And this, perhaps, ultimately proved an advantage to her; since, free from the danger of taking a bias to any peculiar method, she became more adapted to form an exclusive and original character in painting.

Her progress in the subsequent years was astonishing, and stands, perhaps, unrivalled in the annals of the art. Between the tenth and eleventh year of her age she was already skilled in taking portraits; for it is an authentick and indisputable fact, that in 1751, having accompanied her father to Como, she drew, in crayons, a portrait of Monseigneur Nevroni, bishop of that city, which attracted the admiration of the prelate and of the inhabitants.

In order, however, to give a full developement to her rising talents, in 1754 (the 14th year of her age) she was conducted by her father to Milan, where the gallery of pictures in that metropolis opened to her an ample field of observation and improvement. But whilst she was so assiduous in studying the productions of former masters, she did not neglect to exhibit new proofs of her own talents; and at this period she executed portraits of the dutchess of Massa Carrara, of the illustrious count Firmian, the Austrian governour, and other persons of the highest distinction. The death of her mother, however, obliged her to accompany her father to Swarthemberg, his native place, where he was called to settle some family concerns; and as, during his stay in that place, he had a commission to paint some pictures for his own parish church, that time was not entirely lost to his daughter, for the twelve apostles, in separate compartments, were executed by her.

Having settled all family concerns, and being now free from any occasional engagements, Angelica, in 1758, accompanied by her father, returned to Italy, with the purpose of studying and practising her art on a much larger scale. But in her way to that country she found employment in her profession; for, while passing through Constance, Monfort, and other places of note, she was engaged to take portraits of cardinal Casimir de Roch, bishop of Constance, of the count of Monfort and his family, as well as of other persons of distinction. She did not stop long in Milan; for she intended to study, as she actually did, in Reggio, Parma, and Placentia, all the works of Guido, Guercino, and other great masters of the Lombard school. She remained

nearly a year in Florence, for a similar purpose of study; and at length towards the close of 1759, she went to Rome, which capital was to give a full scope to her powers.

There, in fact, the publick life of Angelica Kauffman may be said to have commenced. It may be considered in a three fold point of view—in respect to her farther professional studies; to her original works; and to other pursuits, which, although not immediately connected with her profession, served to complete her education and enlarge her mind. She made copies of the most celebrated paintings, and draughts and *schizzos* of the most valuable remains of ancient sculpture; she also executed several new portraits, and copied some paintings upon commission; and, finally, she employed all her leisure hours in reading the most eminent poets and historians; by which means she acquired a knowledge of mythology and of the history and manners of ancient Greece and Rome. She became complete mistress of four languages—the Italian, the French, the English, and the German; and she cultivated musick both by singing and by playing on the harpsichord, in both which branches she highly excelled. She availed herself of the circumstance of her residence in Rome to visit Naples in order to study and copy some of the most excellent paintings in the royal gallery, formerly belonging to the illustrious house of Farnese.

Angelica had now passed about five years in Rome, and had there acquired a great number of admirers, both natives and foreigners: among others, she had become acquainted with several of the English nobility and gentry, and by them had been urged to visit England. She seems, however, not yet to have resolved to undertake this journey; for, in 1764, she removed from Rome to Venice, in which place she remained a full twelvemonth, studying the works of Titian, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, and other artists of the Venetian school: and it is uncertain whether she would soon have carried into execution her intention of visiting England, if, in Venice, she had not become acquainted with Lady Wentworth, wife of the ambassadour, Mr. Morris, who was about to return to her native country. In the company therefore of that respectable lady, she came to England in 1765.

At her arrival in London she had numerous commissions from those who had known her in Italy and from their friends; and it was not long before her royal highness the Princess of Wales, mother to his present Majesty, informed of the abilities of the artist, engaged her in the service of the royal family. She accordingly had the honour of being employed to make a portrait of her Majesty, whom she represented in the garb of a goddess, with the little Prince of Wales by her side, under the figure of a genius. She likewise painted the Princess Augusta, dutchess of Brunswick, holding with her hand her young son, the Prince Charles; and Christian VII. king of Denmark, who then happened to be in London.

The residence of Angelica Kauffman in England constitued a remarkable æra in the annals of the fine arts in a more general and extensive view. There, for the first time, she fully developed her talents for historical painting; and there she displayed in her works of this description those excellencies, for which ever after she was so justly celebrated, originality in composition; elegance in invention; and taste in colouring. She also indirectly gave a new and powerful impulse to another of the sis-

ter arts; for all the most eminent engravers in England soon made it a point to immortalize by their prints as many of her works as could be procured for the purpose In return, she herself was indebted to those artists for the principal part of her fame, as, by the extensive circulation of the prints, they rendered her more and more celebrated throughout the civilized world.

We shall not now mention any of the numberless portraits and other inferiour works which she executed during her residence in England and on her journey to Ireland: such objects can find no room in this short notice; and even in a more detailed account they might be thrown into the back ground. But it is necessary to say, that at the period to which we allude, she received from the most celebrated academies in Europe, those marks of honour, to which by her singular merit she was so justly entitled. She was nominated a member of the academy of St. Luke in Rome, of the Clementine academy in Bologna, of those of Venice and Florence, and of the Royal Academy of London.

Angelica Kauffman was now in the 40th year of her age; and her father, who had been her inseparable companion in all her travels, was in the decline of life; in order therefore to avoid those inconveniences and dangers, to which a woman is exposed who has no protector, towards the close of 1780 she married Signor Antony Zucchi, a Venetian painter, who had long resided in London, and, from a great number of works, was well known in England. At the same time, her aged father wishing to see his native country and his friends again, she was prevailed upon to leave England, which, after sixteen years residence, she did, in the summer of 1781. With her father and her husband she went first to Germany, and thence, after visiting their relations, to Italy. They had scarcely reached Venice when Mr. Kauffman died.

In all probability Angelica Kauffman (she did not choose to change her maiden name) was satisfied with the honours, which she had hitherto received; and perhaps had no idea that any additional tokens of the kind could be conferred upon her. If this was the case, she must have been much surprised, when, being in Venice in the winter of 1782, a tribute was paid to her talents, which, from the times of Leo X. and Charles V. had been unknown in the history of the polite arts: she was personally visited by the late emperour Paul of Russia and his empress, who, under the name of the count and countess du Nord, were making the tour of Italy. They found her painting the death of Leonardo da Vinci, in the arms of Francis I. king of France; and they desired her to finish it for themselves, and to deliver it, as soon as finished, to their minister.

Mrs. Kauffman, already independent and mistress of her own time, had resolved to fix her residence in that city of Italy, which was the most illustrious seat of the arts, and she went to Rome. Wishing, however, to see Naples again, she made an excursion to that metropolis in 1783. She was presented at court, and received from her Sicilian majesty the commission for painting, on a large scale, the numerous royal family of the Two Sicilies. On her return to Rome she executed that great composition of portraits; and this circumstance, in the winter of 1784, procured to her an honour equal to that which she had enjoyed

in Venice two years before. She was visited by the emperour Joseph II, then travelling through Italy; and as a mark of respect and esteem from his imperial majesty, she was requested to paint for the cabinet of Vienna two pictures, with the full choice on her part both of the subjects and the size.

In the spring of that year she was however obliged to go to Naples again, for the purpose of presenting to the queen the picture of the royal family. She was engaged by her majesty to remain for some time at Naples, with the character of honourary court painter, and of drawing mistress to the two eldest princesses. She was allotted a carriage from court, and an apartment in the magnificent house of the late prince of Francaville; and her stay was till the month of October.

On her return to Rome, she applied to the two pictures which had been requested of her by the emperor Joseph. As the subject of one of those performances, she selected Eneas doing the honours of the funeral of young Pallas, after the battle against the Tyrrhenians; and as that of the other, Arminius when, having defeated the Romans, with the death of Quintilius Varus, returning to his forest loaded with Roman trophies, he is met by his wife and other young women, spreading flowers in his path, and presenting him with laurel crowns. The two pictures by the means of cardinal Herzan, imperial plenipotentiary in Rome, were sent to the emperour, who, in return, wrote with his own hand to the cardinal a letter, expressing the highest degree of satisfaction and acknowledgment. "As a token," said he, "of my gratitude, I join to this letter a snuff box and a medal, which your eminence will have the goodness to present in my name to Angelica, I desire you likewise to inform her, that the two works are already placed in the imperial gallery: for I wish that, as well as myself, all my subjects may admire her superiour talents."

These two great historical paintings occupied Angelica during the whole year 1785, and more than one half of the next, but not exclusively; for, in that interval, she executed the commission of the late empress Catherine of Russia, for a large picture representing Servius Tullius, the sixth king of the Romans, when, in his childhood, falling asleep in the apartments of the elder Tarquin, a bright flame was seen on his head, and Queen Tanaquil and her maids of honour wishing to extinguish it, were prevented by Tarquin, who regarded that phenomenon as a harmless presage of his future greatness. In that interval, also, and in the course of 1787, she finished a picture for King Stanislaus of Poland, the subject of which was, Virgil reading to Augustus and Octavia the sixth book of the Eneid, and the empress fainting at the recital of the passage in which the name of young Marcellus is introduced.

We shall take no notice of some other equal or inferiour works, which this artist executed from 1788 to 1790, for they do not materially add to her merit and fame. We shall however mention, as the last of her great historical paintings, that which, towards the close of 1790, in consequence of a commission from Pius VI. she made for the celebrated sanctuary of our Lady at Loretto. The subject was the blessed virgin, in her childhood, pouring from a little vessel some water on a young lily, and, her face turned toward heaven, contempla-

ting a ray of light descending on her head; whilst her parents, Joachim and Anne, surprised at the phenomenon, seem to offer their pious thanks to God. Pius VI. was so satisfied with this performance, that, in 1792, he issued orders that it should be executed, as it actually was, in mosaick, for the church of Loretto.

Two other performances only shall be mentioned in the present notice. These are the portraits, as large as life, of two illustrious families. The one represents the widow princess of Holstein-Beck, with her son, the prince Frederick Charles, and her daughter, having at her side her bridegroom, the Russian count Zolsty, together with other figures, introdnced for the purpose of *historizing* the composition. The other exhibits the family of Zamoisky in Poland: in a family garden, the father, sitting, holds with his hand a young daughter, standing by his side; on the other side are two young sons, seeming to listen to him, whilst he points to them with his finger a bust in marble of one of their ancestors, who had deserved well of his country, for their imitation. These two elegant pictures were soon after engraved by the celebrated Morghen.

In 1795, Mrs. Kauffman's husband died, and she was much affected with the loss of a respectable man, who had been her faithful companion during twenty four years. She herself was now fifty-five years old; but although she did not ever after produce any work that could, in point of invention, come into competition with the greatest of those which we have already noticed, she was far from being inactive. She painted a number of pieces by commission, especially for travellers, and chiefly for the English.

This last circumstance was a pretext for the revolutionary robbers of France to deprive her of that safeguard of respect, which is granted to all benefactors of mankind. At the entrance of the French into Rome in 1798, the works then in her hands were seized as English property. "Not even the studies of the artists," said she in a letter to a friend of her's in London, "are excepted!" "The above-mentioned pictures were amongst the few I had in my possession; and as a certain gentleman known to lady ***** was engaged in managing this affair, and paid some money (this is the grand *arcanum*) though not a great sum, to rescue them, I find he makes some difficulty in letting them be forwarded without a reimbursement."

By the invasion of the French likewise she lost that part of her fortune, which she had placed in the bank of Rome; and to this point also she shall speak for herself. "I have," said she, in another letter of the 12th October, 1799, "suffered nothing in regard to my person. * * * * * * But there was no want of other distresses of all kinds; and the prospect was gloomy beyond expression. * * * * * The losses I have sustained are considerable, and at a time of life when I flattered myself that I should enjoy a little comfort and ease. However, a resigned mind is able to endure the distresses of this world. * * * Perhaps, in time, affairs will be settled again in regard to the publick funds; but this whole state has been plundered of all that is valuable in every branch."

We cannot close the account of this extraordinary woman, without giving some hints concerning the rank, which she occupies among painters, at least among those of her own sex. In the golden age of

arts in Italy, and in the subsequent century also, seven female painters flourished. Lavinia Fontana, Artemisia Gentileschi, Chiara Varotari, Giovanna Carzoni, Maria Tintoretto (the daughter of the great painter of this name) Sophonisba Anguisciola, and Elizabeth Sirani. None of these ever rose to the highest degree of merit; none at least were able to enter into competition with their contemporary great painters of the other sex; none of them, consequently, can rival the merit of Angelica Kauffman! In the last century, Rosalba Carriera (better known only by her christian name, *Rosalba*) was justly considered as a female painter until then unknown in the history of the art, and capable of coming into competition with any painter of the other sex. In the line of crayons and of miniature she had only a few rivals: in the clearness and liveliness of her colours she was admirable. As far, therefore, as a generick comparison can be made, this is the only female painter, who can balance the merit and fame of the subject of our memoir. We shall decline any decision on this head; but supposing the question should never be decided, Angelica may be satisfied with her share of glory, if one person only of her sex be allowed to come into competition with her, in the whole history of the art of painting among the moderns.

Maria Angelica Kauffman died at Rome on the 5th November, 1807, aged 67 years and six days. She was of a middle size, and well proportioned, with a round face, bright eyes, and expressive countenance. In her youth she had been uncommonly handsome, and even in her advanced age she preserved a cheerful and prepossessing look. She was of an excellent moral character, was always sober and retired, and, in her leisure hours, only indulged in the society of her relations and friends. She had no issue by her husband, Mr. Zucchi; and leaving behind her a considerable fortune, she disposed of a part of it in favour of a pious foundation in Coire and of another part in favour of her collateral relations. During the three weeks of the illness, which preceded her decease, she received the sacraments, according to the ritual of the Roman catholick church. After death, such honours were paid to her remains as to add, if possible, to her fame, and to reflect great credit on the inhabitants of Rome. She was buried with solemn pomp in her parish church of St. Andrew *delle Fratte*. The funeral ceremony was chiefly directed by the excellent sculptor, the Chevalier Canova, and was attended by all the academicians of St. Luke, and all the literary corporations. F. D.

London, April 30, 1808.

For the Anthology.

ON TASTE.

Dr. Johnson has, in his Rasselas, though perhaps undesignedly, exposed to the hazard of inquiry a principle, commonly regarded as an axiom in the world of letters. One of the declaimers, who had undertaken to investigate the question so often agitated, in what does happiness con-

sist, answers, that it consists in making nature the standard of our actions. He cited, in illustration of his hypothesis, the lower orders of existence, who possessed no desires beyond their capacities of enjoyment. Rasselas was amused, delighted, and almost convinced by the eloquence of the discourse; but after an examination of his own heart, he found it a receptacle of appetites and passions, which the addition of fins or wings to his body was incompetent to satisfy. He applies to the philosopher for assistance, asks him what mode of life must be adopted to live according to nature, and is supplied with a definition, which elucidates nothing but the definer's ignorance of the subject.

Many writers, who have attempted to explain the principles of taste, labour under a difficulty of a similar kind. After composing the gravity of their muscles, they tell us, that nature contains all the rudiments of taste; and, under such pupilage, we need only to learn the meaning of the word *unnatural*, to rival the knowledge of our masters. We have known a physician, who professed to work miracles with his patients on the same principles: the sum of all his knowledge amounted to this, that a valetudinarian had nothing more to do, than to lie down and die like a beast without the expense of medicine. His common cant was, that nature would do the business for his patients; and to give the man due credit, she did it, as their monumental inscriptions abundantly testify. Ignorance often shrouds itself in this manner, and under the broad canopy of general terms, defies all attempts at detection.

Whenever writers of this sort are driven from one point of argument, they instantly retreat to another; and still the benevolent generality of the terms covers all such literary imbecility. How far Nature is to be followed, when abandoned, or in fact what she is, the true cardinal points of intelligence, are left untouched. In fact, it is not more absurd for a man to write a volume and inform his readers, that they must, as long as they live, be inhabitants of the planet, on which they were born, and from which they cannot possibly escape, than to state such a general fact as a specifick direction in their literary guidance, that we must write conformably to Nature. Of this lady it must be allowed by her most passionate admirers, that she is semper varium et mutabile.

A superficial consideration of the subject does not sufficiently expose the pernicious nature of these general terms. Let a man compare the writings of Swift, Addison, and many others of that age, with the authors of our own times, and he will be astonished at the contrast they present. In the former instance, he will find fact and circumstance punctiliously stated, and all those ideas distinctly impressed on his mind with a specifick perspicuity of expression. In the other instance, he discovers heat, verbosity, declamation and superlatives, those trifling apologies for common sense. Every boy at the university may make proficiency in letters so far as to abuse the positive, comparative and superlative degrees, and make the pages of our daily papers give superlative evidence, that he does not understand the terms. Words are deemed of so much more consequence than ideas, that the reader, in such a mass of unintelligible stuff, may choose a meaning for himself; and if he can discover any, is almost morally certain of not missing the author's. Thus a language, allow-

ed by foreigners to be peculiarly copious and expressive, loses its pungency, when times and occasions demand it; and when events, on which the existence of our nation is dependent, are to be stated in terms correspondent to the magnitude of the event, the writer finds those terms already monopolized in the detail of some petty controversy between two individuals, both of whom perhaps are unworthy of publick notice. Nor does the evil stop here; the publick, so often alarmed by trifles, feel a kind of apathy for events of moment, and, when the pressure of the grievance is felt, wonder why they were never forewarned of its existence.

Our immediate business however is with those authors, who recommend an observance of nature, as the standard of propriety in all compositions. No man writes according to nature, in a strict sense, who writes any thing worthy of being read. The ancient poets were licensed by the mythology of their times in a greater exercise of the marvellous, than can possibly be allowed of amongst moderns. To keep the attention ever on the alert, supernatural agency was employed; the deities of antiquity were infected with human passions, watching with anxiety the event of battles, and each in their respective provinces contributing their assistance. Christianity has of course almost become the death of the epick muse. The Being, whom we worship, is invested with such omnipotence, that the poet, who dares to enlist such an advocate on the side of his hero, sins almost as much against taste as against morals. Whatever difficulties may oppress him, the mind of the reader feels but little solicitude for the issue, when there is a power of extrication so tremendous in reserve.

Milton experienced the weight of this embarrassment, and has endeavoured to draw a veil over this part of the subject, as it were to screen from our minds the consciousness of the fact. Still the project on its first statement appears wild and chimerical: the attempt of an angel to usurp the throne of Heaven, with a full knowledge that the Being, with whom he is about to contend, is *omnipotent*, prevents that jeopardy of the mind for the issue, which the pagan poets excited. With all the assistance of Milton's imagination, no reader is for a moment deluded into the belief, that Satan can possibly accomplish his object. Even when this power is exerted by another person, the same difficulty occurs: when the Messiah rides forth to quell the rebellion, and commands the "uprooted hills to retire to their places," and they obey him, who doubts the issue of the combat? Milton, whose aim was to astonish by the aid of his overpowering fancy, found so little in nature to answer his purposes, that he soars above it, and introduces but two human personages in his Epick.

If this instance is thought to be an exception, let us descend to humbler scenes, and contemplate those writers whose professed design is to portray life and manners. The Vicar of Wakefield is known to every one, and the object of its author undoubtedly was to represent "fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness." Where shall we find in nature such a pattern of apostolick virtue, as the vicar himself; of female excellence, as Sophia; of manly disinterestedness and generosity, as Burchel; or of such knavish duplicity, as Jenkinson? Are not all the

characters beyond our observance, and is it not from that very cause, that they derive all their interest? It certainly is, and hence the common observation, that novels injure the female mind by leading it off from a contemplation of real life to scenes of imaginary existence. Thus while the critick celebrates the good Vicar, for his strict adherence to real life, the father condemns him from the society of his children, because he is not found in the company of flesh and blood.

Biography has been recommended by our Mentors, as a substitute, because there life is painted as it is, and the reader is made conversant with his own species. Let us examine, how far this remark is founded in justice. Are we perfectly sure, that the biographer adheres to an impartial summary of facts in the life of the person represented? No. It is the interest, and, we will add, the duty of the author, to throw out those traits of character only, which designate the man from ordinary men. If his stream of life murmurs with the insipid serenity of ordinary existence, it will pass like other tranquil streams unnoticed. How far his manners comport with those of other men, is never an object of inquiry: where it betrays other qualities, such as serve from their scarcity to excite our surprise, it is worthy of observation. Boswell, in his life of Johnson, undertook the accomplishment of a task superiour to his powers. He deemed him at all events a man resolutely to be admired, and without confining his admiration to those properties really worthy of it, esteems even his breeches a sainted relick. He attends him in all his haunts, whether to a church or to a tavern, acts as a perpetual spy upon his conversation and manners, and after his death exhibits him for our admiration on a close stool. That the doctor did eat, drink, and breathe, like ordinary men, no man but James Boswell ever thought of doubting; but we have the testimony of his page to assure us of the fact. When the bungling mechanick had large and massy materials furnished to his hands for the construction of a noble edifice, he uses them sparingly, and with preposterous ingenuity selects, and appropriates those only, which other workmen had thrown away. This is writing strictly according to nature.

Had James Boswell had genius enough to follow and imitate the idol of his veneration, he would have found in the life of Savage, a precedent worthy of his ambition. Johnson has there emblazoned the virtues of his hero, and found so many apologies for his vices, that he has made these two opposites of the human character equally fascinating to our minds. The former command our admiration and respect; the latter we pity and forgive. Still, amidst all these conflicting varieties of passion, traits of character, in spite of all the caution and prudence of Johnson, occasionally glimmer upon us, which shew too evidently, that nature and the biographer were constantly at variance. Had Burns found a Boswell, and Johnson a Currie, to record their actions for posterity, how very different would their characters have appeared to our eyes.

To write from nature must mean to write according to the precedent set by the example of it, which passes under ordinary observance. If this construction is denied, there is but one other and that is, we must study and adopt those aberrations nature delights in, and thus converting exceptions from the general rule

into a rule by itself. When once such eccentricities, either in the natural or the moral world, are made the standards of action, it is literally impossible to act or to write different from nature. She has occasionally given birth to monsters, and Ovid, according to this mode of argument, might cite authentick precedents for all the deformities of his page. This leads to such inevitable absurdity in every art, that the first principles and rudiments of it would be totally overthrown. The astronomer would be calculating, the appearance and departure of comets, and the painter would be distributing his lights and shadows in giving formation to the monster designed by Horace, in his "Arte Poetica." Thus, what of nature is fair and proportionate must be abandoned in our works, and a bedlamite must be the only proper judge of their execution. Arbitrary combination, either in painting or poetry, has no limits, as the caricaturist in either of these departments will testify upon oath.

Nature seems inexhaustible in her wonders, and when the vanity of the philosopher leads him to conjecture, that he has explained every department of her cabinet, she confounds him by the exposure of some unobserved novelty. Of this nature is the recent discovery of the junction of vegetable and animal life, in the island of Java. An animated leaf was found by a French naturalist on the body of a Manguestien tree.* It had all the properties of animal existence, receded when the hand approached it, and advanced to its former position, when that obstacle was withdrawn. It had eyes, feet and legs, discernable by a microscope, and in shape and colour resembled the leaf of the tree, from whence is was taken. It fed upon the Manguestien leaf, and lived forty days in the possession of the French naturalist on that substance. To shew that this is no fabrication designed to amuse the credulity of our readers, we will refer them for more explicit information to Dr. Woodward, of Baltimore, a man of honour and veracity, who observed this vegetable monster in the hands of the French naturalist.

Having dwelt so long on this subject, it now seems proper to prepare a more perspicuous substitute for that indefinable phrase, *nature*. The truth is, that between the grossness of vulgar life, and a perfectibility unattainable by mortals, there is a sort of fairy ground, or what may well be denominated a middle nature It is an imaginary existence, found in the heads of our poets or our painters chiefly, in which mankind are sublimated from the feculencies of earth, and still not perfect enough to be candidates for heaven. In this visionary world events are at the disposal of the Power, which created it, and that is the fancy. In real life, we know not what futurity may bring forth; but in this transcript of it, future events are entirely at our disposal. When a man has contemplated a poem or a novel, he knows what difficulties his hero has to encounter, and whether he will be successful or unfortunate in the end. Care must be taken, in the construction of this visionary world, not to violate that species of probability, attached to the character represented. A man, whom we have created an hero, must not shrink in the

* The Manguestien is a beautiful aromatick tree in the island of Java, and held in high estimation for its fruit, which from its luscious ripeness is incapable of exportation.

hour of danger from an engagement, notwithstanding real life will afford abundant instances of that sort. The reader is prepared for surprise, when he opens the volume; he knows that he is not treading the ground he usually inhabits, and does not derive his standard of propriety from thence. He feels himself in a more exalted region, which, when it descends to a level with the earth, he calls a flat and insipid one. Recollecting the hero of the tale is a mortal still, and the mechanism of human hands, if angelick virtue be predicated of him, he declares that probability is violated. Whatever forms surrounding nature wears, calculated to excite interest in the feelings, may be safely transcribed for this new creation, provided they all preserve their identity throughout.

This middle ground is not created by caprice; it results from the defects observable in the works of ordinary nature. Wherever we discover deformity in alliance with beauty, fancy immediately suggests an amendment. A painter, for instance, whose pencil was employed in portraying the features of a fascinating face, would trespass on all propriety, if he should make a wart upon the nose the subject of his imitation. Nay, where the whole countenance is deformed, a graceful departure from the original is allowed, provided the main features retain their resemblance. This is identically the same principle, by the tacit consent of all ages allowed to the poet, the novelist, and even to the biographer in their respective departments. The pleasure we derive from the contemplation of a fine portrait is not from the bare recognition of the resemblance; it results more from that imperceptible variation, that gives interest to a face where nature has denied any.

Hence it appears, that a man who possesses no fancy can never be a man of taste. Accustomed to compare fact with fact, and making no allowance for any thing beyond, he looks on a painting and censures all such licence. Reading a novel or a poem, he encounters the same difficulty, because in both instances his standard of infallibility deserts him. This middle ground therefore, this delicate and judicious combination of fancy and fact, where each loses its identity, so as to appear a perfect whole, is what we mean by the term taste. Wherever the point of their union is discovered, the alliance seems forced and unnatural, and we pronounce the artist destitute of *taste*, or, in plainer dialect, of that skill to combine those two opposites, so as to fascinate us into the belief, that the representation is just.

Poetry is but a species of painting; the same images are raised in the mind by the disposition of words, as by the disposition of light and shadow. The "*licentia poetica*," or the liberty assumed by poetry to embellish fact, has been allowed in all ages, and is an express recognition of the existence of this wedlock between fancy and fact, falsely denominated to be the exclusive prerogative of the poet. The painter adopts the same mode, raises and rounds his figures beyond real life, and what was once the "licentia poetica," is now *the flattery of the pencil*. The novelist, and even the biographer, as we have seen, are allowed the self-same indulgence; fact is heightened by fancy, until a character flat and insipid is raised above the canvass of nature, and rendered interesting by the assistance of such imaginary attributes.

This superaddition of fancy, heretofore denominated the licentia poetica, and the flattery of the pen-

cil, now takes the name of *embellishment*. Thus we still recognize the features of our old acquaintance, whenever he is presented to us, who bears a resemblance to the character of Proteus only in his name. R.

For the Anthology.

REMARKER, No. 35.

Who shall decide, when Doctors disagree?.....Pope.

The readers of the Remarker will gladly peruse, instead of his lucubrations, the following

LETTER TO THE REMARKER, No. 34.

Sir,

Whatever credit your defence of Gray may reflect on your talents, as a writer, it will never convince reasonable incredulity, that "he is one of those few poets, who, at every new reading, recompenses you double for every encomium, by disclosing some new charm of sentiment or of diction." I have perused and reperused him since the publication of your panegyrick, but I am still unable to discover those beauties, which seem to have charmed you. The result of repeated readings has more thoroughly convinced me of the justness of Johnson's criticism, whom you misrepresent, when you say, that 'he could find nothing in Collins, but clusters of consonants.' On the contrary, the Doctor affirms, that 'his poems are the productions of a mind not deficient in fire,' that 'his efforts produced, in happier moments, sublimity and splendour,' though he observes, at the same time, that 'his lines are commonly of slow motion, clogged and impeded with clusters of consonants.' This surely is very different from saying, as you assert, that he could find '*nothing* in Collins but clusters of consonants;' nor was it necessary, Sir, in praising Gray, to misrepresent Johnson.

Your remarks on the difference of taste in poetry are perfectly just, but your inference, 'if Pindar and Horace were poets, so was Gray too,' cannot be admitted, because the merit of the two former, consecrated by the applause of ages, has never been disputed, whilst the lyrick fame of the latter still remains unsettled in the minds of many competent judges. I might, with equal propriety affirm, if Dryden and Pope were poets, so is Humphreys too.

Your quotation from Horace will not prove Gray a poet; for though we grant, that he possesses the *os magna sonaturum* in common with Blackmore and many others, yet whether in lyrick poetry he has any claim to the *mens divinior*, is still the disputed point, which, with all your ingenuity, you have not settled to our satisfaction.

In reply to your authority from Burke, I will transcribe a sentence from the reviewer of his celebrated treatise, which you will find in the tenth volume of Johnson's works, by Hawkins, though the review has be

some, been attributed to Murphy. 'Obscurity,' our author observes, 'increases the sublime, which is certainly very just; but from *thence erroneously infers, that clearness of imagery is unnecessary to affect the passions. But surely nothing can move but what gives ideas to the mind.*'

If this remark be just, which I think cannot reasonably be disputed, all your defence of Gray's obscurity falls to the ground. If obscurity increases the sublime, it must be the obscurity arising from the ambiguous meaning of one or two expressions, where something is left to the imagination, not from a whole passage, which in that case would not be sublime but corrupt. The obscurest of all poets is Lycophron, but no critick has yet contended for his superiour sublimity. I know of no sublime passage in Homer, Virgil, or Milton, but what is perfectly intelligible, and scarcely a description which would not make a good picture. Indeed I lay it down as a general maxim, that WHATEVER IMAGERY A GOOD PAINTER CANNOT EXECUTE ON THE CANVASS, MUST NECESSARILY BE INCORRECT. If there be any exception to this rule, it can only be, where images are presented to the mind, which are not subjects of the eye, as the rattling of the quiver on the shoulders of Apollo, on his march to avenge his insulted priest,

Ἐκλάγξαν δ' ἄρ' ὀϊστοὶ ἐπ' ὤμων χωομένοιο,
Αὐτῷ κινηθέντι.

I do not recollect, Sir, any ode, either in Pindar or Horace, which is not perfectly clear, with the exception of a few passages, where the obscurity may arise from our imperfect knowledge of the language, or from the carelessness of transcribers. But Gray, in those odes which you think sublime, is perpetually obscure, and even should you find his meaning, I am far from certain that it will repay the labour of the search. I should be glad to know what is the meaning of the *purple light of love*, in the passage, which you quote with so much delight and enthusiasm? The Greek poet, from whom he borrows, says intelligibly enough, *The light of love shines on her purple cheeks.* But Gray, determined to write like no one but himself, transfers the epithet, purple' from the cheeks, to which it was appropriate, to love, which almost any other epithet would have suited as well. And this is the man, who, you would persuade us, is distinguished for the astonishing force and beauty of his epithets.

In his 'Ode for Musick' (an odd title by the way) he has these lines:

> And thus they speak in soft accord
> The *liquid* language of the skies.

Now I should be happy if you would inform me, in what consists the *astonishing force and beauty* of this epithet? If he had written 'the language of the liquid skies,' we might have supposed that he meant thunder in fine weather. But, I presume, the beauty of this epithet arises from that inimitable obscurity, which is the great source of Gray's sublimity.

I equally dissent from you, as to the unrivalled power of his numbers. What do you think of such numbers as these?

> What cat's averse to fish?
> Let us go, let us fly.
> She tumbled headlong in.

In *unrivalled* numbers, we might reasonably expect correct rhymes.

But even of this mechanical excellence Gray cannot boast, his inaccuracy is aggravated by the extreme brevity of his performances. If you run your eye along his first odes, you will find *stretch* and *beech*, *noon* and *sun*, *low* and *thou*, *flown* and *gone*, *declared* and *beard*, *between* and *in*, *flood* and *God*, *towers* and *adores*, *wave* and *cleave*, *bent* and *constraint*, *descry* and *joy*, *doom* and *come*, *train* and *men*, *paradise* and *bliss*, *fly* and *joy*, *heard* and *clad*.

Would a poet, unrivalled in the power of his numbers, employ so low a word as *take* in the following line?

A thousand rills their mazy progress *take*

Or the word *goes* in this line of the Bard?

In gallant trim the gilded vessel *goes*.

The third stanza of the ode on the 'Progress of Poesy,' to the musical structure of which, you say that there is nothing in the whole compass of English versification to be compared, is, to my ear, degraded by its double rhymes to the language of a ballad-monger. I will take the liberty of quoting the passage:

Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the *azure deep* of air.

Now, Sir, these lines, in my judgment, are far beneath the dignity of lyrick poetry, and much in the style of

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer.

Cupid wave thy purple pinion.

The *azure deep of air* is one of those sublime obscurities, I suppose, which *overpower* the admirers of Gray *with the blaze of embellishment*, but which fifty interpreters would probably explain each in a different manner.

The successful manner in which he has lately been imitated, is a sufficient proof, that there is little difficulty in writing like Gray. The ode on Summer, published in the last Sylva, is superiour to Gray's on the Spring, and, without borrowing a thought or expression from him, exhibits all his peculiarities, his quaintness of epithet, his affected alliterations, and the general glitter and tinsel of his style. I hope that the same gentleman will shortly gratify the publick by imitations of the sublime obscurities of the 'Progress of Poesy' and 'the Bard,' and then the admirers of Gray, if not silenced, must at least submit to be laughed at. But let the same person attempt to imitate Horace, or Dryden, or any writer distinguished by classick simplicity, (from which no one can be more distant than Gray) and he will find it no easy task. The lyrick fame of Gray, like the epick reputation of Ossian, will probably continue to obtain a '*divided suffrage*;' and those who feel no enthusiasm in reading his odes, but are disgusted with his affected refinements, his studied obscurity, and his trite morality, will endeavour to bear the imputation of *ignorance* and *envy*, rather than sacrifice their judgment to the whimsical enthusiasm of his admirerers. The authority of Warton, who wrote a long essay to prove, that Pope was no poet, and of Gilbert Wakefield, who affirms, that David Hume could not write prose, can have weight only with the incorrigible admirers of Gray; whilst those, who question his lyrick superiority, and deny that

the mantle either of Pindar or of Horace graces his shoulders, feel justified in their opinions, by the superiour authority of the mighty Johnson. 'These odes (says the doctor) are marked by glittering accumulations of ungraceful ornaments. They strike rather than please. The images are magnified by affectation; the language is laboured into harshness. The mind of the writer seems to work with unnatural violence, *Double, double, toil and trouble.* His art and his struggle are too visible, and there is too little appearance of ease and nature.'

Sincerely wishing that you will, in future, employ your acknowledged talents as a writer more usefully, than in the defence of absurdity,

I remain, Sir,

With due respect, &c. &c.

AN ADMIRER OF SIMPLICITY.

MRS. MONTAGU'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH LORD KAMES.

Three Letters from MRS. MONTAGU *to* LORD KAMES.

I. *Anticipates a Visit to Blair Drummond.*

Sandleford, August 28, 1772.

MY LORD,

As next summer and Blair Drummond are at a great distance, it is happy for me that I have a rapid imagination, which whirls through space and time faster than the fiery-footed steeds of Phœbus, whose progress may be marked by shadows and counted by clocks. I am come; I am arrived; I am actually at Blair-Drummond; I am sitting by your Lordship on the seat you marked with my name. The river is fretting over the pebbles, or foaming among the rocks; just as we human creatures are fretfully and peevishly murmuring at the little impediments, or raging and storming at the great obstacles that thwart us in the progress of life. I see Ben-Lomond lift his scornful brow, frowning with proud disdain on the vainly emulating hills, and humble unaspiring vales beneath him; just emblem of human greatness, human power! Thou sendest forth the eagle and the vulture, and many a beast and bird of prey upon thy humble subjects: and shall the barren top of the hill of storms, which hurls the shivered rock, or rolls the cataract upon the fertile valley, boast of its pernicious eminence, and scorn what lies in the better mean? Let us then turn to the village Lord Kames has built. I hear the hammer of the artificers, the wheel of spinsters, the voice of mirth, the play of children, the social greetings of friendly neighbours.——Proud castle! did sounds so cheerful echo through your walls, when the Regent kept his state there? No. Envy and jealousy ran in whispers through the rooms of state: drunken riot roared in the hall; party and faction clamoured at the gate. What then is suggested from the prospect around us, but that the present state of Scotland is far happier than the former? that it is well the Highlander is come down from his forts and fastnesses, the mountains and rocks to beat his broad-sword into ploughshares, and to cultivate instead of plunder the valleys. But best of all, that the barbarian Chieftain has left the

castle, where tyranny and oppression were protected, to give place to a milder Lord, who wields the sceptre of justice, instead of the iron rod of power.

Now that we are returned from our walk, I wish my imagination could farther represent to me the chapter of your book, which I know your Lordship would read to me on such an occasion. I have not, alas, the elements of which this book will be made; learning and wit, the foundation on which the structure will be raised. I can only build castles in the air. I cannot therefore at all substitute my empty visions in lieu of it. Finish your work; publish, and put the world in possession of it. Till then I am uneasy and impatient.———I inclose this to our friend Dr. Gregory, &c.

ELIZ. MONTAGU.

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II. FROM THE SAME.

On the Death of LORD LYTTELTON.

Sandleford, October 27, 1773.

MY LORD,

WITH the History of Man, I dare say your Lordship has *(con amore)* written the History of Woman. I beg, that, in specifying their characters you would take notice, that time and separation do not operate on the female heart as on the male. We need not go back so far as the time of Ulysses and Penelope to prove this. We may pass over the instances of his dalliance with the sole suitor that addressed to him, the lovely Calypso; and the constant Penelope's continued disdain of the whole herd of her pertinacious wooers. The more near and recent an example is the better; so, my Lord, we will take our own. You feel, you say, when you take up your pen to write to me, the same formality as on our first acquaintance; I on the contrary, find my confidence in you has had time to take root. A long winter, dreary seasons, cannot blast or wither it; under its shadow I am protected from any apprehensions from your genius and learning. You appear to me in no character but that of my friend,—the sacred character of my old friend. The years of absence, the months of vacation in our correspondence, come into the account; for I remembered you, when I did not hear from you; I thought of you, when I did not see you; esteem nursed by faithful remembrance, grew up *sans* intermission: I am most sincerely rejoiced that your Lordship has completed your great work: may you long enjoy your fame; and may you see mankind derive advantage as well as pleasure from your work! The more Man understands himself, the less averse he will be to those Divine and human laws that restrain his licentious appetites. It is from ignorance of his nature he misapprehends his interest; not comprehending how he is made, he disputes the will of his Maker. I am impatient for the publication of your book, and hope your printer will make all possible haste to indulge us with it. I rejoice that it has pleased God to give you life and health to finish this great work; and I flatter myself, that, though you may not again embark in so great an undertaking, so able a pen will not be consigned to indolent repose. As to my poor goose quill, it is not much to be regretted, that probably it will scribble no more. I have neither the force of good health, nor the presumption of good spirits left to animate me; without the energy of great talents, these are necessary to the task of undertaking something for the publick. I have been

for many months teased with a slow fever; and the loss of my excellent friend has cast a cloud over my mind. I remember Sir William Temple says, in one of his Essays, that when he recollects how many excellent men and amiable women of his acquaintance have died before him, he is ashamed to be alive. With much more reason than Sir William Temple, whose merit I dare say was equal at least to that of any of the friends he survived, I feel this very strongly. I have lived in the most intimate connexion with some persons of the highest characters in this age; they are gone and I remain: all that adorned me is taken away, and only a cypress wreath remains. I used to borrow some lustre from them, but now I seem respectable (even in my own eyes) only as the mourner of departed merit. I agree with your Lordship, that I ought not to lament the death of Lord Lyttelton on his account: his virtue could not have been more perfect in this mortal state, nor his character greater, than it was with all those whose praise could be an object to a wise and worthy man. He now reaps the full reward of those virtues, which here, though they gave him a tranquil cheerfulness amidst many vexations, and the sufferings of sickness, yet could not bring a perfect calm to the wounds his paternal affection suffered. When I consider how unhappy his former, how blessed his present condition, I am ashamed to lament him: the world has lost the best example, modest merit the most zealous protector, mankind its gentlest friend: my loss is unspeakable; but as the friendship of so excellent a man is the best gift of God, and I am sensible I was never deserving of so great a blessing, I ought rather to offer thanks it was bestowed, than repine it was taken away; and only to beg, that by the remembrance of his precepts and example, I may derive the same helps to doing my duty in all the relations of life, and social engagements, as I did from his advice. But virtue never speaks with such persuasion as when she borrows the accents of a friend. Moreover, my time in this world will probably be very short; and if it were long, I could not forget to admire so admirable a pattern of goodness. I ever am, my Lord, &c. &c.

ELIZ. MONTAGU.

III. FROM THE SAME.

On a Domestick Event: and on Religious Education.

[Written within a few weeks of the death of Lord Kames.]

Portman Square, Nov. 12, 1782.

MY LORD,

I cannot wait till I have conferred with the grave Bench of Bishops on the doctrine of your letter, to return my warmest thanks for the kind and friendly sentiments it expresses for me, and the good domestick news which it communicates.

Mr. Drummond Home's excellent choice is an event of the highest importance to your happiness, as well as his own. I have long been solicitous, that a name to which you have given celebrity, a noble estate you have improved, and a charming place you have embellished, should be transmitted to your posterity. This wish was made of the common stuff, the hardware of this world: ambition, and the love of fame, &c. you may see, furnished, and fashioned it. By the account your Lordship and others have given me of your new connexion, many softer and sweeter blessings will flow from that alliance. She will embellish your society, and enliven your hours

of retirement. When your are all well and in good spirits, she will add to your gaiety and pleasure: in the hours of sickness, she will alleviate pain by tender attentions. My amiable Miss G——— has made me know how much pleasure and comfort may be derived from a near connexion with a person, who adds to the various *agrémens* of youth, the discretion, and sober, and solid merit of a mature character. The seasons of life have been often compared to the seasons of the year, and each have their comforts. I think the calm autumn of life, as well as of the year, has many advantages. Both have a peculiar serenity, a gentle tranquillity. We are less busy and agitated, because the hopes of the spring, and the vivid delights of the summer, are over; but these tranquil seasons have their appropriate enjoyments; and a well regulated mind sees every thing beautiful that is in the order of nature.

I hope your Lordship received my acknowledgements and thanks for your excellent sentiments on religious education. To errours, defects, and faults, in the first training up, we may often ascribe the irreligion of many persons; for, philosophically speaking, man is a religious animal. Sensible of his weakness, he is ever desirous of obtaining the assistance of a superiour Being. The most ignorant are sensible, that great power and intelligence must have combined to form all they see in the creation: they wish for the protection and favour of this Great Being. Man must be much perverted, before he can wish to disbelieve a God and providence. His interest must be misrepresented to him, or he would never reject the means offered by Divine Revelation to make the Omnipotent his friend. The unsophisticated man is never an atheist. But when either erroneous impressions have been made upon the youthful mind, as where the Deity has been held forth as a wrathful being, clothed in terrours; or where he has observed, that those with whom he has lived, have not acted with any reference to a Superiour Power, he is easily made the disciple of those who call themselves Freethinkers.

Our Bishops are now in their dioceses. When they return to town, I will not fail to communicate what you sent me. I cannot imagine it is calculated to give the slightest offence. Beyond the regions of human knowledge, human authority cannot form establishments of doctrine.

I shall always be glad to find excuses to write to you. I passed the summer in Berkshire, but removed to London the first week in November. No augur ever paid more regard to the flight of birds than I do. I take a hint from the swallows to leave the country. To what region they repair, I do not know enough of their constitutions and taste to say; but I will pronounce, that for a human creature, of flimsy materials of mind and body, a capital city is the best situation. The weather has less power there; the blank and silence of the vegetable and animal world is less perceived, and there are great resources in society to prevent our feeling our own insignificance and weakness. My new house affords me many comforts; but it has lost at present its best ornament. My amiable Miss G——— is now making a visit to her family at Edinburgh; but I flatter myself she will return to me some time in the next month. In the mean while I reflect with satisfaction on the happiness she is enjoying in her friends and they in her. My best and most affectionate regards attend all at Blair-Drummond. And I am, with the greatest esteem, &c.

ELIZ. MONTAGU.

For the Anthology.

CHARACTER OF THE HON. FISHER AMES.

[The Honourable Fisher Ames, the ornament of the bar, the delight of his friends, and the boast of his country, died at the early age of fifty years, on the fourth day of July last, the anniversary of American Independence, which he had spent his life to support and perpetuate. The following character from one, who knew him well, will be read as the tribute of justice rather than the fond exaggeration of eulogy. Ed. Anth.]

To say that Mr. Ames was a great and good man, though rarely said with more justice, is not sufficiently discriminative. The greatness of his mind has such distinguishing lines, such peculiar features, as form a very distinct, individual picture.

Few men, in this, or any country, have possessed what may be truly called genius, in a more eminent degree than Mr. Ames. If we regard his understanding, so acute and profound does it appear, that it would seem nature had intended him for a logician: if we regard his imagination, it would seem that nature had intended him for a poet, so ductile, so excursive, so brilliant does it appear. He was indeed both, for there was no subject so complex, or subtle that he could not comprehend, analyze and embellish it. His thoughts were ingenious, original and profound; now abounding with points and contrasts, now sportively diffused, and now vigorously condensed. In his use of figurative language, there was sometimes such a brilliancy of colouring, such an excess of light, as almost to confuse ordinary perceptions. Hence it sometimes happened, that he was regarded as a man of fine imagination merely, when in truth, the imagery, that excited so much admiration, was not mere decoration, but pictured the sentiment and thought itself. Such was the versatility of his mind, that he could, and often did, when the occasion required it, reason in a close and dry manner; but his arguments were more frequently attended with such vivid illustrations, as to take away the impression of a logical deduction, though they displayed all its truth and certainty.

So copious was his mind, that his thoughts flowed like a perennial spring, always full, always pressing for utterance; such the multitude of his ideas, that no variety of discussion seemed to diminish them; and so rapid were his associations, that to some he appeared to wander from his subject, while he was only placing it in new lights, or pursuing it in a new manner.

His knowledge of human nature was so thorough, that, like Shakespeare, he needed not to consult it "through the spectacles of books." His knowledge of books, however, was very general, and his acquaintance with history, in particular, was minute and extensive; yet his learning rarely ever appeared as such, so

incorporated was it with his habits of thinking, so subservient at all times to his purpose, that it seemed to spring spontaneously from his mind to give authority to sentiments. Thus gifted by nature, and thus furnished with knowledge, politicks, so complex, so refined, and yet so interesting, almost absorbed those faculties, that, employed in any work of ethicks or general literature, would have given him a preeminent name. The causes and consequences of revolutions, the principles on which free governments can be supported, the nature and kind of those dangers, to which they are exposed from within and without, were often the theme of his discourse, and often employed his pen. The combined and multiform operations of the interests and passions of men in states, or of governments in the more extended circle of coalitions were equally within the reach of his comprehensive and perspicacious mind. Hence many of his political speculations on the passing events of his own and other countries have all the authority of predictions fulfilled, and now fulfilling.

His imagination was that faculty of his mind, which excited most surprise. It appeared to be an attending spirit, that accompanied and assisted in the operations of his intellect; sometimes assembling the most pleasing images, from nature and art, and spreading over them all the colours of heaven; at others, rising in the storm, wielding the elements, or flashing with the most awful splendours.

It has been often said, that genius is allied to that eccentrick and wayward conduct, to those vices and imperfections, which spring from strong passions and quick sensibilities; and many are disposed to claim exemption for it from the observance of the sober duties, the ordinary virtues and customary forms of life. But who, let me ask, ever more strongly felt the inspirations of genius than Mr. Ames? Yet who was more temperate, moral or stable in his habits? Or who possessed a truer discernment of all the proprieties of polished life, or observed them with more unaffected ease?

Non vixit sibi—was never more truly applied, for he was a patriot in truth and in deed. Patriotism had its seat in his heart, and to use his own language, was "twisted into its minutest filaments." It was in him a virtue of the highest order; it was almost exalted into piety; it had all the ardour, which inflamed the best men of Greece or Rome, tempered and guided by the solid convictions of a christian. It forsook him only with his life. It is not for me to speak of his disinterested zeal, the long continued labours of his pen; these I trust will appear in due season, the just pride of his country, and his own best eulogy. The loss of such a man, in any times, and especially in such as the present, cannot easily be calculated. The impulse he gave to publick opinion, the light he imparted to it, by his speeches, his writings, and his conversations, extended like circles on the smooth surface of the water far beyond our sight, and continued long after the cause had ceased to operate. Who or what can fill the chasm his death has made?

Alas, our hopes seem buried with him in the tomb! In vain our sorrows linger there. The lustre of his eye that once shone the clear mirrour of his fervid mind is obscured! That eloquence which once carried dismay and trembling through the ranks of opposition is dumb forever!

That vigorous and pervading mind, that so often displayed our dangers and their remedies, is gone into another state of being; but we thank God, that such monuments of its wisdom remain to direct us in the right course, and that such an example is left us to pursue it. That luminary, which so often threw its beams across the darkness and confusion of the publick mind, has gradually and serenely sunk from our sight to appear in another hemisphere arrayed in new splendours.

In his conversation and manners there was something so sincere, so frank, so affable, and so cheerful, that his political enemies, and he had no others, were conciliated into a regard for the man; but when he appeared among his friends and acquaintance, they felt an elevation of sentiment, a serene delight, like what would be experienced if a superiour intelligence should visit us, on some errand of good will. His wit was brilliant and almost incessant, but it never made one "honest man his foe." Assured of his delicate regard to the feelings of others, we could behold the play of his fancy and wit without uneasiness; for in his most relaxed moments he seemed to have some object of utility in view. Few, very few "idle words" escaped his lips, and we can with equal truth and consolation say, that his "ten talents were well employed."

I cannot dwell on the unobserved offices of his friendly heart, on his private and domestick virtues; there was something in them so pure, so elevated, and so tender that those, who have never known or felt them, cannot be made to understand them, and those, who have, cherish their memory with something of a sacred regard.

For the Anthology.

SILVA, No. 42.

..... "Silva subest bicoloribus obsita buccis."

"Let's talk of graves, and worms, and epitaphs."

BLAIR'S GRAVE.

THIS elegant poem has scarcely received, till of late, its due applause. Unsupported by the influence of a titled author, and hardly sufficient in itself to assume the guise of an independent volume, it has mounted into notice by the slow operation of simple merit. It is distinguished by qualities, which were once the boast of English authors, in prose and in verse, though later writers have neglected to imitate, while they cannot cease to admire them. These qualities are strength of thought, and bold, masculine expression. Of all the English writers who have imitated Shakspeare, Blair's style approaches nearest to that noble model; and the reason doubtless is, that their powers of mind were similar, not that his attention and servility were superiour to all his competitors. In several places we observe a coincidence in expression, or

thought with Shakspeare, though we could almost swear that both were original. As the following :

> ..... Then all was well,
> Sound was the body, and the soul serene,
> Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
> That play their several parts.

> *Oph.* And I the most unhappy of all ladies—
> Now to behold that brilliant understanding,
> Like sweet bells jangled, lost, and out of tune. HAMLET

These coincidencies are casual, but in general, as has been well observed, Blair wrote, not exactly as Shakspeare has written, but as he would have written on the same subject. His poem is short, and therefore did not admit of a very methodical plan. We may observe, however, that, beginning with the description of his immediate subject, the Grave, with all its sombre pomp and circumstance, he is led to lament the separations it occasions, to paint the sorrows of parted love, and to recal with pathetick enthusiasm the delights of former friendship. Then launching forth into a description of the triumphs of Death, he shows how little all our best perfections avail against his power, and describes the various classes, who have been compelled to submit to his order. The natural succession of thought in a christian mind suggests the sweet consolation of a future existence, and gives a joyful conclusion to his sombre poem. This plan affords sufficient regularity to the arrangement, and assigns a sufficiently definite place to every description.

The qualities of Blair's style, as was observed above, are strength and boldness : compare it with that of Young, whose subject led him over the same region of thought, and the difference may be seen between nervous simplicity, and harsh conciseness and often swelling obscurity. The aim of Young and of Blair was probably the same, and no two authors can more fairly be put in comparison ; but the single jewel of the latter has more increased the treasures of poetry, than the overflowing coffers of the former with all their riches ; for rich they undoubtedly are in valuable thought, in elegant illustration, and often in the best style of nervous conciseness.

There is in some authors a felicity of expression, that art can never acquire, and which, if not immediately natural, must be the fruit of an exquisite quickness, and delicacy of taste. This felicity has been applauded in Horace : it has been often remarked, and as often denied in Gray. None however ever refused the praise of it to Shakspeare, and impartial posterity will be equally unanimous in allowing it to Blair. In criticism assertion is nothing without example, but, unless I am much deceived, the following expressions, among many others, are sufficient proofs.

> Dark night,
> Dark as was Chaos, ere the infant sun
> Was rolled together, or had tried his beams
> Athwart the gloom profound.—

> Who made even thicklipped, musing Melancholy
> To gather up her face into a smile,
> Before she was aware.—

And the following at once of felicity and tenderness ;

> There the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
> The tell tale echo, and the bubbling stream,
> Time out of mind the favourite seats of love,

Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue.—

Tenderness is a quality, that distinguishes many passages of this poem, a tenderness very different from childish affectation of sensibility, and which lies more in circumstance, than in sentiment. In this particular also he comes in competition with Young, and with Young in his strongest quarter. The third night is full of pathetick sentiments, and they have little affectation about them, for they come from the heart. It would be wrong perhaps to say, that Blair has in any part exceeded them; "non nostrum tantas componere lites."

Perhaps it is fortunate for the reputation of Blair, that his writings were not numerous. One only he added to "the Grave," and that gives no increase to his poetical reputation. This however is enough to establish his glory. His poem has already inserted him among the bards of honoured name, and, if I may be allowed the use of one of Shakspeare's worst puns, if we could take a glance at posterity some fifty years hence, we should find them all "Grave" men.

.....

EPITAPHS.

— "Mea molliter ossa quiescant,
Sint modo carminibus non onerata malis."

An epitaph is perhaps the most difficult composition, that human ingenuity ever contrived; at least that conclusion seems to follow from the immense number, that have been attempted, and the very few attempts that have been successful. Scarce a human being can quit the stage of action, but either respect for his memory, or gratitude for his kindness, or interested expectations from his surviving relations, or a want of some better subject plunges some misguided pen into the mist of panegyrick. The prolixity and dulness of these performances have at length become so disgusting to the publick, that they seem with one accord to have lifted up their voice in favour of a more than laconick brevity, and we hear "Alas, poor Yorick!" and "O rare Ben Johnson" cited as the ultimata of perfection. Epitaphs have been often made the vehicle of humour and satire, for it is found by experience much more easy to sport on delicate points with the dead, than with the living. An epitaph too is a convenient form for introducing a stroke of satire, as its nature excludes the necessity of inventing an introduction, and awkwardly tacking a quaint witticism to a stale incident. "Hic jacet" brings the writer at once to his subject. This convenience has not passed unobserved the noble army of poets; insomuch that, to save the labor of invention, they have often made use of something like what are called law fictions, and though the subject may be very quietly enjoying the comforts of life, by simply supposing his death, burial and a tombstone, they have a fair passage to his character through the medium of an epitaph. It has been a fancy with some to write their own epitaphs, and if that were any security from the "onus carminum malorum," the expedient would be worth consideration. The publick however would be no great gainers by the exchange, for, generally speaking, a man will say as civil, and as dull things of himself, as any body else will say for him. We have all heard of the epitaph on the Provost of Dundee by his three executors, the

following is a much more indecorous attempt from the same motive. The Abbe de la Riviere, a French ecclesiastick of the sixteenth century, left twenty crowns to any one, that would write his epitaph: an unlucky wag produced the following:

Ci gît un très grand personnage,
Qui fut d'un illustre lignage;
Qui posseda mille vertus,
Qui ne trompa jamais, qui fut toujours
fort sage—
Je n'en dirai pas davantage,
C'est trop menter pour vingt écus.

In Petrarch's epitaph on his Laura we discern considerable delicacy, but, at the same time, a mind sufficiently at ease to sport with the double meaning of his fair one's name:

Qui reposan quei caste e felici ossa,
De quell' alma gentile, e sola in terra;
Aspro e dur sasso! hor ben teco hai
soltera
El vero honor, la fama, e belta scossa.
Morte ha del verde Lauro svelta e smossa
Fresca radici; e il premio de mi guerra
De quattro lustri, e piu (s' ancor nonerra
Mio pensier tristo) c' l chiude in poca
fossa.
Felice pianta in borgo d' Avignone
Nacque e mori; e qui con ella giace
La penna e' l stil, l' inchiostro e la
ragione.
O delicati membri, o viva face,
Ch'ancor me cuoggi, e struggi; in
ginocchione
Ciascun preghi il Signor t' acetti in pace.

TRANSLATION

Here rest its chaste and sad remains,
A purer soul than earth could boast;
Rude rock, within thy opening veins
Fair fame and smiling love were lost.

The verdant Laurel wither'd lies,
Its root uptorn, its branches sere;
Thus fades the long expected prize,
The cherished hope of many a year.

Fair plant, in fields of Avignon
That rose so fresh, so soon that fell,
With thee the poet's art is gone,
And gone the lyre's enchanting swell.

O lovely limbs! O beauteous face!
Whose tender thought recals my woes;
Full many a prayer for heavenly grace
Shall waft the soul to long repose.

.....

CIS-ATLANTICK ANOMALIES.

The following letter contains a curious specimen of *Americanisms*, as all the word in Italicks are peculiar to our country, or employed in a different sense from what they would convey in pure English.

Dear Sir,

When you come to town, I shall be *happy to wait on you* at my house. I am sorry to inform you, that the store, you desired me to engage, is *improved* by another tenant, the owner having *misremembered* my application in your favour. You will, however, find no difficulty in suiting yourself, as rents are not likely to *appreciate* during the embargo. Our *caucus* terminated in a town-meeting, in which a petition to the President to remove it was ably *advocated* by our best speakers, and a committee of our most approved *composuists* were appointed to draught the petition. You will be so good as to let me know where your friend *keeps*, when he comes to town, as I was not at home *to wait on him*, when he called.

We had a *nice time* last night at club, though we were rather *slim* in the article of wine. Some of your good old Madeira would have been a considerable *addition* to the pleasure of our entertainment. I must beg you to engage your correspondent to send me a pipe, though I can *illy* afford it, if business should thus continue *slack*. May kind providence *succeed* our petition, and may the spirit of an oppress people *progress*, till the *governmental* sages of our country discover their errour, and redress our grievances. I have

secured the *span* of horses you requested me to purchase for you, though I am afraid you will find them too spirited, since one of them yesterday broke the *whiffletree* of the *shay*, as I was driving him out of town. I am sorry to hear of the mischief done in your neighbourhood by the late *freshet*, which I understand has overflowed a great deal of valuable *intervale* and drowned your *hogreef*. Your son continues to *conduct well*, is a great *applicant*, and tells me, that he shall go into Virgil before the next *congressional* meeting. Lest this letter should grow too *lengthy*, I hasten to conclude by assuring you that I am, &c.

A. Z.

.....

SPAIN.

When a great people, to borrow the words used in a late publick debate by an accomplished orator and statesman, "rises like Spain in the tremendous majesty of its strength," and loosing itself from the toils and shackles of foreign usurpation, dares to think and to act for itself, it is hardly possible for an American to restrain from revelling in full and almost wanton indulgence those generous sentiments and sympathies, which are justly ranked among the highest and most sacred principles of human opinion and conduct. To that once proud and powerful nation, which is at this moment struggling, and perhaps by its last efforts struggling to rescue itself from a tyrannical domination, the circles of whose vortex are every day sweeping to a wider sphere, and whirling with a swifter speed, and attracting and devouring by a stronger and a more resistless force, and in a deeper and a more insatiable gulph; to Spain, the first to acknowledge the independence of the United States of America, and the first, as we humbly hope in God, to vindicate its own unalienable sovereignty from the unnatural wardship imposed by the self-appointed guardian of Europe, we most heartily wish success.

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.

.....

"RIDE, SI SAPIS."

In this laconick admonition, I am inclined to think, that more is meant than at first meets the ear. Laugh, if you are wise, is to be sure good and seasonable advice; but it is much more important, if we understand it to be intended exclusively, that sapience should be a condition of laughter; and that the opposite of this sentence should be equally true, Laugh not, if you are not wise; "For as the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool." If mankind are to be divided into two classes, those that laugh, and those that are laughed at, the precept of the Roman moralist ought to be strictly observed in the distribution of the respective parties; wisdom ought to be considered the essential requisite for the exertion of that noble power, that distinguishes man from the brutes. Among many reasons, that could be given for this arrangement, is that obvious one, that none but a wise man can know how, when, and where to laugh. Laughter is a powerful instrument, and, like other powerful instruments, should be managed with great judgment. By simply laughing in the right place, many a man has secured to himself the reputation of being excellent company, without a single other pretension to sociability. Subriculus, on the contrary, is one, that by merely exhibit-

ing too often, and in wrong places, his pretensions to the class of laughers, has fairly ranked himself among the laughed at. He was naturally of an easy disposition, somewhat akin to those hearers of the bagpipe, mentioned by Shakespeare:

> That cannot contain their water for affection:

and spending the first part of his life in a low rural situation, he contracted a sort of rusticity, that, combining with his natural pliancy and goodnature, made him at once anxious to please, and diffident of his powers for that object. Whenever therefore any one begins to speak in the company of Subriculus, his ruddy countenance immediately assumes a sort of miscellaneous smile, which he can afterwards accommodate to the observation of the speaker, and which is too often the signal for a general acknowledgment by all present of his claims to the second division of mankind.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

MAGI GOTAMENSES.

Carmen heroicum variorum annotationibus illustratum.

"Three wise of Gotham
"Went to sea in a bowl.
"If the bowl had been stronger,
"My song had been longer."

Bella, magosque cano, et sævis metuenda periclis
Æquora, tumque hyemem, paterisque invisa rotundis
Saxa, et naufragium, vitas undâque relictas.
Solis ad occasum, pelagique in fine suprema,
Insula opima jacet, quondam super æthera nota,
Gotama; terrarum quâ non præstantior ulla,
Hesperidumve horti, aut spirantia, gelida Tempe,
Nota aut philosophis tellus nunc atque poetis,

1. *Bella.*] Neptunum inter et magos. Alii corruptè legunt *bowla.*

2. *paterisque invisa, &c.*] Quia in saxa sæpe pateræ franguntur. De naturâ pateræ vide. *v.* 26.

6. *Gotama.*] De situ hujus insulæ accrimè inter se jurgant annotatores. Asserunt alii, insulam quandam barbaricam nomine *Oombybee* indicatam esse. Alii *Lilliputiam* fuisse censent, quia patera parva tres homines continuit. Innuit vir doctissimus spectatissimusque *T. Mc'Fungus* non insulam, sed partem continentis occidentalis locum fuisse. Hujus argumenta colentium indole deducuntur.

8. *philosophis.*] Vocis hujusque syllaba prima necessariò per diastolen longa fit.

Ranæ ubi montes cornutæ pascuntur amaros.
Hic nulla infidos agitat discordia cives,
Pace et perpetuâ, vitâque fruuntur inani.
Grandævos annis habuit tres insula patres,
Lento qui populos jam tum ditione premebant.
Temporis e fastis horum jam nomina desunt,
Sed restat virtutis fama, atque inclyta facta;
Nam dicunt magices infandis artibus uti
Nôsse, et carminibus rerum mutare figuras.
Quinetiam Neptunum aggressi impâribus armis,
Ausi sunt avidi vitæ pro laude pacisci,
Quæ narrare, Deæ, vobis est sola potestas.
Jam, sole exorto, fugiebant ætheris umbræ,
Per cælum atque dies almâ cum luce refulsit.
Excussi somno haud segnes, torisque resurgunt,
Spes Gotamæ, magi, et altum turbidum arare parati,
Asperaque infaustis tentaturi æquora remis.
Adstabat patera alta, decus quam surgere mensis,
Fecerat ingenti terrenam figulus arte,
Ausamque haud tales agitans adjunxerat usus,
Istam carminibus tum versatam atque venenis,
Mirandum! navis condemnant munere fungi.
Non quidem, ut perhibent, ignotas quærere terras
Amor erat, veteremve natandi explodere morem;
Sed pontum sævis, infandum! incendere flammis
Vi magicâ, et sicco Neptunum excludere mundo.
Jam pelagus tenuit cymba, et, mirabile dictu,
Alta superlabens divisis cernitur undis.
Undique littora jam cives complent Gotamenses,
Optant et Depânautis, frustra heu! longe salutem.
Tum vero expansis pendentes desuper undis

---

9. *montes pascuntur amaros.*] Id est salsos, non sale communi, sed sale amaro sive cathartico, ut homines et reptilia medicinam pro victu carpere possunt.

12. *Grandævos annis.*] Alii legunt "Grandævos peccatis;" constructio fædissima, quæ pariter a versu et sensu omnipo abhorret.

20. *Deæ.*] Sive Furiæ, sive Parcæ, sive fortasse Camœnæ.

26. *Adstabat patera.*] Patera vocata est, quia patet. De natura et forma hujus vasis crebra fuit disputatio. Scaliger vas mulctrale fuisse censet, quod ansam habet; interpretatio nequissima, et damnatione æterna dignissima; quis enim ignorat mulctrale ligneum esse, et igitur neque terrenum, neque figuli opus.—Melius existimat vir doct. et spectat. *Titus Mi'Fungus* naviculam indicatam esse, Anglice *a gun boat*, nautas autem non magos, sed philosophos fuisse. Mihi vero, re cura ingenti examinatâ, denique statutum est, nihil aliud vasis ab auctore indicari, quam vas necessarium, apud Græcos λάκανον, apud Gallos autem *pot de chambre* nominatum. Hoc enim et terrenum est, et ansam habet, cui gubernaculum affigi facillimè possit.

33. *Sed pontum sævis, &c.*] Grande fuit inceptum Magorum, et cui nullius alii comparari potest. Quomodo enim sunt Hector trucidatus, Latium perdomitum, aut vellus ovis surreptum, cum mari exusto comparanda.

38. *Depanautis.*] A δίναξ patera vel poculum, et ναύτης nauta; quia in paterâ navigabant. Sunt qui legunt "Casanautis," et sonum propter, et derivationem.

Cernere erat tres ventres vastos, maxime obesos,
Quorum pes alter paterâ stat nixus apertâ,
Fluctibus atque alter remorum fungitur usu.
Scindit iter vastum fatalis cymba per æquor,
Armatos minitata magos, dirum ! ignibus undis.
Ceu boreali progrediens a littore cetus
Sulcum per mare longum dat spumantibus undis,
Quem circum glomerantur aves pictæ æthere pennis,
At trepidi ponto vertunt diffugere pisces.
Inscius interea solio Neptunus eburno
Lætificos sedit satagens potare liquores,
Cui Amphitrite lateri pulcherrima virgo
Assedit decus, juxta cœtus naidum et omnis.
Nuncius ecce supernis cum ruit hydrus ab aquis,
Advenisse magos, jam spargere ubique ruinam,
Et pontum sævis, horrendum ! ardescere flammis.
Obstupuit primum, potusque in faucibus hæsit,
Sed tandem incensus surgit Neptunus ab imo,
Procellasque vocat, mandat vi surgere ventis,
Hostibus et parat alto sævum ingerere Martem.
Tum vero diris elementa infremere pugnis
Prospiceres, et totum agitari in æquore mundum.
Horrendi ignitum tonitrus sonuere per æther,
Et graviter turbo spumosis sævit in undis.
Ast nat carminibus servata per æquora cymba,
Impavidos ferit nautas, illuditque procellæ.
Et forsan salva evasisset læta subacto
Oceano, et Gotamam fundo rediisset aperto,
Ni saxum ingens, vix avulsum ab littore, Triton,
Ac sublatum humeris, Neptuni calcibus actum,
Jactatæ cæcis cymbæ objecisset in undis.

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47. *aves pictæ.*] Non striges neque vespertiliones, sicut *D. Razor* pravè censet, sed aves pelagici apud nautas "*Mother Cary's chickens.*"

50. *Lætificos liquores.*] De genere liquoris, quem bibit Neptunus, graves apud interpretes fuerunt lites. Non possumus cum *Munchausio* aquam salsam, neque cum aliis nectar existimare. Sine dubio mixtura quædam spirituosa fuit, *Ling. Tamul.* "*gin sling,*" vel forsan "*black strap.*"

51. *pulcherrima virgo.*] Objectat vir acutus *David Razor* Amphitriten, quæ conjux erat Neptuni, virginem esse non potuisse. Huic respondetur non solum puellam innuptam, sed nuptam atque etiam impudicam, virginem vocatam esse. *Virgil* 6. Ec. 47, et 52. *Ovid* Ep. 6, 133.

54. *Et pontum sævis, &c.*] Spectaculum grande et stupefaciens. Sed interrogat vir acerrimus *D. Razor*, Quomodo potest aqua maris comburi ? An nescit ille ineptus Vulcanum olim Xanthum fluvium flammis suis incendisse ? Nil miri est oceanum a magis, quibus nihil impossibile, inflammatum esse.

58. *Martem.*] Bellum, a mare, quia Mars maris *non* deus est. Alii faciunt a *manus* manus, quia Mars manus habet.

68. *Neptuni calcibus actum.*] Incertum est, an calces Neptuni saxum contactu suo accelerabant, an per intermedium Tritonis posteriorum.

Scinditur in medio, concussu fracta cum acri, ac
Fragmenta et patera, et nautas disperdit in alto.
Heu sortem miseram! finem quæ dabat acerbam
Carminibusque magorum, carminibusque poetæ. B.

70. *Scinditur &c.*] Mirabilis est hujus versus congruentia sonum inter et sensum; legendum notet lector, Scinditur in medio concussu fracta cum *a crack.* More vetustiorum syllaba *cum* brevis manet, non per ecthlipsin exscinditur.

73. *Carminibusque poetæ.*] "If the bowl had been stronger,
"My song had been longer."

SELECTED.

EXTRACTS FROM MARMION, A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

"*The Battle is described,*" *says an English reviewer,* "*as it appeared to the two squires of Lord Marmion, who were left on an eminence in the rear, as the guard of Lady Clare: And certainly, of all the poetical battles which have been fought from the days of Homer to those of Mr. Southey, there is none, in our opinion, at all comparable, for interest and animation —for breadth of drawing, and magnificence of effect,—with this of Mr. Scott's. The Scottish army set fire to its camp on the brow of the hill, and rushed down to the attack, under cover of the smoke of the conflagration.*"

Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announc'd their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.—
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.—
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air.
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war.
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But nought distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.

Amidst the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight;
Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Highlandman,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntley, and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broad-sword plied;
'Twas vain.—But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell,
The Border slogan rent the sky:
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced—forced back—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds and sail,
It wavered mid the foes.

THE BOSTON REVIEW.

FOR

AUGUST, 1808.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. PLIN.

ART. 13.

The Life of George Washington, commander in chief of the American forces, during the war which established the independence of his country, and first president of the United States. Compiled under the inspection of the honourable Bushrod Washington, from original papers bequeathed to him by his deceased relative, and now in possession of the author. To which is prefixed an introduction, containing a compendious view of the colonies planted by the English on the continent of North America, from their settlement to the commencement of that war, which terminated in their independence. By John Marshall Philadelphia, *printed and published by* C. P. Wayne. Vol. I, 1804, Vol. II, 1804, Vol. III, 1804, Vol. IV, 1805, Vol. V, 1807.

[*Concluded.*]

We cannot easily conceive of a more difficult task, than that of Judge Marshall in writing the history of the political administration of Washington. To be the first to narrate the circumstances, which attended the entire organization and early administration of the government of a great empire, events, at once so numerous, complicated and important, would under the happiest auspices be sufficiently arduous. But when we recollect, that most of the principal agents in these events are still alive; that the spirit of party, which now convulses our country, had its origin within the period which he describes; that the fires, which our dissensions then kindled, are still glowing, without even the covering of deceitful ashes; when we consider also the share, which Judge Marshall himself took in the events which he relates, and the peculiar delicacy, which his official station imposes, we must acknowledge, that to no writer could it ever be more truly said:

> Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ
> Tractas.

We commence our examination of the last division of his work with congratulating him on his success. It certainly implies a high and uncommon degree of accuracy, fairness and courtesy, that no publick con-

futation has been attempted of any of his principal facts. Although his work has now been so long before the world, and although it certainly contains many statements, which, if left uncontradicted, will materially affect the opinion, which posterity will form of some of our most distinguished characters, we have not heard of a single denial of his fidelity, or even an impeachment of his candour and politeness. In this respect, we almost venture to pronounce his work an *unique* in the annals of political history.

Yet we are far from thinking, that by the exercise of this philosophical coolness and impartiality Judge Marshall has consulted his *present* reputation, however great may be the honours, with which posterity may crown him. We are all so full of agitation and effervescence on political topicks, that a man, who keeps his temper, can hardly gain a hearing. We have been so long accustomed to strong potations of ardent spirits, that our mouths have become too indurated to relish the soft and mellow flavour of our author's Burgundy. Besides, it is not to be denied, that the restraints, which he has imposed on himself, have somewhat impeded the freedom and vigour of his disquisitions, and prevented him from marking his views of the characters and motives of his political opponents with that bold and well defined outline, and that strength and glow of colouring, of which we believe him capable. He seems to write more in the spirit of a spectator of our political gladiators, who has watched attentively and coolly the different motions of the combatants, than of one, who has himself descended into the arena, appeared in [illegible], and is yet red with the wounds which he gave, and smarting with those which his enemies inflicted in return. But, though the effect of this moderation has been to prevent his work from becoming what, in the language of the trade, is called a very *taking* book, we confess, the mode he has adopted has our entire approbation. We should probably have read a book, in which he had unfolded his feelings and views of political characters and events without reserve, with greater interest; but, when we should have remembered, that its author was at the head of the jurisprudence of his country, we should have felt, that he had degraded his dignity by becoming the advocate of a party. There is a sanctity in the character of the chief dispenser of justice, which we should have been sorry to have seen violated by the indulgence of bitterness of feeling, however well applied, or vehemence of invective, however justly directed. We do not mean by all this, that there is any want of decision in Judge Marshall's mode of narration. His opinions are every where perfectly visible: but then they are usually left to be collected by the deduction of the reader, and are seldom formally stated and defended. The mode, which he has adopted, is generally that of strict narration; and always, when possible, he has preserved the language of the actors themselves. He has given an abstract of some of the most interesting debates in Congress, and though, like Dr. Johnson, he has taken care "never to let the Whig dogs have the best of it," it may perhaps seem to have arisen from the intrinsick weakness of their arguments, more than from any want of fairness in stating them. In point of fact, indeed, we think it is the most invulnerable book we ever read. We cannot name one of equal importance, which an enemy

would be so much puzzled to find fault with.

It was our original intention to have attempted an analysis of this volume, but a number of motives have induced us to relinquish it. It is a book so much in the hands of every one, that our usual motive for so much labour, that of giving our readers information of the contents of a work, is wanting. We are afraid too, that we could not effect our design without engaging more deeply in political discussion, than our feelings and habits, and probably powers, will admit. We are, from principle, averse from making our work a political tract, and are therefore willing to suppose any argument strong, which opposes our engaging in the discussion of local politicks. We shall leave this volume, therefore, with a few general observations on the merit of the work.

The more we have examined this volume, the more firmly have we been convinced, that it will be read by posterity with the deepest interest. The political history of our country will, we doubt not, hereafter be the most important, which the records of the world can afford. It is to display the effects of civilization on government and manners, decide the question of the utility of a complete separation of civil and religious power, and put to the fairest possible test the degree of freedom of every kind, with which our nature can be trusted. As much also will be learned by the observers of human nature, as by the politician; and we fear, that the account of the origin and progress of parties among us will confirm the theories of the most gloomy moralists. On most of these subjects the book of Judge Marshall will be found to contain the most important information; but particularly on the last. When hereafter it shall anxiously be inquired, what were the causes, which drew up a party in array against such a constitution as ours, and so administered as it was by Washington, this volume will be consulted, as an original and authentick document. We dare not trust ourselves with predicting the opinions, which will then be formed; but we think it becomes every man, who embraces with warmth the cause of either of the great parties, which divide us, to examine with attention the account, which this book will afford him, of the conduct and characters of the principal leaders.

Another circumstance, which we think gives a peculiar value to this volume, is, the insight which it gives into the history of the foreign relations of our country. There is no political topick, on which there appears a more universal ignorance, than on that of the management of our diplomatick affairs, and, from the nature of the subject, even the account of Judge Marshall is necessarily imperfect. The information however, which is given, is extremely interesting. If we should select the parts of this volume, which appear to us to be most original and spirited, we should point to the account of the proceedings of Genet, and the narrative of the negotiation of the British treaty. But we must now either enter into a particular examination of the work, or here close our observations. We prefer the latter, and shall therefore proceed to make some remarks on the style of the whole work.

It is the general character of the style of these volumes to be easy, fluent, perspicuous, and dignified; but when we come to examine it

with minuteness, this praise must be a good deal modified. It is easy, but its ease is not always graceful; it is fluent, but often also careless; it is usually perspicuous, but it is sometimes made obscure by violations of the rules of rhetorick; it is commonly dignified, but it is sometimes more elevated than the subject. It is the style of a man more accustomed to speak than to write; it abounds therefore with unauthorized idioms, parliamentary circumlocutions, and technical barbarisms; nor is it always free from grammatical impurities. There is also a good deal of that loose and unmeaning verbiage, which, if we were not speaking of Judge Marshall, we should be tempted to call newspaper slang; and which, as so many of us are in the habit of taking all our literature from the journals, we seriously fear will become the characteristick of the American style. We mean by this, that we observe an inattention to the force and even meaning of words, a disregard of the distinction between their literal and metaphorical use; in short, to tell the truth plainly, we think we see too many proofs that the study of a pure, logical, and classical style has not occupied enough of his attention. We will give a sentence, taken at hazard, as an illustration of these remarks.

> Unable to pay the interest [of the foreign debt,] they [the United States] would, in the course of the succeeding year, be liable for the first instalment of the principal; and the humiliating circumstance was to be encountered of a total failure to comply with the most solemn engagements, unaccompanied with the prospect of being enabled to give assurances, that, at any future time, their situation would be more eligible.
>
> *Vol. v. p. 60.*

"Liable for the first instalment" can hardly be tolerated out of a court of justice. The objection to the remainder of the sentence, we are persuaded, every reader accustomed to pure English will feel; though it is not easy to give the whole of it in a few words. A circumstance may be encountered by the help of a trope; but to encounter a circumstance, unaccompanied with a prospect, requires more valour than we possess. We are aware, that the meaning of several of these words has almost ceased to be figurative; and, though we should have thought this a careless sentence, we certainly should not have quoted it as extremely faulty, if such negligence and looseness of expression were not so very frequent. Let us take another example of the same kind.

"From these or from other causes, the *crisis* of *the pressure* on individuals seemed to be *passing away*, and *brighter prospects* to be opening on them." Vol. v. p. 178.

As we think Judge Marshall's authority, in other respects, great enough to give authority to faults of this kind, we have taken the trouble to turn over his volumes, and here subjoin a list of inaccuracies, which it would have been easy to enlarge.

We observe every where the common Americanisms of the use of "progress" as a verb, "lengthy" for long, "to conduct" as a reciprocal verb, "executive"* as a noun, &c. &c. of which we suppose it is now almost useless to complain.

In Vol. I. p. 70. "Laws which are the oldest legislative rules of action now remaining of record."

* This, we rather think, we have succeeded in incorporating into the language, as it is now in general use in England.

The phrase, "legislative rules," has a very different meaning from rules made by the legislature, which we presume are meant. "Of record" is either an errour of the press for "on record," or it is a legal barbarism.

80. "They landed in Maryland, near the confluence of the Potomac." With what?

83. "The puritans of New-England were employed in *coercing conformity* to their tenets." We believe no good English authority can be found for the use of the verb to coerce in any other sense than to restrain. Stephens produces only two doubtful examples among the Latins of the use of coerceo in the sense to compel.

86. "In the course of this revolutionary turbulence the upper house was resolved to be useless;" for "it was resolved that" &c.

116. "The system of Charles aimed at every thing *dear to the American heart.*" To us, this phrase, which is so common, appears nearly as ludicrous as to talk of every thing respected by the American head. We are not attempting to be smart. The head is as often and as correctly used for the understanding, as the heart for the affections.

354. "This could only be done in the night, and *of* a foggy day." We hope this is an errour of the printer.

368. "Only a small tract of *territory* could be *reduced* to actual *occupation.*"

Vol. II. p 28. "A few inhabitants *forted in* on the Potomac."

73. "*Dutiable* articles."

Vol. III. p. 46. "Parties *to* the war." We have observed many legal phrases of this kind *passim.* They are not English any where but in a court of justice.

120. "The army was *convenient to* the highlands."

456. "Falling trees" for causing them to fall. This is an American addition to the English barbarism, "to grow trees."

547. "They still hoped that a *knowledge* of the terms, *operating* on their *disappointment*, would make a great impression on the people." This is surely very careless writing.

Vol. IV. p. 546. "*Scrubly oaks.*"

Vol. V. p. 130. "A class of men who could *identify* themselves with the state government, but who considered that of the United States as foreign." A man may identify his interests with those of a government, but surely not himself.

211. "Recreating publick credit," and in vol. i. p. 38, we find *re*-excited, and p. 67, *re*-vested, all, we believe, words of the author's own coinage.

310. "The national sensibilities" is a fashionable phrase among our southern brethren, but will hardly pass among us, who talk only English"

424. "Societies, *who* had constituted themselves." This is unpardonable carelessness. "Pending," for during, is obsolete

449. "The American *bosom* still glowed with affection for *their* chief magistrate" Shocking rhetorick, and worse grammar.

545. "It was an infringement of the right of the *executive*, and an indelicacy to that *department*," and

551. "Inquiries were set on foot respecting the *treasury department*, which originated in the hope of finding some foundation for censu[redacted] *that officer.*" In both these instances, the department and the person employed in it, by a strange figure of speech for plain prose, are considered as synonimous.

The examples of incorrectness, which we have thus enumerated, were collected in a very rapid examination of these volumes, and might have been easily multiplied. We have been thus minute, both in order to justify the boldness of our observations on Judge Marshall's style, and in order to enter our protest against errours, that may claim the sanction of his name. Lest however they should give our readers a too unfavourable impression of the merits of his style, we shall make an extract, which we believe will counteract it.

At the head of the department of foreign affairs, since denominated the department of state, he placed Mr. Jefferson.

This gentleman had been bred to the bar, and, at an early period of life, had acquired considerable reputation for extensive attainments in the science of politics. He had been a member of the second congress, and had been named to a diplomatic appointment which he had declined. Withdrawing from the administration of continental affairs, he had been elected governor of Virginia, which office he filled for two years. He afterwards again represented his native state in the councils of the union, and in the year 1784, was appointed to succeed Dr. Franklin at the court of Versailles. In that station, he had acquitted himself much to the public satisfaction, and had added considerably to the reputation he had previously acquired. His notes on Virginia, which were read with applause, were generally considered as an able specimen of his talents for composition, and as evincing the correctness of his political opinions. He had long been contemplated by America amongst the most eminent of her citizens, and had long been classed by the president with those who were most capable of serving the nation with effect. Having lately obtained permission to return for a short time to the United States, he was, while on his passage, nominated to this important office, and on his arrival in Virginia, found a letter from the president giving him the option of becoming the secretary of foreign affairs, or of retaining his station at the court of Versailles. He appears rather to have inclined to continue in his foreign appointment, and, in changing his situation, to have consulted the wishes of the first magistrate more than the preference of his own mind.

The task of recreating public credit, of drawing order and arrangement from the chaotic confusion in which the finances of America were involved, and of devising means which should render the revenue productive, and commensurate with the demand, in a manner least burdensome to the people, was justly classed among the most arduous of the duties which devolved on the new government. In discharging it, much aid was expected from the head of the treasury. To colonel Hamilton was assigned this important, and at that time intricate department.

This gentlemen was a native of the island of St. Croix, and, at a very early period of life, had been placed by his friends, in New York. Possessing an ardent temper, he caught fire from the concussions of the moment, and with all the enthusiasm of youth, engaged first his pen, and afterwards his sword, in the stern contest between the American colonies and their parent state. Among the first troops raised by New York was a corps of artillery, in which he was appointed a captain. Soon after the war was transferred to the Hudson, his superior endowments recommended him to the attention of the commander in chief, into whose family, before completing his twenty first year, he was invited to enter. Equally brave and intelligent, he continued in this situation to display a degree of firmness and capacity which commanded the confidence and esteem of his general, and of the principal officers in the army.

After the capitulation at York Town, the war languished throughout the American continent, and the probability that its termination was approaching daily increased.

The critical circumstances of the existing government rendered the events of the civil, more interesting than those of the military department, and colonel Hamilton accepted a seat in the congress of the United States. In all the important acts of the day, he performed a conspicuous part, and was greatly distinguished among those distinguished characters whom the crisis had attracted to the councils of their country. He had

afterwards been active in promoting those measures which led to the convention at Philadelphia, of which he was a member, and had greatly contributed to the adoption of the constitution by the state of New York. In the distinguished part he had performed both in the military and civil transactions of his country, he had acquired a great degree of well merited fame; and the frankness of his manners, the openness of his temper, the warmth of his feelings, and the sincerity of his heart, had secured him many valuable friends.

To talents of the highest grade, he united a patient industry, not always the companion of genius, which fitted him in a peculiar manner for the difficulties to be encountered by the man who should be placed at the head of the American finances.

The department of war was already filled by general Knox. Throughout the contest of the revolution this officer had continued at the head of the American artillery, and from being the colonel of a regiment had been promoted to the rank of a major general. In this important station, he had preserved a high military character; and, on the resignation of general Lincoln, he had been appointed secretary of war. To his past services, and to unquestionable integrity, he was admitted to unite a sound understanding, and the public judgment as well as that of the chief magistrate, pronounced him in all respects competent to the station he filled. The president was highly gratified in believing that his public duty comported with his private inclinations, in nominating general Knox to the office which had been conferred upon him under the former government.

The office of attorney general, was filled by Mr. Edmund Randolph. To a distinguished reputation in the line of his profession, this gentleman had added a considerable degree of political eminence. After having been for several years the attorney general of Virginia, during great part of which time he was decidedly at the head of the bar in that state, he had been elected its governor. While in this office, he was chosen a member of the convention which framed the constitution and was also elected to that which was called by the state for its adoption or rejection. After having served at the head of the executive the term permitted by the constitution of the state, he entered into its legislature, where he preserved a great share of influence.

These characters are drawn with much address, and not a little elegance.

Judge Marshall closes his work with a character of Washington, which is however too long to be inserted. It is written with eloquence; but we cannot say it has left us nothing to wish. We reluctantly remark a disposition among some of us to undervalue the reputation of our hero, and we are deceived if his fame is not, at this moment, higher among the nations of Europe, than among us, to whom he has given our independence. Such is

> The unwilling gratitude of base mankind.

We regret that our author has not employed his powers in analysing his character more minutely and vindicating it from the common cavils, which are brought against it. Nothing, we are convinced, would be more easy. Judge Marshall however himself seems to countenance the common objection to his intellectual powers, that he did not possess the qualities of a man of genius. We are not worthy to contest the opinion or to supply the deficiences of Judge Marshall, nor shall we attempt it. Yet we cannot refuse ourselves the gratification of saying one word in reply to this objection. If we make genius to consist in a disregard of the rules, which the experience of mankind has established, in the sallies of poetical imagination, in the uncontrolled developement of the passions, it must be admitted, that Washington was not a man of genius. But if we adopt the most philosophical definition of genius, which was ever made, and suppose

it, with Rousseau, to be, *the power of producing great effects by apparently disproportionate means*, there have been few among mankind, who can be said to have possessed it in a higher degree. His genius we believe to have been of a peculiar order, with less of brilliancy and show, and perhaps even less of original invention, than we see in a majority of those whom the world have agreed to call great. The strength of it seems to have consisted in a wonderful clearness and accuracy of apprehension, a power of seizing the essential point in a subject, disentangling it from all its accessory circumstances, and viewing truth in its simple and abstracted state. The knowledge and talents of all around him he made tributary to his own, but the ultimate decisions of his mind were original and unborrowed. From his habit of cautious examination it was impossible that the operations of his genius should be rapid; but it was not the less genius. It partook of that quality of calm and patient induction, which unfolded to Newton the theory of the universe. We may narrow our definition of genius, so as to exclude from it a man of this description; but we do not see that we shall thus make much improvement either in philosophy or language. By the application of the same rule we must exclude also from the realms of genius a class of men so numerous and august, that we shall perhaps have little cause to boast of those that remain. Let us beware then, lest, when we have banished Diogenes from Sinope, he may condemn us to remain there.

To the moral grandeur of Washington's mind, the tribute of Judge Marshall is just and eloquent. It is indeed beyond all parallel.

Intaminatis fulget honoribus.

If indeed, as we fear, there are any among us, heavy of head and cold of heart, who can contemplate the moral sublime of such a character without emotion, we rejoice that we have no sympathy with them. Peace to all such.

It is now time that we should bid farewell to the work of Judge Marshall. We do it with much gratitude for the pleasure and instruction we have received, and with very sincere wishes for its success.

ART. 27.

A view of the soil and climate of the United States of America, with supplementary remarks upon Florida, on the French colonies on the Mississippi and Ohio, and in Canada, and on the Aboriginal tribes of America. By C. F. Volney, member of the Conservative Senate, &c. Translated, with occasional remarks, by C. B. Brown, with maps and plates. Philadelphia, published by J. Conrad & Co. 1804. pp. 446.

Some apology may seem necessary for having delayed so long to review a work peculiarly interesting to the inhabitants of the United States. We can only say, that other occupations prevented our attending to it upon its first publication, and that we have suffered the remarks, now presented to the publick, to lay by us a long time from the hope of obtaining the original work, with which we might compare Mr. Brown's translation. Unsuccessful in our endeavours, and observing Mr. Volney's opinions quoted in some late English publications, we concluded to publish our remarks, at the same time cautioning our readers, that the American translation differs materially from the English. In his preface, Mr. Brown says, he "has endeavoured to give the mean-

ing of his author, in the clearest, most faithful, and most distinct manner. For this purpose, he has not thought it necessary to transfer the remarkable verbosities of his original into his own performance." But we find besides, that Mr. Brown has omitted notes, that did not accord with his own ideas, and has wholly altered the form of one of the appendices. Had we the original work, we might probably find other variations. Such liberties we consider wholly unpardonable, although too common in this country. If gentlemen wish to express their own notions upon any subject, the press is open to them; but when they undertake to represent the ideas of others, they are bound by every tie of honour and justice, to give both the meaning and manner of the original; to exhibit not only his person, but likewise his dress and air.

Mr. Volney, in his introduction, informs us of the motives, which induced him to visit this country. "In the year 1795, I embarked at Havre for America, with all the dreary feelings that flow from the observation and experience of persecution and injustice. Saddened by the past, anxious for the future, I sat out for a land of freedom, to discover whether liberty, which was banished from Europe, had really found a refuge in any other part of the world." He complains greatly of being considered here as a suspected person, when his motives were so pure, and speaks of the rancour that was excited against him. We must sympathize with Mr. Volney as an innocent person, and can readily pardon his prejudices against the authors of his sufferings; at the same time we can never forget the daring interference of his countrymen in our domestick politicks, which, at that moment, not only threatened us with war, but aimed a blow at our constitution and independence. Our gratitude to the administration, which saved us from these wiles, would make us forgive them, even if their precaution had been sometimes carried too far.

Mr. Volney commences his work by giving the natural boundaries of the United States, and considering its extent and superficies, dividing it into four climates, the hot, the cold, the temperate, and the climate of the western country.

His second chapter is upon the face of the country, of which he gives a most dismal picture. He states some facts, but gives a totally erroneous idea of the country. "During a long journey which I made in 1796, from the mouth of Delaware through Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky, to the Wabash, and thence northward, across the north western territory to Detroit, through lake Erie to Niagara and Albany; and in the following year from Boston to Richmond in Virginia, I scarcely passed for three miles together, through a *track* of unwooded or cleared land. I always found the roads, or rather the paths, bordered and obscured by copse or forest, whose silence, uniformity and stillness was wearisome. The ground beneath it was sterile and rough, or encumbered with the fallen and decaying trunks of ancient trees. Clouds of gnats, mosquitoes and flies hovered beneath the shade, and continually *infected* my peace. Such is the real state of these Elysian fields, of which, in the bosom of European cities, romancers entertain us with their charming dreams." And such is the reverie of Mr. Volney respecting a country, that he actually visited; a dream as wide of the truth as that of any other European romancers. Mr. Volney says

that on the sea coast there are many open spaces, and in the western regions vast deserts, called savannahs and prairies; yet compared with such a country as France, the United States may be denominated one vast forest. If (according to the best calculations) old France contained 131,722,295 acres, with a population of twenty six millions, and the United States in the year 1800, 5,214,000 persons, to 589 million acres of land, the relative population of France would be about twenty times that of the United States. If to this, we add the numbers supported by provisions raised in the United States, and that Mr. Volney's remarks include the most populous states, and do not take in the extremes, which are but thinly settled, we may judge of the correctness of his observations. This forest he divides into three districts; the first extending from St. Mary's to the Chesapeake, and from 50 to 150 miles in breadth (the English translator says from 80 to 130) is covered with resinous trees, and would be barren but for the alluvions of rivers. The 2d forest comprising "the hilly parts of Carolina and Virginia, all Pennsylvania, the southern part of New York, and the country North of the Ohio, as far as the river Wabash" is filled with various species of deciduous and resinous trees. The third district is composed like the first, and includes the western part of New York, and the inland countries of New England, exclusive of the intervales and banks of rivers. "It advances northward into Canada, and is lost at last among the deserts of the polar circle, where the trees dwindle down into thinly scattered junipers, and other trees of a hardy growth and scanty product." Of the five species of trees, that he allots to this district, the fir, pine, larch, cedar and cypress, the latter is seldom found within it. We think none of the inhabitants of New England would recognize their country in this description. The translator qualifies it in a note.

Mr. V. gives us a better idea, of the general configuration of the United States, which he divides into three districts; the Atlantick, the Western, and the Mountainous. The western, or vale of the Missisippi, he again subdivides into three districts. The first, south of the Apalachian hills, is flat, sandy and barren, with marshes on the banks of rivers extremely fertile, and resembles Portugal and the coast of Barbary. The second, between the Tennessee, Ohio, Alleghany and Mississippi rivers is rugged with innumerable hills; its vallies and plains are fertile, but the soil is so loose, that brooks and rivers frequently disappear. These brooks and streams run in grooves with perpendicular banks from 50 to 400 feet high, and therefore the country can never be watered by art, and drought is already complained of. The third district between the Ohio, the lakes, the Alleghany mountains, and Mississippi has a plain surface, with vast level meadows. The plain is nearly as lofty as the Alleghany mountains, and will one day become the Flanders of America.

Mr. Volney next proceeds to the internal structure of the soil, and, in his fifth region, gives not only its present state, but what it has been in ages past, and will be in ages to come. Mr. Volney here indulges to the greatest extent his love of system. Upon some slight fact he raises a theory, which every thing else must be made to support. Nor does Mr. Volney seem to have possessed the knowledge of mineralogy

requisite for this part of his subject. A few specimens, examined at Paris, were sufficient to stamp the character of an immense extent of country. He divides the United States into five regions. The first, of granite, is bounded by the Atlantic, St. Lawrence, lake Ontario, and the Hudson. The second, of sand stone, of which the limits are not so exact, includes the Alleghany mountains and generally all the southern chains, as far as the angle of Georgia and the Apalachi. The third, or calcareous region, comprises all the western country. The fourth region is of sea sand, and extends from the Hudson to Florida, being bounded inland by a stratum of granitick talc, which marks the falls of rivers. This region is from 30 to 100 miles in width, and is evidently sand from the ocean. The fifth region is of river alluvions, and extends from the ridge of talc to the foot of the sand stone, or granitick mountains.

To the lovers of theory a most admirable repast is offered in the following section upon ancient lakes, that have disappeared. Mr. Volney supposes, that all the country between the various branches of the Alleghany was once an immense chain of lakes; but that the Potomac and other rivers, forcing passages through the mountains left bare the bottom of these lakes. Mr. Volney supports this theory with much ingenuity, introducing earthquakes to account for any irregularities in his system; and in his account of the falls of Niagara, which follows, his only object is to prove, that the same process is going on in the St. Lawrence; that the falls are gradually receding towards lake Erie; and that in their progress they will one day reach that lake, the bottom of which will then become dry.

In his fourth chapter upon volcanoes and earthquakes, Mr. Volney still further indulges his love of theory. Having shown the frequency of earthquakes in this country, he accounts for them all by placing a large volcano under lake Ontario.

In the next chapter, upon climate, his observations are more judicious; though, frequently, the facts he states are not sufficient to support the conclusions he draws from them. He reduces his observations to three heads. "1st, The climate of the maritime region is colder in winter, and warmer in summer, than that of the countries of Europe, under the same parallels." "2dly, The daily variations are greater, and more abrupt in the maritime country, than in Europe;" and, "3dly, The temperature of the vallies of the Ohio and Mississippi is warmer, in the proportion of three degrees of latitude, than that of the mountainous districts." To measure the temperature of the United States, he thinks two thermometrical scales necessary; one to be placed in the order of latitudes, and the other to consist of a double scale, to be placed transversely with the extreme point of cold upon the Alleghany mountains, gradually increasing to the two extreme points of heat at the sea-shore and Mississippi. He adds two observations, 1st, that southward beyond the latitude of 35° and 36° N. the temperature of the inland and maritime regions is the same; and, 2dly, that "the superiour warmth of the western quarters ceases to take place, when you reach the great lakes and the latitude of 43° and 45°." "Above the latitude of 46° the earth is frozen the whole year." And as he says, that the surface only is thawed in summer, he concludes, that "if the sun should desert our poor plan-

et, it would become a mass of ice, and white bears and Esquimaux be its last inhabitants." This observation is omitted in the American translation.

Mr. Volney commences his account of the winds of the United States by remarking their extreme inconstancy; but in describing each particular wind, he makes them more steady than we should expect from this remark. Of the northeast wind he gives a more dismal account, than we should expect from an invalid suffering under its influence in the last stage of a hectick. The southeast wind he com ares to the Sirocco, and says, it produces, though in a much less degree, the same torpor of the brain. Happily this effect is unknown to the inhabitants who live under its influence. His observations upon the southwest wind are more satisfactory, though even here he contradicts himself. He supposes that the trade winds pass from the Carribean sea into the gulf of Mexico, and are divided into three channels. The first crossing the peninsula of Yucatan extends to the mountains of New Mexico, which it surmounts and pours down the northwest coast in summer as far as Nootka. Upon this inaccuracy the translator justly remarks, Mr. Volney had just before observed, that the whole body of air was unable to surmount the Mosquitoe or Nicaragua hills, and here he makes a single branch, after having crossed Yucatan, and traversed an immense extent of country, ascend the mountains of Mexico, and blow down upon the northwest coast. A second branch, he says, blows towards the shores of Louisiana and Florida, and forms the southwest wind of the Atlantic coast, and the south wind of the Mississippi. A third branch, endeavouring to cross the peninsula of Florida, is turned back towards the gulf. Mr. Volney then introduces an interesting, though not novel account of the gulf stream. One cooperating cause, the tides, is omitted. Mr. Volney then returns to winds: he brings the northwest wind of winter from "the great icy north," beyond the lakes, but attributes the same wind in summer to a less remote cause. He supposes a vacuum to be produced by thunder, and that the air from above rushes down to fill it, taking a direction towards the yielding and lighter air of the south.

His eighth chapter is a comparison of the United States with Europe in relation to winds, evaporation, quantity of rain and electricity. From a number of general observations he draws these conclusions: that "the temperature or climate of a country depends on its customary currents of air or winds;" and that "the condition of the surface has a powerful influence on the course of these winds, and thus becomes a primary cause of the climate." "The atmospheric differences between Europe and America," Mr. Volney continues, "are chiefly owing to their topographical differences. We may then explain, why the annual quantity of rain is greater in America than in France, England or Germany; why the falls of rain are generally more copious and rapid; why the reigning winds are more violent, and tempests more frequent in America than in Europe." Each of these facts he enlarges upon.

In his next chapter Mr. Volney undertakes to examine, whether the moon has any influence on the winds. He adopts the negative; but we do not think his observations throw any light upon a subject, which has been hitherto involved in doubt and ob-

security. He is more fortunate in explaining the influence of the sun, but makes a very great mistake in supposing a difference of only ten days between the climate of Virginia and that of Canada. Had he allowed the same difference to every two degrees of latitude within the United States, we believe he would then have fallen short of the truth. His observations upon the change of climate are, on the whole, more just, than are commonly met with. He thus sums them up: "What seems to be demonstrated on this head is, that winter is shorter, the summer longer, and the autumn later, than they formerly were, but that the cold, as the last ten years sufficiently evince, is as violent as ever." He might have added, that the winters are more broken. From some experiments made by Mr. Williams, our author concludes, that in summer, the open fields are much hotter, than the ground shaded by trees; but that in winter, they have the same temperature. The latter conclusion is sufficiently disproved by two simple facts; 1st, that the frost penetrates much deeper in open ground than in the woods; and 2d, that flowers blossom much earlier in the forest. He questions, whether the American climate has been improved by clearing the lands; and endeavours to bring Dr. Rush to support the opinion, that it has not: but his remarks afterwards sufficiently prove, that our climate has not been injured by cultivation.

His tenth chapter is upon "the reigning diseases of the United States." The peculiar prevailing diseases, he thinks, are four. 1st, coughs, colds and catarrhs, ending in consumption. 2dly, Bad teeth, which he attributes to hot tea and salt meat; as if hot tea was peculiar to Americans, or that salt meat was the common food of our cities, where the complaint is most prevalent. 3dly, autumnal intermittents; and lastly, yellow fevers, upon which subject his translator is violently opposed to our author. Mr. Volney supposes the yellow fever to be of domestick origin, and assigns interested motives to those, who are of an opposite opinion. He thinks it not always contagious. He considers the diet of the people, which he describes and calls Tartarian, one cause of the yellow fever; but the principal one, he attributes to the indulgence in luxuries, particularly wine and brandy, from the vast increase of wealth and population. Time has disproved his opinion respecting the continued increase of a disease, which has now almost left the United States.

Mr. Volney adds seven supplements or appendices to his work. The first has been thrown into a wholly different form by the translator. The object of it is to show, that the chain of Dofrine hills which intersects Norway, divides it into two climates, wholly independent of each other; and that, as both sides of their hills have a climate influenced by them, it can never be the same in both at the same moment. His second appendix is on Bernard Roman's history of Florida, from which he introduces a quotation, which the American editor extends from 10 to 48 pages. In his third appendix he shews a high degree of liberality in speaking of Belknap's history of New Hampshire, and William's history of Vermont; for he himself notices the "declamations against philosophers and travellers of Europe" of Dr. Belknap. He had even taken some steps towards translating the latter work, and the last volume of the former into French. Appendix No. 6, contains an ac-

count of the expectations but ill success of the settlement of Gallipolis, formed by the Scioto company. No. 5, is upon the French settlement at St. Vincents, in which he enters into the character of the French emigrants, explains the cause of their constant failure in forming settlements, compares their character with that of the settlers of British and German descent, and delineates the character of each with remarkable strength and penetration. We shall present our readers with the sketch:

The settler, of British or German descent, is of a cold and phlegmatic temper, and deliberately forms a plan of husbandry, which he steadily pursues. He attends sedulously to every thing that can influence the success of his projects. He never becomes idle, till his end is accomplished, and he has put his affairs on a good footing.

The impetuosity of the Frenchman leads him to embrace precipitately any plausible or flattering project, and he proceeds in his career without laboriously computing expenses and contingencies. With more genius for his portion, he laughs at the dullness and cautions of his Dutch or English neighbour, whom he stigmatizes as an ox; but his neighbour will sedately and wisely reply, that the patient ox will plough much better than the mettlesome racer. And in truth the Frenchman's fire easily slackens: his patience is worn out; and after changing, correcting, and altering his plans, he finally abandons his project in despair.

This neighbour is in no haste to rise o' *mornings*, but when fairly up he applies steadily to work. At breakfast he gives cold and laconic orders to his wife, who obeys them without contradiction or demur. Weather permitting, he goes to plough or chop; if the weather be bad, he prosecutes his in door tasks, looks over the contents of his house and granary, repairs his doors or windows, drives pegs or nails, makes chairs or tables, and is always busy in making his habitation more comfortable and secure. With these habits, he is nowise averse to sell his farm for a good price, and move, even in old age, still farther into the forest, cheerfully recommencing all the labours of a new settlement. There will he spend years in felling trees, building a hut and a barn, and in fencing and sowing his fields. His wife, as placid and patient as himself, will second all his labours, and they will sometimes pass away six months without seeing the face of a stranger. In four or five years, comfort, convenience, and ease will grow up around them, and a competence will recompense their solitary toils.

The Frenchman, on the contrary, will be up betimes, for the pleasure of viewing and talking over matters with his wife, whose counsel he demands. Their constant agreement would be quite a miracle: the wife dissents, argues, wrangles, and the husband has his own way, or gives up to her, and is irritated or disheartened. Home, perhaps, grows irksome, so he takes his gun, goes a shooting or a journey, or to chat with a neighbour. If he stays at home, he either whiles away the hour in good-humoured talk, or he scolds and quarrels. Neighbours interchange visits: for to visit and talk are so necessary to a Frenchman, that along the frontier of Canada and Louisiana there is no where a settler of that nation to be found, but within sight or reach of some other. On asking how far off the remotest settler was, I have been told, He is in the woods, with the bears, a league from any house, and with nobody to talk to.

This temper is the most characteristic difference between the two nations, and the more I reflect upon this subject, the firmer is my persuasion, that the Americans and the northern Europeans, from whom they are descended, chiefly owe their success in arts and commerce to their habitual taciturnity. In silence they collect, arrange, and digest their thoughts, and have leisure to calculate the future; they acquire habits of clear thinking and accurate expression; and hence there is more decision in their conduct, both in publick and domestic exigences, and they at once see their way to their point more clearly, and pursue it more directly.

On the contrary, the Frenchman's ideas evaporate in ceaseless chat; he exposes himself to bickering and contradiction; excites the garrulity of his wife and sisters; involves himself in quarrels

with his neighbours; and finds, in the end, that his life has been squandered away without use or benefit.

His account of the Indians in Appendix No. 6, is quite interesting. He has one singular idea, that the colour of the Indians is owing to exposure to the sun, and having their skins rubbed with grease and juices; and he seems to have the same opinion of the colour of the negro Mr. Volney views the Indians without the common prejudices of writers, who either degrade them to the rank of brutes, or adorn them like the fictitious heroes of the golden age. He takes more pains than would seem necessary, to prove the uncomfortable state of the savage life, and the necessity of exclusive landed property to its amelioration, were it not to oppose the doctrine of Rousseau, then in vogue. Mr. Volney relates in a note a singular anecdote respecting Rousseau. Diderot asked Rousseau, in what way he meant to take up the celebrated question, proposed by the Academy of Dijon, to which he replied, "In the obvious way; there can be but one way. Can the arts and sciences be otherwise than favourable to the prosperity of nations? "That," said Diderot, "will only be to trample on the fallen; to swim with the tide: it would be far more striking to maintain the reverse." Rousseau went away, evidently struck with this thought, wrote his essay accordingly, and the rustick academicians gave him the prize" Some time after, Holbach and Diderot met Rousseau and complimented him upon his ingenuity; he made merry with the triumph of his paradox, and laughed at the simplicity of his judges, but grew angry when the weak side of his argument was pointed out; and the next time they met, he fiercely maintained as truth what he had formerly treated as a jest. Holbach, observing this, said to Diderot, "Rousseau in his first work will make a man walk on all fours!" Mr Volney compares the Indians both to the Corsicans and Bedweens; but the comparison, upon which he dwells with most delight, is with the ancient Greeks and Romans. He here discovers all the rancour of a modern philosopher, striving to raise his reputation upon the ruins of classick literature. He quotes a long passage from *Thucydides*, describing the earliest inhabitants of Greece, which he thinks, is entirely applicable to the red men of America. He even says, this analogy extends to the religion and philosophy of Greece, for the Indian has reduced to practice all the precepts of the Stoick school." If any one should infer, that these Indians were sages, he replies, "that those sages were no better than Indians." He adds, "my inference would be justified by the whole history of the Greek tribes, even at their brightest periods, by the long series of their wars and seditions, till their conquest by the Romans, another race of savages from Italy, who in their morals, policy and aggrandizement, bear a striking resemblance to the six nations." Mr. Volney says the Indians have no regular system of religion; but he draws up a mythology, he says, from the best accounts, and which he thinks greatly resembles the mythology of the ancient Greeks. A vocabulary of the Miami language is added, and two maps; the first delineating the course of the winds from the gulf of Mexico, corresponding with Mr. Volney's theory, and likewise the course of the gulf stream, which he makes to turn off at the foot of the banks of Newfoundland, towards Europe, instead

of spreading over those banks, and part of it returning in eddies by the shore of Maine and Massachusetts. The other map is of the United States upon a small scale.

The notes of the translator point out many inaccuracies in Mr. Volney's work. Some of them are judicious, and others of little importance; but we should not have supposed Mr. Brown would have required the aid of two learned friends to have composed them, had he not informed us of the fact. The translator is not always particular in his use of words.

We do not think, upon the whole, that Mr. Volney's reputation will be raised by the present work. His love of system and of generalizing lead him frequently into the grossest errours; nor does he always possess the requisite science or knowledge of facts for the subject on which he treats. Mr. Volney once intended to have traced the history, laws and language of the United States; and were glad that he had not fulfilled his intentions. Although his sentiments on politicks are so violent, and we think so wholly erroneous, that we could neither expect entertainment or instruction on that subject, yet he might have given an interesting account of our manners and habits, as in delineating characters, he discovers such penetration and sagacity, and seems so wholly free from the prejudices, which elsewhere shackle him.

ART. 28.

THE orations delivered on the 4th of July, 1808, at Boston, Newburyport, Portland, Barre, Dedham, Wiscassett and Bolton, by Messrs. Ritchie, Moseley,* Freeman, Caldwell, Richardson, Bradford, and Bigelow, are well written; and besides advancing and discussing the sentiments and questions, usually advanced and discussed in such anniversary addresses they express in a full and firm, though by no means in a vapouring or threatening tone, the feelings and opinions of a people, reduced, in consequence of the pimping policy of its rulers, to a state of depression, little removed and hardly distinguished from hopeless and irremediable ruin. From these orations it is unnecessary to subjoin extracts: they were heard, or have been read with a melancholy pleasure by those who love their country, and would willingly risque all they cherish as dear, all they respect as venerable, all they revere as sacred, in the relations of social, and civil, and

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quotations from the great masters of English eloquence; but when a gentleman so far forgets the respect due to the publick, as to borrow without acknowledging the obligation imposed by the loan (and such facility of appropriation, the modern pupils of Mercury will forgive our blunt confession, we are at some loss to distinguish from unblushing plagiarism) the thoughts and words of another, and attempt to shift them off upon his auditors or readers as his own native, racy, original opinions and expressions, we consider him as voluntarily incurring the censure of honest and indignant criticism. This observation, though shuffled into a marginal note, deserves remembrance; and we are now induced to make it, because we remark that one at least of the gentlemen above mentioned, federal orators on the 4th of July last, has in more instances than one, and without designing to use inverted commas, adopted, verbatim ac literatim, whole sentences of Burke. The negligence of the printer Mr. Moseley will probably urge in his defence; such a plea, however, is not admissible; it is the duty, and Mr. Moseley ought to know it of every writer to correct in the proof sheet, the slightest errors of typography

* NOTE. We are always pleased to find in American authors imitations of, or

political life, if by incurring such, and so many, and so great and aggravated hazards, they could restore the publick prosperity, and retrieve the national honour from the blasting influence of the sneers and hisses and contumelious gestures and grimaces, which, whenever they meet a foreigner are sure to assail their eyes or their ears. It comes, the humiliating confession does indeed come with sorrow and reluctance from our hearts; but, as we always feared, it can no longer be disguised, that the American character, whatever be the cause of its degradation, is now sunk to such a point, that even silent and contemptuous pity, is a better and more generous sentiment, than any stranger, acquainted with the conduct of the present administration of the federal government, is willing to indulge in our behalf; and hence it is, that of our countrymen, such as are not yet hardened to that degree of selfishness, which either excludes or vitiates every principle and sentiment of national pride, are, when abroad, loth and almost ashamed to acknowledge their relation to the once proud, opulent, sovereign, free and independent United States of America.

In making our remarks and extracts on and from the two *best* democratick orations delivered on the last 4th of July, we consider ourselves bound to be somewhat minute; not however, because either of these orations is so artfully composed as actually to produce, though each of them without doubt intended, as each of them threatens, to produce much mischief: but on these performances, we feel obliged to bestow no inconsiderable attention, because they both discover that sullen and malignant antipathy, which, in its essence and active properties, and living, indefatigable energy characterizes and almost constitutes and preserves in its full vigour and sinister virtue the spirit of democracy; a spirit which delights and is always ready and even happy, as it should seem, to display itself in a rancourous and deadly aversion from all that exalts and ennobles human nature.

If they can find time and summon patience enough to read the July addresses pronounced this year at Newburyport and Plymouth, by Mr. Cogswell and Mr. Sampson; and, farther, if they are willing to receive the sentiments therein contained as an authentick exposé of the political creed of Mr. Jefferson's idolators; supposing these two things, which, though almost, are not quite without the circle of supposition; it seems to us not impossible, that many who have hitherto owned (some have had effrontery enough openly to boast) themselves proselytes to democracy, will renounce their heresies, and returning to and reposing on the true faith, will adopt and defend the orthodox articles of Federal Republicanism.

Omitting, therefore, to say more of Mr. John Billings' "Oration, pronounced before a company of young and middle aged citizens of Portsmouth, (N. H.) on board sloop William, off Portsmouth Harbour," than an adapted quotation from Dryden contains: "Sure the author wrote his oration aboard some smack in a storm, and, being sea sick, spewed up a good lump of clotted nonsense at once;" and knowing that we should wantonly trespass on our readers' good nature, if we should descend to analyze into its constituent rags and tatters and linsey-woolsey ornaments, the trumpery oration, pronounced before the citizens of Roxbury by Mr. N. Ruggles Smith, we proceed to make some remarks and extracts on and from the afore-

said orations, being the two best of the orations, which, with perhaps more truth than delicacy, we are obliged to stigmatize with the detestable epithet of jacobinick: and of these two orations, the first purports to have been delivered at Newburyport, by Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq.

This oration is remarkable for its language; which, being unnaturally compounded and jumbled wildly together from the two most abhorrent things in nature, rumbling bombast, and the tamest and most drowsy strain of narration, we decidedly think (and we do not except from this opinion even Mr. N. R. Smith's or Mr. John Billings') the worst and the flattest—the very flattest that ever was, or ever will, may, can, shall, would, might, could or should be spoken or written by any man, woman, child, monkey, baboon, magpie, parrot, flounder, porpoise, and so downwards, or upwards, if you please, through the almost innumerable genera and species of animals, capable or incapable of speaking and writing, whether the same be found walking on the earth, flying through the air, or swimming in the sea.

Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq. we do not wish to discourage from attempting through his pen to instruct his political brethren; but for a very different purpose, and in order that his future productions may have more effect, we venture to recommend to Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq. the purchase and diligent and frequent perusal of a small 18mo book, which, if he should not consider advice from us as beneath his notice, he, Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq. may buy at any bookseller's in town or country; and though it may perhaps cost two pistareens or more, say, half a dollar yet we are confident that Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq. will consider his money as well laid out, and never regret that he, Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq. spent forty or even fifty cents to become the owner and possessor of Blair's Lectures on Rhetorick, abridged in usum Tyronum. Besides other things which he would acquire from this little volume, Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq. might thence probably learn that if nothing more, yet at least a decent, how-do-you-do regard to those two old-fashioned, square-toed fellows, grammar and logick, has hitherto been considered as not wholly below the attention of him, who appears before the publick in the character of an author.

After recounting or pretending to recount the causes, events and consequences of the revolution in 1775, Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq. concludes his oration by a most luminous, learned, cogent and resistless argument, drawn from history as well modern as ancient, and levelled with a sure, unerring aim against that absurd and stupid form of government commonly known and execrated by the name of monarchy. And here, with whatever reluctance the confession may be extorted from us, here it must be confessed that Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq. has left all his competitors panting and even breathless behind him; although he was obliged to carry on his shoulders, and through all the weary doubling heats was sweltering and ready to faint beneath the two fold burden of a tall, raw-boned Greek and squat, full-bellied Frenchman. But the combined weight and impediment of Millot and Arrian could not tire down the impetuous mettle of Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq. In this race he has even distanced truth, and has run history itself not only out of wind and sight, but almost out of heart.

For the edification of those, and

only those who, acting upon the maxim of "Nil admirari," are proof against all the sorceries of genius in full league with erudition we select the peroration; and if there lives a man who can read it without feeling his mind expand, and heave, and billow into tumultuous pleasure, we can only say with regret, for such a man, that he wants one source of boisterous joy, which we are fortunate enough to possess; we mean that lithe, flexible, elastick tone of the risible muscles, which can revel in unrestrained laughter at folly, attempting to ape the look of wisdom and at ignorance, endeavouring to mimick the language of science.

Gentle Reader, for mercy's sake, and as you dread the twitching torturing pains of a side-ache—hold your sides—for here he comes—here comes Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq. *plenum ictu*, with his silk gown, satin breeches, open clock'd stockings and all, with his oration in one hand, and with the other hand extended, and brandishing in fierce gesticulation, "making such horrid circles in the air," that one might as well stand beneath the stroke of Michael's sword, as come within the "wind of such commotion"—here he comes—and hark! he begins.

Our own happy form of Government stands unrivalled in the history of the governments of nations.

It possesses all the excellences of ancient and modern Republics, without their faults; together with many improvements, particularly in the representative system, with which they were not so well acquainted.

It possesses, if I may so express myself, the seeds of eternal duration.

An enlightened, independent, and virtuous yeomanry, form the great body of the people; and so long as they retain and own the soil which they cultivate, so long are our liberties on a sure, a certain, and immoveable foundation.

Some of my respectable audience have grown grey in the cause of freedom; others are just entering upon the theatre of action. Let me conjure you, one and all, that having put your hand to the plough, look not back. You are engaged in the cause of *eternal truth and righteousness*. It is a cause that will bring comfort and consolation in the dark hour of adversity and distress.

It is a cause that will tranquilize and smooth the elevated sunshine of prosperity. It is a cause that will, on reflection, afford the peaceful serenity of a good conscience, in the awful hour of exchanging time for eternity. And it is a cause that will endure "till the great Globe itself shall dissolve, and like the baseless fabrick of a vision, leave not a wreck behind."

The second of these two orations is said to have been pronounced at Plymouth by Zabdiel Sampson, A. M. Whether Mr. Sampson, the author of this oration, is a clergyman, though the question has been often asked, we have not been able to learn; two, however, at least, of the committee that requested a copy of this oration for the press, are, we understand, settled as ministers, one at Plymouth and the other at Abington: and is it possible, that men, who could patiently hear, and even listen with a calm, complacent pleasure, which, we may suppose, occasionally swelled into malignant exultation, to the wanton and shameless falsehoods, which stare one another in the face, and cluster and swarm in every page of this performance, are worthy to address the God of Truth? Mr. Niles and Mr. Judson, to say nothing of Mr. Barker, the third and last of the committee, or of Mr. Sampson, the orator, are of age to know, and therefore they are inexcusable if they do not know and feel, that the following sentence is such as nothing but the cold-blooded malice of a savage could have dictated; and are these reverend gen-

tlemen ignorant, that by publishing the sentence, they adopt and avow as their sentiment, the sentiment it contains. If Messrs. Niles, Judson, Barker and Sampson really hold the tenets advanced in this oration, the doctrine of total and radical depravity is no longer a mere dogma; and though we may wish otherwise, we do not see how these reverend gentlemen can possibly escape that eternal punishment, which, supposing and granting the benevolence of God, can only exist as the consequence and fate of total and radical depravity. The sentence, to which these remarks are prefatory, is subjoined:

> Need I, on this festive day, call to your mind the worst of traitors, the blackest of satan's empire, the tories of our revolution?

From this oration it were worse than useless to make many or large extracts; because every well principled mind recoils from a work, in which almost every sentence teems or is labouring with some monstrous or abortive conception. We will select one passage more, and then consign Mr. Sampson to the reader's indignant contempt, which, as he has foolishly incurred it, will, without doubt, be liberally bestowed. Mr Sampson gravely asserts, and one would suppose from his gravity of assertion, that he expected to be believed, when he says, that,

> We can attack our enemies with no weapon more powerful. It has already done more than the combined armies of Europe for years. They have never caused England to exclaim, peace with France, or no king. Our embargo has done more than this. It has prostrated that nation, at the feet of the throne, supplicants for their existence Already do they declare, even from the cabinet, peace with America, or we expire.

Such, as represented in these two quotations, are the spirit and policy, which Mr. Sampson, in his oration, cherishes and defends; and if, as from certain technical terms we are inclined to suspect, Mr. Sampson be a clergyman, we feel no hesitation in saying, that, whether he sincerely holds, or, merely for sinister purposes, professes to hold the opinions advanced in his oration, his name, instead of being what it ought to be, a star, is a foul and ugly spot on the sacred robe of christianity. But whether clergyman or layman, Mr. Sampson has, in his oration, discovered such a bitterness, such a rankling malignity of temper, that, it may be doubted, whether his mind, when it shall be purified from the last, lingering drop of charity, will be able to conceive sentiments of more unmingled malice, than those which he has already shewed himself not ashamed to avow. He who could submit to write, and they who would consent or could endure to hear such a wanton and frontless violation of truth (we will not however palliate the writer's or the hearers' deliberate guilt, by using gentle terms; we recall the circumlocutory phrase, and say, that the auditors as well as the author of such downright, shameless lying, as the sentences last extracted from Mr. Sampson's oration contain) are not worthy to enjoy the blessings of good government. God be thanked, and from the deepest recesses, from the purest affections of our hearts, we do most devoutly thank and adore the Almighty Disposer, that the people of the United States, though still drowsy and oscitant, are beginning to awake. That subtle lethargy, which unless soon and effectually counteracted, will at length find or make its way to the heart, and there brooding over the blood in a stagnant and deadly calm, will certainly benumb,

if by some contranitency, little short of miraculous, it should not suspend or destroy forever the very springs and principles of life and action, is, we hope and trust in God, gradually dissipating; and though this creeping pestilence still lingers in the veins, and luxuriates and wantons lazily in that languid and listless indifference, which has stolen upon no small portion of the political body, yet we do sincerely, and confidently think and believe, not merely, however, because we could ardently desire, but because we may reasonably expect, and indeed must, (if the publick mind is not palsied to insensibility) from the lingering and continually exasperating tortures, under which our commerce is groaning, and writhing and ready to expire, necessarily conclude, that the time is not far distant, when, rising in full strength, and with the "visual nerve purged as with euphrasy," the people will discover the dangers of implicit confidence and resist the mischiefs of passive obedience.

Before we take leave of him, Mr. S. will allow us to whisper in his ear, that neither elegance, nor dignity, nor delicacy, nor energy of style arises from using such terms of reproach, as glance from the characters of his political opponents, and seem, as if from some fatal instinct or sympathy, to fasten with a deadly hold on the political associates of Mr. Sampson.

Just before this article went to the press, an oration delivered at Charleston, South Carolina, by Mr. Charles Fraser, was put into our hands. The style of this oration, though it here and there swells to bombast, is on the whole elegantand manly ;and we most sincerelylament, that Mr. Fraser's political opinions are not equally unexceptionable with his style. Mr. Fraser seems to have forgotten, that, for the outrage on the Chesapeake, the British government (upon one, and only one simple, and, as it would seem, necessary condition, the revocation of the President's proclamation) tendered to the American government full and ample satisfaction. Mr. Jefferson, however, would not revoke his proclamation; and, of course, Mr. Rose, after having to no purpose loitered away two months at Washington, went home, to tell the "vindictive tyrants of the main" (such are Mr. Fraser's words,) that "their proffered friendship" was considered by the Americans as "inglorious treachery."

ART. 29.

A Compendious System of Universal Geography, designed for schools, compiled from the latest and most distinguished European and American travellers, voyagers, and geographers. By Elijah Parish, D. D. minister of Byfield, Massachusetts. Newburyport. Thomas & Whipple, booksellers. pp. 213. 1807.

THIS little work is presented to the publick with the recommendations of several respectable persons; and as far as they speak of it comparatively, as the best work of the kind, that has been published in this country, they are probably correct. Many facts are certainly collected; and though not always selected with care, as to their importance, yet pains seem to have been taken, and generally with success, to have them correct. His great multiplication of authorities in a school book of this kind rather savours of affectation. But we think the plan of the work radically wrong. To undertake in a less space than a hundred

duodecimo pages to give not only a general idea of the whole ancient world, but a particular account of every government in Europe, Asia, and Africa, with their principal cities, rivers, &c. seems perfectly ridiculous. It cannot be possible for a boy to remember more of his lesson from such a book, than he would of a table of logarithms after he had been obliged to commit it to memory. To give our readers an idea of Mr. Parish's manner, we shall quote the description of two of the West-India islands, and two of the Swiss cantons.

Guadaloupe. The centre of this island is in lat 16° 30′ N. and [it] is about 80 leagues in circuit.

St. Thomas lies in lat. 18° N. is 15 miles in circumference, and has a safe harbour.

Bern. This canton is 180 miles in length, and contains a third part of Switzerland; the population is 400,000; their religion is Calvinism.

Zug. This is a catholick canton with a population of 16000.

This is all that is said of these places. To incumber a boy's memory with such a parcel of isolated facts would be extremely injudicious, even if he were capable of retaining them; and to repeat a long list of barren names may give a boy reputation at the visitation of a school committee; but can never be of any service to him. Such a geography can only be learnt by aid of the birch.

If our author had seen the geographical work lately published by Dr. Aikin, he would probably have adopted a different plan himself. Dr. Aikin, it is true, says, that his work was not designed to supersede elementary works, but it cannot fail to captivate the mind of youth by the interesting dress, in which he has clothed a vast variety of useful information. Should Dr. Parish alter the plan of his work in another edition, we have no doubt he would present the publick with a valuable school book, which the present work shows him fully adequate to perform.

RETROSPECTIVE NOTICE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

ARTICLE 5.

The General Historie of Virginia, New-England, and the Summer Isles, with the Names of the Adventurers, Planters, and Governours, from their first beginning, Anno. 1584, *to this present,* 1626. *Also the Maps and Descriptions of all those countries, &c. divided into six books. By Capt. John Smith, sometime Governour in theie countries, and Admiral of New-England.* Folio. London, printed by I. D. and I. H. for Michael Sparks. 1627.

THE first patents were granted to the adventurers, who discovered Virginia in the year 1584, and were procured by Sir Walter Raleigh, a man, whose misfortunes give him an interest in every good heart, while all admire his abilities and enterprising spirit. Amidas and Barlow were sent on the voyage, and land-

ed at the inlet of the Roanoke, since under the government of North Carolina. When they returned to England, they gave such an account of the places they visited, that the queen espoused the project of making a settlement, and she called the country Virginia, for two reasons which are given: first, that it was discovered in her reign, who was a Virgin Queen; and as it did still seem to retain the virgin purity and plenty of the first creation, and the people their native innocence. The natives were said to be perfectly affable and good natured, and the air of the climate equally charming and salutary.

When king James came to the throne, he granted letters patent, bearing date, 1606, and appointed two companies, who had liberty to begin their plantation on any part of Virginia, between the latitude of 34 and 41.

By virtue of this patent, capt. John Smith sailed in December of that year with three small ships; and a commission was given him to establish a colony, and to govern by a President and Council that should be annually chosen.

In the volume before us, this voyage of capt. Smith is called the sixth voyage. Prior adventurers made one general complaint, that they had found no good harbours. He entered the great Bay of Chesapeake, and landed on the southern cape, which he called Cape Henry, in honour of the prince of that name; and the north, Cape Charles: having thus marked the capes by the names of the king's sons, he gave the name of the river JAMES, after the monarch himself. This great river had been called by the Indians POWHATAN.

The Indians at first appeared fair and friendly: they soon, however, discovered in the English settlers, a thirst for treasure, which led not only to oppressive acts, but to those mean and wicked contrivances, which are the spawn of avarice, and make men as unfeeling as they are selfish; and the consequence was, that they also manifested deceit and treachery. Smith himself was equally humane and brave; and his situation called forth such energies, as make him equal to the heroes of romance. We form this opinion from his actions, and the representations of others concerning him; and not from any description he gives of his own prowess. This enterprising navigator was a warriour, a politician and an historian. In each character he was conspicuous and useful. A very full view of him is given in the 1st volume of Belknap's American Biography, which will reward every one that reads it with instruction and entertainment.

Our design is only to represent him as an author; and his work is certainly among the most interesting of our early historians.

The first map of these coasts ever sketched, was by his hand, A. D. 1614. He describes the shores, islands, harbours and headlands, and, having requested of Prince Charles that he would give the country a name, it was called NEW ENGLAND. Our navigator himself had formerly given his name to the islands, which are divided between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, now called Isles of Shoals. They are called Smith's Islands in the map.

He also published in a small quarto the account of his voyages, which was printed in several works of those who made collections of voyages and travels.

In 1622, he printed a book, called *New England Trials*, but this is no where to be found, except a few

extracts in Purchas's Pilgrims. In 1627, he published his general history of Virginia, New England and Summer Isles, with the names of the adventurers, planters and governours, from their first beginning A. D. 1584, to the year 1626, with the proceedings of those several colonies, and the accidents that befel them in all their journies and discoveries. Also the maps and descriptions of those countries, commodities, people, government, customs and religions yet known.

This work, the subject of our Review, is the most complete account of several voyages and settlements now remaining. The extracts in Purchas, Churchill, &c. are rather portions of history than full narratives.

It is a folio edition, divided into six books, and Smith is styled *Admiral of New England*, in the title page. The frontispiece is curious and well designed. At the top are the pictures of queen Elizabeth and James and Charles, who were kings during the progress of his discoveries. Upon the sides are the arms of England, St. George and Dragon crest, and the motto, *Geas incognita mihi serviet.* At the bottom is the ocean with a ship in full sail, *Quo fata ferunt.* The dedication and preface of the history are in the quaint style of a literary man, who is conscious of merit, who has a claim to publick attention, but too independent of spirit to court that favour, which he is willing to receive, if not grudged him.

The first book begins with the voyage of Madoc, 1170, and relates the several voyages to the discoveries of Capt. Weymouth, 1605. Smith does not pretend to establish the truth of the ancient voyages, as they are called, previously to the time of Columbus. He gives the honour of the discovery of the American continent to John Cabot and his son Sebastian. "Though Columbus," says he, "discovered certain islands, he did not see the continent till 1498, which was a year after Cabot had visited it. Americus did come a long time after, yet the whole continent, to this day, is called America." He speaks of the Floridas in the romantick style of an adventurer, as abounding in every thing which can astonish and delight. "No part of the world produces so many grapes; and as to tall trees, the cedars of Libanus are not equal to them."

The second book is, "the account of Virginia, now planted, as discovered by Capt. John Smith."

The bounds of Virginia were then "the great ocean, eastward; on the south side, Florida; on the north, Nova Francia; as to the west, the limits unknown."

His Indians differ from those of our northern tribes, who are said to have no beards. Writers, however, express different opinions; some declaring they have none, others that nature produces a beard, of which they deprive themselves as soon as it makes its appearance. "The men," says he, "wear half their beards shaven, the other half long. For barbers, they use women, who, with two shells, will grate it away of any fashion they please."

Capt. Smith closes his account with saying, how different those people were, who submitted to social order, from the idle vagrants among the colonists, who would submit to no discipline or authority, who suffered most grievously. "In all this time I lost but seven or eight men, yet, subjected the savages to obedience, and received contribution

from five of their kings, to protect and assist them against any that should assault them; in which order they continued true and faithful, and as subjects to his majesty, so long as I did govern them, until I left the country; how they have revolted, the country lost, and again replanted, and the business hath succeeded from time to time, I refer you to the relations of them returned from Virginia, that have been more diligent in such observations."*

The third book gives, "the proceedings of the colony, from the relations of several of the first settlers, collected by Wm. Symonds D D. These accounts are correct and impartial, and tend much to the honour of Capt. Smith, the President. It is a short view of the state of the colony from the pens of others, who were eye witnesses of his proceedings and of the accidents which took place."

The fourth book is "an account of the proceedings after the alteration of the government."

Among the writers who describe this period of their history, may be reckoned Mr. John Rolfe; he signs his name, attesting certain proceedings, June, 1618. This man was the husband of Pocahontas, daughter of Powhatan, to whom he was married, A. D. 1613.†

During this time (1617, according to the relation of Capt. N. Powell, and others) the lady Rebecca, alias Pocahontas, by the diligent care of her husband, Master John Rolfe, was taught to speak such English, as might well be understood, well instructed in christianity, and was become formal and civil after our English manner. She had also by him a child, which she loved most dearly, and the treasurer and company took order for the maintenance of her and it; besides these even persons of great rank and quality had been very kind to her. And before she arrived in London, Capt. Smith, to deserve her former courtesies, made her qualitie known to the queen's most excellent majesty, and her court, and writ a little book to this effect to the queen.

This little book is an address to queen Anne, recommending Pocahontas; and it is such a curious morsel of writing, according to the taste of that day, that we wish it were consistent with our limits to give the whole of it; but we must refer to the several histories of Virginia, where it is carefully preserved. During this time Capt. Smith met with

* Beverly gives a sad account of the idle part of the company. They found a fresh stream of water springing out of the ground, near Jamestown island, in which was a yellow sort of dust isinglass, which they took to be gold, and which made them distracted, for they neglected the necessary means of defence against the Indians, and the support of their bodies by securing of provisions. They were so reduced, that, for a time, they lived upon wild fruits, or upon crabs and muscles, as some of the laziest Indians, who have no pleasure in exercise, and wont be at the pains to fish and hunt. Many of them were destroyed, and the rest had only what fell into their mouths. Whereas by the care and management of Capt. J. Smith, in the year 1608, those who followed him were able to gather Indian corn of their own planting.

† To the curious it may give pleasure to know that the first christian marriage in this part of the world was in 1609, John Leyden and Anna Burrows were then joined together in wedlock

The first child that was born of christian parentage was at Roenoke, August 18, 1587, and she was christened by the name of Virginia. She was a daughter of Mr. Ananias Dare. During the same month, the first Indian that was made a christian in these American regions, was baptised by the name of Manteo, and they styled him Lord of Dassamonpeak.

We here speak of English America, not extending our remarks to the Spanish dominions at the south.

Pocahontas in England. She had supposed he was dead.

Being about this time to set sail for New-England, I could not stay to do her that service I desired, and she well deserved; but hearing she was at Brenford with diverse of my friends, I went to see her. After a modest salutation, without any word, she turned about, observed my face, as not seeming well contented; and in that humour her husband, with diverse other, we all left her for two or three hours, repenting myself to have writ she could speak English. But not long after she began to talk, and remembered what courtesies she had done; saying, You did promise Powhatan what was yours should be his, and he the like to you; you called him father; being in his land a stranger, and for the same reason so must I do you; which, though I would have excused, I durst not allow of that title, because she was a king's daughter. With a well set countenance she said, Were you not afraid to come into my father's country, and caused fear in him and all the people (but me) and fear you here I should call you father? I tell you then I will, and you shall call me child, and so I will be forever and ever your countryman. They did tell us always you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plymouth; yet Powhatan did command Vitamatomekkin to seek you and know the truth, because your countrymen will lie much.

The quotation we make not only as a specimen of primeval simplicity of manners, and plainness of style, but as containing an account of the interview so complete, that nothing need be added or diminished. Yet it is somewhat different from several narratives, which have come under our cognizance. One only will serve, which is to be found in Beverly's History of Virginia, to shew that the text and comment do not always agree. He says, that when this lady arrived in England, she had been informed, that Capt. Smith was dead, because he had been diverted from that colony by making settlements in New-England. "For this reason when she saw him, she seemed to think herself much affronted, for that they had dared to impose so gross a sense upon her, and at first sight turned away. She put him in mind of her former kindness, and then upbraided him for his forgetfulness of her, shewing by her reproaches, that even a state of nature teaches to abhor ingratitude."

In the *American Biography* it is thus related, that, "at her first interview with Smith, she called him father, and because he did not immediately return the salutation, and call her child, she was so overcome with grief, that she hid her face, and would not speak for some time."

From Smith's account, every thing which took place at the interview may naturally be accounted for. She was dumb from astonishment, seeing one, who, as she supposed, was dead, a man so dear to her, and that after her heart was let loose upon the occasion, and the streams of sensibility began to flow easily, she conversed freely, calling him father, &c.

This child of nature, or this amiable young lady, as she was called, after being introduced to civilized and cultivated society, died at Gravesend, just as she was ready to sail for her native land, which doubtless had charms more congenial to her disposition.

"It pleased God to take her to his mercy," according to the relation of Capt. Argall, "and she made not more sorrow for her unexpected death, than joy to the beholders to hear and see her make so religious and godly an end."

The fifth book is a relation of the discoveries of the Summer Islands, otherwise called *Bermuda*, from a Spanish ship that was cast ashore. Sir George Summers died here, in 1609, from whom they took the

name. They are sometime called Somer isles, and he is named Somers. This fault runs through the book, and it shows how little regard was paid to the spelling of names in our ancient records. Words of all kinds are spelt as differently in this book, in the relation of the same voyage, as though they were written in different ages. There was indeed no standard of orthography.

The sixth and last book contains Capt. Smith's voyages to New-England, and the map beforementioned of these coasts, very curious, with a large portrait of Capt. J. Smith, Admiral of N. England. The first voyage was A. D. 1614. He made a second the succeeding year.

The part we call New-England, is between 41 and 45 degrees, the very mean between the north pole and the line, but that part this discourse speaketh of, stretcheth from Penobscot to Cape Cod, some 75 leagues by a right line drawn from each other. Within which bounds I have seen forty several habitations upon the sea-coasts, and sounded above twenty-five good harbours, in many whereof there is anchorage for five hundred ships of any burden, in some of them for one thousand; and more than two hundred islands overgrown with good timber of diverse sorts of wood, which do make so many harbours, as required a longer time, than I had, to be well observed.

The conclusion of the work is a complete specimen of his opinions, and manner of writing.

I have thrown myself with my mite into my country's good, not doubting God will stir up some noble spirits to consider and examine if worthy Columbus could give the Spaniards any such certainties of his design, when queen Isabel sent him forth with fifteen sail. And though I promise no mines of gold, yet the warlike Hollanders let us imitate, but not hate, whose wealth and strength are good testimonies of their treasury won by fishing.

New-England has already yielded by general computation one hundred thousand pounds at least. Therefore, honourable and worthy countrymen, let not the meanness of the word Fish distaste you, for it will afford as good gold as the mines of Guinea and Potasie, with less hazard and charge, and more certainty and felicity. J. S.

Notwithstanding the dryness and barrenness of this history to those who read works where the pages are adorned and enriched with the observations of the writer, whose fancy glows while he is narrating the things which happen; we must think our ancient books fruitful in events worthy of attention, and such as may excite our admiration. Hence we offer to the publick this work among the objects of our Retrospective Review. As to the style, we submit it to the opinion of the reader. It is as good as the times would allow, especially from men remarkable for their enterprize and activity, rather than any literary character. Here is much apparent truth and candour, and we look into such books for curious matter, and find naked facts without any attempt at ornament. Future historians will be able to build very beautiful superstructures with these rough stones for the foundation. Every transaction is mentioned, whether of war or peace; and when Capt. Smith writes, he often expatiates upon circumstances that are interesting. But it is not only for the use of future writers we wish those ancient records to be kept. In every generation there are some few, whose minds are soothed with the remembrance of their fathers' virtues; who seek their footsteps, and the lines which mark the place of their habitation. In this volume they will find precious documents of their earliest history; and their eyes will glisten with pleasure over the first map ever made of their coasts.

CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,

FOR JULY, 1808.

Sunt bona sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala, plura.——MART.

NEW WORKS.

The Young Lady's Arithmetic: a complete mercantile system for the use of young persons, more especially the fair sex. By Adoniram Judson, jun. A. B. author of "the Elements of English Grammar." Boston. Snelling & Simons, printers. pp. 76. Price 37½ cents.

An oration delivered before the Republican citizens of Newburyport, in the Rev. John Giles' meeting-house, on the 4th of July, 1808. By Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq. Newburyport, printed by W & J. Gilman. 8vo. pp. 19.

The Military Mentor, being a series of letters recently written by a general officer to his son, on his entering the army; comprising a course of elegant instruction, calculated to unite the characters and accomplishments of the gentleman and the soldier. Vol. I. 12mo. pp. 336. Cushing and Appleton, Salem, and Joshua Cushing, Boston.

The Embargo Laws, with several documents relative thereto. Boston Joshua Cushing, printer. 12mo. pp. 36.

Oration, pronounced July 4, 1808, before a company of young and middle aged citizens of Portsmouth, on board sloop William, off Portsmouth harbour. By John Billings. Portsmouth: S. Sewall, printer.

An Oration, delivered at Bolton, July 4, 1808. By Abijah Bigelow, counsellor at Law. Printed at Leominster, by S. and J. Wilder.

An Oration delivered at Wiscasset, July 4, 1808. By Alden Bradford, Esq. Hallowell. N. Cheever, printer.

An Oration, pronounced at Dover, New Hampshire, July 4, 1808, in commemoration of American Independence. By Moses Hodgdon, Esq. Dover. Printed by James K. Remich.

An Oration delivered in St. Michael's church, before the inhabitants of Charleston, July 4, 1808, by appointment of the American Revolution Society. By Chas. Fraser. Charleston, J. Hoff, printer.

An Oration on the principles of Liberty and Independence, pronounced July 4, 1808, at the request of a number of the inhabitants of the town of Dedham, and its vicinity. By James Richardson. Dedham. Printed by H. Mann.

No. I. of the Admonitory Epistles to the visitors of Ballston-Spa. By Simeon Senex, Esq. Ballston-Spa. Printed by Miller & Riggs. 8vo. pp. 8.

An Oration delivered at the request of the selectmen of Portland, July 4, 1808. By William Freeman. Portland. Printed at the Gazette Office.

NEW EDITIONS.

Nos. 16 and 18 of Shakespeare's works, which complete the second Boston edition. Published by Munroe, Francis & Parker.

The third edition of Ross's Latin Grammar, much enlarged and improved. Published by Hopkins and Earle, Philadelphia.

The Laws of Congress and of Massachusetts, for the government and discipline of the militia. Cushing and Appleton, Salem.

WORKS IN PRESS.

I. Riley of New-York, has in the press the following works:

Sheppard's Touchstone, in 2 vols. royal octavo.

Noy's Maxims, 1 vol. 12mo.

Espinasse's Digest of the laws of actions and trials at Nisi Prius, 2 vols. 8vo.

Cases argued and determined in the Supreme Court of Judicature of the state of New-York, from January term, 1799, to January term, 1808, both inclusive, together with cases in the Court of Errours. By William Johnson, Counsellor at Law.

The natural, civil and political history of Chili, translated from the Abbe Molina, with notes from the Spanish and French version, and a copious Appen-

dix, consisting of a translation into English heroick verse, of the most striking and interesting passages in the celebrated Spanish epick poem, "The Araucana," by Don Alonzo de Ercilla. 2 vols. Svo. illustrated by a map of the country.

The Lovers of La Vendee, a novel, translated from the French, 2 volumes, duodecimo.

WORKS ANNOUNCED

Andrews & Cummings, of this town, propose to reprint by subscription, a general and connected View of the Prophecies relative to the conversion, restoration, union, and future glory of the houses of Judah and Israel; the progress and final overthrow of the antichristian confederacy in the land of Palestine; and the ultimate general diffusion of christianity. By Rev. George Stanley Faber, B.D. Vicar of Stockton-upon-Tees. The work will be reprinted from the London edition, to match the American edition of the author's Dissertations, and will contain upwards of 450 pages, octavo.

Andrews & Cummings, and William Wells, propose publishing, the Prophetical Books of the Old Testament, from the best modern versions. The work is to be printed on fine wove paper, in numbers of 150 pages each. Price 75 cents a number.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

MRS. STEELE'S POEMS.

We are happy to hear, that poems on subjects chiefly devotional, by Theodosia, are soon to be presented to the publick from the American press. We have always been delighted with the elegant and pious productions of this favourite muse. She often leads our devotion in our churches; and no one, who is sensible either to the charms of poetry, or to the pleasures of piety, can have read with indifference the hymns of Mrs. Steele. Her life was the life of a saint: it was given to religion, to friendship, to benevolence; and all, who feel interested in the cause, to which she was devoted, will be happy in remembering, that, with this heavenly spirit, she was blessed with the powers, by which she was enabled to embody it; and by which, though dead, she is even now inspiring it in others. Were it not, that in sacred poetry, devotion was chiefly to be regarded, we should be at a loss which most to admire, the charms of her verse, or the purity and warmth of her piety. We certainly may be permitted to congratulate the friends of religion on the beautiful union of both, which is displayed in most of this lady's productions.

These volumes have equalled all our expectations. We are certainly indebted to the pious labours of Dr. Belknap for making us acquainted with the choicest of Mrs. Steele's hymns; but we think we have found in these volumes, others, which are also entitled to the highest praise. They are called "Miscellaneous Pieces," but most of them are devoted to piety; the same heavenly spirit pervades them. Some of them are addressed to her friends, and many were occasioned by providential events, which in her devotional, attentive mind could not pass unnoticed. But whether she writes to a friend, or is engaged more particularly in addressing her God, we feel the same warm and glowing piety: we can discover an heart overflowing with a sense of divine love; overwhelmed with humility and gratitude, or panting for those heavenly pleasures to which it was so congenial. We have been charmed with many beauties in these volumes; and should we venture to select any, it would be the following stanzas from her MESSIAH, which though an ode, and widely different in other respects from Pope's, may, we think, justly bear a comparison with that long admired eclogue. Taking from Isaiah the beautiful prophecy of the healing power of the Saviour, as if inspired by the same Deity, she exclaims,

"See the eyelids of the blind
Open to the heavenly ray!
See the prospect, bright and new,
Rise to the astonished view.
Boundless wonder fills the mind,
All is transport! all is day.
The hapless ear, of social bliss unknowing,
Receives the healing music of his voice.
Celestial harmony, soft, sweetly flowing,
Bids charm'd attention listen and rejoice.
See the helpless cripple rise,
Bounding like the mountain roe!

If nature's Lord
Pronounce the word,
New strength that word supplies.
Life's active flame,
Informs the frame,
And bids each nerve with native vigor glow.
The tongue, that never could reveal
Heart-felt woe, or pleasure tell,
Held in the chains of mournful silence long;
Now bursts the chains at his command,
Aloud proclaim Messiah's hand,
And rapture'd joins the universal song."

We might have filled many pages with quotations, which we are confident would have delighted our readers. But Mrs. Steele's works are too well known to require our aid, and we should find too much difficulty in the selection. The prose, at the end of the third volume, is either moral or devotional; and, like the poetry, is dictated by a warm and ardent piety. Some, disposed to be fastidious, might possibly object, that there was little novelty in the sentiments, and that the language was rather fitted to the familiar style of diary. We acknowledge it has few of the charms which are found in her poetry. But, if it awaken one pious affection, excite one emotion of gratitude, one sentiment of contrition, or inspire one holy resolution, we hope that we are not rash in asserting, that it is of more value, than if loaded with the most brilliant, but unaffecting displays of genius. We would never "reject the ornaments of figurative diction," nor, as we hope, are we insensible to the charms of beauty and taste. Much less would we indulge any enthusiastick wildness. But in subjects of devotion, where the heart is chiefly concerned, ought we not to yield much to the affections, and resign something of the pride of learning, and the fastidiousness of criticism?

We were surprised in hearing, that there was no copy of these valuable books to be found. The laudable enterprize of some of our printers has commenced their republication; and if our humble opinion could increase their encouragement, we cordially recommend them to the publick. These volumes will be ornamental to the shelf of the student; their perusal will charm the taste of the elegant, and give joy and delight to the pious in heart.

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MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.

The following account of the Catholick College at Maynooth, Ireland, is extracted from the papers lately laid before the House of Commons.

The Roman Catholick College at Maynooth, as is well known, was established for the purpose of removing the difficulty of procuring a suitable education, to which students intended for the catholick ministry in Ireland were subject, in consequence of the suspension of intercourse between that country and the continent, occasioned by the late war. It is supported by an annual parliamentary grant, aided in some degree by private donations and legacies, which have amounted, since the commencement of the institution, to upwards of eight thousand pounds. In its present state the establishments is not considered as adequate to the wants of the Irish church. The buildings must be extensive, as 32,000*l.* have been expended on them, and they are not yet complete. The number of students for the present year is about two hundred. They are provided with lodgings, commons, and instruction, from the funds of the establishment, but each student pays 9*l.* 2*s.* entrance money, and his personal expenses during the year are calculated at 20*l.* There is a recess during the months of July and August, and a cessation from publick business for a few days at the festivals of Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost. As it is requisite, even during the time of vacation, for students who wish to be absent from college to obtain the permission of their respective prelates, they for the most part remain during the whole year, and are employed in study, composition, and preparation for the ensuing course. During term the obligation of residence imposed by the statutes is religously enforced. For the admission of a student besides other conditions, the recommendation of his prelate is required. He is then to be examined in the classicks, and admitted, if approved by the majority of examiners. The following is the outline given of the course of studies: *Humanity*, under class, Latin and Greek, Sallust, Virgil, and Horace explained,—select passages of Goldsmith's Roman History occasionally translated into Latin,—portions of the Greek Testament, Lucian and Xenophon, construed and explained—Belles Lettres, or first class of Greek and Latin. Greek—Gospel of St. Luke. Acts of the Apostles, Epistles of St Paul, Homer, Epictetus, Xenophon explained, &c. Latin—Cicero's Orations, Offices, Livy, part of Seneca, Pliny's Letters, Horace explained, &c.—Rules of Latin versification. *Philosophy*, Logick, Metaphysicks, and Ethicks. The professor is obliged, through paucity of

books, to compile a treatise, and dictate it to his scholars The authors to whom reference is given, are, Seguy philosoph. and Locke. Natural and Experimental Philosophy—different branches of Elementary Mathematicks, Algebra, Geometry, Conick Sections, Astronomy, Mechanicks, Opticks, Hydraulicks, &c. Chemistry—Various English authors *Divinity*—Dogmatical, 1st course; de Religione; 2d course, de Incarnatione & ecclesia; 3d course, de sacramentis in genere, dè Eucharistia. The professor is obliged to compile these treatises, which are chiefly taken from the following books: Hooke, Bailey, Duvoisin, Le Grand, Tournely, N. Alexander, P. Collet, Co. Tour. *Moral*—1st course, de actibus humanis, de conscientia, de peccatis, de matrimonio. 2d course, de legibus, de virtutibus theol et moral, de sacramento pœnitentiæ. 3d course, de jure et justitia, de contractibus, de obligatione statuum, de censuris, &c. Authors, Paul Antoine, P Collet, Continuator Tournelii. There is at present no regular professor of sacred scriptures, but a portion of the New Testament is committed to memory every week. the Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles are explained, the epistles from Dom. Calmet, Maldonatus, Esthius, Synopsis criticorum, and other biblical expounders The modern languages which are taught, are English, native Irish, and French.

It will be readily perceived that the lectures retain much of that old scholastick form which is little calculated for the promotion of true knowledge. The classical instructions are very limited.

The bye laws chiefly relate to internal regulations, enforcing much of the discipline and formality of monachism, and tending to train up the students to that habitual observance of exterior decorum, which is usually to be remarked in the performance of catholick rites. During meals, the scriptures and other profitable books, selected by the president, are to be read. Constant employment is recommended. The students are to be obedient to their president, not to yield too far to the dictates of their own understanding, and to use only such books as shall be recommended by the president and professors. The following is the general order of each day. The students are summoned by a bell at 5; at half past 5 they meet for publick prayer; from 6 they study in the publick halls; at half past 7 mass is performed; at 8 they breakfast; 9, study in publick halls; 10, attend class; half past 11, recreation; 2, study in publick halls; half past 11, attend class; 3, dinner; 5, class for modern languages; 6, study in publick halls; 8, supper; 9, common prayer; half past 9, all retire in silence to their chambers.

The statutes are employed in describing the duties and qualifications of the members of the institution. The *President* must be a native subject of the British empire, not under thirty years of age, in priest's orders, and must have passed through a complete course of academical learning. It is his duty to superintend the general discipline of the college. In the performance of his office he is assisted by a *Vice-president*. The *Dean*, who is likewise styled *Magister Officii*, inspects manners and morals, and is to be of the same order, age, country &c. as the President. "Libros curiose inspicito, et si justissima susp cio præiverit, ipsa quoque, annuente præside, scrinia et chartas." The 5th and 6th chapters of the statutes relate to the professors and lecturers, the 7th to the choice of professors, the 8th to the students. The districts of Armagh and Cashal furnish 60 each, those of Dublin and Tuam, 40 each. The 9th chapter respects publick examinations of which four are held in the course of the year; the 10th and 11th describe the duties of the *Librarian* and *Bursar*. The following are the present officers: Rev. Pat. J. Byrne, D. D. *President*; Rev. F. R Power, A. M. *Vice-president*; Rev. Tho Coen, *Dean*; Rev. M. Montagu, *Bursar*; Rev. Lewis Delahogne, D. D. *Prof. Dog. Theol.*; Rev. E. Ferris, D. D. *Prof Mor. Phil.*; Rev. A. Darré, A. M. *Nat. and Exp. Phil*; Rev. F. R. Anglade, *Logick*; Rev. Charles Lovelock, A. M. *Belles Lettres*; Rev. Pat. M'Nicholas *Greek and Latin*; Rev. Matt. Crowley, *Lect. Dogma. Theol*; Rev. Dav. Sinnott, *Lect. Mor. Theol*; Rev. W. Crolly, *Lect in Logick*; Mr. M. Usher, *Prof. of Eng Elocution*; Rev. P. O'Brien, *Prof. of Irish Language*; Rev. A. Dunne, *Treasurer*. The emoluments of the Professors are very moderate.

The allegiance of the members of the institution to the government from which they derive their support is testified in various ways. Each student, on his admission, takes an oath, that he is, and will remain, unconnected with any conspiracy. The duty of fidelity to the civil government is to be strongly inculcated by the theological professors. Prayers are to be offered on Sundays and holidays for the king, in a prescribed form.

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

FOR

SEPTEMBER, 1808.

For the Anthology.

OBSERVATIONS ON MADAME DE STAEL'S CORINNA.

The name of Madame de Stael has long been familiar in French Literature. Two ladies of this name rank high among their female writers. The present Madame de Stael Holstein has published several works, the last of which, Corinna, will do more for her glory than all the others. Perhaps it may not be amiss to give some account of the author, before reflecting upon her work.

She is the daughter of the late M. Necker, who played so conspicuous a part at the commencement of the French Revolution; and the widow of the late Baron de Stael Holstein, who was ambassadour from the king of Sweden during the time of the Directory. Her children are brought up in Switzerland, the country of her family; and it is one of the reproaches of her enemies, that she has always kept them at a distance from herself. She is not handsome in the face, but her person is fine, above the middle size. A judgment of her character, formed from her works, would be as erroneous, in some respects, as that of the lady, who described Thomson from reading the Seasons. She is always writing about melancholy, and admiring the gloomy, profound impressions, that abound in the poetry and character of the English and northern nations; yet Madame de Stael is miserable out of Paris; and would be as wretched as Milo was at Marseilles, as Seneca in Corsica, or Ovid on the Bosphorus. Her great delight is to be amid a circle of wits in a saloon at Paris. She is gay, laughing, and fond of animated conversation and lively repartee, in which she always takes a principal part, and generally engages all the men in her conversation, paying very little attention to her own sex, and is therefore not a great favourite with them.

From her rank, her connexions, her talents, her independent fortune, and active character, she has always been a remarkable personage in society, and frequently meddled in political intrigues. She used to be very intimate with Talleyrand, and often teized this famous statesman and wit. She inquired of him one day, which he would save, if he should see her and Madame Grand, now his wife, fallen into the water; he answered, "My dear madame, *you* know how to swim."

At the period of Buonaparte's usur-

pation she had sufficient influence to be very troublesome to him in the commencement of his reign, and when he was obliged to be gradual in his usurpation of power. In the organization of the new temporary government she out manœuvred the future emperour, and placed Benjamin Constant in one of the assemblies, in spite of his efforts to the contrary. When he had acquired stability, he did not forget Madame de Stael, but sent Talleyrand to tell her she must leave Paris, and go to Switzerland. It was rather an awkward commission, but he executed it with address. He called on her, and after a few compliments told her—"I hear, madame, you are going to take a journey."—"O no, it is a mistake, I have not the least intention of doing it."—"Pardon me, I heard you were going to Switzerland."—"I have no such project, I assure you."—"I have been told so by the best authority, and that you would leave Paris in three days." The hint was taken. After some period had elapsed, she returned to Paris, and, about the epoch of General Moreau's banishment, she was exiled again, and ordered not to come within ten leagues of Paris, because at her house a numerous circle of men of talents and influence assembled, who were disaffected to the government. This she evaded two or three times, which was discovered by the police, and she was then banished to Switzerland. She made a tour in that country the summer of last year in company with her friend, the beautiful Madame Recamier, and the last winter they passed at Vienna.

The regions of science and literature have been so generally explored, that many of those, who have not been able to discover any new *matter*, have been contented with the humbler occupation of *varying* the *manner* of what has been already described. Several of the sciences have been divested of their harsh and technical appearance, and taught by tricks and experiments, by rhymes and riddles, as our quacks administer their medicines in the guise of sugar-plums. History and Romance, which have often been two names for the same thing, are becoming so blended, that, possibly, the notions of posterity about the two or three last centuries will be very similar to those we have of the expedition of the Argonauts. Fifty years ago we were diverted with "Romantick Histories," and now we are treated with "Historical Romances." If our descendants should become so enervated and effeminate by this exuberance of the press, as to prefer amusement to fact, many of our sprightly romances will be read, and many of our dull histories will be forgotten.

Corinna is a novel engrafted on a journey and description of Italy, and the licentious fashion of blending fancy and reality is more innocent and justifiable in this kind of work than in any other. Of the advantages, which it possesses, Madame de Stael has availed herself in the ablest manner. The description of the interesting and magnificent objects of Rome, the disquisitions on Italian society, and the progress of the novel, are most ingeniously mingled, and by being alternately brought forward, prevent the most fastidious reader from tiring. Mrs. Radcliffe's romances are celebrated for their beautiful descriptions, which lose a great part of their interest not only from being too often repeated, but because they are only pleasing pictures of the writer's imagination, composed perhaps from *studies* of landscape, but vague and

transitory as the shadows of summer clouds. Here Madame de Stael possesses a striking advantage; for, not confined like a writer of travels, to mere journalizing and description, a selection suffices for her purpose, and the canvass of her work is filled, not with

The Alps, the Appenines and River Po,

but with the most interesting objects of ancient and modern Italy.

The persons of the novel are few in number, but these few are sketched with that delicate and minute observation of character, which belongs to her sex; while the contrasts arising from different tempers and education, and the effects of the passions, are developed with all the force and skill produced by a profound knowledge of the human heart. Count d'Erpeuil is a gay, well bred, distinguished Frenchman, portrayed with the most aggravating accuracy: perhaps the fidelity and spirit of this portrait is better sustained than any other in the book. Mr. Edgermond, the relation of Lord Nelvill, who makes his appearance at Rome, is delineated so generally, that he represents a species, yet so simply and naturally, that he affects us like a miniature among a collection of historical pictures. Oswald posseses too many noble qualities to suffer us to despise him; but when a being, like Corinna, is sacrificed to morbid sensibility and imaginary duties, we pity the victim too much to respect the sacrificer. Corinna is the fair monster of the work: she is a character out of nature; so at least she will be generally, and so she had better be considered: yet she has enough of humanity in her composition, a sufficient portion of the faculty of inspiring and suffering emotion, to excite, even in the generality of readers, an interest beyond that of a mere heroine of romance.

The incidents are many of them striking and novel; and in the present state of literature, this is one of the rarest kinds of merit. Oswald saving the madmen from the hospital in flames at Ancona, the moonlight scene at the fountain of Trevi, and Corinna on the road from Naples to Portici, will support Madame de Stael's claim to this praise. The style is eloquent; and the thoughts are many of them singularly just, beautiful and original.

The intimate knowledge, which is discovered of the character of different nations, is a remarkable feature of this work; and it is hard to say which is delineated most accurately, the French, the Italian or the English. The Count d'Erpeuil tells Oswald,—"je n'aime en fait de nation, que les Anglais et les Francais; il faut etre fiers comme eux, ou brillans comme nous, tout le reste n'est que de l'imitation." It is easy to see, which has the superiority in the eyes of the author. Neither Dr. Moore, nor M. Dupaty has shewn more acquaintance with the Italian character; the dialogue allows her the means of attacking it with the ebullitions of French vanity, and the moroseness of English pride; which is answered by Corinna only with patient submission and mild regret. It appears to have been one of the principal objects of the writer, to shew, that the Italians have been "more sinned against than sinning;" to convert the contempt of the world into pity, and to excite a belief, that men, whose ancestors once governed the universe, who have furnished learning and the arts with some of their brightest ornaments, are capable of being elevated from their pre-

sent degraded situation, and assuming a conspicuous rank in the world.

The work is not without its faults; and those, who are fonder of the chaff than the grain, may select them. But there is one obliquity of sentiment, which becomes the more remarkable, as it exercises a fatal influence over the conduct of her hero. Madame de Stael was extremely fond of her father, and has attempted in a book, she published, containing his posthumous works, to sublimate this affection, into a mysterious, metaphysical passion, which exposed her to severe reprehension from the French criticks. If she had persuaded the world in this respect, she could only acquire credence for singularity; yet, by a kind of perversity, she has made this indefensible principle a governing motive in her new work. Peculiar circumstances may modify the affections unnaturally in a few individuals: will Madame de Stael make an unfortunate exception a general rule? Is affection to a mother so subordinate, that *la perte d'un pere*, is la plus intime de toutes les douleurs? Is affection for a husband, or for our offspring, weaker than this? Ardent and *melancholy* minds are apt to run into exaggeration, but this if it were realized, would recal the fable of Saturn devouring his children.

To expiate this censure of Madame de Stael, it will be a grateful task to attempt her defence, where she has been blamed unjustly. It has been said,* that her inimitable description of the circle in Northumberland has a tendency to discourage the gentle virtues of private, and to ridicule the simplicity of domestick life, while the brilliant Corinna will dazzle and allure. Alas! poor Corinna! did ever moral of any history stare the reader more fully in the face? Is it not as apparent, as those, heaped up at the end of fables, labelled and dried for the use of school-boys? Does not the luckless heroine lament, that she is deprived of the charms of domestick life, which she was formed to enjoy; and does she not fall a victim to one of these admirers of still life? The author gives a representation, which is neither harsh nor extravagant, of the imbecile taciturnity, the morose, awkward pride, and the petrifying power of this Northumberland tea-drinking society, which occasions an outcry among the *parties concerned*. What will these moralists say to the following lines of Cowper, which ought to be engraven on the teapot of every similar coterie!

True modesty is a discerning grace,
And only blushes in the proper place;
But counterfeit is blind, and skulls through fear,
Where 'tis a shame to be asham'd to appear:
Humility the parent of the first,
The last by vanity produc'd and nurs'd.
The circle form'd, we sit in silent state,
Like figures drawn upon a dial plate;
Yes ma'am, and no ma'am, utter'd softly, show
Every five minutes, how the minutes go.

The *improvisations* of Corinna will be less admired than any other part of the work. That, which she makes at the capital, is eloquent, and would be beautiful in Italian verse, but is too florid for prose. The last, which is recited at Florence, must be excepted; it is affecting and sublime. He, who can read it without emotion, would do well never to leave the bounds of demonstration to wander among the fields of literature. If any young man reads it, and every pulse does not vibrate and every nerve thrill, let him not

* See Edinburgh Review.

hesitate in the choice of a profession: let him not be a clergyman, he would have to preach the sublime doctrines of christianity, to sustain weakness, and console affliction: let him not study the law, he might be called upon to oppose powerful injustice, or to defend the devoted victim against popular clamour and factious persecution: let him not be a physician, he may be expected to soothe the agony of wounded affection, to sympathize with the wretched, when his art has been ineffectual: no, let him hord dollars and accumulate interest; his progress will be certain—nay, (the advice is perfectly disinterested) he will do well to bring up his children in the same manner

This article has become too extended to admit of extracting passages from the work, to illustrate the opinions here advanced. One only must be indulged, for the sake of contrasting Madame de Stael with Kotzebue. The latter published in 1806, Travels in Italy, in four volumes, which are principally remarkable for their stale and virulent abuse of religion. The flattest jests and most scurrilous remarks abound in every chapter; and what would be ridiculous, if it was not odious, is that he seems to have just awakened, and made a Quixotick expedition to retail forgotten, exploded abuse, which in the sixteenth century might have possessed the merit of boldness, but now is only insipid and cowardly. The Pope and the Catholicks are shewn no mercy. When the Lion was confined to his den through age and infirmity, the Ass came and kicked him. The following sentence contains the reflections of Kotzebue on the illuminated cross, which is suspended from the dome of St. Peter's on Good Friday Evening. "Le Vendredi Saint on suspend dans la "Coupole une croix enorme, illuminée "par trois cents lampes, ce qui doit "faire une fort jolie decoration." Compare this with the description and reflections of Madame de Stael on the same subject. The whole chapter, which is the fourth in the tenth book, is very interesting; but a single paragraph only will be taken, the first sentence of which is occupied by the same object with the one quoted from Kotzebue.

Corinne suivit la procession qui se rendait dans le temple de Saint Pierre, qui n'est alors éclairé que par une croix illuminée; ce signe de douleur, seul resplendissant dans l'auguste obscurité de cet immense edifice, est la plus belle image du Christianisme au milieu des tenebres de la vie. Une lumiere pale et lointaine se projette sur les statues qui decorent les tombeaux. Les vivans qu'on apercoit en foule sous ces voutes semblent des pygmées en comparaison des images des morts. Il y a autour de la croix un espace eclairé par elle, ou se prosternent le Pape vêtu de blanc, et tous les Cardinaux rangés derriere lui. Ils restent là près d'une demi heure dans le plus profond silence, et il est impossible de n'etre pas ému par ce spectacle. On ne sait pas ce qu'ils demandent, on n'entend pas leurs secrets gemissemens; mais ils sont vieux, ils nous devancent dans la route de la tombe: quand nous passerons à notre tour dans ce terrible avantgarde, Dieu nous fera-t'il la grace d'ennoblir assez la vieillesse, pour que le declin de la vie soit les premiers jours de l'immortalité!

Let the reader of the most ardent conception reflect a while upon this picture: the mystery, which is the most affecting and tremendous, the most awful and sublime, the consummation indeed of all the others of the christian faith, the populace and nobility of Rome, the whole hierarchy of the church with their spiritual Father at their head, are kneeling in silent and passionate devotion; —the only light, which trembles on

the outlines of this immense and august congregation, on the statues of saints, and the tombs of departed sovereigns, emanates from the illuminated type of the sacrifice they are celebrating:—let him consider the lively and intimate belief of this assembly,—that the time is night,—the place, the vast Basilick of St. Peters; he may loose the reigns of his imagination, it will never outstrip the effect such a scene would produce.

For the Anthology.

EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

London, June 20th, 1808.

MY DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED, rather unexpectedly, your letter from Gravesend, requesting some remarks upon the exhibition at Somerset House, and have been three times, in order to form a deliberate opinion. I cannot persuade myself to respect the arts in this country. Even the President provoked me excessively by the first words I ever heard him pronounce, when showing us an outline-engraving.—"I shall perhaps" said he, "have all my works engraved in this way, if I find the publick *have any taste for it!*" Was there ever such a self-condemning sentence; or such an insult to the publick? After boasting of having painted more than ever artist painted; after a long life, which ought to have been devoted not only to raise the state of the arts generally, but to *create* a taste for them which should at this day have admitted of no doubt; that observation excited in me some of the genuine irritability, and has in some degree diminished my reverence for his works.—Thus prepared, I went, not like a true shepherd to roll my eyes with delight over Arcadian fields, but to encounter horses, dogs, and pigs. Nothing so lively, I assure you! But head upon head——whole lengths, half lengths and quarter lengths! These are the "green fields of fat cows" of pastoral life, which adorn the walls of Somerset House!

I had no sooner seated myself to survey them more at leisure, than I felt that disposition for yawning, which such an exhibition of endless, thick-chop'd portraits annually excites. It is very like finding yourself at a cit's dinner, surrounded by good, wholesome, fat faces in perfect unison with the steaming round of beef, at which a grain of attick salt would excite as much surprize as a shower of hail.

I should, before I proceed any farther, offer as a supposition, that this exhibition at Somerset House is considered by some of the artists as a catch-penny thing—that any thing will do for the vulgar mob—that it is very well to get 2000 or 3000 l.—for I do not find that some of the best ever exhibit there, and that Mr. West himself has stuck up a little sketch of his Thetis and Achilles, already exhibited "en grand," which I consider as another insult.

The best of the historical paintings is that, which you recollect to

have seen at Mr. West's, of Iris's *annunciation* to Priam. There is very great beauty in the figure of Iris; it seems in some degree modelled from the Thetis of the above mentioned picture. The more this picture is examined, the more it appears to be the work of a master. The attitude of Priam is unexceptionable—thrown back, and inclined to one side, as if to escape the dreadful tidings, with his arm above his head extending over it his mantle, and concealing in a degree the darkness of his countenance. The next remarkable figure is one of the sons, seated on the *lowest* step of the throne, in a position of great affliction—crouch'd in his posture—his head upon his *whole* hand;—but this attitude has a fault in this picture, I think it is a little too vulgar—it is like a kitchen maid with a *jumping* tooth-ache, who squats herself down upon a stool, bracing one of her legs with her arm. It may be said that all "bienséance" is forgotten in a moment of such distress; but it would seldom happen, that a son should seat himself in that way and turn his back upon his sovereign—it lessens the dignity of the scene. The gloom thrown upon all the surrounding objects contrasts finely with the celestial brightness of Iris.

Near Mr. West's hangs a thing of Fuzeli's. It is not for me to throw dirt at men of genius;—but after much examination, I confess I could discover nothing but a vile plaster of oil and ashes! We are told that a good painter must unite in himself a number of qualities—among others, just proportions, accurate drawing, chaste and harmonious colouring, neither too gaudy nor too "sombre."—Fuzeli fails in each of those, and in how many others I pretend not to say. What is meant for expression, is grimace; and each attitude a *distortion of deformity*. I can fancy, I see Mr. Fuzeli turning up his nose at what he probably considers the minor parts of the art. We know, however, that Raphael did not despise them. If every man were to embody his *dreams* in black and white chalks, I do not know, but that we should have as many Fuzelis, as there are people, who are troubled with the night-mare. As to this picture you must fancy, that you see one of the most hideous of those animals, called Lascars, thrown on a bed in a corner of a prison, and in a fit of horrour, on being told, if you please, that he has eaten a bit of a cow, trying to kick the bed-cloaths off; the group around look like cousins-german, and their limbs are thrown about with the suppleness and lassitude of a hot climate.

Not far from this, the eyes are dazzled with a minute *dabbing* of all the colours of the rainbow and many more, like the spangled robe of an *aquatick* queen at Sadler's Wells, forming another Trojan story. This is Westall's, and drawn expressly to be engraven in colours for the shop windows! So insipid are his pictures in general, that I had little patience to examine it, and none to describe the faint impression it left.

After the President, if I may not say *before*, comes Wilkie. He has poured out an abundance of talent upon his little bit of canvass. It represents a group of card-players in a country kitchen, with all the minute accessaries of a Flemish artist. The first on the left is a cheerful character, showing a broken set of great "*butter*"-teeth, and exulting at his good luck, with one leg stretched out, and showing his cards, as if he were sure of winning.—Next to him, with his back turned

towards you, is one who seems puzzled, with his hand thrust behind under his hat, and scratching his head: it is perfectly evident what his state of the game is. Opposite the first, is a man, with his right hand drawing out a card, and looking across the table, doubting whether there is not some foul play under the smiles of his opponent. On the back of his chair leans a dark gloomy character, not attending to the game, with all the marks of a lazy, desponding, silent, smoke-dried frequenter of an ale-house. The fourth, at the game, I do not at this moment recollect; but between him and the third is the woman of the house, a kind of slattern, rather interested in the game, and with a fat, slabbering baby, almost tumbling out of her arms, and reaching towards the cards. It is altogether a most complete piece of humour.—Every thing bears the marks of a careless, frolicking house. There is a shelf with an *'omnium gatherum'* perfectly in character—a fiddle half out of a green bag, &c. &c.

His pictures I am told are sold at an enormous price, and he surely merits it. F. W.

MEMOIRS OF ALDUS MANUTIUS,

OR TH ELDER ALDUS.

[Amongst those who have hitherto exercised the art of printing, an art, of which the imperfect attainment is as easy, as real superiority is rare, Aldus the Elder, and his son, Paulus Manutius, are entitled, on every account, to the first rank. Filled with an enthusiastick ardour for the literature of Greece and Rome, they sacrificed those advantages of fame and fortune, which could only be obtained from works of their own and spent their whole lives in rescuing the ancient writers from that obscurity, in which eight ages of barbarism had involved them. Not content with preserving them from destruction, they were desirous of rendering the study of them universal, and undertook to reproduce them under such less expensive forms, as would render them attainable by a greater number of readers. Common knowledge and moderate talents were sufficient for the printing of books of scholastick divinity, jurisprudence, and mysticism, which at this period almost exclusively engaged the press; but to quit the long-frequented path, undismayed by the difficulties attending the first publication of ancient authors, and more particularly Greek authors, required, along with no common degree of erudition, all the energy of a superiour genius, joined to the most unabating perseverance. Many learned men of these first periods of the revival of letters have rendered their whole lives famous, by the revival of one, or a very small number, of these precious writings, which have not passed through the darkness of ages, without more or less of alteration; but the celebrated printers, whose history is now to be perused, are the only ones whose brilliant catalogue of editions, published and laboriously corrected by themselves, is at the same time nearly the entire list of master-pieces of ancient literature.

In the midst of continual labours, and the cares which were incessantly required through a long series of years by the difficult and learned editions, which each month and week issued from their presses, these indefatigable men still, themselves, found leisure for the cultivation of literature; and they have left several works, which evince their profound knowledge, and still retain a well-deserved esteem.

Paulus Manutius, in particular, acquired, by a constant study of the works of Cicero, a purity and elegance of style, which will always be admired in those letters and prefaces, which he wrote in the Latin language. His Commentaries on Cicero are still in the hands of all those, who would study to advantage the orations

of that father of eloquence; and his treatises of antiquity are read less now, only on account of their being replaced by more modern works, which are indebted to him for some of the most valuable of their contents.

Aldus Manutius, son of Paulus, the last of this illustrious family shines with less splendour in the list of renowned printers. Indeed, it may be said, without injustice towards him, that if he had not been the son of Paulus Manutius, if he had not succeeded to the excellent Aldine press, it would seldom be remembered that he had ever been a printer; but if his inclination gave a different direction to his pursuits and studies, if even he did not in any thing equal his father and grandfather, his numerous works, nevertheless, prove that he was industrious and learned, and justify, to a certain degree, the elogiums bestowed upon him by many of his cotemporaries.

The history of these three learned printers has never been completely written, although many biographers give a longer or shorter account of them. All those who have spoken of the state of literature during the sixteenth century, could not but mention with distinction the Aldine family among its greatest ornaments. But the passages which we find in De Thou, and many less celebrated authors, are rather testimonies of esteem, than historical relations, and are by no means sufficient to make these printers known, as they deserve to be, by every friend of literature.

In the last century, Unger, in Germany, Zeno, at Florence, Manni, at Venice, Lazzeri, at Rome, and Maittaire and Tiraboschi, left accounts, more or less detailed, of one or other of the three Aldi. The first of these writers, Unger, who published his work in 1729, has loaded it with digressions foreign to the subject, which necessarily render it, on the whole, uninteresting and forbidding. Geret, who reprinted this work at Wittemburg, 1753, in quarto, has added notes, correcting many errours, and supplying many omissions, but these only serve to render it more confused. The catalogue of the Aldine editions, found in these two publications is likewise so incorrect, that it is altogether useless.

Manni has given his work a more historical form; it is therefore read with greater interest than the unconnected, tedious, paragraphs of the German author. Like Unger, he has written only of the elder Aldus; his account of the Aldine editions is very incomplete and has the great fault of containing some vague account of several editions, which have never existed.

Father Lazzeri, who published at Rome, in 1754—58, some account of Paulus Manutius, in the introduction to A Collection of Manuscript Letters of several learned Men, relates, with minute exactness, all which he thought in the least referred to Paulus Manutius. Letters, prefaces, manuscripts, nothing escaped the researches of this laborious jesuit; and if he could have avoided useless details, limited his quotations, and introduced them more appropriately, his work would have been less tedious and much more read.

The best memoir relative to this family, in every respect, that has been published, is that which Apostolo Zeno has given of the younger Aldus, prefixed to "*Epistole famigliari di Cicerone tradotte.*" 1736, 2 vol. 8vo under the title, *Notizie Manuziane*, and without any list of the Aldine editions. By this short piece, as by many others, he has proved that a good writer may treat of literary history in such a manner as to deprive it, in a great degree, of its dryness and dullness; and his bibliographical and critical works are eminently distinguished from all others of the same kind. We are assured that he had written a complete and methodical work upon the three nutii, but that being robbed of it when preparing it for the press, he could never bring himself to resume it.

Cardinal Brienne, who had long laboured to realize his favorite project of an universal library, caused a catalogue of the Aldine editions to be printed at Pisa, in 1790, which he had methodically arranged, with the assistance of P. Laire, his librarian, who died a short time since at Auxerre, where the library of the department of Yonne had been confided to his care. This list, entitled "*Serie dell' edizioni Aldini*," was reprinted the following year, at Padua, with some additions, and in 1791, at Venice, with the profession of "emendations and additions," which, however, exist only in the title page.

These several works, or rather fragments of works, although numerous, are insufficient. The "*Serie*" presents only an uninteresting list, destitute of notes and pre-

liminary observations. As for the other accounts, they are dispersed in many volumes, the greater part of which are not easily obtained, and which few readers would be tempted to collect. Besides, we should search the whole of these writings in vain, for that succession of clear and precise ideas, without which, all reading becomes painful, and remains unprofitable.

It is therefore hoped, that, to those who take an interest in all that concerns literary history,—who love the typographick art, and those labours which tend to preserve and multiply the productions of genius, the following account will prove acceptable and satisfactory.—[*Monthly Magazine.*]

ALDUS MANUTIUS was born either in 1446 or 1447, but more probably in the latter year, at which time the typographical art, still in its infancy, produced only sheets of designs rudely cut in wood, and accompanied by a few lines of description, still more rudely executed, so that the same period which produced this inestimable art, gave birth to one of its greatest improvers and ornaments.

Some have thought he was born at Rome, because in most of his editions he styles himself Aldus Romanus; but in some of them, we find that his native country is positively ascertained. In the "Thesaurus Cornucopiae," 1496, in the first and second volume of Aristo, 1495—97, he calls himself "Manutius Bassianus," from Bassiano, a small town in the duchy of Sermonetta.

Aldus had the misfortune of being placed under the tuition of an ignorant pedagogue, who, instead of skilfully developing the promising talents of his pupil, uselessly fatigued him, by making him learn grammar out of the "Doctrinale Alexandri de Villa-Dei," a dry and abstruse work, written in barbarous verse. Such was the scarcity of elementary books at that time, that those children destined to receive a liberal education, who had not the happiness of being entrusted to the care of a master capable of removing their difficulties, were obliged to study the ridiculous and unintelligible jargon, honoured by the pompous name of the "Doctrinale" Aldus never forgot how much this book had harrassed him; one of his first literary labours, therefore, was the composition of a Latin grammar, which he first printed in 1501, and of which many editions have since appeared, both from his own press, and from many others in different parts of Europe. During the childhood of Aldus, many Latin grammars had been published less exceptionable than that of Villa Dei; but the Accidence of Aldus totally obliterated all remembrance of that contemptible rhapsody. The grammar of Aldus cannot, indeed, boast either the precision or the analytical order of the best of our modern elementary books, but the Dumarsais, the Condillacs, the great men of the Port Royal had not then appeared: here therefore, as in typography, Aldus has the undoubted merit, of being almost the first, who, by his labours, enabled those that followed him to succeed still better.

He quitted this ignorant master, and came to Rome, to receive lessons of Gaspar de Verona, and of Domizio Calderino, of the same city, both celebrated professors of the Belles-lettres, under whom he made the most rapid progress. He cherished a grateful remembrance of their attentions to him, and in several of his prefaces, he gives them testimonies of his great esteem and veneration.

His first studies seem to have been confined to the Latin language, and it was not till he arrived at years of maturity that he applied to Greek. At the time of his leaving Rome in order to return to Ferrara, he took lessons of the celebrated

G.-Batt. Guarini, who there filled the Greek chair in so distinguished a manner. We may judge what progress he made under the care of this able master by his numerous Greek editions, and by his Grammar of that language, which is still studied with much advantage.

He was the literary tutor of Albertus Pius, prince of Carpi, and, though young, discharged that important office, in such a manner as fixed the reputation both of the master and his pupil.

In 1482, Ferrara being besieged by the Venetian army, Aldus quitted that city and retired to Mirandola, the residence of the celebrated Johannes Picus.

Some time afterwards he went to Carpi, to reside near his pupil Albertus Pius. Picus soon joined their society, and it is probable, that, in the literary conferences of these scholars, the project was first formed for the establishment of an excellent printing-office, which should principally be designed to give correct and elegant editions of the best Greek and Latin authors; and in all probability, these two princes, so ardently attached to literature, defrayed the first expenses of this establishment, as the circumstances of Aldus did not enable him to undertake it alone.

Venice appeared to him, from its reigning taste for literature and the arts, the most suitable place for the execution of his favourite plan. He repaired thither in 1488, according to his own account, in his preface to "Aristotelis Organum," fol. 1495, in which he says he had been seven years employed in the arduous undertaking of establishing a press. His first publication was the small poem of Musæus, which he printed in Greek and Latin, in 4to. 1494. This first edition was succeeded by the Greek Grammar of Lascaris, in 4to. published also in 1494.

In 1495, he published a collection of Grammatical treatises by Theodorus, Apollonius and Herodianus, and applied himself diligently in collecting, comparing, and correcting the writings of Aristotle, which had never been published in Greek, although many Latin editions of them had appeared in the 15th century. The first volume of this important work appeared in 1495; it was completed in 1498, and its masterly execution placed Aldus very high both as a printer and as an editor.

During this period he was not employed with the works of Aristotle alone; many other interesting editions issued from his press; in which the just taste which directed his choice is eminently conspicuous. The cotemporary printers, whether at Venice or elsewhere, misled by the prevailing taste of that age, or yielding to interest, printed only books of jurisprudence, or scholastick and mystical works; and very few good ones of ancient literature and philosophy. It was reserved for the genius of Aldus to change this system, and to give a new direction to the press, which from that period produced less scholastick trash; and nothing proved more efficacious towards renewing the universal study of ancient literature, than the resolution of this man, who devoted his whole life to republish its principal works. The writings of Aristotle, Plato, Xenophon, Homer, &c. &c. which had been hitherto confined to a few learned men, and possessed by few libraries, were thus placed within the reach of every reader.

After having published a collection of Greek editions, for the execution of which he had so much desired the establishment of a press, he employed himself with the literary

master-pieces of ancient and modern Rome: and the classical works which he intended to publish in that language, were preceded by a Latin Grammar of his own. That his works might be read by others as well as scholars by profession, and not at the desk alone, or in libraries, he formed the excellent design of printing a collection of classicks, in 8vo (Enchiridii forma) which, in one convenient, cheap, and portable volume, should contain almost as much as a quarto, or a folio. To attain this end, he at first invented a type, the idea of which we are assured was suggested by the writing of Petrarca, and concerting with Francis de Bologna, a skilful engraver, who had drawn and engraved all the other types belonging to his press, he caused him to execute this well known italick, the first which was ever made of the kind, and which for a long time was called "Aldino," from his name.

In 1501, appeared his Virgil, in 8vo. the first book printed in the new type, which was soon generally used. This little italick of Aldus, so different from the Gothick or Semigothick, caused a revolution in the press. Patents for the exclusive use of it were granted to Aldus for ten years, in 1502, by the senate of Venice; and, in the same year, by Pope Alexander VI. This patent was renewed for fifteen years by Julius II. in 1513, and again by Leo. X. in the following November; and besides these patents for his type, Aldus obtained others, for his numerous editions.

From the year 1502, some printers at Lyons counterfeited the 8vo. editions of Aldus, in Latin and Italian, as they were published. These appeared successively, Virgil, Horace, Dante, Petrarca, Juvenal, and Persius, Martial, Lucan, Ovid, &c. &c. These editions of the same form, printed in a neat, though rather *heavy* italic, were without date, and without any kind of mark; but every thing was copied in them, even the prefaces which Aldus, or his editors, generally placed at the beginning of them.

During the years 1501-2-3-4-5, the Aldine press was constantly employed, and successively published the best Greek, Latin and Italian authors; and each month produced at least a volume either in folio or octavo. "Mille et amplius alicujus boni autoris volumina singulo quoque mense emittimus ex Academia nostra," he says in his preface to Euripides, 8vo. 1503.

Every thing in these books was excellent; as to their literary merit, they were master pieces: and typographically examined, the composition will be found to be even and well displayed, the press-work of a fine colour, and almost always uniform; the ink of so excellent a quality, that it still retains all the brilliancy of its varnish, and is far superiour in this respect, to that of the rivals of the Aldi, the Giunti of Florence, who printed upon paper, made with too little size, and with a gray ink, and so bad, that after three centuries, it still sets off under the binder's hammer.

Aldus was conscious that the task, which he had imposed upon himself, exceeded the powers of one man, and that his most assiduous labours were not sufficient for the collation and correction of so many different texts, which were almost all published from very faulty manuscripts.

Well knowing the extent of his undertaking, and too modest to wish to seem to do all by himself, he was soon surrounded by the most learned men of his age, who emulously lent their assistance in opening the sanc-

tuary of letters, and in rendering it accessible to every reader. Some, solely for the pleasure of serving their friend, seconded him in his useful and important labours; others received some pecuniary recompence; some even lived in his house free from all expense.

This society of distinguished men was called "Aldi Neacademia," for which name it was was indebted to Aldus. At fixed periods, all the members assembled at his house, to discuss interesting literary questions, and particularly to consider of the best choice of books to be printed, of manuscripts to be consulted, and which readings of doubtful passages were to be preferred. This academy, established about the year 1500, was of short duration, yet during the period of its existence, it was of great utility to literature. As it was merely an association of learned men, and not a regular establishment (in which vacancies could easily be replaced,) it naturally soon dissolved by the death and dispersion of its members. Aldus preserved an ardent desire to form a new society of the same kind; but he died without having realized his favourite project.

Amongst the number of learned men, who seconded the exertions of Aldus, were Andrea Navagero, a Venetian senator; Pietro Bembo, afterwards cardinal; Daniello Rinieri, Marino Saunto, and Angelo Saunto, Venetian senators; Pietro Alcionio; G B. Egnatio, professor of eloquence at Venice; Marcus Musurus; Albertus Pius, prince of Carpi; Demetrius Chalcondylus, Girol, Aleandro, and Erasmus.——The acquaintance between this eminent scholar and Aldus, commenced in a singular manner. Erasmus, being at Bologna, with the intention of publishing his collection of Adages, wrote to Aldus, requesting him to print it. Aldus was gratified by the proposition. Erasmus having arrived at Venice, his first care was to visit the learned printer: a stranger, and consequently unknown to the domesticks of Aldus, it was some time before he was introduced. Aldus, engaged in his office, was in no haste to admit this visitor, who he thought might be some troublesome person of the city. At length, informed it was Erasmus, he flew to intreat his pardon, and received him as a man, for whom he already entertained the highest respect.

He without delay set about printing the collection of Adages; in the preface to which, he says, that he had deferred many Greek and Latin authors, to publish this excellent work more expeditiously.

The assistance of so many learned men, contributed to the perfection of the Aldine editions; and far from diminishing the glory of the conductor of these difficult labours, it rendered it more permanent. The publick well know where to bestow its patronage; and whilst it distinguished the learned editors, who rendered the reading the master pieces of ancient literature more easy, it neglected not the laborious and enlightened printer, who, himself an excellent editor, directed every work, and contributed so effectually to its proper execution.

Aldus was careful to render every one his tribute of grateful praise. His prefaces mention with distinction, those who assisted him, or those to whom he was indebted for more correct or unedited manuscripts. As he did much himself, he was not ashamed of being under obligations to others.

To the printing of Greek, Latin and Italian books, he wished to add that of works in the Hebrew language. He had already given in

the Latin Grammar of 1501, his "Introductio perbrevis ad Hebraicam Linguam," which was often reprinted with this grammar and with that of Lascaris. This first attempt was only the prelude to a far more extensive and highly important undertaking. He was desirous of giving the text of the Holy Scriptures in three languages, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, (in three columns,) of a folio size. In one of his letters written at Venice, 1501, to Currado Celta, and to Vincenzio Longino, he says; "Vetus et novum Testamentum Graece, Latine et Hebraice nondum impressi, sed parturio." Of this important project he executed only one proof sheet, of which a copy (perhaps the only one which has escaped destruction) is preserved amongst the manuscripts in the National Library of France; it possesses great beauty, and it is much to be lamented, that the disturbed state of those times, and the cavils, which, Aldus says, were raised against him by the envious, prevented his realizing this project of being the first composer of a polyglot Bible; he would have surpassed, both in elegance and correctness, that which was printed at Complutum in 1514-15-17, by the labours, and at the expense of the learned Cardinal Ximenes, who was perhaps indebted to the proof-sheet of Aldus for the first idea of bringing together the Holy-Scripture in several different languages upon a single page.

About the year 1500, Aldus married the daughter of Andrea Torresano, a native of Asola, who had been a printer for twenty years at Venice, with some reputation. Aldus received pecuniary assistance from his father-in-law, who, being more opulent, furnished him with the means of extending his concerns.

In 1506, the war which desolated part of Europe, and particularly Italy, obliged Aldus to quit Venice, and consequently to suspend the labours of his press. He had been deprived of considerable property, and this year was employed in endeavours to recover it; but his exertions were fruitless, and as he was returning to Venice from Milan, to which place he had been called by several learned men, he had the ill fortune to be stopped by a party of the Duke of Mantua's soldiers, who, believing him to be some spy, or at least a suspicious character, conducted him to a prison at Canetto, a town in the duchy of Mantua. Through the kindness and intercession of Jaffredo Caralo, vice chancellor of the senate of Milan, who was one of those that had entreated him to visit that city, he was quickly released, and procured the restoration of a part of his property.

It is probable that the loss of the greatest part of his possessions, and the inconvenience, which so long an absence occasioned, were the principal causes of his associating with Andrea of Asola, whose pecuniary assistance was become more necessary than ever. In 1507 he resumed his labours, but under the embarrassments, which want of money must have produced; the year after, his father-in-law relieved his distress by taking a part in his business.

In the years 1510 and 1511, no Aldine edition appeared. The disastrous war, which so many potentates of Europe were carrying on against the republick of Venice, caused this long interval. His office was at length re-opened in 1512, the year when his third son, Paulus Manutius, was born, "Pridie Idus Junii." He had three other children; the eldest, Manutio de' Manutii, was a priest and lived at Asola,

on the family estate, beloved by his brother Paulus, who frequently neglected the labours of his press, to visit him. The second son, Anthony, cultivated letters, and if not a printer, as some have asserted, was at least a bookseller at Bologna, where he published several editions, and died in that city, in 1558 or 1559. We are ignorant of the dates of their births, and of that of a daughter of Aldus, whose name is likewise unknown, and concerning whom we are only informed by a letter of Paulus Manutius, that she married Julio Catone, of Mantua, and had a son of the same name. The name of the wife of Aldus is also unknown.

Aldus published many editions in 1513 and 1514; he was preparing a greater number, when in 1515 death snatched him away from literature and from his family, at the age of 70. His four children, who were under age, were educated by their mother at Asola, under the guardianship of their grandfather who took the direction of the printing office, and conducted it together with his sons Francesco, and Federico, until his death in 1529.

We can scarcely form an idea of the ardent passion, with which Aldus engaged in the reproduction of the great works of ancient literature. At this period of the revival of letters, and of the infancy of typography, most of the best ancient authors were not yet reprinted, and were consequently scarce and excessively expensive. If Aldus dicovered any manuscript, still unedited, or which might improve a text already printed, he suffered it not to escape him. He spared no expense, solicitation, or trouble; and he had the satisfaction of seeing, that exertions were made by the learned men of his time, to gratify his wishes, by bringing within his reach, frequently without solicitation on his part, such excellent manuscripts, as might assist his labours.

Independently of all that he did, both as a printer and an editor, besides the prefaces and dissertations written in exceeding good Latin, and some in Greek, which he placed at the beginning of his editions, Aldus has left many works to establish his literary reputation. In 1501, he published his Latin Grammar, which, though not the first that appeared, as Sallengre and some others have asserted, was certainly the best and most useful of any, which had till that time been published.—The Greek Grammar, which long engaged his attention, ought to have appeared before the Latin one; but he did not completely finish it, and it did not appear till after his death in 1515, when it was revised and published by his friend M. Musuro.

To his second edition of Horace, he prefixed an excellent treatise, "de metris Horatianis," the knowledge of which, was not till that time sufficiently precise or determined. He displayed so much learning in this little work, that it has since been reprinted several times, even in the course of the last century, and particularly in the large edition of Dr. Combe, in 1792.

His promise of giving some notes on Oppian and Virgil he did not fulfil.——His first work was the Greek Alphabet, printed in 1495, as a supplement to the Greek Grammar of Lascaris. This was afterwards published with some additions, along with his introduction to the study of the Hebrew language.—A more important work is his Greek and Latin Dictionary, printed first in 1497, folio, with several curious short tracts on grammar, and afterwards in 1524, folio, with

a large number of these curious tracts, and many additions in the body of the dictionary, supplied by the care of Frederick d'Asola.

This book, which has been succeeded by many other better, and more complete lexicons, is now only considered as a typographical curiosity; but we ought to recollect the time in which it was printed, and not forget that it was the first vocabulary of the Greek language, fit for the use of learners.

Aldus translated into Latin the Greek Grammar of Lascaris, the Batrachomyomachia, attributed to Homer, the sentences of Phocylides, and the Golden Verses, which are ascribed to Pythagoras. The Latin version of Esop, and of Gabrias, printed in his very scarce folio edition of 1505, is likewise his work, as well as the Life of Aratus, which is printed in the Collection of ancient Astronomers, 1499, folio.—There is also a tract of his "De vitiata Vocalium, et Diphthongorum Prolatione," which is found with the work of his grandson, "Orthographiae Ratio," 1566, 8vo. In "Rei rusticae Auctores" printed in 1514 and in 1533, there is also a small work of six pages, "De duobus Dierum Generibus."

In his Statius, printed in 1502, and again in 1519, is a tract by him, entitled, "Orthographia et flexus dictionum Græcarum omnium apud Statium, cum accentibus et generibus ex variis utriusque linguae autoribus," with a preface to M. Musurus, in which he thanks him for the assistance which he had afforded him, in completing this little work, and he adds: "Non est moris nostri fraudare quenquam laude." He also wrote a Life of Ovid, "ex ipsius libris excerpta," prefixed to the volume of Metamorphoses, edit. 1502, and at the beginning of the "Libri Amatorii," in the two following editions of 1515—16, 1533—34.

The edition of 1502, contains some notes upon Ovid; but they were not preserved in two following ones. Of the vast number of letters, occasioned by the correspondence, which he maintained with most of the learned men in Europe, only a few have been published. Many of these unedited letters, both publick and private, are still preserved in the libraries of Italy.

It seems incredible that Aldus could attend, at one time, to so many different pursuits. Immediately on his arrival at Venice, he undertook to read and explain, publickly, the best Greek and Latin authors, to a numerous assembly of young auditors; and for several years he continued these publick lectures, even at the time when his press most claimed his attention.

His reputation surrounded him with a crowd of visitors, some of whom were attracted by his intelligent conversation; whilst others were merely desirous of gratifying idle curiosity. Though Aldus was universally esteemed, and enjoyed a justly acquired reputation, he was not placed beyond the reach of criticism; some errours have been discovered in his editions. About the end of the fifteenth century, the learned and unfortunate professor at Bologna, Urceus Codrus, who died in 1500, complained of the errours which Aldus had left uncorrected in his Greek editions; he likewise blames him for selling his books so dear, and for leaving such large and useless margins. But as the works of Aldus were well printed, upon excellent paper, they were certainly of more value than the inaccurate editions of many of his contemporaries; and the little property which

he left to his children, proves the injustice of the reproach. Gruter, in his Observations upon Pliny's Letters, complains that Aldus has given too much licence to his conjectures. J. A. Ernesti, in the preface to his excellent edition of Homer, 1759–64, 5 vols. 8vo pretends that the three Aldine editions of Homer, and particularly the last, were very incorrect. In the preface to his Tacitus, he goes still farther: "Observatum est a viris doctis Aldum sæpe priores editiones non auxisse, nisi vitiis operarum." These complaints may in some measure be retaliated, for the Homer of this learned editor is not exempt from faults; his Tacitus, valuable as it may be, is far from correct; and his edition of the Latin Bibliotheca of Fabricius, 1773—74, 3 vols 8vo. is so faulty, that in the use of it much discretion is necessary. It is certainly true, that the Greek editions of Aldus are generally less correct than his Latin or Italian ones; it is also true, that he has not always been happy in the choice of his readings, and that some of his editions are not printed from a correct text; that of the lesser works of Plutarch, 1509, folio, is not good, but he wanted better materials. The edition of Lucian, 1503, folio, must be admitted to be far inferiour to that of Florence, 1496: but to judge impartially, the state of ancient literature at that time should be considered When Aldus was able to collect different manuscripts, he compared them with each other; but he was very often obliged to print from imperfect and mutilated copies. Ought he, as he possessed only one bad manuscript of Hesychius, to have determined not to publish that excellent Lexicon, the only existing copy of which so many unforeseen accidents might have destroyed? How many works of antiquity would have been lost, if the first, perhaps almost unintelligible fragments, which were discovered in the dust of old libraries, had not been printed without loss of time.

Typographical correctness certainly depends upon the printer; but it is generally found, that this is more difficult to be obtained in Greek editions, than in works written in a language more generally known. Let these slight errours be compared with all the important labours of Aldus, and let it be recollected, that some few of the great works, or some brilliant actions, of celebrated men are frequently mentioned, whilst the rest of their lives and writings are passed over in silence; whereas all the numerous editions of Aldus have been critically examined in order that a few faults might be detected, which should justify the censures of the critick; notwithstanding which, Aldus is justly and universally considered as deserving of the first rank in the list of printers either ancient or modern.

The Aldine editions, and particularly the Greek ones, have been frequently consulted by the first editors, in preference to later ones; as can be shewn amongst many other authorities, by that of the learned Brunck. In his Greek editions of Aristophanes, and of Sophocles, &c. he gives to those of Aldus unqualified praise, and declares them to be the foundation of every future edition. The fault, of which Aldus has been accused, of taking too great license in his corrections, might be imputed more justly to his immediate successors. Andrea of Asola, and his two sons, who though also learned, were much less skilful, and have given more than one inferiour edition, particularly in Greek.

The Oppian of 1517, and some other of their works, are proofs that if they had not succeeded Aldus, they would not have been considered as eminent printers. Their editions, however, are not to be contemned; and with the exception of a few, they merit the attention of the learned, whilst their great rarity and splendid execution render them valuable to the admirers of ancient literature.

Amongst those who consult the Aldine editions, some exclusively prefer those of the elder Aldus; others admit the authority of those published previous to the year 1529, the period of the death of Andrea of Asola; but a greater number, independently of the great value which they attach to almost all the editions published during the thirty three first years, esteem most of those also of Paulus Manutius, and a few only of those by the younger Aldus, and those afterwards printed, previous to the year 1597, (when the younger Aldus died) with the Aldine anchor, and in the same office by Nic. Manassi. The editions of the elder Aldus are undoubtedly scarcer than those of a more recent date; they are frequently better printed, and upon excellent paper; they have also this singular advantage, that being printed from manuscripts, which are since lost, they, in a great measure, supply their place, and are more faithful copies of them, than the editions of the fifteenth century, most of which were published by less learned editors; yet the early Aldine editions seldom contain a text more carefully revised than the subsequent ones.

The editions of the latter years of Paulus Manutius, and of his son, the younger Aldus, are far less valuable, both on account of the want of typographical neatness and accuracy; they also too frequently bear evident marks of the parsimony with which they were brought out.

Before the time of Aldus, the Greek characters, confined to some few offices, were rudely cut and ill-formed; Aldus, was the first, who examining with attention the form of the letters of the best ancient manuscripts, furnished his office with a letter more pleasing to the eye; from which, with some few corrections, all the best Greek types have since been formed. As to the Roman type, it is well known that Jenson and Vindelin de Spire, after having used the round letters, which founded their reputation, till the year 1472, were obliged to resume both Gothick and Semi-Gothick characters, to suit the great number of readers, accustomed to the use of ancient manuscripts; most of the Germans also prefer even now the rude shape of this Gothick, to the neater and more elegant Roman letter. Aldus would admit no Gothick among his types; he constantly endeavoured to imitate manuscripts; that is those in the best running hand, which suggested to him the idea of the Italick character. His Roman letters were cast nearly in the form which was at first adopted by Vindelin de Spire. The two first alphabets were very imperfect, but the third is excellent, and far superiour, of its kind, to many modern ones.

Having furnished his office with a numerous assortment of excellent Greek and Latin types, and having put it in full activity, he thought it right to adopt a particular mark for his house, to decorate the first or last page of his books, and frequently both. This mark, well known to be an anchor, surrounded by a dolphin, is justly celebrated in the annals of typography, under the

name of the Aldine anchor. It is perhaps the best chosen mark which any printer ever adopted, and it is particularly suitable to him, who first determined that it should decorate his editions. The dolphin intimates swiftness, on account of the rapidity, with which it cuts the water. The anchor, on the contrary, is a mark of stability and firmness; which justly indicates, that in the prosecution of any pursuit, unceasing labour is necessary, united with deliberate reflection; a due degree of consideration in the formation of plans, but great celerity in their execution is well expressed by the Latin adage 'Festina lente.' To the anchor was attached his name divided. This mark was long employed exactly as Aldus had at first formed it. His sons having, in 1540, separated from those of Andrea, did not immediately change it; and with their new formula, 'apud Aldi filios,' they were satisfied with a fresh engraving of the ancient anchor. At length, in 1546, its simple form underwent a considerable change, in which the words, 'Aldi filii,' were substituted for 'Aldus.'

The greater part of the books, printed from the year 1546 to 1554, bear this new mark, which Paulus Manutius disused in 1555, probably at the period when he became sole master of the office. He afterwards resumed the simple anchor, which in the following years he sometimes surrounded with an oval ornament.

The younger Aldus, dissatisfied with his cousin's adopting the same mark, distinguished his editions by a very complicated one, and on the back of the leaf, he sometimes added the portrait of his grandfather, with a notice, that the edition was really Manutian; sometimes also, instead of the anchor, he affixed this portrait of the elder Aldus to the title page. His own is placed upon the title page of "Pauli Manutii Antiquitatum Liber de Senatu, 1581, 4to."

The anchor of Aldus attracted the attention of many printers, some of whom were desirous of enhancing the value of their editions, by placing in them, either the exact copy of this mark, or some one similar. Others less scrupulous forged it, and endeavoured to publish their editions as from the Aldine press. This mark of Aldus, with a few alterations, has frequently been adopted, by different printers, in the list of whom might be mentioned, Thierry Martin, Nicolas le Riche; at Venice, Hieronimo Scoto; at Brescia, Francesco and Pietro-Maria Marchetti; at Geneva, Jean Crespin and Eustache Vignon, &c. &c. &c.

Such are the principal events in the life of Aldus the Elder, a man whose classical knowledge and critical skill were surpassed only by his unwearied exertions, and continued labours, in the cause of literature. These ensured him reputation and distinction whilst living, nor is it at all likely, that the deserved veneration which has so long been attached to his name, will be lost or even impaired, while classical literature shall possess one sincere votary.

For the Anthology.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE 35th REMARKER.

Sir,

I CANNOT sufficiently admire your disinterestedness; that when, as you gravely tell us, you have already produced an ode superiour to Gray's on Spring, you should yet be willing to reduce the estimation in which he is held, purely out of regard to the interests of literature. Indeed, Sir, I fear that the publick will not be so impartial either toward Gray, or his imitator.

The relative merit of this poet is a mere question of taste. I am charged, however, with having misrepresented Dr. Johnson; and this is a question of fact. If it was extravagant to assert, that he found *nothing* in Collins, but clusters of consonants, let us see what he allows him beside. He acknowledges, forsooth, that "his mind was *not deficient* in fire;" (admirable parsimony of doubtful praise!) and that "his *efforts* produced in *happier* moments, sublimity and splendour." The Doctor, lest he should be betrayed into excessive commendation, has contrived to bestow even this penurious praise on qualities, which Collins hardly possessed. Neither sublimity nor splendour is characteristick of Collins, but a delicacy of imagery, a tenderness, melancholy, and abstract elegance of sentiment, which Johnson was either unable, or unwilling to observe.

When I ventured to say, that "if Pindar and Horace were poets, so too is Gray," it was not, as you seem to think, because they all wrote odes; but, as I attempted to show in the course of the essay, because they all have the same beauties, and, if you choose, the same faults. That there are no obscurities in either of them, which can long delay a reader of taste or attention, I am willing to believe; but that they have every where shades of meaning, and refinements of expression, the full beauty of which never reaches the sense of careless or vulgar minds, you love poetry I hope too well to deny. Thus in the Greek poet, whom Gray has imitated in the passage quoted, the phrase "the light of love shines on her purple cheeks" is poetical enough; but Gray though not more obscure, is, I will venture to say, far more poetical. For in describing a goddess what is there unnatural or far-fetched in supposing the light, which encircles the features of this celestial being, to be tinged with the purple glow, which love diffuses over her cheeks? You may say, that this is to write like nobody but Gray. His admirers would not murmur if it were so; but they are reminded of Virgil—

> Namque ipsa decorem
> Cæsariem nato genitrix, *lumenque juventæ*
> *Purpureum*, & lætos oculis afflarat honores,
> ÆN. I. 594.

To defend the opinion of Burke would lead me into a discussion too long and metaphysical, as well as remote from the criticism expected in an essay. If you have lately read

the last part of his treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful, and have examined the examples which he has there adduced, I must be allowed to wonder, that you should yet maintain that the *strength* of the impression, which we receive from poetical language always depends upon the exactness of the images conveyed. In lyrick poetry this is seldom the case; because this kind of poetry is chiefly employed about ideas generated within the mind, if the expression may be allowed, and consequently always in some degree obscure to those, whose intellects have not been exercised in similar contemplations. It is the character of this kind of poetry "to give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name;" and the force of the words used, often depends upon some fine associations and remote sympathies, with which the canvas has nothing to do. What is there absurd or unphilosophical in supposing, that an abstract word may excite a train of delicate and poetical associations in the mind, so as to affect it with sensible emotion, without presenting a definite picture? The reading of every man will furnish him with instances.*

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* A passage from Burke may be opposed to the *assertion* of your anonymous reviewer of his treatise.

"By words we have it in our power to make such *combinations* as we cannot possibly do otherwise. By this power of combining we are able, by the addition of well chosen circumstances, to give a new life and force to the simple object. In painting we may represent any fine figure we please; but we never can give it those enlivening touches which it may receive from words. To represent an angel in a picture, you can only draw a beautiful young man winged: but what painting can furnish any thing so grand as the addition of one word, "the angel of the *Lord*?" It is true, I have here no clear idea; but these words affect the mind more than the sensible image did; which is all I contend for. A picture of Priam dragged to the altar's foot, and there murdered, if it were well executed, would undoubtedly be very moving; but there are aggravating circumstances, which it could never represent:

Sanguine fœdantem quos ipse sacraverat ignes.

As a further instance, let us consider those lines of Milton, where he describes the travels of the fallen angels through their dismal habitation:

——O'er many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous;
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp;
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
A universe of death.

Here is displayed the force of union in

Rocks, caves, lakes, dens, bogs, fens, and shades:

which yet would lose the greatest part of the effect, if they were not the

Rocks, caves, lakes, dens, bogs, fens, and shades——of Death.

This idea or this affection caused by a word, which nothing but a word could annex to the others, raises a very great degree of the sublime; and this sublime is raised yet higher by what follows, a "*universe of Death.*" Here are again two ideas not presentable but by language; and an union of them great and amazing beyond conception; if they may properly be called ideas which present no distinct image to the mind; but still it will be difficult to conceive how words can move the passions, which belong to real objects, without representing these objects clearly. This is difficult to us, because we do not sufficiently distinguish, in our observations upon language, between a clear expression, and a strong expression."

In illustration of these remarks let us read again the lines which I quoted, where Gray pourtrays the queen of the loves.

O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young desire and purple light of love.

Now the emotion which this picture excites, results not merely from the images of *touch* and *motion*, conveyed by the epithets *warm* cheek, and *rising* bosom, which are of course inapplicable to the canvas; but from the charming associations enveloped in the phrases of the second line, including ideas of youth, health, fragrance, lightness, ardour, grace, and lustre, with which this celestial being is instantly encircled in the imagination of every reader of taste and feeling.

If you seriously inquire for the propriety or meaning of the epithet *liquid* in the line you have quoted, you will see, by reading the language of the aërial forms in the next stanza, that it means smooth, melodious, worthy of the skies; and this indeed is neither remarkably poetical, nor is it vulgar. But what shall we think of that criticism, which, to depreciate the force of Gray's numbers, resorts to examples taken from the little jeu d'esprit on the drowning of a cat, and searches several odes for false rhymes, when more than half as many may be produced from the single ode of Dryden on Alexander's feast. Once more; either you or I have mistaken the mode of referring to the ode on the progress of poesy; for the passage to which I referred is the third stanza of the first ternary, and not of the third; which you may still think however no better than doggerel. There are some ears, which cannot distinguish between a jig and the movements in an oratorio; or, in American phrase, between Old Hundred and Yankee Doodle.

The admirers of Gray will not only consent to be laughed at, but will even join in the laugh, when you shall produce your parody of the Bard. But they are not now first to learn that the highest sublimity is most susceptible of being burlesqued. Even the passage in Genesis, which extorted the admiration of Longinus, might be "successfully imitated," at least in his own opinion, by the man, who should say, "make a fire in my chamber, and the fire was made." You have closed your letter with a benevolent wish, which I beg leave to reciprocate with a little variation; that instead of employing your acknowledged talents as a poet, in burlesque imitations of Gray, you would have the goodness to give us an ode equal to the Bard.

THE AUTHOR OF THE REMARKER, NO. 34.

For the Anthology.

REMARKER, No. 36.

. . . . Dicenda tacendaque calles?

A DESCRIPTION of the several classes of talkers, as in a former number of the different kinds of thinkers, might afford the readers of the Remarker no small share of entertainment. The man who spends his breath *gratis*, when he has nothing to say; the polite, who thinks it necessary to fill up, with any refuse from his store-house, every chasm in discourse, from the dread of a chilling pause;

he who is silent on topicks with which he is familiar, and he who aims to be learned on those of which he is ignorant; the long story teller, and the artificial wit, might all have their places assigned in the new classification of talkers. But certain circumstances have led me, instead of a scientifick arrangement and analysis, to offer, in the present number, such loose hints as have occurred to *me*, and have been suggested by *others*.

Taciturnity is often interpreted as a mark of wisdom; and its opposite is estimated according to the ability of the loquacious to please or instruct. It is singular, that we should often discover the most positive significancy in silence, and brand him for a blockhead, who, in his social intercourse, sometimes overleaps the bounds of discretion. A wise man, however, while he is too proud to expose his ignorance, is generally willing to impart his knowledge; and if he become a mere listener, when the discourse turns on subjects that are familiar to him, we are authorised to class him among those captious cynicks, who delight to prey upon the absurdities of mankind. But, there is in some, a reserve that cannot be accounted for, either from pride or affectation; a reserve wholly constitutional, and which, if it can ever be entirely subdued, cannot be overcome without effort. This natural disposition is often cherished and confirmed by habits of seclusion; and hence it is, that we sometimes find the scholar, who has never relished the beauties of ancient or modern literature, except in his study, unable, at the literary fair, to hold competition with those, who have been accustomed to bring their wares to market. Still less can he expect to rival the literary fop, who knows precisely what is in demand, and who, though he has as few changes of dialogue as the finical gentleman has of dress in his wardrobe, is very knowing in what will certainly please.

The Remarker thinks it proper to communicate to his readers, certain complaints, from different correspondents, of the awkward situation, in which they have severally been placed by the pedantry, affectation, or ignorance of those with whom they have occasionally associated.

Mr. Remarker,

I am one of your plain, sedentary scholars, read my Latin and Greek, and am not altogether insensible to the pleasures arising from the study of modern belles-lettres. But I seldom commit to memory the fine sayings of the ancients, and cannot repeat two couplets from any modern poet. What I would chiefly complain of is, that a shallow fellow of my acquaintance, who has procured a *gradus ad sententiolas*, Dodd's beauties of Shakespeare, and several other excellent books to abridge the labour of reading, is continually, wherever I meet with him, interlarding his discourse with passages drawn at second hand from great writers, by means of his *scholar's assistants*. Sometimes he will pretend to forget whence he has procured those treasures, which he lavishes with such profusion. "It is Horace, Sir," he has said to me more than once, when justifying the levities of which he has been guilty, "it is Horace, I think, who says; *dulce est desipere in loco*." "Is it not Virgil, who observes, in speaking of the happiness of agricultural life; *O fortunatos nimium, &c.*" "Juvenal, if I remember rightly, has, what I would apply to this remarkable genius (such for instance as a

juggler or rope dancer,) "*rara avis in terris, &c.*" Such rattle may be very well borne once; but my misfortune is, that, apprehending me to be a scholar, he persecutes me with this same sort of entertainment, in whatever company we meet. It is true, he always gives warning of the attack to be made on my patience; for, like a certain Italian poet I have read of, he invariably has the same exordium Now, Sir, is it right, that these superficial coxcombs, who have acquired a small, jumbled miscellany, should be suffered at pleasure to retail the little stories of their memory to the annoyance of those, who have some relish for the intercommunity of social and literary discourse. The gentleman will probably know this sketch of his picture; though he has set for it so often, that it might have been drawn much nearer to perfection. With this conviction, I shall neither expose his name, nor subscribe my own.

Yours, &c.

To the Remarker.

Sir,

I am a widowed lady, who have been persuaded by my female friends, to send my daughter to a boarding school, to learn what are called the accomplishments. I had the good fortune to receive a tolerable education under the care of my parents; but I was utterly astonished at the novelty, exhibited by the directress of the institution, in the use of terms and in the application of her knowledge. At my first interview, she placed such a host of "tall opaque words" between me and her meaning, that I was more than once on the point of making my escape. Having occasion to speak of some of that class of misses, commonly called romps, and the vexation they caused her, she exclaimed with infinite dignity, "O, that I could revive the *ostracism!*" In relating to me the stupidity of a pupil in performing a problem on the globe, she burst into a sublime apostrophe to the immortal Newton, and lamented that prodigious disparity of intellect, in consequence of which, few could learn even a small portion of all that he discovered.

I am no enemy, Sir, to a modest display of the little learning that our sex is permitted to acquire; but I would pray to be delivered from such a wanton misapplication of it, as I have witnessed in the lady I have mentioned. In truth nothing is more disgusting to those of either sex, who have any knowledge or taste, than a female pedant. She is entitled to more praise, who applies her philosophy to improvements in domestick economy, than the woman, who acquires just learning enough to expose herself to the ridicule of a satirist; who stores her memory with trite axioms of the ancients, which she finds in magazines, with the history of institutions for which she makes some absurd parallels; or with that mere scum of science, which serves only to excite the contempt of the learned.

I am, Sir, Yours,

Sophia.

My friend Mythologos has examined every niche in the Pantheon, and is perfectly acquainted with the genealogy of every God and Goddess acknowledged by the ancients. He often complains of the ignorance of his associates in the fabulous history of Greece and Rome, and has more than once felt a glow of shame upon his cheek for the ludicrous blunders he has witnessed. The following letter to the Remarker shews how much a man of his sensi-

bility is wounded by that stupidity, which, to ordinary men, is a source of diversion.

Sir,

I was the other day paying a visit to a good neighbour of mine, who had a son just returned from college. The young gentleman took the liberty to compliment his sisters by telling them they were "the very pictures of Hygeia herself." The father, not willing to appear ignorant of that personage, said, hastily, "Ah, that was the fellow that had a hundred heads!" "Oh, no my dear," replied his gentle wife, "that monster was the Hydra." My good humoured friend was by no means discomposed, and contented himself with exclaiming, "How much education is improved since my time!" It may not be entirely useless to give this a place in one of your future numbers. It may tend to check some in the impertinent and ill-timed use of what learning they have, and prevent those who have none, from a needless and ridiculous confession of their ignorance.

I am, Sir,
Yours, &c.
Mythologos.

It is not the pedantick, the superficial, and the ignorant only, who evince sometimes that they know not when to speak, and when to be silent. There is a sort of men in all professions, who are desirous of appearing to be profound in every thing. You will sometimes hear a lawyer or physician imparting to divines what he considers a novel explanation of a text of scripture, with which the mere *catechumen* in biblical criticism is better acquainted than he; and the clergyman laying down with no small parade political axioms, as trite as the common appellations of contending parties. Such men, in their particular vocations, where they excel, are very calm and unobtrusive, and are willing to see their inferiours contending for victory. But bring them to the ground where their competency is questionable, to a contest in which they are thought to have an inferiour, or at most but an equal chance for the prize, and, no longer remaining careless spectators, they enter the lists with all the zeal of youthful combatants.

This is a topick on which the Remarker might enlarge; but he has answered the intention of this number, if he have brought into view, by the aid of his correspondents, without aiming at personality, certain characters who shall recognise themselves, and take a friendly hint. Advice, though when administered gratuitously to individuals it is seldom palateable, when offered at random, can neither be offensive in itself, nor impertinent in him who bestows it.

The Remarker, therefore, would recommend to all gentlemen who are in the habit of enlivening every subject with a quotation, to repeat, according to the best of their recollection, and seldom to appeal to another for their verbal correctness, for the work whence the passage is taken, or the name of the author. His fair sisters he would guard equally against an excessive or affected timidity in the use of their knowledge, and a needless, pedantick display of it. The ignorant he would advise to listen with apparent wisdom to the learned; and the learned to acknowledge, what may otherwise be discovered to their mortification, that in some things they have their superiours.

For the Anthology.

ORIGINAL LETTERS;

From an AMERICAN TRAVELLER in EUROPE, to his friends in this country.

LETTER TWENTY-FIRST.

Rome, February 25, 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAD commenced in my last letter a short topographical description of modern Rome. I have spoken of its size, its surface, and general form and appearance. Something has been said also of its mountains, or rather as we should call them, hills.

The Monte Celio, or Mons Celius, is no otherwise remarkable at the present day, than as being the scite of the famous church of St. John in Laterano, the second church of Rome in point of splendour, and the oldest in Christendom as the catholicks pretend. Whatever may be the justice of its pretensions in this respect, they are so far admitted by the Apostolick see, that the ceremony of the induction of the pope is always performed in this church, to the great prejudice of its proud sister, St Peter's.

In the early ages of Rome, this mountain was called the mountain of Oaks, on account of its being covered with a thick forest; it is said to have derived its present name from Celius, who, according to Tacitus, brought succours to Tarquin the ancient in his war against the Sabines. It would not be an injury to Rome, if it were again covered with oaks, since it embraces a portion, which is among the most deserted, and seems from that cause to cast a gloom over the rest of the city.

The Aventine mount is not worthy of notice on account of any remarkable modern edifices; its extent is very considerable, and its heighth has been as little impaired as any of these famous hills.

The Mons Quirinalis is situated in the most populous part of modern Rome; it is in fact covered with fine streets and magnificent edifices, but it is most distinguished by being the seat of the papal palace, in which the pope always actually resides. Upon occasions of great splendour and solemnity, the Vatican is preferred, but the constant domestick establishment of the pope is at the Quirinal palace. It is a most beautiful and noble hill, and gives an air of grandeur to this city, of which no other city of Europe can boast.

Though the Mons Janiculus was not considered as one of the seven hills, on which ancient Rome was said to have been built, (probably because it was on the opposite side of the river from the others, and rather without the populous part of the city,) yet it always formed, and still forms a very important and interesting portion of the metropolis. It is now inferiour to none of the other hills in point of splendour, since it has the honour to support the incomparable palace of the Vat-

jean, and the metropolitan church of St. Peter's. These edifices, so beautiful, so magnificent, so princely, so filled with relicks of ancient art, and with the incomparable productions of modern genius, would alone be sufficient to bestow distinction and consequence upon any hill or any city, in which they should be placed.

The Tiber, so celebrated by ancient poets, so deserving of interest for having watered the first city in the world, is often spoken of contemptuously by modern travellers. It has been called a little, contemptible, muddy rivulet. What pleasure these gentlemen literati can take in thus calumniating this noble stream, I cannot conceive; for my own part, I have a different feeling on the subject, and as the Tiber fully answered my expectations, and responded to the descriptions of it in classick writers, I think it worthy of a few lines of description, from which you will be able to form an opinion for yourself.

The Tiber takes its rise about one hundred and fifty miles from the Mediterranean, though it is navigable for boats, *only* to the distance of one hundred miles from that sea. At Rome, it is about three hundred feet wide at the narrowest point, and from Rome to the ocean is navigable for large ships. It is a fact, that a British frigate some years since ascended to the city, and landed there the dutchess of Cumberland, the widow of the late duke of Cumberland, brother to the present king of Great Britain. At Rome, the river is exceedingly rapid, but from thence to the ocean its course is very lazy, and considerably impeded by quicksands and mud, which are deposited by the stream, and are frequently shifting their position and quantity. Its navigation or shipping is not extensive, considering the immense population of this city; it is principally carried on in feluccas of from thirty to sixty tons burthen. This torpid state of its commerce is rather to be attributed to the character of the inhabitants, and the wretched nature of the government, than to any natural defects in the river. When Rome contained, as it formerly did, more than a million of inhabitants, the most luxurious and extravagant that ever inhabited any city; when the productions of every climate and the delicacies of every soil enriched their banquets, it is not possible, that such demands could have been supplied without a crowded navigation in the Tiber. I venture to say, that if Rome was at *this* moment in the possession of the people of our country, the Tiber would be whitened by a thousand ships.

The waters of the Tiber are usually turbid, but this is not peculiar to this river; with very few exceptions all the great and small rivers of Europe are so. This is very disgusting to an American, at first. Accustomed as he has been to the clear and transparent streams of our continent, and forming his ideas of the Wye, the Cam, the Dee, and the Thames, from the pencil of the painter, or the numbers of the poet, he is vexed and irritated at the yellow, dirty colour of their waters.

In this respect then, the Tiber may vie with the majestick Thames, or the meandering Wye. It is still, as in ancient times, filled with excellent fish; but it is the most remarkable for its inundations. At this moment it has laid two thirds of the populated part of the city under water, and a brigantine of two hundred tons might sail along some of the streets near the river.

From these remarks you shall judge, whether the Tiber is to be treated with contempt, or whether the ancient Romans were mistaken in speaking of it with respect.

On the whole then, I may say of Rome generally, in answer to the questions which I have supposed you to propose to me, that in its appearance it fully answers the expectations which you would form of a city, which had once been the mistress of the world by its arms, and had afterwards for ages governed it by its acts. In every quarter it bears the marks of that bold inventive genius and taste, for which the Italians have for so many ages been distinguished. Its situation is beautiful, and extremely favourable to the cultivation of architectural taste. Its hills form a variety of surface and exposure, which afford you the most agreeable views, and are extremely convenient for its citizens, who, by ascending them, can enjoy all the benefits of air, exercise and prospect Its streets are generally strait, and at the points of intersection, they form extensive and ornamental squares, which are universally decorated with fountains. There is not a single object in which architectural taste could be displayed, which has been neglected. Their churches, their palaces, their gates, their publick fountains, all of them display the efforts of a genius, which you discover no where in such perfection, as at Rome. If Paris can boast of its Louvre, its Pantheon, its Hotel des Invalides, its St. Sulpice, its Place Vendome, and Place Louis XV, it must also admit that its Reu St. Denis, Rue Quincampour, and its thousand other streets are narrow, dirty, and unworthy of a magnificent capital. So if London will set up her pretensions, and boast that though she has not the distinguished beauties of Paris, yet she is free from the defects of that city, still she must admit, that she can no where display that magnificence, and that splendour, which meet you at every point of view in the city of Rome.

If, in short, a man of taste, of cultivated taste, could be supposed ignorant of the classicks, and totally unacquainted with the ancient history of Rome, and should be placed in this city, after having visited every other distinguished metropolis of the world, he would exclaim "this is indeed the residence of a wonderful people. I see around me the marks of a pure, chaste, and correct taste; of an inventive genius, and of a noble and magnificent disposition; their architecture is to be sure in some degree disfigured occasionally by too great a profusion of statues, and their paintings are somewhat diminished in value by the superstition exhibited in the choice of subjects, but on the whole, there must be something extraordinary in the air, the climate of this country, or the history of this people, which has given rise to such frequent exhibitions of genius in every art."

If such would be the impression of a man unacquainted with the Roman history, and I sincerely think it would be, what do you think must be the feelings of one, who has learned the wonderful history of that people; who knows their unexampled valour, perseverance, patriotism, and genius—the illustrious warriours, poets, painters, orators, philosophers, and statesmen they have produced, and the unparalelled course of their publick affairs, rising from the smallest origin to universal empire, and then successively the prey of every nation they had subdued?

But I think I have said enough of Rome; and I find myself rather

going into common place reflections, than giving you what you would most naturally expect of me, facts. But I shall defer the farther description of this country to a future occasion.

With regard, &c.
Your Friend.

For the Anthology.

SILVA, No. 43.

Non canimus surdis; respondent omnia silvæ. . . . . VIRG. EC. 8.

ABUSE OF WORDS.

THE following letter is calculated for the meridian of Castile, but will serve with proper alterations for the United States. It is extracted from the "Moorish Letters" of Don Joseph Cadalso.

Gazel, a traveller in Spain, to Ben Beley, his friend in Morocco.

The singularity of my friend Numo's dedication to his waterman, Domingo, and the oddity of his own character, arising from a great variety of circumstances, through which he has passed, gave me a strong curiosity to see his book. I have often requested that favour of him, but in vain. Disappointed in this, I contented myself with desiring him to inform me of the subject, on which he treated; and even here he was unwilling to afford me satisfaction. I made many inquiries of him on this head. Will it be on Philosophy? said I.—By no means, he replied. By continual usage the force of that word is entirely lost; and so many different people assume the appellation of philosophers, that I know not in truth what philosophy is. There is no extravagance, however glaring, that is not clothed with this honourable character. Will it be on Mathematicks?—No, sir, they demand a continued perseverance in study, and I, alas! abandoned them in the outset. Will it be on Jurisprudence?—Never. In proportion as the authors on this subject have been multiplying, justice has been growing obscure; and, at this rate, every one that writes on laws seems to me most effectually to break them. It is as great a fault to explain them as to disobey. Commentaries, explanations, glosses, annotations are only so many stratagems in the legal war. For my part, I would prohibit if possible every new treatise on this subject. Will it be in Poetry?—Still less. The flowers of Parnassus should be cultivated only by youthful hands. The Muses shrink affrighted not only from the hoary head, but from the furrowed face; and it is but an ill figure to see an aged gentleman, decked with the myrtle and the violet, imploring the birds, and the echoes to resound the favours of Amaryllis. Will it be on Politicks?—I pretend not to know them. Every country has its fundamental laws, its constitutions, its history, its judicature, and its peculiarities of character, of powers, of climate, of produce and of connexions. From an intimate knowledge of all these arises the science of Politicks. Let those study it, whose lot it is to command; I was born

to obey, and for this it is sufficient to love my king and my country; two qualities, in which I trust I have never been deficient. What then is your subject, said I, not without a little impatience; it must be one of these; for what other is there so worthy of application and study.—Be not uneasy, said my friend, my work is neither more nor less, than a Castilian dictionary, in which is explained the primitive signification of every word, and the false one, it receives in conversation. It is not my expectation to introduce a new dialect, or entirely to restore the old: but I can recollect the preface, which will best explain the use of my dictionary. He then repeated to me the following observations on the use of the new Spanish Dictionary. I present to the reader a new dictionary, different from any hitherto known. I have not exerted myself to furnish it with a thousand words more or less, than other works of the kind contain, nor to ascertain minutely, if such a word derives its authority from Solis, or Saavedra; from Cervantes, or Mariana; from Juan de Mena, or Alonzo de las Partidas; nor to discover, if its origin be Arabian, or Latin, or Phenician, or Carthaginian; nor to inform the publick, whether this term be antiquated, current, or foreign; whether that expression be vulgar, common, or sublime; whether it be poetical, or whether it be prosaick. My design is fully and freely to make known the original, true and genuine, meaning of every word, and the abuse which is made of it in common conversation:—And why have you taken all this trouble? said a young lord to me, as he observed the enormous manuscript. I have taken it, said I, looking him steadily in the face, that no one may be deceived, as I have been, in believing, that the words love, serve, favour, esteem, and many others have but one meaning, when they have so many, that the power of numbers cannot measure them. What room is left for patience, when, for example, a youth, like myself, bids adieu to his family, deserts his village, repairs to Madrid, resides there many years, ruins his fortune, wearies himself with ascending and descending a flight of stairs, perhaps disgraces himself by mean lamentations, by currying favour with pages, and saluting porters, and at last sinks into sickness and returns, worse than he came? and all for what? Why, forsooth, because he did not understand the true signification of some little passages in a letter, received from court, although he found at the conclusion such a paragraph, as this, "we shall be exceedingly happy to see you soon at court; for the perfect knowledge, we have of your valuable qualities, and high deserts, the merit of your family, and your fitness for the discharge of some honourable office, will be strong motives in your favour respecting any pretensions, you may offer. Besides this, I have other and stronger obligations to serve you, from the particular favours, I have received from your honorable ancestors, of blessed memory, and the intimate connexion between my family, and that of my dearest friend, for whom, with his spouse, my honoured lady, I implore and beseech of God a long and prosperous life. Madrid," &c. And a little lower: "My dearest friend, with the utmost respect I kiss your hands, and remain your devoted servant, and affectionate friend, ever anxious to see you." A—of B.

For the instruction, therefore, of the few fools, yet left in the world, who give credit to similar profes-

sions, I have compiled this charitable dictionary; not only, that they may not be injured by a false understanding of language but that with this aid and a little practice, they may be able to converse with every one in his own dialect. Should the publick recognise the utility of the work, it would encourage me to compose a grammar, conformable to the dictionary, and possibly systems of rhetorick, logick, and metaphysicks, on the same foundation. This project, if fully effected, would introduce a new theory of publick education, and procure me more fame and veneration from my fellow citizens, than ever Confucius obtained for all his precepts of morality.

.....

ORIGIN OF PARLIAMENTS.

Representatives were summoned in England by the Barons, who took arms against Henry the Third. In France, they were first called in by Philip the Fair, to balance the enormous power of the nobles, and facilitate the laying of new taxes. Thus they were introduced in England to limit the power of the crown, in France, to extend it.

.....

VIRGIL HAPPILY CITED.

When Madame de Bouillon at the head of the dutchesses of France came to compliment M. du Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, upon his Archbishoprick being erected into a ducal peerage, she said to him, "The flock are come to congratulate their pastor, that his crook has been crowned." The Archbishop answered, *Formosi pecoris pastor*. The Dutchess, who knew Latin, completed the line of Virgil, *Formosior ille*.

MORE OF GRAY.

When a man resolves to believe, says Junius, the very absurdity of the creed confirms him in the faith. This appears to be the situation of those, who admire the lyrick poetry of Gray. Like new lights in religion, they are impenetrable equally to ridicule, and to reason.

The following ode is written in imitation of the Bard, but it is, in my opinion, a much better poem, as it contains more energy, more sense, and more simplicity. The worst parts of it are those, which resemble this Whitfield of poetry. As an imitation, it is not generally happy, since the only points of resemblance are the abruptness of the exordium, and the third stanza of the first division. The rest of the poem, with the exception of a few epithets, bears no likeness to the original.

ODE TO DEMOCRACY.

I. 1.

Hag-seed of hell, I hate thy sight!
Of social man the direst foe;
Avaunt! nor sully heaven's pure light,
But plunge in sulphurous gulphs below.
Fierce as thy gorgon eye-balls roll,
The icy fangs of terror seize my soul,
The ruby stream of palsied life congeal,
And stiffen every nerve to steel.
When erst the arch fiend from blest obedience fell,
And the whole rebel rout to ruin ran,
Thee he engendered in the caves of hell,
The inexorable foe of envied man.
The Furies hymned thy birth with baleful breath,
Offspring of Stygian sin, and twinned with ruthless death.

I. 2.

When from murky depths to air
Thy curst ambition winged the way,
Thy presence scattered fell despair,
Infuriate rage, and wild dismay.
Where thy sanguine footsteps turn,
With fatal fury kindling nations burn,
Of civil discord spread the dire alarms,
And rush with maddening zeal to arms!

THE BOSTON REVIEW.

FOR

SEPTEMBER, 1808.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. PLIN.

ART. 30.

Modern Chivalry: containing the Adventures of a Captain, and Teague O'Regan, his servant. By H. H. Brackenridge. Philadelphia. J. Conrad & Co. 2 vols. 12mo. 1804.

IT is a pleasure, in this land of cent. per cent. to see, now and then, a spark of humour and amusement enliven the shade. We are glad to find a man, willing to sacrifice a little of his time to divert his fellows with merriment or please them with the productions of taste. In the novel department our indigenous fruits have, though numerous, been but meagre. True it is that a scrutinizing hand might draw from their dusty shrouds, several respectable tomes, of American parentage, whose title pages are stamped with this alarming name. True it is, that in this thing we have been unusually anxious to equal, if not the eminence, at least the fertility of our European brethren. Many of us have doubtless dwelt with great sympathy on the pathetick history of the unfortunate Dorcasina Sheldon, and have been inclined to believe that the ingenious author had almost out-quixoted Don Quixote. At the mournful tale of the "Coquette," the doleful disasters of "Reuben and Rachel," the interesting intricacies of the "Trials of the Heart" the "Spectator," &c. &c. many fair misses under fifteen years of age, for whose use they were composed, have wept, and thought, they "had full cause for weeping." With more respect we would mention the labours of a southern adventurer in the lands of fiction. "Arthur Merwyn" and "Wieland" are by no means destitute of merit; though the latter is rather too likely to frighten little children in the night. In the adventures of "Updike Underhill," we have seen the pen of the novelist guided with no vulgar skill by a hand that now holds the sceptre of justice. The writer of the work we are to examine, like the author last mentioned, has descended from the bench of law, to laugh his neighbours out of their foibles, and convince them of their errours. The distributor of redress and equi-

ty, when he puts off the Judge, and assumes the executioner, ought at least to be as careful, as any other man, that he does not act without a warrant; that his lash, if keenly applied, is required by justice and regulated by reason.

Works of the burlesque kind have accomplished their object generally in two ways, either by giving to a trifling incident the buskined majesty of epicks, or by degrading the real dignity of an elevated subject into coarse and homespun apparel. The first kind is exemplified, among other instances, in the "Lutrin" of Boileau, the "Rape of the Lock," and the "Fun," by Gay; the other in the "Batrachomyomachia," attributed to Homer, its imitations, by Addison, in Latin verse, and especially by the travesties of Homer and Virgil.

It is necessary, that in a work of the burlesque kind, there should be some object or class of objects proposed to be laughed at, and to this end the reader's attention should be directed. In Don Quixote we see the gallant profession of knight errantry, which its absurdities and extravagancies had made a subject of satire, bestowed on the inconsistent character of a plain country gentleman and applied to the common incidents of life. These two incongruities lay the foundation for the ridiculous adventures, and pointed satires of that inimitable work. In the Hudibras, the subject proposed is the superstition of the English Levellers and Independants. Here a considerable part of the humour arises from the inconsistent character of the knight, as he is there drawn, and his squire with the office of defenders of religion. On the whole however, the plan is much less regular and well digested in this respect, than that of Don Quixote. To an unfinished performance we can scarcely impute it as a fault.

The work before us on the first glance has the appearance of being on the same plan with those, just mentioned. We are presented with Capt. Farrago, and his Irish servant, Teague O'Regan. We see them arranging their equipage in the outset of the work, and setting out in quest of adventures; we follow them from town to town, over hill and dale, "over brook, and through briar;" we are successively led from one place to another, without knowing their name or geography, and introduced to one adventure after another, without the least thread or connexion, and at the end of the book we turn back to inquire why Captain Farrago, and his bog-trotting servant were sent on this hard, and fatiguing expedition, rather than we or any other men. The Captain is presented to us as a plain rustick gentleman, whose notions were clear on all subjects, though his modes of expressing them were rather stiff and quaint; whose conversation was a little tinctured with the learning of the ancients, and the good sense of former times. Such a person is certainly not very likely to leave the quiet of a retired and rural life, to perambulate the country, and correct the disordered notions of his neighbours. An author however has a magick art, to which almost all difficulties may be brought to yield. Judge B. actually kidnaps the Captain from this quiet, and solitary retirement, and sends him to seek his fortune "et modo Thebis ponit, modo et Athenis." In order however to have some loop hole for his interference in affairs entirely foreign from his own, he is saddled with an Irish servant, who becomes the subject of most of the adventures. In these

adventures there is much uniformity. At the first town Teague is proposed as candidate for Congress, at the next he is mentioned, as a member of the Philosophical Society, at another he is requested to deliver an oration on the fourth of July, or to perform the honourable duty of editor of a paper. The reader is soon tired of this sameness of plan, and of this want of connexion in the incidents. Were it not that the lash of the satirist is allowed to fall almost indiscriminately, and that much exaggeration is necessary to give a ludicrous colour to the tame incidents, and characters of common life; were it not for these reasons, we should be disposed to blame the Judge for exhibiting Teague, a complication of every species of roguery, and barbarousness, as a true example of the Irish character. We should be disposed to blame; Sir John Carr, and Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Owenson, the champions of Ireland, would show him but little mercy.

This work then has but small pretensions to the title of a regular performance of the burlesque kind. But it may be said, that we have been all this time "quærentes nodum in scirpo;" and that the author avowedly makes no pretensions to any thing of that kind. For on p. 28. part 2, Vol. I, he says "I mean this tale of a Captain travelling, but as a vehicle to my way of thinking on some subjects, just as the ancients introduced speakers in a dialogue, or at feasts;" and at the conclusion of the work, "The vehicle, that I have chosen of supposed travels, and conversations, affords great scope, and much freedom, and furnishes an opportunity to enliven with incident. Doubtless it is of the same nature, with many things in the novel way, written by philosophick men, who chose that mode of writing, for the purpose merely of conveying sentiments, which, in a didactick work under the head of tract or dissertation, could not so easily gain the attention of their readers." This apology however, gives but little excuse for the mode of execution, if, as we have stated, it be faulty. It is not unlike that of the lady, who excused herself from weeping at a pathetick sermon, when the surrounding audience were all in tears, by saying, that she belonged to another parish. Undoubtedly every author has a right to make his work whatever he pleases; but if he clothes it in the form and circumstance of any class of works before known and defined, as such it must be judged in some respects, that is to say, as far, as it is a merit to execute it on a regular plan, conformed to the rules of criticism, which, in their turn, are drawn from the great examples of eminent preceding authors. The author of Madoc, after choosing an important historical fact, and relating it in poetical narrative, with the proper appendages of episodes, descriptions, characters, &c. finding that it is in some measure deficient in unity, and perhaps in some other requisite qualities, declares, in his preface, with great independence, that his poem assumes not the degraded title of Epick. But as an Epick it was written, and as an Epick, it has been, and must be judged, notwithstanding the protest of its author. And the propriety of this principle is obvious. No protest would forbid an author from receiving the allowance of praise that his work had deserved, and why should it shield him from any part of the disapprobation.

From this general view of the work, we proceed to judge of it

more in detail, and here its pretensions to publick favour open in greater abundance. In his exhibition of characters, the author has delighted in the low and illiterate; he has not even in the opening of an episode, given us a glimpse of a fairer, and more brilliant scene. But his talent for drawing them is vigorous. Like Cervantes, his second character is his favourite. While the Captain's name stands first on the title page, the Irish servant is in reality the hero of the book. In one of his chapters of reflections he gives his reasons for taking his clown from the Irish nation. "The character of the English clown I did not well understand, and could not imitate the manner of speaking. That of the Scotch, I have tried, as may be seen in the character of Duncan. But I found it in my hands rather insipid. The character of the Irish clown, to use the language of Rousseau, has more stuff in it. He will attempt any thing." As to the circumstance of imitating a national manner of speaking, it may as well be here observed, that though it is one of the most successful modes of exciting laughter, there is no great share of real wit in it. A man, that intends to awaken the risibles of future generations, should resort to some stabler, and more lasting provocative. Reflect, how the orthography of a language changes in a few years; let the page of this work, for instance, be compared with that of Chaucer, and more difference will be found in the orthography, than between those parts of it, which are intended to represent the English, and Irish, and Scotch dialects: and the change in oral accents and peculiarities is not much less. This kind of humour, then, in a work intended to be lasting, were better omitted, and left to farces of a single act. It must be allowed, however, that the effect of it is often excessively risible. The character of Teague O'Regan, is a singular mixture. He is a bog-trotter, fresh from the wilds of Ireland, with much ambition, and infinite effrontery, knavery of every species in abundance, and a great fondness for the ladies. His original rudeness, and the methods that were taken to prepare him for his entrance at the President's levee, where he was to be presented as a candidate for office, are humourously drawn in the following scene, between the Irishman, and his dancing master.

Monsieur Patrick, said Monsieur Dompelle, for understanding that he was an Irishman, and thinking that all Irishmen were named Patrick, he gave him this appellation: Monsieur Patrick, said he, il faut commencer par les principes; must begin by de principle.

La premiere principe, de first lessong est placer les pieds; place de foot. Voyez; dis foot, cy; comme cela; (shewing him how to place his foot) and ce luy, dat foot, la; comme dis foot, (shewing him by his own foot how to place it.) Tournez les pieds; open de foot, quoi! vous ouvrez la bouche; vous open de mout, and not de foot. Vous keep vos foot in de same position, et vous baillez; you open de mout. La secong principe, is to keep de body droit: trait. Must sit firm sur ses membres, on de limb. Tenez votre body as dis (shewing him in what manner to keep his body) assieyez vous, sur vos membres, comme ce la; dis way Monsieur. Quoi! encore la bouche ouverte, you open de mout again, Monsieur Patrick. Fermez la bouche, shut de mout.

I stop here to observe, that the opening the mouth when an exertion of the mind or body is required, is a habit very common with uninformed men, and not at all peculiar to Teague: you will observe, that men, who have not been long, or at least much in the habit of writing, when they put pen to paper, open the mouth, and protrude the tongue, moving it, as the pen turns to the right hand or

to the left; or draws the stroke long or short; and, you will see a cordwainer of good skill in his trade, from mere habit, and not any defect of art, put out his tongue, and move it, as if it could guide his hand, when he is paring nicely the margin of the soal of a shoe or boot: having made this observation in justice to the bog-trotter, I return to my narration.

The Captain coming in at this point of the business, made enquiry of Monsieur Douperie, what success he appeared to have with his pupil. Bien tolerable, Monsieur Capitaine, said Monsieur Douperie, ver tolerable: Monsieur es d'une tres bonne naturel; ver good disposition. A la commencement il ne faut pas nous flatter, must not flatter, wid de plus haut degre, du succes; at de first of de lessong.

The Captain, not so much from the words of the dancing master, as from his countenance, and the tone of his voice, saw, that he was not so sanguine with regard to the proficiency of the bog-trotter, as he had been at first. Nevertheless, he was not discouraged in suffering Monsieur Douperie to go on with his lessons; because he expected little more, as has been said, than some improvement of step and gait. Nor did he draw any conclusion unfavorable with respect to the attainments of the bog-trotter in a political career; because he well knew, that awkwardness of manner is not at all inconsistent with the highest literary and political abilities; and that some of the greatest geniuses that the world has produced have never been able to attain the graces of behaviour. The poet Horace, says of Virgil; magnum ingenium sub inculto corpore latet: and the anecdote of Harley, earl of Oxford, is well known; when Queen Anne made him Lord Treasurer, his dancing master expressed his astonishment, and wondered what the Queen could see in him; for he was the greatest dunce he ever had at his school.

With these reflections, withdrawing, he left the Frenchman to go on with his lesson.

La troisieme principe; de tird lessong, said Monsieur Douperie, is to lift de foot; you lift de foot, Monsieur Patrick, le pied droit, de right foot furs; here Teague raised the left; O! mon dieu, said the dancing master, le pied droit et non pas le gauche de right foot and not de left. Est il possible, you no disting de right foot from de left. Il faut lever le gauche: a la bonne heure, you lift de left foot.

Now, Monsieur Patrick; un pas avec le pied gauche: lift de left foot. Here Teague lifted the right foot, thinking of the former lesson, and willing to please the dancing master by giving him that foot, which had seemed to be so much in request with him. O! mon dieu, par bleu, said Monsieur Douperie, est il possible you no disting de right foot from de left?

It is observable of the French character, that while they preserve their temper, they are all complaisance, and have the softest words imaginable; but when they break, it is all at once, and they pass to the opposite extreme of peevishness. It is not altogether owing to an irritability of nerve, but to that system of politeness which they cultivate; because if the chord of civility is immoderately stretched by a concealment of the feelings, when it is let go, it flies the farther, and with the quicker vibration, beyond the medium of its tension.

O! mon dieu, par bleu, said the Frenchman; and here he had almost said foutre, which is one of the worst epithets, that is given, when great contempt is about to be expressed.

However, composing his temper, and resuming his instructions, he continued; now Monsieur Patrick, said he, le pied droit, lift de right foot. Here Teague, as he had not pleased his instructor by what he had done last, viz. lifting the right foot, now lifted the left being always at cross purposes, as it were, or still too far forward, or too far back in his motions, to correspond with the directions given.

O! diable, diable, said the Frenchman, raising his voice, and almost vociferating; quoi ferai je? il est impossible d'instruire cet garcon: no possible make you understand fat I say, you do. Attendez vous, Monsieur Patrick; you look at me, and lift de foot dat I lift; now I lift de right foot; lift de right foot.

Teague standing opposite the master, and lifting the foot which was on the same side with that of the instructor, made the same blunder as before, and lifted the left foot.

Monsieur Douperie, enraged beyond all bearing, ran out of the room, and left his scholar for the present.

The day after this, Monsieur Douperie, having composed his temper and attending, the Captain made enquiry, as usual,

of the progress of his pupil. The Frenchman, endeavoring to put the best face on the matter, said some things of course and complimentary; but could not help intimating that it was une grand difficulty en le commencement, in de beginning, to make Monsieur disting de difference of de right foot and de left.

As to that, said the Captain, it is a national incapacity; for which, as also for their propensity to make what they call bulls, it is difficult to account. There are not a people more brave than the aborigines of Ireland, and are far from being destitute of talents, and yet there is a certain inability to blunders, both in their words and actions, that is singular. Whether it is that a mind strong and vigorous, and of extensive range cannot attend to small things; or that a great flow and hurry of animal spirits carries them too fast for reflection; or that there is a transposition of the brain, so that things present themselves by contraries to the imagination, I cannot tell; but the fact is so, that in their own country, as I have been told, when they are taught to dance, which, by the bye, is a hint which I forgot to give you, they bind on the right and left foot different badges, on the one a twisted wisp of straw, which they call a *sugan*, and on the other a band of ozier twisted in like manner, which they call a *gad*: so that when the word is given to raise the one foot, and depress the other, it is *rise upon sugan, and sink upon gad*; so, that though the tiro may not all at once, and on the word given, be able to distinguish the right foot from the left, he may easily tell gad from sugan, as his eye can assist his ear in this case, the object being simple; whereas right and left are relative terms, and that which is on the right in one position, will be on the left in the contrary.

Monsieur Douperie was willing to avail himself of this hint, for understanding that the bog-trotter was a candidate for state affairs, he was greatly anxious to have the honour to give him some proficiency. Accordingly, though he did not procure a straw sugan, and an ozier gad, yet he made use of what he thought might be equivalent, viz. a red rag, and a blue; so that instead of bidding him move the right foot or the left, he could desire him to move the red rag or the blue.

Having tied these upon his ancles next morning, he began his lesson. Now, Monsieur Patrick, said he, lift de foot dat hab de red ribbon: Teague obeyed with exactness and promptitude, and raised that foot. Now, said Monsieur Douperie, de foot dat hab de blue ribbon; Teague hit the direction and raised the foot with the rag upon it.

A la bonne heure, vous y voila, said the dancing master: ver glad Monsieur Patrick, you make so good proficience; en peu de tems je vous presentera a l'assemble. You danse ver well, short time.

La quatrieme principe, said the dancing master, de fort lessong est former une pas, to made de step. Voyez Monsieur Patrick, fat I do. You make step, ne pas long step, mais van little step. The Irishman attempting to obey the directions, and to step made a stride about an ell in length with his arms stretched out, and gaping at the same time. Foutre! said the dancing master; quoi! Vous baillez; you ope de mout yet. Oh, diable! diable! foutre! une bete! But composing himself, he proceeded. Ranges vous a quartier; step to de van side, comme ce la; shewing in what manner to step out with one foot at right angles to the other.

The Irishman, endeavouring to confine his feet to rule, felt himself as much embarrassed as if chained by the heels; and attempting to make the step as requested, and making the usual exertions with his eyes staring, his arms stretched and his mouth open, lost the command of himself on the floor, and being thrown from the line of gravity, was about to fall, when to save himself, he made a catch at the dancing master, and drew him down with him.

The dancing master, supposing that he had understood him, though in French, when he used the term foutre, and called him a beast, and, resenting this, was about to take vengeance, and having heard of their mode of biting, gouging, &c. in America, was much alarmed, and disposed to throw himself on the generosity of the Irishman, as not being able to contend with him in strength: He exclaimed, O! my lord Patrick, excuses moi, pardon, monsieur Patrick, je demand pardon. Pauvre diable que je suis. I be van poor diable. Vous etes un honnete homme. Ver good man. Un homme brave, courageux, absolument un homme brave, gallant, tres brave, O! je suis un malheureux, I be van poor diable. Je demand pardon, my lord Patrick.

These were the exclamations of the Frenchman, though, at the same time, he was uppermost, but entangled by the bog-trotter, who, having still a hold of him, was endeavouring to rise; which the other was disposed to prevent, thinking it advisable to retain the advantage, he possessed, and to keep him down until he could appease him by his entreaties, or until help should arrive, so continuing his expostulation, he exclaimed, O! my lord Patrick, faites moi grace, I give you my money. J'ai beaucup d'argent. I give you an order sur mon intendent de cent Louis; one, two, tree hundred guinea. I forgive de compensation of de lessons.

Teague, in the mean time, having understood that chastisement was usually given at school, for inattention, or slowness in acquiring the elements, and not understanding broken French, conceived, that the dancing master was expressing his resentment, and about to inflict punishment; and endeavoured to excuse himself by a speech on his part. God love your shoul, said he, dont be after bateing me, because I can't walk, like a crippled goose, just at once. By Shaint Patrick, dis is like stoodying law in de workhouse, where de first ting is a good bateing; God love your shoul, let me up, and i'll step, as straight as a lame shape, or a dog wid dis leg broke into de bargain.

By this time struggling they were both on their feet, the Frenchman, still calling out, voulez vous me tuer; O! ma femme, mes enfans, spare my life my lord Patrick, and the bog-trotter beginning to curse and swear, and to raise the Irish howl.

Being disengaged, the dancing master made his escape, and waiting on the captain, not wishing to be under the necessity of giving any more lessons, gave him to understand, that Monsieur had made ver good proficience, en ver short time; that he was capable to present himself in public wid all de success possible; that it was not necessary to give him any more lessons.

The Captain did not suppose that the Irishman could have made such advances as the politeness of the Frenchman would lead him to believe, but he concluded, he might have acquired what would be sufficient as a foundation for his obtaining some decency, though not elegance in his manner and deportment. Paying, therefore, Monsieur Douperie the sum he demanded, and thanking him for the pains he had taken, the Frenchman withdrew.

We are inclined to suppose, that Teague was not intended as an example of the true Irish character, but merely as a gross caricature, which has been copied from one author to another, so long, that it has at last become at least as familiar to readers as the original. We see in it none of those peculiar traits, which late investigations have pretended to assign in the character of that contaminated and idolized nation. Those who are willing to judge with candour of the Irish character, attribute their eccentrick manners, their bulls, and their effrontery, which, even their best friends are constrained to allow them, to a certain quickness in the succession of their ideas, that hurries them on from one to another, and causes them sometimes to omit links in the chain, that are not so easily filled up by the hearer. The author has made his Irishman an arrant coward, and a shameless braggart, which in common characters are frequently connected; but the effrontery of an Irishman is a constitutional quality and not the affectation of courage to conceal a want of the reality. In the course of the narrative, he is at first rescued by the captain from various attempts, which the kind hearted populace made to promote him to publick office, but at last "wearied," as Goldsmith says, "with being always wise," his master permits the current of popular favour to take its course, first preparing his quondam bog trotter for the gentler intercourse of life in the manner above described. Shortly after his introduction to the Presidential levee he becomes a great favourite of the ladies.

Let the principle be what it would, whether taste, or ambition, the fact was, that the bog-trotter was courted and caressed by all the first people: there could be no card party without Major O'Regan. A young lady sitting by a gentleman in any house, and seeing him pass by, would start up, and run to the window and say O there is Major O' Regan. When he was in company, and would laugh, and put out his tongue, as if he was about to sing Lillibullero, the young ladies would laugh too; not that there was any jest, in what he or they said, but just because the Major had laughed. When he would put out his paw to touch the hand of any of them, O la! Major, one would say. O, now! Major, another; don't now Major, a third would exclaim, rather to attract his attention, than to repress his advances. The fact was, there seemed to be a kind of Teagu'-omania amongst the females: so that all idea of excellence, personal or mental, was centered in him, and all common lovers were neglected, or repulsed on his account.

In the gradation of honours, he advances to the rank of an officer of excise, but alas! the current, which set so strongly in his favour, was now about to dash him on a rocky shore. The poor exciseman is made the victim of rebellious rage, and like M'Fingal, of ludicrous memory, is adorned with a coat of tar and feathers. In this situation, he is apprehended by some hunters, and mistaken for a non-descript animal. The curiosity of the Philosophical Society was naturally interested in this singular animal, and after hearing a report of a committee on the subject, they proceeded to negociate about the purchase of it. The Irishman, however, was averse.

God love your shouls, my dear masters, said he, dat have taken me in de wild woods. I care not fat you make o'd me a wild baste, or a turky buzzard or a fish o'd de vater, while I gat good mate to ate, and clane straw to ly down upon; but for de sake o'd de holy faders, do not sell me to dese filosophers, dat will cut me up as you would a dead cat, and put my skin upon a pitchfork, just to plase deir own fancies; rader let me stay where I am, and shew me to de good paple, dat gape and stare, but keep deir teeth in deir mouths, and luke foolish, but dont offer to bite.

The philosophers assured him, that his apprehensions were without foundation; having not the least intention of dissecting, at least until he died a natural death. Doubtless it might be an object, to ascertain from the internal structure of his body, to what genus or class of animals he might belong; nevertheless they were persuaded, the society would content themselves with the observations drawn from external structure, at least for some time. On this turning round to the proprietors, they resumed the conversation relative to a purchase; the supposed animal continuing to vociferate and roar horribly.

In the mean time, the affair of this wild man, beast, bird, fish, or whatever it was, began to make a noise in the town; the people who had come to see it, being divided in opinion; some believing it to be a monster, or new animal in the creation; others disposed to be of opinion, and others confidently asserting that it was a real man.

Coming to the ear of the chief justice of the state, it occurred to him, that if a man, the confining him in that manner was a restraint upon the liberty of the subject; and ought not to be permitted in a country where the laws govern. Accordingly, he had issued his writ of habeas corpus to the keepers, commanding them forthwith to bring before him the animal in their possession, and to assign the cause of this detainer. The officer came forward at the moment the keepers were about to close the bargain with the philosophers, and shewed his writ. They were obliged to obey; and came forward with their charge before the chief justice and associate judges, in open court then sitting, alledging property in themselves by captions and employing counsel to support this allegation.

The court having assigned counsel to support the Habeas Corpus, the argument began: Counsellor Patch first.

May it please your honours,

I take this to be an animal, in which there can be no property absolute or qualified, being *feræ naturæ*, or of an untamed nature, such as a panther, or a

buffalo; of which it is laid down no larceny can be committed, as not being the subject of property. 4 Black. 235; referring for authorities to 1 Hal. P. C. 511. Fost. 366. 1 Hawk. P. C. 94. Here counsellor Patch read the authorities.

Counsellor Catch in reply: But by the same authorities, it is laid down, that animals *feræ naturæ*, or wild, when reclaimed, or confined, and may serve for food, may be the subject of property, as deer inclosed in a park, fish in a trunk, or pheasants or partridges in a mew.

But is it conceded, that this animal can *serve for food?* rejoined counsellor Patch.

The question to be considered in the first place, interrupted the chief justice, is whether this creature is of the brutal or the human kind. Speak to that point.

Counsellor Scratch, as *amicus curiæ*, observed, that this being a question of fact, was most properly determinable by a jury.

Counsellor Patch thought not, as the trial by inspection in the case of infancy, which was within the province of the court, was analogous to this. The court were of opinion with counsellor Scratch, and proposed to the counsel for the thing in custody, to bring in a writ *de homine replegiando*, or *replevin*, for the body of a man, as the proper writ to bring the case before a jury; or that an issue might be made upon the return to the habeas corpus, by consent; and in that shape let it be tried. It was agreed; property pleaded, the issue made up, and the jury about to be empannelled.

Counsellor Patch under the principle of an alien having a right to a jury *de medietate linguæ*, demanded, that the jury should consist of one half beasts.

Curia advisari vult, and in the mean time desired the counsel to search for precedents. No instance was found of the jury *de meditate linguæ*, being carried so far as this, and the motion was overruled.

The jury being now sworn, the counsel for the keepers offered the two members of the philosophical society, who had examined him, to establish his brutality; this evidence was offered on the principle, that it was peculiarly within the province of their studies to ascertain a point of this nature and were therefore the proper witnesses; as in a case within the custom of merchants, individuals of this occupation are usually called. According to the maxim of the civil law, *Unicuique, in arte sua, perito credendum est.*

Exception to this evidence, that they were interested, having had an eye to the purchase of this thing, and actually in negociation for it.

The objection was overruled, as going to the credibility, not the competency.

The witnesses were clear, that this thing was not of the human race, though as to what class of brute animals it was to be referred, they were not yet prepared to decide.

To the weight of this evidence counsellor Catch opposed the evidence of nature herself; the thing had a human voice and speech, that of a west country Irishman; no instance of which was to be found in any natural historian that had ever written. He would call upon the gentlemen to produce any authority to that effect.

Counsellor Patch was not prepared with an authority to prove, that beasts had been found that could speak Irish; but that it was no uncommon thing in early ages, and in many countries, for beasts to speak some language, such as Latin, Greek; for which he might refer the gentlemen to Æsopi Fabulæ, or those of Phedrus; nor was he without an authority at hand, to prove that even in more modern times, there were many beasts who could speak English; this authority was that well known book, The History of Reynard the Fox; which he now produced, and from which he read passages.

The court thought the authority in point, and the evidence not to be got over, and directed the jury to find accordingly; which they did, in favour of the keepers, and the Habeas Corpus was dismissed, and the thing was remanded to custody.

The members after this, struck a bargain the more easily with the keepers; as they had been a good deal alarmed at the risk they had run of having this property taken from them. The Society after having retained the curiosity a year or so, and ascertained its structure and properties, proposed sending it to some of the foreign societies, who had expressed a wish to have an ocular examination of it also. The preference was given to the societies of France; and it was accordingly shipped in a brig of Blair M'Clenachen, that was bound to Nants. At this place on coming ashore, the cage, by rolling and tumbling in it, hav-

ing worn off the tar and feathers from his back-side, he was mistaken for a sans culotte; and the mob rising broke the inclosure, and let him out. I have not heard whether he joined the army of the patriots, or is on his way home again to this country.

After this fortunate escape, he is again presented as a mountebank, as a judge, and finally as a constable in a new settlement, where he and the Captain settle down to pass their days.

The Captain, as was observed before, acts a secondary part in most of these adventures; interposing, with the gravity and respectability of his character, to restrain popular rage, and inculcate moral sentiment. His character is made the vehicle of much miscellaneous discussion and remarks on various topicks of politicks, morals and general science, beside those that are given in separate chapters of observations. The Scotch servant is the only other character, which is drawn with any peculiarity, and is not merely introduced to support a part in the dialogue. His distinctions are a broad Scotch dialect, and raving Presbyterianism, with a proper mixture of prejudices in favour of his own country.

The house was small, and there was but two beds for the reception of strangers; one of these so indifferent, as to appear fit only for the servant of a gentleman, who might happen to travel the road, though large enough to contain two or three persons. What it wanted in quality of neatness, and perhaps cleanliness, was made up in dimensions. This bed therefore seemed naturally to invite the reception of two of the company.

Teague, said the captain, when about to go to bed, I think Duncan and you, being the younger men, may pig in together in that large bed, and leave the other to me, who am an older man, and am apt to tumble and toss a little from weariness in my ride; and may perhaps disturb you in your sleep.

Guid deliver me, said Duncan, frae sik a profanation o' the name o' Ferguson, as to sleep wi' an excise officer. I am na o' a great family, but am come o' a guid family, and it shall never be said, I came to America to disgrace my lineage by sik a contact as that. Gae to bed wi' an excise officer! I wad sooner gae to bed out o' doors; or i' the stable amang the horses.

The revenue officer was affronted at this; and gave way to his indignation.—The devil burn me, said he, if I will be after slaping wid you, you son of a whore, you teef luking vagabon; wid de itch upon your back; I am sure all your country has de itch; and keep scratching and scratching, as if de were in hell, and could get brimstone for nothing; you son o'd a whore.

The youke! said Duncan. Do you impeach me wi' the youke?

You impatche yourself, said the revenue officer. Did not I see you scratching as you came along de road; and do you tink, you teef, dat I wish to get de lepsey, or de scurvy, and have to sleep in a bag of brimstone two or three weeks, before I be fit to travel wid his honor de Captain again?

The deel damn me, said Duncan, if I can bear that.

What, swear Duncan? said the Captain, or curse rather; you that are a Covenanter, and have religious books in your wallet, the Confession of faith and the Catechisms?

How can I help it, man, said Duncan. The deel rive his saul, but I maun be at him.

Duncan had by this time seized his walking staff, and put himself in an attitude to attack his adversary, who, on the other hand, instinctively, ensconced himself behind the Captain, and opposed him as a rampart to the fury of the Scot.

Duncan, said the Captain, you are in the wrong on this occasion, you gave the affront, and ought to excuse the revenue officer for what he has said, which, by the bye, was not justifiable on any other ground but that of provocation. For national reflections are at all times reprehensible. But in order to compose this matter, and that we may have no further disturbance, I will take the large, though more humble bed myself, and sleep with the excise officer, for the reputation of the government who has thought proper to appoint him to this trust.

The deel take me if ye sall do that,

Captain, said Duncan; I wad rather take the stain upon mysel, than let my liege be disgraced; for it wad come a' to the same thing in the end, that I had been the waiting man o' ane that had been the bed fellow o' a gauger. O! guid keep us, how that would sound in Scotland. What wad my relation Willy Ferguson, that is professor i' the high college o' Enburgh, say to that? But rather than your honor shou'd take the stain upon you, I sall put up wie it for a night; though if the landlady has a pickle strae, and a blanket, I wad rather lie by the fire side, than contaminate mysel, bedding wi' sik a bog-trotting loon as he is, that wad gae into sik an office for the sake o' filthy lucre, and to make a living; when there are many honest means to get a support other ways.

The landlady gave it to be understood that she could furnish him with a bag of straw and a blanket.

This adjusted the difficulty, and saved the delicacy of the Scotchman, and embarrassment of the Captain, in keeping peace between the bog-trotters; as in reality they both were, though the one had obtained a commission, and the other remained a private person.

This work is next to be considered as a collection of essays or opinions on various subjects, and in this light it appears perhaps with more advantage than in the former. Discussions of this kind occupy nearly half of the two volumes. The moral of the work, in this point of view, the author states to be a wish to regulate the inordinate spirit of ambition, which he considers the vice of a republick, and to encourage a love for retirement and the shades of private life. We are willing to transcribe his statement of this moral, as it is perhaps the best written sentence in the book.

I shall have accomplished something by this book if it shall keep some honest man from lessening his respectability by pushing himself into publick trusts, for which he is not qualified, or when pushed forward into a publick station it it shall contribute to keep him honest by teaching him the folly of ambition. and further advancement, when in fact the shade is more to be coveted, and the mind on reflection will be better satisfied with itself for having chosen it."

[*To be continued*]

ART. 31.

Devotional Exercises for the use of young persons; containing reflections and a prayer for each morning and evening in the week. By Charles Wellbeloved. First American from the third English edition. Boston. Andrews & Cummings. 1808. 12mo. pp. 105.

We beg the pardon of our pious readers for having so long delayed to notice this little work. It is the most interesting manual of devotion for the young, which we remember to have read. Its merit is shown by its having gone through four editions in England in two years, which is remarkable for a book of prayers. Our young men would do well to make it their daily companion. Make the experiment for three months, and "if praying does not make you leave off sinning, sinning will make you leave off praying."

ART. 32.

An Oration, describing the influence of Commerce on the Prosperity, Character and Genius of Nations. Written at the request of the society of Φ B K, *and delivered on their anniversary at Cambridge, Sept. 1,* 1808. *By James Richardson.* Boston. Russell and Cutler. 1808. pp. 20.

However appropriate this subject may be to the present state of

the world, we had fears, that the common topicks of party violence might be involved in the discussion. The food of a literary society on their anniversary should not be rendered disgustful by the vulgar seasoning of our common meals. But the good sense of Mr. Richardson has prevented him from admitting into his Essay any political offensiveness.

The style is that of a man accustomed to think, but perhaps more used to the laxity of conversation than the precision of writing. Of commerce, Mr. Richardson says, "Her conquests are as extensive as civilized society, and her successes brilliant as the light of truth. Her victories are over ferocious passions, savage manners, deep-rooted prejudices, blind superstition and delusive theories. She conquers the obstinacy of soil and situation, endures the rigours of climates, braves the fury of the elements, and triumphs over the inveteracy of nature."

From another part we extract a beautiful sentence, and shall correct a trifling mistake: "Our present prospects awaken feelings too powerful for expression, and lead imagination to paint our future destiny, in colours too frightful to contemplate. Should this disastrous policy prevail, even our children may view the scattered fragments of yonder edifices, the monuments of the piety and liberality of our ancestors, and the boast of the present age, with as little knowledge of their uses or sensibility for their fate, as the wretched inhabitants of Romelia contemplate the mouldering ruins of the Areopagus, or the prostrate columns of the Parthenon." The province of Romelia does not include Athens.

We find no improprieties of diction to censure, and are induced from this circumstance to hope, that pure English will triumph over local vulgarisms, in spite of the exertions of the lovers of innovation.

ART. 38.

The Signs of Perilous Times, a sermon, delivered at the Publick Fast, in West Springfield, April 7, 1808. By Joseph Lathrop, D. D. Pastor of the first Church in West-Springfield. Springfield, printed by Henry Brewer.

In a short note, prefixed to his discourse, our venerable author acknowledges, that he has made free use of Faber's Dissertation on the Prophecies, which relate to the great period of 1260 years, and speaks of it as "an elaborate and luminous work."

The text, upon which this sermon is founded, is from 2 Timothy, iii. 1, *This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come.* When we cast our eyes upon this text, we were inspired with the hope of finding an original dissertation upon a prophecy, of which little notice has hitherto been taken, and of which the application is so very uncertain. Should any one say, that, by the terms of it, the prediction, at the time of its delivery, referred to a far distant period of futurity, and near the expiration of the 1260 days spoken of by Daniel; it may be replied, that the original words, which, in our common translation, are rendered *last days*, may signify any *future days*, or *time*, "without marking whether these days were far off or at hand." We were therefore not only disappointed at finding nothing new, but were sorry to find prophecy so loosely handled by one who stands so high in publick

estimation, as a man of talents and of learning.

After a short introduction, he says, "If we are now in that very period, which the apostle calls the *last days*, then we may know, that perilous times "are come." That we do live in this very period, he proves by the accomplishment of the prohpecy, respecting the 1260 days or years. He shows that these have nearly all passed away; and since prophecy describes the present as a season of danger and distress, "we are certainly to look for perilous times."

As the occasion of great peril, are mentioned the infidel and licentious principles, which have of late years prevailed throughout the christian world. To these may be traced our party divisions. These again are the occasion of still greater corruptions, and when the times are corrupt, we are certainly in very great danger of incurring the displeasure and judgment of Heaven.

"If we cast our eyes upon Europe," continues the author, "we see perilous times are there." As both England and France wish to attach us to their interests, we are also in danger of being involved in the calamities of war. Since appearances threaten this dreadful event, our's may with truth be called perilous times; and the more so, because there appears great disunion, as well among our rulers as among the people.

"Another circumstance, which portends perilous times, is our past abuse of the goodness of providence." After deploring our fatal degeneracy, and the sad effects of unexampled prosperity upon publick morals, Dr. Lathrop concludes with exhorting his readers to the exercise of primitive piety, and the practice of primitive virtue. He earnestly prays, that religion may be exemplified in private families, that its influence may be felt throughout society, correcting licentiousness in politicks, as well as in manners.

ART. 34.

Review of Hints on Evangelical Preaching. pp. 8.

It has long been the object of a certain class of preachers in England and in this country, to appropriate to themselves the title of *Evangelical.* They will probably succeed; because it is well known, that, in order to avoid circumlocutions, the world must agree to call a sect by the name which they choose, to assume. When, however, the meaning of this term is examined, it is found, like many other popular denominations, inaccurate; for of the whole New Testament the gospels, are the parts of which these gentlemen make the least use, and surely they are the most remote from their manner of preaching. He, who should merely give the history, or repeat the discourses of Jesus Christ, as recorded by the evangelists, would have a better claim to the title of an evangelical preacher, than all the retailers of the dogmas which are sometimes exclusively honoured with this appellation.

The increase of these preachers in the church of England seems to be awakening, at last, the concern of sober and rational men, lest doctrines so hostile to the spirit of that church, and of so equivocal influence on morals, should take possession of the minds of common people, and, at last, of all the pulpits and benefices in the kingdom. Either this, or a schism of alarming magnitude must be the inevitable termination of the progress of what

is called Methodism. In this country our fears are not of such a nature, nor of such consequence. Every class of citizens may and must have the preaching it likes best. The American editor, however, of this pamphlet thinks its publication peculiarly seasonable; and we extract with much pleasure his preface, which discovers a serious and rational regard for the purity of christian faith and practice.

Boston, 9th Sept. 1808.

The editor of the following review of a late pamphlet trusts, that he is actuated by right principles, in procuring its publication here. He has long observed with concern the exertions, that have been made, and which are now prosecuting with renewed assiduity, and increased force, to imbue the publick mind with sentiments, that he humbly conceives are very opposite to the faith once delivered to the saints. As a friend of the benevolent and moral religion of Jesus, whose whole life was devoted to the *doing* the will of his father, he esteems it his bounden duty, to do all he can, in his very limited sphere, to support and aid the pure doctrines of the gospel—which lead to the practice of all the *moral* or *christian* virtues—moral and christian virtues being convertible terms—as he has been taught by an apostle, that *pure religion*, and *undefiled*, is, to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction, and to *keep himself* unspotted from the world. In other words, he has been taught that the followers of Jesus have something *to do*, as well as believe. That "talking" of the filthy rags of self-righteousness will never clothe us with the robes of the righteousness of the saints; which if we would be clothed with, we must ask for—as we are told from high authority—that he that asketh, receiveth: fairly implying, that he who does not ask—shall not receive.

Further—we are solemnly called upon, *to work* out our own salvation with fear and trembling—Will it, can it be said then—that Jesus Christ has so done the work for us—as to have left nothing for us to do?

The editor is alarmed at the bold and arrogant assertion; and he prays Almighty God, to avert the dreadful consequences that must follow the prevalence of such dogmas; as they certainly tend to discourage and prevent all virtuous and religious endeavours, and will open a wide door to licentiousness, immorality, and every evil work!

The editor is apprehensive, he may be stigmatized as a *man of morals*, would that he could plead a just claim to the appellation—he may be sneeringly called, *a rational christian*—how much more does he wish himself entitled to the glorious character! And are we then fallen upon such times as that a *man of morals*, and a *rational christian*, are become terms of disgrace and reproach? So, alas, it seems. It is earnestly hoped, that those, who may be thus held up to derision and contempt, will be influenced and restrained by that charity, which is so eminent a trait in the system of the meek and lowly Jesus—who has taught his disciples, both by precept and example, to bear all things—to endure all things.

RETROSPECTIVE NOTICE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

ARTICLE 6.

The Miscellaneous Essays and Occasional Writings of Francis Hopkinson, Esq. Philadelphia, printed by T. Dobson. 1792. 3 vols. 8vo. Vol. I, pp. 384; Vol. II, pp. 424; Vol. III, pp. 420.

In these volumes there is little to censure or to praise. They are of that class of writings, which we turn

over without interest, and lay aside without comment; and had they not been assigned for review, we should have avoided the hazard of exercising our wits upon such indifferent materials. It is with books as with men—the most unfortunate character for either, next to the vilest, is no character at all. An author, in pursuit of fame, may easily mistake his way. He may, for instance, be injudicious in the choice of his subject; or handle a popular text after a slovenly manner; or, with more zeal than management, publish the truth to a bigoted age, and, by that means, associated with his works, make a double exit in a bonfire, lighted for hereticks. The roads to oblivion are sufficiently numerous; and some of them, it must be confessed, remarkably direct; but the least circuitous, and most frequented, perhaps, is that which leads one to the publication of common-place compositions. An author who has fallen upon this track, may be said to remove out of notice in a straight line, with the expedition of a forced march. Nothing can stop his flight to the land of forgetfulness, and should his "memory outlive his life half a year, but by 'r lady, he must build churches then." There is in all healthy minds a desire to be excited, and a propensity to be taken with what is striking and characteristick. Hence, few writers of a positive cast can be named, either lofty or ludicrous, (we had almost said ridiculous) who may not point to their admirers in some direction or other. The grand art in writing, as every one knows, is to seize the attention; if we fail to acquire this, we may scribble common sense from matins to vespers, from vespers to matins, and we shall find the world, after all, as inattentive to our labours as a Hollander to his mistress. For our own part, in preference to sitting in judgment on the still births of a brain like our author's, we choose to revive the impressions of our childhood, by a perusal of the History of Goody Twoshoes, or the Melody of Mother Goose.

Our readers, perhaps, may recollect an account, given by some voyager, of a remarkable calm, which prevailed for so long a term, that the sea grew offensive, and those who came within its influence, fell sick to a man. In poring over the volumes before us, this extraordinary repose of the waters, together with the mischiefs occasioned by the same, frequently occurred to us, as peculiarly illustrative of the subject in hand, and the effect it produced. In truth, after taking leave of the title page of our author, and adventuring a little way in his work, we came across a smooth kind of something, which gradually retarded our progress, and brought us in the end to an absolute pause. To speak plainly, we were becalmed. Nothing presented itself to view but a vast extent of dull matter, a flat reality, which we had dwelt on even to weariness. No news whatever reached us from any quarter, and our condition became every moment more forlorn and distressing. To crown all, the society, at this juncture, displayed symptoms of a very alarming nature. One member fell to fidgiting in his chair, as though he were seated on nettles, or had caught the St. Vitus's dance. Another, poor wight, was seized with a fit of gaping most dangerously wide. Some of the company paced the room in a high state of fever, praying to be set on shore from so vexatious a concern, and in

timating by their complaints, that they were touched with the calenture. Our Secretary, who is rather addicted to napping, just at this pinch, dropped dead asleep in his seat; and, with a deal of good breeding, began to signify by a profound movement of the head the high sense of respect which he entertained for the club. How long he would have continued in this complaisant mood, had nothing happened to disturb his repose, we are unable to say. All we know is, that losing the centre of gravity, at the commencement of his civilities, he was suddenly restored to his recollection, by coming in contact with an ugly projection of the attick. But, were we to relate all the disasters that befel us, while engaged in the examination of this work, we should spin our review to an immodest length, and perhaps be set down by our readers for insufferable egotists. Let it suffice us then to state, that we were, one and all, on this heavy occasion most grievously disordered; that we unanimously gave ourselves up for lost, and with a mixed feeling of pleasure and regret, began to look forward to those touching tributes of respect, in the shape of eulogies and orations, which we conceived were about to be paid to our classick remains. How we got through our difficulties, and missed of these honours, is a matter of astonishment. But, thanks to our stars, we are at this instant alive and convalescent; and, in spite of what has happened, expect shortly to favour our readers with some account of those gentlemen, who, on the event of our decease, would in all probability have figured at our obsequies.

Authors, we are told, have their fortunate moments; when, as it were by a sleight, they can affect in an hour what on another occasion would employ them the whole four and twenty. Dryden's ode of odes is said to be the work of a sitting; and the Merry Wives of Windsor cost the writer a fortnight. Doubtless, many master pieces, in poetry and prose, have been struck off at a heat; but it should be remembered, that facility is only to be acquired by labour, and that to write with ease, we must first write with care; of this truth however Mr. H. seems to have been ignorant; for, from the commencement to the close of his literary career, he evidently made more haste than good speed. Indeed he appears to have clapt spurs to his Pegasus the instant he mounted him, and not to have minded which way he went, so long as he succeeded in getting over the ground. It is true, man and horse have kept the beaten track, with the exception of a few deviations, and made out to move for the most part on a level. However, any one, we presume, might have predicted, without consulting his stars, that they were, from the outset, in a fair train to pay a visit to that noiseless country, of which we have made mention. But, lest we should pursue the figure too far, let us express ourselves in plain prose. We conceive then, that Mr. H. besides being sparing of his time and labour, was too fond of writing upon every thing to write well on any thing. Indeed he reminds one of those literary hackneys, who spread their brains abroad over the vulgar columns of a news-*print*, and compose extempore on any subject their employers may dictate. At one time, he is severe in a letter to Lord Howe: At another, he ridicules the removal of Congress. Now he is on the administration of justice, by grand and petit juries. Then again he is mechanical and teaches the most improved method of quilling harp-

sichords.' Sometimes he *makes orations* for the *young gentlemen of the university*, and sometimes he indites essays for the "Old Bachelor." He puts problems to Mr. Rittenhouse, and addresses poetry to the ladies. Truly, for the versatility of talent, he exceeds the tragedians of the city, who were the best in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral (tragical-historical, tragical-comical, historical pastoral,) scene undividable, or poem unlimited.' To be sure, a man may write well on a broom stick, though for a text it is none of the best; and, as an instance of remarkable aptness of mind, we can cite a gentleman of our acquaintance, who is at once a poet, a painter, an architect, and a musician. But, to tell the truth, he is a seventh son, and of necessity a prodigy. Besides, he conceives that he doth *profess* too much, and says, that ordinary geniuses, who have a wish to become famous, must stick to one art or science, and be contented to labour early and late. This flying from one subject to another, from politicks to poetry, from philosophy to farce, is too much for the wits of any writer who is not more than half a conjurer, and able to perform wonders by a twirl of his pen. It is said, none of us are without our talent; and were we to improve it, we should avoid being insipid, though we might never be celebrated. But no, we must have a pen in every thing, (as we say of a finger) and had rather hang than be confined to a particular subject. The consequence is, whatever we produce (to use the phrase of the shop) is left in the rough. Now had Mr. H. cultivated his vein, and written humourous essays, and ballads, instead of taking on him the office of author general of these states for the time being, we should not have found him squeezed between two worm-eaten fathers in a dark corner of the fourth story. Certainly there are in these volumes some bright passages, and we doubt not, Mr H. would have made a luminous writer, had he confined himself to one species of composition. But our business is not with what he might have done, but with what *he* has done. Let us hasten, therefore, to take a nearer view of his beauties and defects.

The contents of these volumes are, briefly, as follows. Essays political, philosophical, and satirical; Letters, instructive, amusing, and affective; Verses sublime, beautiful, and pretty: and in truth, we know as little what to do with the same, as good Mrs. Partlet with her first hatch of ducklings. But let us make an extract or so from our author, and leave the reader to judge what he is made of. Perhaps we have handled him a little too roughly: The best natured gentlemen are occasionally humoursome.

Human nature hath a strong abhorrence of pain, grief, and care. Were it otherwise, they would be of no use in weaning the affections from the vanities of the world. Most medicines are nauseous to the palate and severe in their operations. In this their virtue consists. Affliction is the medicine of the soul. It softens the obdurate heart, and renders it susceptible of good impressions. When we are in pain and sorrow, we learn to feel the distress of others, and are prompted to acts of charity. When we find that the pleasures of the world cannot give solid, permanent satisfaction—cannot gratify *all* our desires, we are induced to turn to that only Being, who is the source of true felicity, and in whom alone there is fulness of joy. In the time of distress, *we feel and know* what we only had, perhaps, a transient idea of before, that the christian graces and virtues are the only true sources of happiness; and will be our comfort in the last inevitable hour, when all the palliating

vanities of the world, and the anodynes of pleasure must entirely lose their effect. The sensibilities attendant on affliction and distress are too strong to be continued through the common course of life. The wounds of the mind will heal as well as those of the body. But if afflictions produce their proper effect, the mind, ever remembering that those things may be, will acquire a calm and steady adherence to the dictates of conscience and the practice of virtue; not as a task imposed by a superiour power, whose wrath he would deprecate; but as the highest gratification to himself. He will become habituated to do good; and what is *duty* in others will be *nature* in him.

Certainly, the above paragraph is made up of truths. And what would we more? Is it not enough to be informed, "that human nature hath a strong abhorrence of pain, grief, and care;" and that "affliction is the medicine of the soul," &c. &c. &c. Indeed, the world are too fond of fable, and a little matter of fact may be of service to their morals. Thinking as we do though, is it not strange, that in the midst of this very essay we should have been overtaken by the calm we so pathetically described? But no more of that! for the bare mention of the word is sufficient to give our society the qualms. Let us turn then to the letters contained in this volume, and see what they offer deserving of note. And here we light upon one addressed to Joseph Galloway, Esq. wherein this gentleman is given to understand, that his name is consigned to infamy and his soul to perdition, and bored into the bargain with the following ugly story of himself.

Is there a curse denounced against villainy that hangs not over your head?—It was owing to your poisonous influence that "——" took part against his country's cause, and involved his family in misery and distress. Let their misfortunes sit heavy on your soul! It was owing to your seductions that a hopeful young man was cut off with infamy in the prime and vigour of life. Let the blood of Molesworth sit heavy on your soul! You attended the British army from the head of the Elk to the city of Philadelphia—you rode in the rear of that army in your triumphant carriage—you feasted your eyes with scenes of desolation—the cries of ruined families, and the curses of the distressed compose the musick of your march, and your horses' hoofs were wet with the blood of your slaughtered countrymen and former friends. Is there a curse denounced against villainy that hangs not over your head?—Let these things sit heavy on your soul!

This is rant and not eloquence, Hamlet instructs the players, that they should, in the very torrent, tempest and whirlwind of their passion, acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Were Mr. H. to set about a second philippick, we should advise him to bear in mind the advice of the young prince. We are aware, that it was not intended for gentlemen of his profession exactly; however, a true wit is never at a loss to make the laws laid down for any art of service to his own. Indeed, Mr. H. "outherods Herod." Whether or no, Joseph Galloway, Esq. did give his soul to perdition, we know not, but this we know, the letter addressed to him is a little too wrathful. One may be sent to a place, we care not to name, by a roundabout way. To be candid though, these volumes contain but one specimen of the *terrifick*; and this struck us like a *flaw*. For the most part, they exhibit their author in an amiable point of view. If, therefore, in penning the above, he for once stepped out of himself, we ought to look for his apology in the spirit of the times. The conduct of Joseph Galloway, Esq. was published to the world in the year 1778, when the good people of this country were mad for liberty, and the Esquire had proved a traitor to

the goddess. And next, to show that it mattered little with our author upon what subject he wrote, we will extract a sentence or two from the "Improved method of quilling harpsichords."

After fair experiment and long trial, the following method of *tonguing* a harpsichord hath been found to answer all the above requisites.

I took what is *called* velvet-cork, of the best kind, free from dolts, cracks or blemishes. I cut this cork into plates, about one quarter of an inch thick, and glued upon them thin and well polished leather; from these plates I cut the tongues, and pressed them tight into mortises cut for the purpose through the plates, in the same manner, and with the same case that the common is fixed in the little hole punched for its reception. The cork must then be shaved off underneath, slanting from the point, where it must be very thin, to the face of the palate, and then nibbed, like a pen to the proper length. The touch may afterwards be nicely regulated by shaving away more of the cork from underneath, if requisite, with a sharp penknife or a file.

The merits of this paper the reader may settle with himself, for of what it treats "we know no touch."

But we have said, that these volumes were not absolutely barren of interesting matter; and, seeing we have exposed their poverty without mercy, let us proceed now to point it out. Well then, "The battle of the kegs," "On white washing," "Nitidia's answer," "Speech of a post in the assembly-room," "Specimen of a collegiate examination," a dozen lines or so of poetry, here and there, are far from contemptible. But our limits will not allow us to make extracts from the whole, we must content ourselves therefore with particularly noticing a few. And first, take a sliver of the "Post."

To all which the column *firmly* replied—[Congress would have it the *wooden member* was not in order]—that he was, properly speaking, a *standing member* of that house, having been duly fixed in his station by those who had a right and power to place him there: that he was the true representative of a numerous race, descended in a direct line from the aborigines of the country—those venerable ancestors, who gave the name of *Pennsylvania* to this state, and whose posterity now inhabit every county in it—that he was not only a member of the house, but one of its principal *supporters*, in as much as they could never *raise a house* without him—that he had faithfully attended the publick business, having never been fined as an absentee—and that those very members, who now opposed him, had confided in his wisdom and integrity, by constantly appealing to him* in every contest about rules and internal economy of the house.

* *The rules of the house are framed and hung up against one of the columns.*

But we want room for the rest.

Now, this is pretty well for a post! and we have heard many *pillars* of the state hold forth with less pith. But to the collegiate examination.

Logick. Prof. How many parts are there in a *salt-box?* Stu. Three *bottom*, *top* and *sides*. Prof. How many modes are there in salt-boxes? Stu. Four. The *formal*, the *substantial*, the *accidental*, and the *topsey-turvy*. Prof. Define these several modes. Stu. The *formal* respects the figure or shape of the box, such as round, square, oblong, and so forth; the *substantial* respects the work of the joiner; and the *accidental* depends upon the string, by which the box is hung against the wall. Prof. Very well—and what are the consequences of the accidental mode? Stu. If the string should break, the box would fall, the salt be spilt, the salt-box be broken, and the cook in a bitter passion: and this is the accidental mode with its consequences. Prof. How do you distinguish between the top and bottom of a salt-box? Stu. The top of a box is that part which is uppermost, and the bottom that part which is lowest in all positions. Prof. You should rather say the lowest part is the bottom,

and the uppermost part is the top. How is it then, if the bottom should be uppermost? Stu. The top would then be the lowermost; and so the bottom would become the top, and the top would become the bottom: and this is called the topsey-turvey mode, which is nearly allied to the *accidental*, and frequently arises from it. Prof. Very good But are not salt-boxes sometimes single and sometimes double? Stu. Yes. Prof. Well, then mention the several combinations of salt boxes, with respect to their having salt or not. Stu. They are divided into single salt-boxes having salt; single salt-boxes having no salt; double salt-boxes having salt; double salt-boxes having no salt; and single double salt-boxes having salt and no salt. Prof. Hold! hold! you are going too far.

Of our author's poetry the following is a favourable specimen.

Those, who in ships pursue their dangerous way
Through the vast empire of the trackless sea,
Behold the power of heav'n's Almighty king,
And with a fearful awe his praises sing.
At his tremendous word the billows rise,
And clouds glide swiftly through the floating skies;
Sulphureous lightnings dart from pole to pole,
And o'er the burden'd æther heavy thunders roll;
The howling tempest seems to shake the globe,
Whilst troubled nature wears her darkest robe:
Yet doth the little bark the tumult brave,
And on the white top of the bursting wave
Quivering she hangs—her masts the clouds divide,
And from beneath, hell opes her portals wide:
Confusion reigns o'er all the watry realm;
The astonish'd seamen quit the useless helm:
With growing terrours are their bosoms fill'd,
And in their veins the purple current's chill'd:
In their distress, to God they lift their pray'r,
And though the tempest roars, the Lord will hear:
The same dread word, that swell'd the boiling main,
Commands a calm, and all is smooth again;
Their terrours vanish, whilst propitious gales
Swift to the port impel their swelling sails.

Though, by this time, the reader must be acquainted with our opinion of these works, we cannot close them forever without a few last remarks. Their principal defect is, want of character. They have no point, no tooth, and take such ladylike hold on the mind, that we read them and forget them with perfect unconcern. The abuse of logick, grammar and rhetorick ought not to be laid to their charge; for so far as these go, they are tolerably correct. The absence of blunders, however, is not excellence, any more than exemption from criminality is virtue. When honours are decreed to mediocrity, and not till then, the subject of this review may come in for the laurel. Such is our opinion of the works of Francis Hopkinson, Esq. in giving which, we have spoken of them as they are; "nothing extenuated, nor set down aught in malice." We have said, and we repeat it, had Mr. H. gone correctly to work, he would have done *something*, but he has played with his pen, instead of wielding it like a man, and it was our duty to take him in hand for his folly.

CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1808.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.——MART.

NEW WORKS.

An Address to the Members of the Merrimack Humane Society, at their anniversary meeting, in Newburyport, Sept. 6, 1808. By Michael Hodge, jun. Esq. Newburyport, Thomas & Whipple.

The 3d volume of the Works of Alexander Pope, Esq. containing the Dunciad, in 4 books, with a handsome frontispiece, engraved by I. H. Seymour, which completes the 3d volume of Select Miscellaneous Classicks. Hastings, Etheridge and Bliss, Boston.

An Oration, describing the influence of Commerce on the prosperity, character and genius of nations. Written at the request of the society of Phi Beta Kappa, and delivered on their anniversary at Cambridge, Sept. 1, 1808. By James Richardson. Boston. Russell & Cutler. 8vo. pp. 20.

Vol. I. of Reports of the Trials of Col. Aaron Burr, late Vice President of the United States, for treason and for a misdemeanor, in preparing the means of a military expedition against Mexico, &c. in the Circuit Court of the United States. To which is added, an Appendix, containing the arguments and evidence in support and defence of the motion afterwards made to commit A. Burr, H. Blannerhasset, and J. Smith, to be sent for trial to the state of Kentucky, for treason or misdemeanor alledged to be committed there; taken in short hand by David Robertson, Esq. Counsellor at Law.

The Knowledge of Jesus Christ supremely important—a Sermon, delivered June 8, 1808, at the installation of the Rev. Josiah Webster, to the pastoral care of the United Church and Society in Hampton, N. H. By Samuel Worcester, pastor of the Tabernacle Church in Salem. Thomas C. Cushing Salem.

The Military Mentor, being a series of letters recently written by a general officer to his son, on his entering the army; comprising a course of elegant instruction, calculated to unite the characters and accomplishments of the gentleman and the soldier. Vol. 2. Cushing & Appleton, Salem, and Joshua Cushing, Boston.

A selection of Psalms and Hymns, embracing all the varieties of subjects and metre, suitable for private devotion and the worship of churches. By William Emerson, A. M. pastor of the first church in Boston. Psalm xlvii. 7. Boston, Munroe, Francis & Parker. 12mo. pp. 300.

Chaplin's Sermon on the greatness of Redemption. Price 25 cents.

The Watery War: a poetical description of the existing controversy between the Pedobaptists and Baptists. Price 12 1-2 cents. Boston, Manning and Loring,

Three dissertations on Boylston Prize Questions, for the years 1806 and 1807. By George Cheyne Shuttuck, M. D Being the dissertations to which the Boylston Prize Questions were adjudged. To which is prefixed the publick account of their adjudication. Boston, Belcher and Armstrong.

A Sermon delivered at Hallowell, before the Maine Missionary Society, at their anniversary, June 15, 1808. By Jonathan Scott, V. D. M. pastor of the first church in Minott. Hallowell, N. Cheever.

An Address to the General Association of Connecticut, to the congregation-

al ministers and churches of the State, on the importance of united endeavours to revive gospel discipline. Litchfield, Hosmer and Goodwin.

NEW EDITIONS.

The Military Companion; being a system of company discipline, founded on the regulations of Baron Steuben, late Major-General and Inspector-General of the army of the United States. Containing the manual exercise, facings, steps, turnings, wheelings, miscellaneous evolutions and firings. Together with the duty of officers and privates. Designed for the use of the militia. Second edition, with additions and improvements, and illustrated with handsome copper-plates of company evolutions. Published by Thomas & Whipple, Booksellers, Newburyport, who are proprietors of the copy right. Price 37 1-2 cents.

A Faithful Picture of the Political Situation of New Orleans, at the close of the last and the beginning of the present year, 1807. Boston, reprinted from the New Orleans edition. 8vo. pp. 48.

The Speaker, or miscellaneous pieces, selected from the best English writers, disposed under proper heads, for the improvement of youth, in reading and speaking. To which is prefixed, an essay on elocution. By William Enfield, L. L. D. Lecturer of Belles-Lettres, in the Academy of Warrington. Boston, published by Joseph Larkin. E. C. Beals, printer, 12mo. pp. 430. Price 1 dollar.

Doddridge's Lectures on Preaching, and the several branches of the ministerial office: including the characters of the most celebrated ministers among dissenters, and in the establishment. Manning & Loring, printers. Price 62 1-2 cents.

Jay's Sermon on the mutual duties of husbands and wives. Preached on the occasion of a marriage solemnity. Price 25 cents.

The Cutter, in five lectures upon the art and practice of cutting friends, acquaintances, and relations. Boston, printed at the Emerald office, by E. G. House. 18mo. pp 104.

A Concise Introduction to Practical Arithmetic; in which all the rules that occur in common business are applied to the Federal Currency. Designed for the use of schools. By Samuel Temple, A M Sixth edition. Boston, printed by Lincoln and Edmands. 12mo. p.p. 138.

A new Gazetteer of the Eastern Continent; or a Geographical Dictionary: containing in Alphabetical order, a description of all the countries, kingdoms, states, cities, towns, principal rivers, lakes, harbours, mountains, &c. &c. in Europe, Asia, and Africa, with their adjacent islands; carefully compiled from the best authorities. By Jedediah Morse, D.D A.A. S. S. H. S. author of the American Universal Geography and American Gazetteer; and Elijah Parish, D D. pastor of the church in Byefield, Newbury. Illustrated with maps, accompanied by a new and elegant general atlas of the world, containing in a separate volume, sixty-three maps, and comprising all the new discoveries to the present time. Designed as a second volume to the American Gazetteer. Second edition, enlarged and enriched with information of the late remarkable changes in the Eastern Continent. Boston; Thomas & Andrews.

The History of the Church of Christ, volume the first. Containing the three first centuries. Boston. Farrand, Mallory & Co.

The Kingdom of Christ; a Missionary Sermon, preached before the general assembly of the Presbyterian church in Philadelphia, May 23, 1805 By Edward D. Griffin, A. M. one of the pastors of the presbyterian church in Newark, New-Jersey. Philadelphia, printed; Newburyport, reprinted, for Samuel Dole.

A Sermon preached before the general assembly of the presbyterian church in the United States of America; by appointment of their standing committee of missions, May 19, 1806. By Eliphalet Nott, D. D. President of Union college, in the state of New-York. Philadelphia, printed; Newburyport, reprinted, for Samuel Dole.

Marmion, a Tale of Flodden Field. By Sir Walter Scott, author of Lay of the last Minstrel. 2 vols. 12 mo. at 1 dol. 75 cts. Boston, Farrand, Mallory & Co. and Hopkins and Earle, Philadelphia.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Thomas & Whipple of Newburyport, have in the press A Compendious History of New-England, designed for schools and private families. By Jedidiah Morse, D. D. and Elijah Parrish, D. D. second edition, with alterations and improvements by the authors.

Bradford and Inskeep, Philadelphia, have in the press a volume entitled, The Warriour's Return; and other poems, by Mrs Amelia Opie.

Joshua Cushing of this town, has in the press, An Introduction to the making of Latin; adapted to the rules of Adam's and Smith's Syntax.

Joshua Cushing of this town, has in press, The Anatomy of the Gravid Uterus, with practical inferences relative to pregnancy and labour. By John Burns, surgeon in Glasgow.

I. Riley, New-York, has in press, Reports at Nisi Prius in the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas, by John Campbell, Esq. with Notes, &c. by a Chancellor at Law of New-York.

E. Sargent, New-York, has in the press, and will shortly publish, a new Novel, entitled the Wild Irish Boy, by the author of Fatal Revenge.

Now publishing in New-York, price to subscribers, two dollars, bound. The Great Line of History, from the earliest times to the present day, with a general view of the present state of the world; with respect to civilisation, religion and government, and a brief dissertation on the importance of historical knowledge. By Samuel Whelpley, A. M. principal of the Morris Academy, N. J. This work will be published on good paper and a fair type, in octavo form.

Printing in Walpole. (N. H.) by William Fessenden and G. W. Nichols, A Serious Address on the dangerous consequences of neglecting common coughs and colds, with directions for the prevention and cure of consumptions; to which are added, observations on the hooping cough By Thomas Hayes

In the press of Manning and Loring of this town, Booth's Apology for the Baptists.

Joshua Cushing, and Oliver and Munroe of this town, have in press, The Debates, Resolutions, and other Proceedings, of the Convention of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, convened at Boston, on the 9th of January, 1788, and continued until the 7th of February following, for the purpose of assenting to and ratifying the Constitution recommended by the Grand Federal Convention. Together with the yeas and nays on the decison of the Grand Question To which the Federal Constitution is prefixed; and to which will be added, the amendments which have been made therein. To be printed in one vol. 12mo. containing about 230 pages Price to subscribers bound and lettered, one dollar.

WORKS ANNOUNCED.

Bradford & Inskeep, Philadelphia, intend publishing an American edition of a work now publishing in London, edited by Wm. Nicholson, author and proprietor of the Philosophical Journal and various other chymical, philosophical, and mathematical works, entitled, the British Encyclopedia, or Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, comprising an accurate view of the present improved state of human knowledge. It is to be appropriated exclusively to the arts and sciences, and will be comprised in two large octavo volumes, embellished with two hundred elegant engravings.

An Abridgement or digest of the decision in all the important cases which have been brought before the courts of the United States and those of the several states, is preparing for the press by a gentleman of the bar of Philadelphia, and in a state of great forwardness. To this abstract of the decisions in all the important cases which have been reported in this country, it is in contemplation to add an appendix, which will contain a variety of matter particularly interesting to the legislator as well as to every member of the American bar.

Campbell and Mitchell, New York, will shortly, publish, Manœuvres of Horse Artillery, by General Koskinsco. Written at Paris in the year 1800, at the request of General William R. Davie, then Envoy from the United States to France. Translated with notes and descriptive plates, by Jonathan Williams, Col. Comdt. of the Corps of Engineers, and president of the U. S. Military Philosophical Society.

W. W. Woodward, Philadelphia, will shortly present the publick for their patronage, proposals for printing in four elegant octavo volumes, Scripture Characters, or a practical improvement of the histories in the Old and New Testaments, by Thomas Robinson, M. A. Vicar of St. Mary's, Leicester, and late fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in England. This edition is to be printed from the 6th edition just completed in London.

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

FOR

OCTOBER, 1808.

For the Anthology.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

[The following was originally written as a private letter; and it was not thought necessary to make any alterations of its form in offering it to the publick.]

OBSERVATIONS ON THE THEORY OF HARTLEY.

Andrews Norton.

My dear Wese,

I am about to write you a letter with relation to the theory of Hartley and the doctrine of necessity. I thought, you may recollect, when we were conversing upon the subject during your last visit at ——, that this theory was not irrefragable, and the arguments for this doctrine, founded upon it, not unanswerable, as they have sometimes been represented; but I do not know, that I shall be able in any degree to justify this opinion in a letter. It is in the third section of the third chapter of the first part of his work, which section treats "of the Affections in general," that Hartley draws his conclusion of the mechanism of the will. It is this section, that I intend particularly to examine. I will premise, however, a short account of his general theory.

Hartley's system of vibrations leads to materialism. He, however, does not deny the existence of a soul; but considers it as something merely sentient and percipient, which is affected by, and takes cognizance of the motions of the brain. Those of his school, however, are, I suppose, commonly materialists, and Cooper, the person, who gives the account of Dr. Priestley's metaphysical writing, annexed to his life, accuses Hartley of not perceiving in this respect the force of his own reasoning. As it will be simpler, I will give an account of his theory according to the doctrine of materialism, which I see the person just mentioned has partially done without any such previous notice. The only difference is, that what the materialists consider as the thing itself (an idea for instance,) Hartley considers as its proximate cause.

The following then is the theory of Hartley, thus modified.

When an object is presented to either of the senses, it produces a vibration in the very minute particles of the medullary substance of the nerves of that sense. [*Hart. Part* 1, *prop.* 4.

This vibration is continued from the organ of sensation to the brain, and there produces a vibration in the very minute particles of the medullary substance of the brain, which is sensation. [*Prop.* I. IV. *and Prop* V. *cor.* 2. 3.

These latter vibrations frequently repeated leave traces of themselves in the brain, and produce in it a disposition to miniature vibrations or vibratiuncules, which are ideas of sensation, or simple ideas. [*Prop.* VIII. IX

The vibrations in the brain are either gentle or moderately violent, and then are pleasures; or produce a solution of continuity and then are pains; or their degree of oscillation is evanescent, and then they are mere sensations or ideas not passing the limit of indifferency. [*Prop.* VI. XIV.

When a number of sensations are impressed synchronously or successively, the ideas of these sensations are associated together; so that when one of these sensations is impressed, it will excite the ideas of the remainder, if the association be synchronous, or the ideas of the sensations subsequent to it in the order of association, if the association be successive. [*Prop.* X. XI.

[This is the only general law, according to which association takes place, that is expressly stated and explained by Hartley.]

Simple ideas, that is, ideas of sensation, united by association, will by being frequently excited be drawn closer together, and at last coalesce into one complex, that is, intellectual idea, such as those, that belong to the heads of beauty, honour, moral qualities, &c. [*Prop.* XII. XIII.

In a complex or intellectual idea, it may be, that the effect of no single constituent idea is perceived, being overpowered by the united effect of the whole, so that the intellectual idea shall appear to have no relation to its compounding parts, ideas of sensation. [*Prop.* XII. *cor.* 1*st.*

A proposition is a complex idea; assent and dissent are complex ideas; with a proposition either assent or dissent are always associated into one very complex idea, or the terms of the proposition are associated with the word truth or its contrary; our judgments are nothing more than such associations. [*Prop.* XII. *cor.* 10. *Prop* LXXXVI.

Simple miniature vibrations (simple ideas) may be compounded into one complex vibration (complex idea) equally vivid and powerful with an original sensory vibration: these vivid complex ideas are the intellectual pleasures and pains; the passions, and affections, and the will. [*Prop.* XIV. *comp. cor.* 1, 3. *Prop.* LXXXIX. *Chap* IV. *Introd. comp. Prop.* VI.

All muscular motion is at first automatick and involuntary, the consequence of motory vibrations in the nerves; these motory vibrations being generated in various ways from sensory vibrations. [*Prop* XV. XVIII. XIX. XXI. LXXVII.

These motory vibrations in the nerves produce a disposition to corresponding motory vibratiuncules in the brain. [*Prop.* XX.

These motory vibratiuncules, when excited, descend along the motory nerves and excite their corresponding motory vibrations and produce the consequent muscular motions. [*Prop.* XX.

The motory vibratiuncules cohere to each other by association, so that the parts of a complex motion readily succeed each other; and they likewise cohere to ideal vibratiuncules, so as to be excited by them, so that ideas may produce muscular motion. [*Prop.* XX. *cor.* 3. 4.

When an idea is equally vivid and powerful with an original sensory vi-

bration, it may produce muscular motions of the same strength with automatick motions. [*Prop.* XX. *cor.* 5.

When muscular motion is produced by that complex idea, which is the will for the time being, it is voluntary. [*Prop* XXI.

According to Hartley then, the power of sensation is the only original faculty of the mind. All its intellectual ideas and affections (I use the word in its more extensive sense) are resolvable into ideas of sensation; and all which have been considered its active powers are only the law of association operating in different ways.

I now proceed to the examination of the section before mentioned, which treats "of the affections in general." In this section, Hartley, instead of the term 'complex idea,' uses the term 'aggregate of simple ideas,' which I shall accordingly adopt. The following is his theory of the affections and the will.

The passions or affections are nothing more than aggregates of simple ideas united by association, aggregates of the ideas or traces of the sensible pleasures or pains.

[In the 1st corollary of the 14th proposition, with similar meaning, though in different language, the passions and affections are explained to be (as I have before observed) vivid complex ideas.]

The passions may be divided into two classes, of love and of hatred; those of the former class being aggregates of pleasurable, and those of the latter of painful ideas.

These aggregates of pleasurable or of painful ideas, when excited to a certain degree, so as to produce actions, may be termed desire and aversion.

Desire and aversion are the will for the time being.

To this theory it may perhaps be found sufficient answer, that love and hatred, are not pleasure and pain; that pleasure and pain are not love and hatred There is no man, who, without reference to some theory, confounds these different internal feelings. Hence it is, that Hartley in the Introduction to his work, says, "The affections have the pleasures and pains for their objects, as the understanding has the mere sensations and ideas," and in the 4th paragraph of this section, in the very moment of stating his theory, deserting its proper language, he speaks of the passions as arising from pleasure and pain. But the passions he had before stated to be "aggregates of the ideas or traces of the sensible pleasures or pains" and it is the pleasure or pain attending these aggregates, which must, according to Hartley, constitute the passion: for, supposing the aggregate of ideas to be divested of pleasure or pain, no passion or tendency to passion would exist. Thus in the 2d paragraph of this section, he calls 'intellectual affections,' what in the 4th chapter of this part of his work, he treats of as intellectual pleasures and pains, and which intellectual pleasures and pains he there analyses as being, what he here defines the passions to be, aggregates of the ideas or traces of the sensible pleasures and pains. The conclusion, that the passions and intellectual pleasures and pains are the same, results also from a comparison of the 1st and 3d corollaries of the 14th proposition, though in the 1st of these there is a want of conformity in the language to the theory similar to that, on which I have been remarking.* According to Hartley then, the passions of love and hatred are

* The following is the 14 Prop. And the 1st and 3d corollaries.

Proposition. "It is reasonable to think

the pleasures and pains connected with aggregates of ideas of sensation. If it be not so, what they are he has no where explained.

But that, which I have stated, not only is his meaning, but nothing else can be his meaning in conformity to his general theory; according to which the power of sensation is the only part of our mental constitution not factitious. All the materials, that Hartley thinks necessary to build up and complete the various superstructure of the human mind, are the ideas of different sounds, tastes, colours, shapes, &c. with the pleasures and pains accompanying these ideas. Now, as the mere ideas before mentioned cannot constitute any kind of passion, our passions must be nothing more than the pleasures and pains, by which they are accompanied.

Yet so contrary to all our knowledge on the subject is this conclusion, which makes love and hatred the same with pleasure and pain, that Hartley again abandons the language of his theory, for the language of common opinion, and thus expresses himself, in the 9th paragraph of this section: "A state of desire ought to be pleasant at first from the near relation of desire to love, and of love to pleasure and happiness." A near relation they have, for pleasure is frequently the occasion of love, and love of desire, as the word is used by Hartley; but to confound them together is not making a theory to explain the phenomena of the mind; it is bending the phenomena of the mind to his simplifying theory.

Here then seems to be a fundamental errour, in confounding the passions and affections with the intellectual pleasures and pains, and we may observe still further, its effects upon this theory. The passions and affections, or intellectual pleasures and pains are divided by Hartley into six classes of imagination, ambition, self-interest, sympathy, theopathy, and the moral sense. "They are excited," he says, in the 1st paragragh of the section we are examining, "by objects and by the incidents of life." These objects, it is almost unnecessary to observe, are frequently not present, and the affections, which produce desire, are always excited by the *idea* of an object not possessed. Now the intellectual affections and pleasures being according to this theory the same, here then is the idea of an object exciting and strongly exciting (seeing that desire is produced) all the intellectual pleasures of its proper class, to which it has relation. What more or what different could be effected by the object itself, if possessed (supposing it of course an object merely of intellectual pleasure) it may not be easy to explain; or consequently, why, with regard to such an object, desire and a sense of possession are not states of the mind equally and in the same manner pleasurable. And thus Hartley says (5th

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that some of the complex vibrations attending upon complex ideas, according to the last proposition, may be as vivid as any of the sensory vibrations excited by the direct action of objects."

1st *Corollary.* "When the complex miniature vibrations are thus exalted in degree, we are to conceive, that the corresponding complex ideas are proportionally exalted, and so pass into intellectual affections and passions. We are therefore to deduce the origin of the intellectual pleasures and pains, which are the objects of these affections and passions from the source here laid open."

3d *Corollary.* "It follows also from this proposition, that the intellectual pleasures and pains may be greater, equal or less, than the sensible ones, according as each person unites more or fewer, more vivid or more languid miniature vibrations in the formation of his intellectual pleasures and pains," &c.

paragraph) that desire is love excited to a certain degree* (sufficiently so to excite other associated ideas, which accidental effect has nothing to do with our present purpose); and (11th paragraph) that joy takes place, when desire is at an end, and is love exerted towards or rather excited by an object, that is present.† By comparing the words of Hartley, therefore, we come to the same conclusion, to which we were before led by his theory. According to the quotations just made, desire is love, and joy is love; consequently, desire and joy are the same; the only difference being, that, in the former case, this passion, love, produces effects, which it does not in the latter, and in the latter case has a cause certainly different from what it has in the former; though what is its cause in the former case is no where particularly explained. It follows then, if the preceding observations be correct, that Hartley confounds desire with its gratification, intellectual hunger with intellectual revelling.

In the last quotation from Hartley, in the preceding paragraph, he speaks of joy as being love exerted towards an object which is present. But though this expression is proper in itself, it is not conformable to his theory; as it is scarcely correct to speak of an aggregate of simple ideas being exerted towards an object. I have therefore thought it allowable to change the expression.

But as (according to the theory we are examining) the ideas of an object desired, may effect the mind in the same way, as the object itself when possessed; so it is not easy to conceive why the object itself may not produce the same effects as its idea; that is, by strongly exciting the affections, produce desire and its consequences. When our love, says Hartley, is excited to a certain degree, it puts us upon a variety of actions, and may be termed desire. Now as it operates in a manner merely mechanical, as is immediately explained, (and indeed, we ought continually to recollect, that we have to do with a theory, which professes to explain all the operations of the mind mechanically) now as love thus operates, it cannot, I think, be shewn, why it should not produce the same effects, and put us upon the same course of action, in whatever manner it may be excited, whether by the idea of an object desired, or by the object itself possessed.

But, (to proceed to another objection) supposing the proper passions to be sufficiently excited, without consideration of the manner in which this may be effected, yet I do not think it satisfactorily explained by Hartley, how, when thus excited, they put us upon such a course of action, as may enable to obtain their object. In conformity to his theory, when a passion that is an aggregate of simple ideas is sufficiently excited, it excites other

* The following are the words of Hartley: "Fifthly. When our love and hatred are excited to a certain degree, they put us upon a variety of actions, and may be termed desire and aversion; by which last word, I understand an active hatred."

† The following is the whole of the eleventh paragraph. "Eleventhly. Joy and grief take place, when the desire and aversion, hope and fear, are at an end; and are love and hatred exerted towards an object, which is present either in a sensible manner, or in a rational one, i. e. so as to occupy the whole powers of the mind, as sensible objects, when present and attended to, do the external senses. It is very evident, that the objects of the intellectual pleasures and pains derive their power of thus affecting the mind from association."

ideas and motory vibratiuncules previously associated with it; and thus puts the mind upon thinking and the body upon action. Hartley indeed, in the 6th paragraph† of the section we are examining, treats of muscular motion, as the only effect of a passion strongly excited, or volition. But as volition, every one's experience teaches, has power over the exertions of the mind, as well as over the muscular motions, I have ventured to add a clause with respect to the mind in order to complete the theory. A passion then, becoming the will, excites other ideas and motory vibratiuncules associated with it at the time of its excitement. But there is no reason, why these ideas and motory vibratiuncules thus previously associated with it should constitute or produce any thing like that particular course of conduct necessary to obtain the object now desired; or supposing the number of ideas and motory vibratiuncules thus previously associated with it to be very great, there is no reason, why the passion, whose operation is mechanical, should excite those only, which are proper for its present purpose; there is no reason, why this aggregate of ideas, the complex vibration in the brain, should be associated with, or if associated with, should select and excite all those numerous other vibrations or ideas and those only, which may produce all the minute varieties of the course of action now required.

Such are some of the objections, which may be made to Hartley's account of the affections and of the will. If any one of these objections be valid, the doctrine of the mechanism of the will, and consequently the doctrine of necessity (a doctrine, which he confesses himself to have admitted with the greatest reluctance) finds no support in his theory of association.

Hartley seems to have considered imperfectly and indistinctly the effects upon the mind of "objects and the incidents of life," sometimes exciting and sometimes gratifying the passions; sometimes causing desire and aversion, and sometimes pleasure and pain. He has considered these objects and incidents, as far as relates to the present subject, as having no other power than to excite pleasurable or painful aggregates of ideas. These aggregates he has of course sometimes considered as passions, and sometimes as intellectual pleasures and pains, since it could not be forgotten, that both these were excited by objects and the incidents of life. But if there be any force in the preceding reasoning; if the passions be not aggregates of simple ideas; if they be not factitious; if upon the theory, which maintains these suppositions, there can be no reasonable account given of their phenomena, then neither are the intellectual pleasures and pains, aggregates of the ideas or traces of the sensible pleasures and

† The following is the sixth paragraph: "Sixthly. The will appears to be nothing but a desire or aversion sufficiently strong to produce an action, that is, not automatick primarily or secondarily. At least, it appears to me, that the substitution of these words for the word will, may be justified by the common usage of language. The will is therefore that desire or aversion, which is strongest for the then present time. For if any other desire was stronger, *the muscular motion connected with it by association*, would take place, and not that which proceeds from the will, or the voluntary one, which is contrary to the supposition. Since, therefore, all love and hatred, all desire and aversion are factitious, and generated by association, i. e. mechanically, it follows that the will is mechanical, also."

pains ;* or to use the words of Hartley to "be deduced, in fact from the sensible pleasures and pains by means of the general law of association." If the passions are original constituent parts of our nature, then their gratifications and disappointment are original and uncompounded intellectual pleasures and pains. If for instance the desire of esteem be native and not factitious, then the gratification of this desire is a native and simple intellectual pleasure. If the love of beauty be an original affection, then the pleasures and pains of the imagination arising from this source are primary pleasures and pains altogether independent of the pleasures and pains of sense.

But what then, it may be asked, is the chapter of Hartley upon the intellectual pleasures and pains? I answer, that, if the preceding view of this subject be correct, it is not in truth, what it claims to be, an analysis of the intellectual pleasures and pains into their constituent parts, by the association, of which they are formed; but it is a most ingenious account of the manner, in which these pleasures and pains are very frequently associated together and associated with reminiscences of sensible pleasures and pains.

But whatever may be the separate value of parts of the work of Hartley, his theory of association appears to me continually defective and insufficient for its purpose, to account for the phenomena of the mind. There are causes however, why its defects and its insufficiency are not so apparent as one might suppose they would be. Hartley readily abandons the proper language of his theory, where this might appear incongruous or absurd, for the language of common opinion. Where, upon his principles, it might be difficult speciously to account for the phenomena of the mind, he sometimes states these phenomena without attempting to do this, he gives the fact itself without endeav-

* Hartley has not used these words, "aggregates of the ideas or traces of the sensible pleasures and pains" in speaking of the intellectual pleasures and pains; though these are analysed by him as being such aggregates. It might have started any theorist, to have given in the same words the same account of these pleasures and pains, which he had before given of the passions and affections. The definition just mentioned is however directly implied in the following paragraph from that part of the 94th Proposition, which treats "of the Pleasures arising from the Beauty of the Natural World."

"An attentive person may also in viewing or contemplating the beauties of nature lay hold as it were of *the remainders and miniatures of many of the particular pleasures* here enumerated; while they recur in a separate state and *before they coalesce with the general indeterminate aggregate* and thus verify the history now proposed, [i. e. the history of the formation from the pleasures of sense, of the pleasures arising from the beauties of the natural world.]

The following is Hartley's general account of the intellectual pleasures and pains in his introduction to the 4th Chapter:

"Now it will be sufficient proof, that all the intellectual pleasures and pains are deducible ultimately from the sensible ones, if we can shew of each intellectual pleasure and pain in particular, that it takes its rise from other pleasures and pains either sensible or intellectual. For thus none of the intellectual pleasures and pains can be original. But the sensible pleasures and pains are evidently originals. They are therefore the only ones, i. e. they are the common source, from whence all the intellectual pleasures and pains are ultimately derived."

"If we admit the power of association and can also shew that associations sufficient in kind and degree concur in fact in the several instances of our intellectual pleasures and pains, this will of itself exclude all other causes of these pleasures and pains," &c.

ouring to connect it with his system, or to translate the incorrect and loose language of former metaphysicians into the proper and precise dialect of his theory. Hence it is, that his theory, as far as it is explained, may sometimes appear plausible, and when we quit this, we find ourselves among facts, which all acknowledge, and slide easily into language, to which we have been accustomed. We scarcely recollect, that Hartley has no claim to this language, which is the common property of other writers, and that it is his duty not merely to state these facts, which is nothing to his purpose, but to accommodate them to his theory. In reading Hartley, one ought constantly to have in mind similar sentiments to those, which Cicero in his philosophical writings so frequently expresses with regard to Epicurus; Quasi ego id curem quid ille aiat aut neget illud quæro quid ei . . . . . consentaneum sit dicere [De Finibus. Lib. II. sec. 22] Hæc bene dicuntur, nec ego repugno, sed inter sese ipsa pugnant. [sec. 28.]

While employed upon his theory, Hartley seems scarcely to have recollected, that there were any opinions contradictory to his own. In pursuing his synthetical method, he anticipates no objections, he perplexes himself with no difficulties. Though his theory of the mind is so peculiar and throughout different from all others, yet in this part of his work, except in the last chapter with reference to the doctrine of necessity, he no where appears as a controvertist. He does not withdraw the attention of his reader from his own system, or weaken his assent to it by introducing any different views of his subject. Hence from this uninterrupted, and from the long and close attention required by his work, it may be difficult to prevent one's ideas from becoming assimilated to those of Hartley. The mind, fatigued by the labour of comprehending his theory, may have but little alacrity to seek for objections and different views of the subject, which are not offered to its examination.

The mind of Hartley (if I may venture to make any further criticism upon a man so respectable for intellectual and moral excellence) seems not to have been best adapted to take a comprehensive and general view of a complex subject and its various relations. The distinguishing character of his mind was perhaps an habit of patient investigation. Whatever was the theme of his inquiry, he seems to have surveyed it slowly and in detail. Hence he frequently brings together a great variety of observations, many of them very excellent. But there is, even in separate observations and detached parts of his work, sometimes a want of precision of thought, or at least of expression, which may leave one in doubt whether he had considered very accurately, that of which he is treating.

In the conclusion of the first part of the work of Hartley, there are some general remarks upon the doctrine of the mechanism, or necessity of human actions. But it is not in the timid, the doubtful, the almost contradictory language* of Hartley,

* Of language almost contradictory, I will give the following passages as a specimen: "We may shew," says Hartley, "by a like method of reasoning, that the affections of gratitude and resentment, which are intimately connected with the moral sense, remain notwithstanding the doctrine of mechanism."

. . . . . "It seems to follow, that as soon as we discover created intelligent beings not to be real causes, we should cease to make them objects either of

that one ought to examine the consequences of this doctrine, which opposes itself to the uniform testimony of the language, the feelings, and the conduct of mankind; which makes our language upon moral subjects unmeaning or inconsistent with truth; which makes our feelings and conduct, produced by the actions of others, our gratitude and resentment, our indignation and esteem; which makes these altogether irreconcileable with reason and justice, and founded upon what a necessarian must consider a detected imposition, the belief that men are

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gratitude or resentment. *But this is in a great measure speculation*, for it will appear to every attentive person, that benevolence, compassion, &c. are amiable; envy and malice the contrary, from whatever causes they proceed; i. e. he will find his mind so formed already by association, that he cannot withhold his gratitude or resentment."

This is the language of Hartley, in disavowing, as it would seem, certain consequences, as they appear to be, of the doctrine of necessity. By turning over a few pages we may find what follows: "I come now," says Hartley, "to hint some consequences of the doctrine of mechanism, which seem to me to be strong presumptions in its favour."

The third of these consequences mentioned by Hartley, is the following: "Thirdly. It has a tendency to abate all resentment against men. Since all that they do against us is by the appointment of God, it is rebellion against him to be offended with them."

I do not say, how far these passages may be reconciled. But from a comparison of them together, it will be obvious, that Hartley affirms by implication, what he certainly would not have affirmed directly, that, on the mind of a necessarian, the conviction that he is acting in rebellion against God, has very little effect; and that to suppose it will have any, is, "in a great measure mere speculation."

Of what is meant in the text, by doubtful language, the following is an example: "Eighthly. It may be said, that the doctrine of mechanism makes God the author of sin. I answer, that, till we arrive at self annihilation, sin always will, and ought to appear, to arise from ourselves; and that when we are arrived thither, sin and evil of every kind vanish."

It is not easy to affix any definite meaning to this answer; nor to see how it is applicable to the objection. Nor may it be easy to shew, why, in any case, sin, of which we are convinced that we are not the real cause, will, and ought to appear, to arise from ourselves.

I subjoin the only passages in Hartley, that I recollect as having any tendency to explain the manner, in which he intends to use the phrase, "self annihilation." The first is the fourth corollary of the twenty-second proposition:

"*Cor.* 4. Since God is the source of all good, and consequently must at last appear to be so, i. e. be associated with all our pleasures, it seems to follow even from this proposition, that the idea of God, and the ways, by which his goodness and happiness are made manifest must at last take place of and absorb all other ideas, and He himself become, according to the language of the scriptures, *all in all*."

The two following passages are from the concluding remarks on the mechanism of the human mind, which we have been considering

"It does indeed appear, that this" [our being affected towards men, as if they were the real causes of their actions] "is owing to our present imperfect state, in which we begin with the idolatry of the creature, with the worship of every associated circumstance; and that, as we advance in perfection, the associations relating to the one only ultimate infinite cause must at last overpower all the rest; that we shall pay no regards but to God alone; and that all resentment, demerit, sin and misery will be utterly annihilated and absorbed by his infinite happiness and perfections."

"The doctrine of mechanism," says Hartley, "has a tendency to beget the most profound humility and self-annihilation; since, according to this, we are entirely destitute of all power and perfection in ourselves; and are what we are, entirely by the grace and goodness of God."

the real causes of their actions; which sets aside remorse; which, as it respects the pleasures of the moral sense, those pleasures, in comparison with which the better sects of ancient philosophy thought all others annihilated, and in their enjoyment all pain and sorrow absorbed and unfelt; which, instead of these, offers us the miserable belief, that certain proper associations have, in some way, been formed within us, and that we have been the mechanical instruments in the production of certain beneficial effects.*

I have no intention, however, to lengthen this letter, by observing on the consequences of the doctrine of necessity. What precedes has not been written under the most favourable circumstances. I have had no other work of any value to consult on its subject, except that of Hartley himself, and the weakness of my eyes has been such as to prevent my either reading or writing with continued attention.

* Views of human nature, very different from those connected with the doctrines of mechanism, may be found in the three first Sermons of Bishop Butler, a man, whose only honest aim in the vigourous exertion of a most powerful mind seems to have been the establishment of truth and the promotion of virtue. He has written nothing unworthy of the author of "the Analogy."

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. CARTER'S LETTERS.

Pope and Warburton.

"Our present after-supper author is Mr. Pope, in Mr. Warburton's edition. Is it because one's strongest partialities, when in any point deceived, turn to the strongest prejudice of dislike, that I read those admirable poems and letters with a considerable mixture of pain and indignation? At some uncharitable moments, one can scarce help looking upon all those eloquent expressions of benevolence and affection as too much parade, while one sees them overbalanced by such bitterness and cutting severity. I wish I knew the true history of Patty.* Till I do, I cannot read the letters of friendship to her father with any satisfaction. I am afraid you will be angry with me for all this, but while every reading makes me more admire his genius, every one makes me more doubt his heart. One thing I am extremely offended at in his poems, and of which I never took so much notice before, his frequent quotations of scripture phrases in much too ludicrous a way. The notes are worth any body's running over; some very wild, some very ingenious, some full of amusing anecdotes, some bitterly but not wittily satirical, but merely rough, unjust, and angry, and the greatest number, true commentator like, explaining what needs no explanation, and wire-drawing for meanings that the author never thought of."

* "Mrs. Martha Blount, to whom Pope left great part of his fortune.

Tom Jones and Clarissa.

[From a letter to Miss Talbot.]

"I am sorry to find you so outrageous about poor Tom Jones: he

is no doubt an imperfect, but not a detestable character, with all that honesty, goodnature, and generosity of temper. Though nobody can admire Clarissa more than I do; yet with all our partiality, I am afraid, it must be confessed, that Fielding's book is the most natural representation of what passes in the world, and of the bizarreries, which arise from the mixture of good and bad, which makes up the composition of most folks. Richardson has no doubt a very good hand at painting excellance, but there is a strange awkwardness and extravagance in his vicious characters. To be sure, poor man, he had read in a book, or heard some one say, there was such a thing in the world as wickedness, but being totally ignorant in what manner the said wickedness operates upon the human heart, and what checks and restraints it meets with to prevent its ever being perfectly uniform and consistent in any one character, he has drawn such a monster, as I hope never existed in mortal shape; for to the honour of human nature, and the gracious author of it be it spoken, Clarissa is an infinately more imitable character, than Lovelace or the Harlowes."

Young's Night Thoughts.

[From Miss Talbot.]

1744.

"Dr Young has now, I suppose, done with his *Night Thoughts*: he has given us one for every night in the week. I do not know whether you criticks and fine folks will allow them to be poems; but this I am certain of, that they are excellent in their kind, though they may be of a kind peculiar to themselves. He shews us the muse in her ancient dignity, when she inhabited temples and spoke an immortal language, long before sing-song came into being."

From Mrs. Carter, in reply.

"I think I am next to proceed upon Dr. Young, who well deserves the beautiful encomiums you give him: I really regret there are no more than seven nights in a week, instead of exclaiming, as I heard a lady, when she was told of a fifth, "What, will that man never have done complaining?"

"But as greatly as I admire this book, and as trifling as most of the criticisms on it appear, I cannot help making one objection: that the author has given too gloomy a picture of life, and too bad a character of mankind; who, upon the whole, I am much inclined to believe, are a much better set of beings than some moralists, from a partial view, think proper to represent them. Indeed this melanholy turn of thought runs through all Dr. Young's writings, but in no where so much as in what he calls his *True Estimate of Life*, one of the most sombre pieces surely, that ever a splenetick imagination drew."

Lord Lyttleton's Monody.

[From Miss Talbot.]

1747.

"Have you seen the Monody? To see it, and admire it, will, I imagine, be, with you, the same thing; if sentiment the most affectionate, images the most natural, expressions elegant and poetical, and all the soft varied harmony of numbers, have charms enough to make you overlook some inequalities. I never saw any thing that seemed to flow more from the heart—though whether the heart would be apt to print and publish, I cannot determine; people's ways of thinking are so very

different, that in those sorts of things there is no judging others by one's self. For myself, wherever I feel the most, I am incapable of saying any thing."

Montfaucon.

[From Miss Talbot.]

1751.

"I am sick of all human greatness and activity, and so would you be, if you had been turning over with me five great folio's of Montfaucon's French Antiquities, where warriours, tyrants, queens and favourites have passed before my eyes in a quick succession, of whose pomp, power, and bustle, nothing now remains but quiet gothick monuments, vile prints, and the records of still viler actions. Here and there shines out a character remarkably good or great; but in general I have been forced to take refuge from the absolute detestation of human nature that was coming upon me, in the hope that the unillustrious in every age, the knitters, the triflers, the domestick folks, had quietly kept all that goodness and happiness among themselves, of which history preserves so few traces.

Horace Walpole, late Earl of Oxford.

1768.

"I fancy you were not greatly edified by the study of Mr. Walpole's book. There is always some degree of entertainment in what he writes; but less, I think, in this than usual; and it is rather more peevish and flippant. It is great pity, that he should ever write any thing but Castles of Otranto, in which species of composition he is so remarkably happy. He would, I think, succeed much better as an historian, if he could feel as strong an interest in living excellence as in the characters of his own creation: and this would make him represent a Sydney or a Falkland, as beautifully as he has done a Theodore and Hippolyta. Would it be too refined or uncharitable to attempt to solve this inconsistency, by the supposition that ideal perfection may seem to leave an entire liberty to people not disposed to regard it; while really existing virtues are such awakening and painful calls to imitation, as strongly incline some minds too lively not to feel their force, and too little inclined to yield to it, to make use of every art to stifle and obscure them? You will think me out of humour with Mr. W——, and so I am. His going out of his way to indulge a sneering contempt of subjects, which, whatever may be his own unhappy opinion of them, he knows to be held sacred by the greater part of his readers, is (to say no worse of it) such violation of decency, as gives very just cause of offence."

Lord Chesterfield's Letters.

1774.

"Lord Chesterfield's Letters are, I think, the most complete system of French morality, that ever disgraced the English language. A system founded neither on principles of virtue, nor sentiments of heart, but upon those selfish motives, which aim at nothing higher than mere benesance, and which never yet, through the general course of life, procured to any character confidence, or esteem, or love. It is in vain that Lord Chesterfield would disguise the intrinsick imperfections and deformities of the composition, which his instructions would produce, by so strongly recommending the graces. The world is always quick-sighted

enough to distinguish between the mere rouge and enamel of artificial good breeding, and those genuine graces which naturally spring from principles and dispositions, of which unhappily his Lordship seems to have been totally ignorant. All this may, I think, be fairly said on many of the most specious and plausible parts of the collection: others are more openly detestable. That a father should seriously, and earnestly counsel a son to endeavour to make his fortune, by betraying the families into which he is admitted, destroying domestick connections, and violating the most sacred rights of society, is a degree of profligacy which it is to be hoped, even in this bad world, is not to be found.

Bryant's Mythology.

1774.

"I do not recollect any late productions in the literary way, except a little volume of very pretty essays by Miss Aiken, and Mr. Bryant's Analysis of Ancient Mythology, of which I have read one volume in quarto. It is a work of immense learning, and very great ingenuity, but has so me the fault of almost all the mythological systems I ever read, the want of sufficient proof. When one is professedly invited into the regions of fiction, the further one travels the better. Imagination has a natural right to take the lead, and reason very quietly falls asleep, and never interferes in the progress. But whenever an address is made to the understanding, and fancies and conjectures take the place of proofs, I know few kinds of reading so unprofitable and teazing, however ingenious the writer may be. Mr. Bryant is a man of excellent character and acknowledged abilities, and the tendency of his studies to the highest degree respectable: all this I have a pleasure in mentioning; and perhaps the fault is in myself that I do not feel more convinced of the truth of his system. I am told the second volume is much more satisfactory than the first. I find it is a fashionable book, from which one would infer that this is an age of most profound literature; and from the very nature of his subject it is scarcely possible to discover what he means but by the assistance of Greek and Hebrew."

Voltaire.

"I am not surprised at any blunder in Voltair's arguments. Wit is a squint of the understanding, which is mighty apt to set things in a wrong place. I have not seen any of his writings, not from the character of them do I ever design it. I should as soon think of playing with a toad or a viper, as of reading such blasphemy and impiety, as I am told are contained in some of his works.

Hume and Rousseau.

1766.

"Have you heard of a strange quarrel between David Hume and J. J. Rousseau? Poor Rousseau to be sure was undone by the unmolested repose, to which he had been doomed in England; and it is very fit he should relieve himself by making some bustle, as nobody was charitable enough to disturb him. Hume is extremely angry, and wants to print the correspondence, but is advised to forbear. When they were together, he humoured Rousseau like a peevish child, to which certainly he had no right, unless he could have pleaded the understanding of a child in excuse for its humours. Natural infirmities of

temper are to be treated with tenderness and compassion; but when people work up perverseness into a philosophical system, and contrive to make themselves as troublesome as they possibly can, they forfeit all claim to indulgence, and every encouragement to their unreasonable humours is an injury to society."

Sterne.

1768.

"I thought the tone of one paragraph in your letter did not seem your own, even before you gave an intimation that it belonged to the Sentimental Traveller, whom I neither have read, nor probably ever shall; for indeed there is something shocking in whatever I have heard either of the author, or of his writings. It is the fashion, I find, to extol him for his benevolence, a word so wretchedly misapplied, and so often put as a substitute for virtue, that one is quite sick of hearing it repeated either by those who have no ideas at all, or by those who have none but such as confound all differences of right and wrong. Merely to be struck by a sudden impulse of compassion at the view of an object of distress, is no more benevolence than it is a fit of the gout, and indeed has a nearer relation to the last than to the first. Real benevolence would never suffer a husband and a father to neglect and injure those whom the ties of nature, the order of providence, and the general sense of mankind have entitled to his first regards. Yet this unhappy man by his carelessness and extravagance has left a wife and child to starve, or to subsist on the precarious bounty of others. Nor would real benevolence lead a clergyman to ramble about the world after objects with whom he has no particular connection, when he might exercise the noblest duties of a benevolent heart in a regular discharge of his proper function, instead of neglecting and disgracing it by indecent and buffoon writings.

Vicar of Wakefield, by Goldsmith.

1766.

"Be so good to tell Mrs. Handcock, that I do like the *Vicar of Wakefield*; and likewise that I do not: by which means in any case I hope I am secure of being of her opinion. Indeed it has admirable things in it, though mixt with provoking absurdities; at which one should not be provoked if the book in general had not great merit. A small alteration in the author's plan might have furnished a very useful lesson. The character of Burchell, as it now stands, is entirely out of nature, whether we suppose him to be guided by good principles or bad. If the author had strongly marked him as acting by no principles at all, every instance of his behaviour would have been natural: for every contradiction and every absurdity is natural to a humourist; and the satirizing a character of all others perhaps the most destructive to the peace of human society, would have been a very instructive performance."

Swift.

1766.

"I have never read Swift's last published letters; but am glad to find that they help to justify me in always having had a more favourable idea of his character than most people seemed to think he deserved. There always appeared a rectitude and sincerity in him much superiour to the greater number of his coteni-

porary geniuses. His wit, I cannot help thinking, was mere distemper, and for many instances of shocking impropriety and levity into which it hurried him he was perhaps as little accountable as for the delirium of a fever. Lord Corke I think somewhere speaks of his deplorable ideotcy as a judgment: surely it would have been more charitable to have considered it as the last stage of a long madness, which very frequently terminates in this conclusion."

For the Anthology.

LEVITY.

Gentlemen,

It is well known, that the French Government sent many missionaries, in the early part of the revolution, to different countries for different purposes: some of these were diplomatick and consular agents, openly accredited and acknowledged; others were *scavans*, who travelled as private individuals, but who furnished memoirs and information on persons and things, which have aided that government in their intercourse with foreign nations. Many visited the United States, and some of their writings have been published; those of Talleyrand, Volney, &c. are familiar to the publick. The singular felicity, which the French writers possess, of furnishing a memoir on every subject, has often been remarked and envied, and is exemplified in the one, I now offer for your miscellany. It has never been published in the United States. Some persons may remark an anachronism, for which I do not pretend to account; in speaking of the lobster, the author cites the regulation of the Board of Health, to prevent their being eaten in the summer months, which, it is believed, is posteriour to the period, at which the writer visited this country, but which may possibly have been inserted from subsequent information. I hope indulgence will be granted for any French idioms, that may appear in the translation, as it is a kind of labour, of which I am not very fond, and to which I am very little accustomed. Yours, &c.

Memoir on the consumption of Cranberry Sauce, by the Americans, addressed to the Citizen ——, member of the National Institute, by the Citizen ——, residing at Boston.

Nothing excites the sensibility of a Frenchman more strongly, on his first landing in the United States, than the raw and simple state of their culinary preparations. If the supposition, which has been made by some philosophers, be not too fanciful, that the progress of a nation in civilization and refinement may be ascertained by the degree of skill they have attained in cooking, this infant nation are still in the most barbarous situation. A general consideration of this subject cannot enter into the present memoir; but some notion may be formed of their rude state, when it is known, that soups, so common in France, are but little used, and that they substitute for them a composition

called a pudding, made of flour, suet, dried grapes, eggs, milk, spices, and other heterogeneous materials, which, when served upon the table, is a real phenomenon, for it is commonly asserted, that its specifick gravity is greater than that of lead. Our rich nutricious *sauces* are almost unknown; and, as a proof of the early corruption and degeneracy of this nation, many of the country people have bestowed this name* upon vegetables, which they eat in the most unprepared state, boiled and soaked in hot water. But the most universal dish, which obtains equally at the tables of the rich and poor, is the substance which forms the subject of this memoir.

Cranberry Sauce, vulgarly called cramberry sauce, from the voracious manner in which they eat it,† is made from a berry, produced by a plant, called by us, *Airelle des marais*; the *Vaccinium Hispidulum* of Linnæus, a plant of the 8th order, 1st class, *Octandria Monogynia*: it grows in meadows filled with moss, on a slender, bending stalk, covered with silky scales, whose leaves are oval, rather oblong and shining: the berries are large, red, and of a pleasant acid taste. The fruit is ripened by the early frosts in the autumn, but is gathered through the winter, and in the spring after the ice dissolves, and even then is the most esteemed.

Preparing them for the table is very easily done; the berries are stewed slowly with nearly their weight of sugar for about an hour, and served on the table cold: the sugar made use of differs in quality according to the wealth of those by whom the sauce is used. It is eaten with almost every species of roasted meat, particularly the whitemeats, turkies, partridges, &c. some even eat it with boiled fish, and I knew one person, otherwise a very worthy man, who eat it with lobsters, for supper! The mention of this shellfish, which is taken in great abundance on the neighbouring coasts, induces me, though rather foreign to the subject of this paper, to relate a striking instance of the narrow, selfish policy of the institutions of this people. During the three summer months, the Board of Health prohibit the sale of lobsters in this city; but it is freely permitted in Roxbury, the southern suberb of Boston, inhabited principally by gardeners, butchers, and curriers; and the inhabitants of this quarter are abandoned to the ill consequences arising from this practice.*

One individual informed me, that the rosy complexion of their women had been attributed to their consumption of this article. Though this opinion seemed extravagant, I resolved to try the truth of it, because every argument in its favour should be destroyed if possible. I therefore prevailed upon a servant girl, about fourteen years of age, to eat nothing else; partly by coaxing and partly by menaces, I confined her to this food for a week; at the end of which she grew pale and exhibited feverish symptoms, which is sufficient to prove the absurdity of the supposition. I could pur-

* The reproach here extended to the nation, is too general; the corruption alluded to is confined to some parts of New-England.—*Trans.*

† This is a ludicrous mistake, but excusable in a foreigner not intimately acquainted with the language.—*Trans.*

* This furnishes an instance of the rashness with which foreigners, particularly those from despotick countries, judge of our institutions. Every person could have told the author, that the Board of Health is confined to the limits of Boston, which do not include Roxbury.—*Trans.*

sue the experiment no further, as she threatened to run away, and the most senseless clamour would have ensued, if any ill consequences should have happened to her. For so cold and backward are this people, that they would not sacrifice the life of one individual, to ascertain the most brilliant philosophical truth; and that spirit, which has animated Frenchmen, defying every obstacle, and despising every danger, to the sacrifice of thousands of the human race, to propagate the advantages of splendid discoveries, where antiquated abuses formerly reigned, is almost entirely unknown among them.

The important object of impelling their sensibilities to sympathise with ours, which must be preparatory to that powerful influence, which it is so strong an object with the government to attain, will be greatly aided by an intimate approximation of the common habits and customs of life. None have a greater influence than the pleasures of the table, to which this gross people are remarkably addicted. But Frenchmen cannot partake of these pleasures, and thus preserve a desirable intimacy, without a radical change in their art of cooking: even French enthusiasm becomes chilled in the daily encounter of huge pieces of half boiled meat, clammy puddings, and ill-concocted hashes, rendered palatable to the natives by a profuse addition of this most villainous sauce. From the most accurate observations, I am convinced, that French cookery, to which they generally have a dislike, will never be effectually introduced among them, till the preparation, treated of in this memoir, shall be no longer used; because, from its universal use, possessing a mixture of sweetness and acidity, it stimulates their appetite, and prevents them from perceiving the insipidity and staleness of their dishes, and makes them insensible to the advantages of our various rich sauces. Perhaps it would do no harm to leave them the use of this fruit in their pastry, though in this case, a recurrence to ancient habits, would always be a subject of apprehension. The *ommelettes aux confitures* and the *jambons sucrès* might also be introduced advantageously, which, by flattering the national taste for sweet things, would help to soften their prejudices.

The difficulty attendant on the achievement of this reformation cannot be concealed, the custom is universal. Dining once with one of the cabinet ministers, at the seat of government, there were four soup plates of this article, at the four corners of the table, which is a strong proof that this practice is carried on by persons even in the most exalted stations, though he was from that portion of the United States, where the habit is most inveterate. It must first be discountenanced in the most fashionable circles, as it is a trait in the character of this nation, servilely to follow fashion, and though some repugnance would be shewn at first, in what affected them so intimately, perseverance would ensure success.

It might be suggested further to their political œconomists, that, by disuse of this fruit, a large quantity of meadows, now useless, might be reclaimed and added to their national resources: that a very considerable addition of wholesome food would be thus procured for their horses and cattle, that is now lost by suffering the growth of this pernicious berry, which, in its preparation, requires such a quantity of sugar, as

greatly to increase their humiliating dependency on the colonies of foreign nations.*

These and other arguments might be urged to destroy a practice, which I am intimately persuaded, it is the immediate interest of the French Government to have exterminated.

* The acquisition of Louisiana weakens the force of this argument.—*Trans.*

For the Anthology.

REMARKER, No. 37.

Insanientis sapientiæ
Consultus. Hor.

An attempt to explain, on the principles of sober philosophy, all the vagaries of capricious nature, is idle and abortive. Nothing reads us a more effectual lesson on the imbecility of human effort, than our endeavours to reconcile all appearances, either in the natural or moral world, to the system which we have erected. Our vanity leads us to believe, that, by fair deduction from facts, we have ascertained the latent principle, that moves the vast and infinitely intricate machinery of nature. New cases daily occur to try the strength of this hypothesis, often in direct contradiction to it; and as fact is too stubborn to be bent to our purposes, there remains but the other alternative, which is *to bend our purposes to fact.* In this manner, the principle, which, on its first adoption, we regarded as a cardinal doctrine, and venerated like an oracle, is violated so much, that contempt succeeds to idolatry. Some enthusiasts pursue a different line of conduct; they follow with senseless devotion the idol of their own creation through every obstinate fact, attempt a reconciliation between light and darkness, and eventually swear that the community are blind, because they are capable of distinguishing the one from the other. This pride of opinion, though much to be lamented so far as regards the object of it, is harmless with respect to others. Men will not be, from a principle of complaisance, talked out of their senses, and whoever by this mode aims at making converts to his doctrine, has the satisfaction of finding himself the only one. This awkward dilemma of the mind, between two extremes, one of which must be embraced, either that the person thus circumstanced is bereft of his senses, or that all the rest of the community are, is commonly decided, as self is the judge, in *favour of self.* If there is not much truth, there is, at least, much nature in the remark of a bedlamite, who, on being asked the cause of his confinement, observed, that he believed the world mad, and they believed him so, and as they were the majority, he was condemned to suffer the penalties of madness. When we once can bring our minds to believe with Hume, that, if we should once behold a miracle, we should doubt the evidence of our senses; and that not because we doubted, that we did not see it, but because we could not account for it on our principles, if we did, we are, to all intents and pur-

poses, madmen. Suppose that one of those fanaticks, who disbelieve the existence of matter, should perpetrate murder. If he is to be tried by his peers, he must be arraigned for deliberately and with malice aforethought discharging his pistol, and shooting an idea through the entrails. Nay, if those who were sworn jurors to try the case, believed themselves flesh and blood, or any thing but so many ghosts associated in the box, it would on the principles of the culprit, be a good ground of challenge to the favour, as on the question, whether they were men or not, would rest the whole merits of his defence.

We pretend not to investigate the question, how far such a principle would be admissible in a court of law; still less are we disposed to determine the point, whether one material idea ought to be hanged for deliberately shedding the blood of another.

Lest, however, our senses should be the dupes of this doctrine, philosophy has, in the plenitude of her benevolence, lent us another consolatory absurdity by way of offset to the former. The principle is, that, whereas it was formerly ascertained that there was no such thing as matter in the universe, it is now discovered, that there is no such thing as spirit existing in the said universe. It has therefore been established, that reason, volition, memory, fancy, judgment, perception, intelligence, motion, &c. do of right appertain unto matter, though heretofore falsely denominated to be the exclusive properties of spirit.

These two contending factions in philosophy have proved, if both of their principles are correct, that there are no such beings as mankind inhabiting the world. One has exiled matter, and the other has exiled spirit, and what further remains to be exiled, it would puzzle the most artful casuist to determine. The misery of such discussion is, that poor human nature is the constant victim of such experiment, and is cut up and dissected with far less remorse than a swine in the hands of the butcher.

Having already remarked, that paradoxes of this kind must, in their nature, be very circumscribed in their effect, no serious injury to society can be apprehended from their indulgence. Writers in their lazy moments have often sported with them, to amuse the fancies of their readers, and, had they not been known as the authors, would probably have been the first to laugh at them themselves. When severely pushed by argument, or satire, there remains but one expedient for them on this side of disgrace, and that is, rather than confess themselves in the wrong, resolutely to adhere to their first opinion, and fairly brazen it out. Such tinctures do times and circumstances, entirely adventitious, give to the moral features of man. It is not violating reason or justice to say, that many authors have been made entire converts to their own opinions by the opposition of other writers. When there is no alternative but a publick confession of their disgrace, they strenuously adopt principles, which, though they advocated before, they never believed in, till that moment. Rousseau embraced some of his wild paradoxes at first to try the strength of his talents; but becoming warm by opposition, they every day settled into probability, and finally into downright conviction.

It would be difficult to decide in cases circumstanced like the present, whether opposition to palpable absurdity does not create more injury

to society, than its most free and unrestrained indulgence. Glittering trifles, the mere butterflies of the moral world, shew the splendour of their pinions, and die of themselves; but, different from their representatives in the natural world, attempt to hunt them down, and you accelerate their motion, and prolong their vitality. All they solicit is a casual glance of attention; but a warm and animated pursuit represents too much the capricious knight of antiquity, who, to give his mistress a proof of his prowess, armed himself in "complete steel," mounted his fiery courser, set his lance in the rest, pursued a grasshopper, and, by a stumble of his beast, broke his neck in the engagement. Learning is never directed to its proper end, when thus employed. The community, from such a bustle of defence, fancy some formidable opponent approaching, and calculate their danger from the strength of the resources drawn out. When the cause of the quarrel is explained, the forlorn victor is rewarded with a laugh, instead of a crown of laurel. One who claims the name of a philosopher rather from the misapplied courtesy, than from the justice of mankind, may gravely maintain that there is no such thing as matter in the world, and another of the same class, that there is nothing but matter. After all the shedding of ink, which the controversy may occasion, we have no cause to apprehend a shedding of blood. The parties will never agree to try their dispute by the criterion of a duel, since the one, though he believes his antagonist an imaginary existence, may find him a real one to his cost, and the opponent, whatever he may think of other pieces of human lumber, might regard his own, as too valuable to be made the target, in such kind of philosophical experiments. Christianity apart, this is the only case, in which we think this mode of trial justifiable, and that controversies of this kind can only be decided in that way, for the community to know, whether the professors themselves believe in the doctrines they inculcate.

R.

For the Anthology.

ORIGINAL LETTERS;

From an AMERICAN TRAVELLER in EUROPE, to his friends in this country.

LETTER TWENTY-SECOND.

Rome, Dec. 2, 1804.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I HAVE this day (being Sunday) been to St. Peter's, the head of the Catholick, and, as they say, of the *Christian* church; and as the ideas, which this visit has excited, may afford you some information and amusement, I have resolved to sketch them to you. I have given you upon another occasion the description of the splendour of St. Peter's and the Vatican, the most imposing objects of the *modern* world. The manners and ceremonies of Roman

worship shall be exclusively the subjects of present inquiry. You will recollect that we now draw near the period fixed by the later Christians for the birth of our Saviour, and as that event or the anniversary of it approaches, the ostentation of Catholick worship increases. This Sunday, being the first in the *Advent* or *coming* of our Lord, is celebrated in Rome by the communion, which was this year performed in great style by the cardinals in absence of the pope, who has gone to Paris to consecrate the new emperour. I should vainly attempt to give you a correct idea of the magnificence of the Roman Catholick worship in this its principal seat. In St. Peter's, the ordinary number of canons, who assist at publick worship, is not less than sixty. They are clothed in sumptuous apparel, and chaunt the grand mass with dignity and imposing effect. The chapel, in which this mass is performed, is splendid beyond conception. St. Peter's contains twelve or fourteen of these chapels, all of which are rich and magnificent.

In the Gregorian chapel they prepare the communion table, and four cardinals assisted at the ceremony. These cardinals arrive at St. Peter's in a style superiour to that which any crowned head in Europe assumes on common occasions. They have two superb coaches for *each* of them, both of a bright crimson colour richly ornamented with gold, with four servants behind the first, and two behind the second coach. The cardinals are dressed in rich purple robes of the most precious kind, with a hat of crimson. Their train, which is very long, is upheld by gentlemen, arrayed in black silk gowns like those used by our clergymen, and they appear to be, and I believe are, men of good manners, and I dare say of science and erudition. The cardinals enter the church with a vast train of servants, one carries the hat, another the umbrella, a third the cloak, besides a considerable number of well dressed dependants. When the cardinal kneels, his whole cortege, or retinue, kneel and pray with him. After the service is finished, the cardinals proceed one by one to pay their obeisance to the statue of St. Peter; (which, by the way, was made out of a statue of *Jupiter Capitolinus*) a genteel man, dressed in black, precedes his excellency, to wipe with a white handkerchief the foot of the statue, which had been soiled by the constant embraces of the vulgar. The cardinal then advances, kisses it, rubs his forehead against the toes, says a short prayer, again kisses it, and departs to repeat the same ceremonies in another chapel. When the vulgar, or even laymen of rank, say their prayers, they fall down on the bare marble floor: *not so* the lofty cardinal; he is preceded by a gentleman usher, who drops a soft silk purple velvet cushion, upon which his sacred knees softly recline. The service finished, the cardinals retire in the same ostentatious style, in which they came.

When one reflects, that all the pre-eminence claimed by the church of Rome, its popes and its cardinals, is derived from the idea of their being the direct, and *only* legitimate descendants of the primitive church and of the apostles: that they aver, that all the apostolick powers and privileges, all the pre-eminence and authority, which were vested in those most excellent, glorious and brave defenders of our faith, have devolved upon them, one cannot help contrasting, the pure, modest, humble manners, the simplicity and poverty of the *one*, with the refined

ostentatious, magnificent, proud behaviour, the riches and luxuries of the *other*. Who would believe, that the present splendid claimants of the apostolick functions were the imitators of the humble and lowly Saviour, who often knew not where to lay his head, who despised, and taught his followers to contemn the forms and pageantry of this world; that they pretend to be the successors of those heroick disciples and inspired heroes, who suffered exile, persecution, poverty, distress, death, for the religion, of which they were the worthy and disinterested professors? In place of setting at nought the honours and pleasures, the vanities and luxuries of this life, you must search every thing which is rich, magnificent, costly, luxurious, of high value amongst men, all the fine arts, all which can contribute to pride, splendour and human grandeur, in the palaces of cardinals, popes and their relations. What is the Vatican, what St. Peter's, but the coverings to the splendid mausolea of deceased popes, little if any inferiour to those of Augustus, of Trajan, or Adrian?

One might forgive this splendour, this perversion of the first principles of christianity, if it was not accompanied with the impious claims of exclusive sanctity. But what can you say of it, when you perceive its effects in society? In order to maintain a system so flattering to pride, so gratifying to human ambition, yet so repuguant to reason and the correct principles of christianity, men must be made dupes. Such expenses can be defrayed only from the treasury of tyranny; it must be a tyranny over the purses and the bodies, or over the minds of men, over the *purses* at any rate. This can be effected only by making men superstitious, and they can be made so only by rendering them ignorant. See then, in two words, the great secret of Catholick influence, ignorance and its sister, superstition.

But this you will say is *common place*; you are repeating the fine sayings of Voltaire, and a thousand others, who have said them much better. Not at all.—I came into Italy free from prejudices. My ideas, feelings, wishes are all against the New School, all averse to innovation. I was and still am disposed to overlook, to pardon the errours of papacy; but I cannot, in my conscience, refrain from censuring the proud luxury of these Roman lords, or the miserable blindness of their tools.

When I see men believe, because they are told they must, the most absurd legends, infinitely more ridiculous than the doctrine of witchcraft, when I see indulgences daily offered for sale, when I observe even the talents of men of genius employed in pictures to represent *modern* saints, Capucins, Franciscans and others, as curing the blind and even raising the dead, when I see the Catholick doctrine of purgatory represented with all the eloquence of the pencil, and perceive *souls* raised by prayers, after punishment, from hell to heaven, (for such representations have I seen) how can one help feeling a degree of indignation at men, who can countenance, or who do not *condemn errours* so fatal to the genuine practice of the gospel principles? What people will ever be willing to mortify their unruly passions, to live a life of self-denial, to wage a perpetual warfare with sin, who believe, that a few masses, a death-bed repentance, and an absolution by a priest, who knows nothing of their state of mind, can wipe away every transgression?

Do you need other arguments in

proof of the dangerous security, in which the Catholicks of Italy find themselves? You will see it in their habits and manners. The Sunday is with them a day of gaiety and festivity even at Rome. There are no sermons, to enlighten or instruct; no exhortations at most of the churches; no conveniences for the worshippers. The priests are conceived to do *all*. The people enter at *all periods* of worship, stay as long as they please, pray when they please, and depart with joyous and happy faces; convinced that a kiss of St. Peter's foot and the holy water, has expiated all the sins of the week. Such never was, and never can be the design of the gospel. If the *Protestants* do not practice better, the greater will be their condemnation, because they certainly think more correctly.

They know that our holy religion is of the heart, and not of ceremonials only. Perhaps I ought to except some of our own sects, who place as little reliance on good works, and as much on unintelligible mystery, as the Papists. I have been puzzled to know, how the Catholicks get rid of the commandment, which forbids them to worship "any graven image in the likeness of any thing, that is in the heavens above," when it is notorious that they do worship many graven or *sculptured images*. In vain *shall they* say, that they worship the person typified by the image, and not the *image itself*, because, "out of their own mouths I will condemn them." If they worshipped the person, and not the image, then all images of the same person would be held in equal veneration, but so far is this from being true, (without mentioning our *Lady* of Loretto, and the *Virgin* of Bologna, which are worshipped because they are the workmanship of St. Luke, whom the Catholicks say, was a sculptor and painter,) we will notice only those cases, which occur in Rome, and which, being under the immediate notice of the *father of the faithful*, he must be responsible for.

There is a picture of the Virgin near *the house*, in which we reside, in the open street upon a wall (a thing not uncommon here) which attracted my attention, from having observed that all descriptions of persons, the better informed as well as vulgar, pulled off their hats with great devotion as they passed. Upon inquiry, I found, that this *particular image* was called Notre Dame des Miracles, our lady of miracles, and it is averred, that she has been known to perform a great many.

There is another of this kind near St. Peter's, where the grateful patients, who have been restored by this *particular image of the Virgin*, have offered up their praises and acknowledgments by paintings suspended around the chapel, descriptive of the particular calamity or evil, from which they were delivered by the influence of this image. You see drawings of legs, hands and other parts of the human body, which have been put on, after being cut off, or otherwise restored miraculously.

When you add to this the devotion paid to St. Peter's bronze statue, which is not paid to any other of St. Peter's likenesses, with which Rome abounds, I think I am justified in saying, that the worship of the papists at Rome bears very hard upon a breach of the commandment above cited.

Another remark on the religion of this nation, and I believe you will be glad that I have closed. In no place, in no quarter of Europe, or I believe of the world, do you see so much poverty, distress, such truly heart-breaking scenes, as

at Rome. In vain do the sovereign pontiffs intimate upon *their coins*, that the "poor you have always with you;" the maxim is forgotten as soon as uttered, and in no part of the civilized world are the poor apparently so neglected. Pray heaven that the government are not answerable for this neglect; it would be too weighty a burden!!

Yours, &c.

ABSTRACT OF INTERESTING FACTS RELATING TO THE NEW TESTAMENT.

[The following abstract of some of the most important facts, relating to the Canon and the Text of the New Testament, we presume, will be generally interesting, especially to those, who have not leisure to peruse large works on this subject. No man ought to be deterred from reading any thing, which relates to the authority of that book, from which we all profess to take our faith, by the notion that it is the proper business of theologians. The information in the following numbers is important to every man, who has an English or a Greek Testament. It is an excellent abstract of the principal points in the history of of the text.]

Sec. 1.—Canon of the New Testament.—Distinction between the disputed and the undisputed Books.

The Canon of the New Testament is a collection of books, written by the apostles, or by men, who were companions of the apostles, and who wrote under their inspection.

These books are called the canon, from a Greek word, which signifies *a rule*, because to a christian they constitute the only proper and sufficient rule of faith and practice.

These books are also called The Scriptures, or The *Writings*, because these Writings are held by christians in the highest estimation. They are the scriptures of the New Testament, or, more properly speaking, of the New Covenant, because they contain a complete account of the christian dispensation, which is described as a covenant, by which Almighty God engages to bestow eternal life upon the penitent and virtuous believer in Christ. For this reason the christian scriptures, and particularly the books, which contain the history of Jesus Christ, are called the Gospel, or *Good news*, a literal translation of the word ευαγγελιον, as these sacred writings contain the best tidings, which could be communicated to mankind.

The canon of scripture is either the Received Canon or the True.

The Received Canon comprehends the whole of that collection of books, which is contained in the New Testament, and which are generally received by christians, as of apostolical authority. The True Canon consists of those books only, the genuineness of which is established upon satisfactory evidence.

When, or by whom, the received Canon was formed is not certainly known. It has been commonly believed, that it was fixed by the council of Laodicea, A.D 364, but this is certainly a mistake The first catalogue of canonical books, which is now extant, was drawn up by Origen, A. D 210. It leaves out the Epistles of James and Jude.

The genuineness and authority of every book in the New Testament

rests upon its own specifick evidence. No person, nor any body of men, has any right authoritatively to determine concerning any book that it is canonical and of apostolical authority. Every sincere and diligent inquirer has a right to judge for himself, after due examination, what he is to receive as the rule of his faith and practice. The learned Jeremiah Jones on the Canon, and Dr Lardner's laborious work upon the Credibility of the Gospel History contain the most accurate and copious information upon this subject.

The most important distinction of the books of the New Testament is that mentioned by Eusebius bishop of Cesarea in the third book of his Ecclesiastical History. He distinguishes them into the books which were universally acknowledged, ὁμολογούμενα, and those which though generally received were by some disputed, ἀντιλεγόμενα.

The books universally acknowledged are, the four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, thirteen Epistles of Paul, the first Epistle of Peter, and the first Epistle of John. "These only," says Dr. Lardner*, should be of the highest authority, from which doctrines of religion may be proved."

The disputed books, ἀντιλεγόμενα, are the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Epistle of James, the second of Peter, the second and third of John, the Epistle of Jude, and the Revelation. "These," says Dr. Lardner, "should be allowed to be publickly read in christian assemblies, for the edification of the people, but not be alleged as affording alone sufficient proof of any doctrine."*

These distinctions prove the great pains, which were taken by the primitive christians in forming the Canon, and their solicitude not to admit any book into the code of the New Testament, of the genuineness of which they had not the clearest evidence. It is a distinction of great importance to all, who desire to appreciate rightly the value and authority of the several books, which compose the received Canon.

Sec. 2.—Brief Account of the received Text.—Editions of the Greek Testament by Cardinal Ximenes, by Erasmus, Robert Stephens, Beza, and Elzevir.

A text perfectly correct, that is, which shall in every particular exactly correspond with the autograph of the apostles and evangelists, is not to be expected. We must content ourselves with approximating, as nearly as possible, to the original. The utility of this is too obvious to need either proof or illustration.

The Received Text of the New Testament is that, which is in general use.

The degree of credit, which is due to the accuracy of the Received Text, will appear from the following brief detail of facts.

The New Testament was originally written in Greek: perhaps with the exception of the Gospel of Matthew, and the Epistle to the Hebrews, of which books, however, the earliest copies extant are in the Greek language.

Previously to the Reformation in the sixteenth century, the Greek copies of the New Testament were grown into disuse: the priests used an imperfect Latin translation in the publick offices of religion, and all translations into the vulgar tongue for the use of the common people were prohibited or discouraged.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century Cardinal Ximenes printed at

* Lardner's Supplement. vol. 1. p. 29: ch. ii. § 4.

Alcala, in Spain, a magnificent edition of the whole Bible in several languages. In this edition was contained a copy of the New Testament in Greek, which was made from a collation of various manuscripts, which were then thought to be of great authority, but which are now known to have been of little value. This edition, which is commonly called the Complutensian Polyglot, from Complutum the Roman name for Alcala, was not licensed for publication till A D 1522, though it had been printed many years before. The manuscripts, from which it was published, are now irrecoverably lost, having been sold by the librarian to a rocket-maker about the year 1750*.

A. D. 1516, Erasmus, residing at Basle in Switzerland for the purpose of superintending the publication of the works of Jerome, was employed by Froben the printer to publish an edition of the Greek Testament from a few manuscripts, which he found in the vicinity of that city, all of which were modern and comparatively of little value. Erasmus was not allowed time sufficient to revise the publication with that attention and care, which the importance of the work required: he complains that the persons, whom he employed to correct the press, sometimes altered the copy without his permission, and he acknowledges, that his first edition was very incorrect. He published a fourth edition, A. D. 1527, in which, to obviate the clamour of bigots, he introduced many alterations to make it agree with the edition of Cardinal Ximenes.

A. D 1550, Robert Stephens, a learned printer at Paris, published a splendid edition of the New Testament in Greek, in which he availed himself of the Complutensian Polyglot, and likewise of the permission granted by the king of France to collate fifteen manuscripts in the Royal Library. Most of these manuscripts are to this day in the National or Imperial Library at Paris, and are found to contain only parts of the New Testament: and few of them are either of great antiquity or of much value. They were collated, and the various readings noted by Henry Stephens, the son of Robert, a youth about eighteen years of age. This book, being splendidly printed with great professions of accuracy by the editor, was long supposed to be a correct and immaculate work: but, upon closer inspection, it has been discovered to abound with errours. The text, excepting the Revelations, in which he follows the Complutensian edition, is almost wholly copied from the fifth edition of Erasmus, with very few and inconsiderable variations †.

A. D 1589, Theodore Beza, professor of theology at Geneva, and successor to John Calvin, published a critical edition of the Greek Testament, in which he made use of Robert Stephens's own copy, with many additional various readings from the manuscripts collated by Henry Stephens. Beza was also in

* See Dr. Marsh's edition of Michaelis's Introduction to New Testament, vol. ii. p. 441.

† Robert Stephens was the person who divided the New Testament into verses. He performed this task, while he was upon a journey from Lyons to Paris, in order to adapt it to a Greek Concordance, which he was then preparing for the press. He placed the figures in the margin of his page. The first edition, in which the verses were printed separate with the number prefixed to each, was the English New Testament, printed at Geneva, A. D. 1557. The division into chapters had been made in the thirteenth century by Cardinal Hugo, to adapt the New Testament to a Latin Concordance.

possession of two most ancient and most valuable manuscripts; one of which, containing the Gospels and the Acts in Greek and Latin, he afterwards gave to the University of Cambridge: and the other, called the Clermont manuscript, which contained the Epistles of Paul, was transferred to the Royal Library at Paris. Beza took but little pains, and exercised but little judgment, in the correction of the text, and the selection of the best readings. Nevertheless the text of Beza, being esteemed the most accurate of those, which had been then published, was selected as the standard of the English version published by authority. Beza's text, however, appears, in fact, to be nothing more than a republication of Robert Stephens's, with some trifling variations.

A. D. 1624, an edition of the Greek Testament was published at Leyden at the office of the Elzevirs, who were the most eminent printers of the time. The editor, who superintended the publication, is unknown. This edition differs very little from the text of Robert Stephens. A few variations are admitted from the edition of Beza, and a very few more upon some unknown authority; but it does not appear, that the editor was in possession of any manuscript. This edition, however, being elegantly printed, and the Elzevirs being in high reputation for correctness of typography, it was unaccountably taken for granted, that it exhibited a pure and perfect text. This, therefore, became the standard of all succeeding editions, from which few editors, till very lately, have presumed to vary: and this constitutes the "Received Text."

Thus it appears that the Received Text stands upon the authority of the unknown editor of the Elzevir edition, who copied the text of Robert Stephens, introducing a few variations from that of Beza. The edition of Beza was also taken from that of Robert Stephens, with a few trifling, and sometimes even arbitrary alterations. But Robert Stephens's famous edition of A. D. 1550 is a close copy of the fifth edition of Erasmus, with some alterations in the book of Revelation, from the Complutensian Polyglot, and the addition of a few various readings, collected by a youth of eighteen, from fifteen manuscripts of little value. And, finally, Erasmus's edition itself, which is the prototype of them all, was formed hastily and negligently from a few manuscripts of little authority, which accidentally came into his possession at Basle, where he was engaged by Froben in editing the works of Jerome, and where he had no further assistance than what he could derive from the Vulgate Version, and from inaccurate editions of some of the early ecclesiastical writers.

From the few advantages, which were possessed, and from the little care, which was taken by the early editors, it may justly be concluded, not only that the Received Text is not a perfect copy of the apostolick originals, but that it is still capable of very considerable improvement by the same means, which are adopted by men of learning and sagacity for correcting and restoring the text of other ancient writers.*

* See Griesbach's Prolegomena, sect. i.: Dr. Marsh's Michaelis, vol. ii. chap. iii. sect. i.

For the Anthology.

SILVA, No. 44.

Optima Silvarum. - - - - - - *Juvenal*, 1 *Sat.* 135.

SAUL.

The poem of Saul contains many passages that justify any expectations, that the high reputation of the author may have raised. His heart is alive rather to the gentler tones of feeling than to swelling sublimity, and in that department some of the most beautiful specimens in our language are contained in Saul. Though the characters of sacred story are not very proper for epick productions, that of David is perhaps an exception. David was an hero, and, in the modern dialect, a gentleman. His character combines almost every thing to interest: the sweet simplicity of his original state first catches the attention; his call by the immediate voice of heaven to the throne of Israel elevates the feelings to awe, yet this sensation is alleviated and harmonized, when we see the youthful monarch assume the character of the sweet musician, the elegant bard, the warm and unfortunate lover, the ardent friend, and, finally, the successful conqueror. Such a character cannot but awaken interest. In the following lines the poet describes his sensations on returning to his native shades after the conquest of Goliah.

Ah, in vain thy favourite grot
Invites thee to repose. The fresh springs gush
Pleasantly round; and sweet the noon breeze sings
On the dark ivy mantling round the wall
Luxuriant. Minstrel! 'tis the grot, wherein
Thy melody so oft with praise awoke
The dawn and closed the evening shades with song.
These, all, have ceased to breathe on thee delight,
They sooth not woe like thine.

The character of Samuel, though not dilated, is marked with strong touches. It is one almost unknown to the walks of poetry. It has something indeed in common with the prophets of antiquity; the Cassandras, the Pythias, &c. But the conception is infinitely more grand and solemn of a man, from very birth devoted to a holy mission, filled through the course of life with the immediate dictating inspiration of heaven, and whose voice was the organ of Deity. He was

A venerable man that had out-lived
Many a generation. Hoar with age
His unshorn hair, and white as snowy flake
The beard that swept his breast. Yet firm his foot
Stept without staff, and his dark eye, undimmed,
Shot forth celestial fire that gave each word
Strange force.

The requiescat of the poet over his grave is worthy of its object.

Rest, venerable prophet, rest in peace,
Thou hast fulfilled thy mission—
Rest, venerable seer, brow hoar with age

Rest in the peace and sabbath of the tomb,
Till from the bond of death God calls thee forth
A spirit unflesh'd, once more to rise on earth,
And pour heaven's judgment on the unrighteous king.

.....

MODERN ENTERPRISE.

PERHAPS in nothing is the superiority of the moderns over the ancients more apparent, than in that enterprising spirit, which leads them to explore the most distant and barbarous countries in the pursuit of knowledge, or of wealth. The national vanity of the Greeks prevented their attention to the laws, customs, or manners of foreigners, who were indiscriminately stigmatised with the epithet of barbarous. The knowledge of the Romans was bounded by the pillars of Hercules. "Solis cubilia Gades" were the words of Statius, to express the termination of the earth. The following inscription, said to have been found at Cadiz, is preserved in the supplement to a work, entitled, "Theatrum Orbis, auctore Abramo Ortelio."

"Heliodorus Insanus Carthaginiensis ad extremum orbis sarcophago testamento me hoc jussit condier; ut viderem, si me quisquam insanior ad me visendum usque ad hæc loca penetraret."

.....

LOVE.

IN allusion to les sept alegresses de la Sainte Vierge of the Romish ritual, Lorenzo has decribed le sette allegrezze d'amore, of which the following is the second. It is translated in the measure of the original, excepting the redundant eleventh syllable at the end of every line.

And next the joy, by favoured lovers planned,
When spreads the luscious dance its mazy spell,
To touch my fair one's gently yielding hand,
Or press, scarce feelingly, some softer swell.
And now, as sport, or thought engage the band,
In listening ear love's timid thought to tell;
O'er the lawn folds with downy touch to glide,
Though light, yet conscious of the charms, they hide.

.....

PEIRESC.

"THE death of Peiresc," says Dr. Johnson, in one of his letters, "was celebrated in forty languages." This hero, at whose death the muses of every clime were in mourning, was a nobleman of Provence, in France, of the sixteenth century. His great reputation was created and supported by an astonishing versatility of powers, that attempted and succeeded in every department of science. In his travels through every part of Europe, he was courted and caressed by the literati wherever he went. After conversing with Fra Paolo, at Florence, with Spencer and Camden, in London, with De Thou and Casaubon, at Paris, with Joseph Scaliger, at Leyden, and Hugo Grotius, at the Hague, admired and caressed by them all, he returned to Aix, where he received the dignity of counsellor of parliament. The numerous eulogies written at his death were published in a volume entitled Panglossia. The academy at Rome paid him distinguished honours, and his funeral oration was pronounced at Paris. The only monument, how-

ever, left to posterity of his literary exertions, by the delight of his contemporaries and the wonder of his age, is a Dissertation on an ancient Tripod.

.....

SHAKESPEARE'S MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

I do not like the character of Isabella. She was cold, and formal, and precise.

"Her blood
"Was very snow-broth."

When informed that her only brother was condemned to death, and entreated to use her influence with Lord Angelo to procure his pardon, she merely says,

"I'll see what I can do."

When admitted into the presence of the Deputy, she urged her suit so faintly, that Lucio exclaimed,

"If you should need a pin,
"You could not with more tame a
"tongue desire it."

Claudio at first, with honest indignation, rejects the pardon, which was offered to him at the expense of his sister's honour. But after reflecting upon the terrours of death, and conjuring up a thousand fearful phantoms, the love of life predominates. "Sweet sister, let me live." Isabellathen breaks out in a strain of passion and invective unbecoming her character and her brother's situation; and which, when compared with the mildness, with which she herself received the proposal from Angelo, stamps her conduct with unkindness, and even cruelty. Instead of soothing him with her tenderness, and attempting to destroy his sophistry by reason and argument, she exclaims:

"Oh, you beast!
"Oh, faithless coward! oh, dishonest
"wretch!
"Take my defiance!
"Die! perish! *might but my bending down*
"*Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.*
"*I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death;*
"*No word to save thee.*"

The only trait of humanity, which she discovers, is in pleading for Angelo's life; and even then her argument is dictated by a little female vanity.

"I partly think
"A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
"'Till he did look on me."

When, at the close of the play, the Duke offers her his hand, our feelings revolt, and it seems almost a breach of poetical justice.

.....

YORK AND LANCASTER.

In the wars between the white and red roses, a young nobleman of the former house was parted by the disasters of civil discord from the object of his love, a beautiful lady of the Lancastrian faction. He sent her a white rose, the emblem of his party, with the following lines, which unite a pointed conceit with simple tenderness.

Love, if this rose offend thy sight,
It in thy bosom wear;
'Twill blush to be outdone in white,
And grow Lancastrian there.

.....

ECCE ITERUM CRISPINUS.

When Rousseau dedicated the Nouvelle Heloise to posterity, Voltaire observed, that it would never

reach its designation. As it happened, the prediction has not been verified. Soon after the publication of Gray's sister odes, "The Wonderful Wonder of Wonders," a pair of poems was published in ridicule of them, which, like the work of Rousseau, have been delivered according to their direction. They were addressed by their authors, Colman and Lloyd, to Obscurity and Oblivion, and the address has been most scrupulously followed. Both of them are equally and totally obscure, and forgotten.

"Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
"Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
"To morrow he repairs his golden flood,
"And warms the nations with redoubled ray."

.....

MODERN POETRY.

THE fondness of the present age for the tales of ignorance and superstition, for the ghosts and goblins of the nursery, might give rise to much curious speculation. Is the progress of taste and knowledge similar to that of the human body, and have we arrived at second childhood? Whatever may be the cause, the fact is certain. This propensity to the marvellous, united with an affectation of ornament or of plainness, of glittering epithet or of childish simplicity, has rendered the greater part of modern poetry disgusting to a classical taste. The following lines, it is presumed, will agree with the prevailing fashion. Some apology may be necessary for their insertion. What is done easily, ought to be done well.

Wild wav'd the forest, the lightning was streaming
In sulphurous flames o'er the dark bending trees;
On the summit of Keasarge meteors were gleaming,
And voices were heard on the echoing breeze.
Stranger! thou sigh'st for the blush of the morning,
Thy wearisome path-way with pleasure adorning—
In vain, for the spirit of Mariton warning,
Bids the storms and the tempest around thee increase.

Ah, desolate stranger! no fond doating mother
Shall soothe in sweet accents thy wild-throbbing breast;
No sister is near thee, no pitying brother—
The murderer's conscience is never at rest.
Did Mariton fall? near his own cottage lying,
While his wife and his children from slavery were flying,
In the manly defence of their rights nobly dying?
And dost thou presume with repose to be blest?

The murderer's gone. His body is wasted;
No lov'd-one was near him, his relics to save.
On the spot where he lay all verdure is blasted,
And trees, scath'd with lightning, their wild branches wave.
And oft, more in number than waves of the ocean,
A dæmon choir dances with frantick emotion,
Involving all nature in storms and commotion,
And sulphurous flames play over his grave.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

HYMN ON DEITY.

ASCRIBED TO ORPHEUS.

[ORPHEUS was one of the heroes who embarked in the Argonautick expedition, in the 79th year before the taking of Troy. The poems, which pass under his name, are, by Aristotle, attributed to a Pythagorean Philosopher, named Cecrops. Most of the moderns ascribe them to Onomacritus, who lived in the age of Pisistratus, Tyrant of Athens, B. C. 516. The author, whoever he was, had, undoubtedly, some acquaintance with the Jewish Scriptures.]

I SPEAK to ears initiate. Far remov'd
Be every vulgar eye. Thou only, Moon,
Rolling full-orbed in silent majesty,
Witness my song. I utter truths sublime;
Truths, which the soul exalt. In mute attention
Listen; for I proclaim a DEITY!

The Almighty One, self-born, all glorious,
Exists; Creator blest, wide nature's sovereign,
Invisible to mortal eye; but he,
Watchful forever, guards his boundless works.
He, of his goodness, chastens man; he sends
War, famine, pestilence. He, he alone,
Uncounselled, governs and directs the whole.

O, come with me, my friend, adoring trace,
In all his works, the footsteps of a God.
His hand sustains, his powerful arm upholds
Creation; he himself invisible;
For clouds and darkness shroud him. He, remov'd
High in the heaven of heavens, dwells not with man;
No eye beholds him, save the Son belov'd,
Of wond'rous origin, Chaldea's hope.

God in the heavens resides. The rolling world,
The star-bespangled firmament, the sun,
Evening's mild lamp, creation's utmost bounds
Extended lie before him. He directs
The ceaseless flow of ocean. He, in storms,
Rides on the whirlwind, hurls the fire of heaven.

God in the heavens resides. He spreads his arms
To ocean's uttmost bounds. At his approach
The mountains tremble; from their bases leap
The everlasting hills. To his high power
Earth bows submissive. He, the first and last.

No more. I tremble to proclaim his power;
God, from on high, the universe sustains.
My friend, restrain thy lips. In silent awe,
Bow, and adore the wonder-working God.

HYEMS CONVIVIO SUBLEVANDA.

Dum ruit tectis superante nimbo
Atra tempestas, furit atque ventus,
Creber et pulsis crepitat fenestris
Grandinis ictus.

Horreat nauta in pelago prehensus,
Horreatque expers chlamydis viator,
Horreat, si quem foribus focisque
Expulit uxor.

Me tamen salvo, furit imber et nix,
Nil nocet frigus, crepitante flamma,
Dumque apud mensam sedeo biboque
Inter amicos.

Turbinis stridorem imitamur intus,
Cum fremit ventus, fremimus vicissim,
Si fluunt imbres, fluitet Falernum
Amnibus æquis.

Jam jocos tempusque agitare salsos,
Jam juvat risus strepitusque ludi,
Frigida et nox fit calida, atque fiunt
Fervidi amici.

At procul sint invidia atque rixæ,
Fumus et tetri procul O tabaci!
Mentibus ne quæ noceat simultas,
Naribus aër.

THE BOSTON REVIEW.

FOR

OCTOBER, 1808.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ omnino arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. PLIN.

ART. 30.

Modern Chivalry: containing the Adventures of a Captain, and Teague O'Regan, his servant. By H. H. Brackenridge. Philadelphia. J. Conrad & Co. 2 vols. 12mo. 1804.

(Continued from p. 506.)

THE author's creed in politicks is democratical. Yet it is founded on the true, genuine, unadulterated principles of democracy, and is generally free from any factious opinions, which, in modern times, may have been supported under the sanction of that appellation. The personal character of the man gives weight to the declaration of his opinions. When his brother Judges of opposite politicks were impeached for an obnoxious sentence, Judge Brackenridge requested that he also might be included, as his opinions perfectly coincided with theirs, though he was not present to deliver them publickly. This measure produced an address from the legislature of Pennsylvania to their Governour, to remove him from office, which was justly unsuccessful. A man that could thus act from the dictates of conscience, without listening to the yell of party, or the still small voice of interest, is no factious demagogue, nor intriguing politician. Those that may differ from him on some points in politicks, must revere his integrity, and look upon his ostensible sentiments, as the honest feelings of his heart. He is a friend to democracy as pure as is consistent with quiet. Like all other rational men, he sees the most obvious evil attending on this form of government, that by frequent elections, the rabble are exalted, and virtue and talents are depressed. This he endeavours to expose by the ridiculous elevation of a vagrant Irishman to offices of respectability and honour. It is painful to see that in many instances the enthusiasm of an honest mind, warm with schemes of liberty, rises in its projects above the scope of human means. Under a similar influence, Judge Brackenridge expresses his opinion on certain measures of government, and parts of the constitution. He advances, for in-

stance, the idea, that it would be better for the country that all restraints on naturalization should be removed, that every foreigner on his first entrance into the country, whether wealthy or indigent, should immediately have a free right to elect or be elected. This country, he considers, as the great asylum, where the unhappy and the oppressed of every clime are to find repose. "Here the wicked are to cease from troubling, and here the weary be at rest." Here liberty has blown a trumpet, whose voice has gone forth to the four winds of heaven, to invite the slave of despotism, and the victim of popular fury, to cross the ocean and sing his "Io triumphe" before the altar of reason and improvement. Neither the nature of our work, nor the limits of our examination, invite to political discussion. Yet we cannot but observe, that the conduct of many foreigners, who have taken advantage of this happy asylum, ought to prove the necessity of strong and operative restrictions. While we thus animadvert on the excess of some of his theories, we would give most unfeigned approbation to the candour and moderation of the author as a political partisan. It is a virtue, that, in times like these, shines forth with peculiar lustre. When the spirit of party is found, not only rioting in personal abuse, but openly discussing the separation of the United States, an event that ought not be thought on without horrour, we almost blush for our opinions. The rational investigation and respectful censure of the Judge deserve to be regarded and imitated. "*Fas est ab hoste doceri.*"

However general a man's knowledge may be, it is natural, that he should succeed best in discussing subjects connected with that profession, that he has made his particular study. That part of this work, and it is no small one, that has a legal aspect, is perhaps better executed than any other. He has treated judicial matters in both a serious and a burlesque style. In one part, he gives directions to the barrister concerning the best method of managing his cause, and arranging his argument, in another, he introduces a dissertation on the duties and behaviour appropriate to the bench. Several law cases, reported in different parts of the book, are intended to ridicule the quibbles and frivolous distinctions of the profession. One of these has already been extracted: the following is another instance.

The Captain, having been led to think so much of law, of late, was struck with the idea of visiting courts of justice, and hearing some of those cases argued which come before them. Understanding that a court was then sitting, he resolved to take the opportunity of the interval of Teague's purgation, in the work-house, to amuse himself with the pleading of the advocates. Accordingly, repairing to the court house, he took his place amongst the crowd, and listened to what was going forward.

What came before the court was a motion in arrest of judgment. A Jonathan Munn had been indicted, and found guilty of "feloniously taking and carrying away water out of the well of Andrew Mah." It was moved in arrest of judgment, that larceny could not be committed of water in a well, it being real property; for it was a distinction of the common law, that larceny could not be committed of things real, or savouring of the realty, Black. 232. 2 Ray. 470. Hawkins, &c. So that taking away the soil was merely a *trespass*; and taking away the water could be no more.

It was answered that water being *fluitans, et mobilis*, could not be considered as real property; that an ejectment would not lie for water, but for so many acres of land covered with water, Yelv. 143. 1 Burr. 142. Because it was impossible to give execution of a thing, which is always transient and running, Run. 36, quotes Cro. Jac 150. Lev. 114. Sid 151 Thence it is that, in a grant of the soil, it

if necessary, as we see from old forms, to add the right of ways, woods, and watercourses, Lilly. Con. 132. and 179. Bridg. Con. 321. That whatever might be said of water in its natural bed on the soil, as water in a running stream; yet a well being dug by the labour of hands, the water thus acquired, must be counted as personal, not real property. Barbeyrac Titius, and Locke. That at a well, the water being drawn up by the bucket, and thus by one act separated from the freehold, and by another taken from the bucket, it becomes a subject of larceny: as in the law of corn, trees, or grass growing. For if these be severed at one time, and at another time taken away, it is larceny. Hawk. Pl. Cr. 93.

It was replied, that an ejectment would lie of water in a well; for here the water is fixed in a certain place, within the bounds and compass of the well; and is considered as part of the soil. Run. 37. That *ex vi termini*, in the indictment, "out of the well," it must be considered a water *ex* out of, or from the well; that is, water severed by the very act of taking; for otherwise it would have been expressed, by "water out of the bucket," of Andrew Mab; not out of the well; and so the taking could not be larceny, but trespass: as in the case of a tree that is cut down at one time, and taken away at another; or apples growing on a tree, or shaken down and gathered from the soil; the first being a trespass, the second larceny *Curia advisare vult.*

The Captain, whispering to lawyer Grab, enquired what difference it made in the punishment, whether it was larceny or trespass? He was answered, that in the one case it was hanging by the common law, and in the other to pay the value of the property. A very material difference indeed, said the Captain, to depend on so nice a distinction.

His allusions to the persecution that the judicial department has in some instances suffered, are frequent, for his recollection was quickened by the rankling sting of personal feeling. On some points in education he has advanced rather singular notions. It is his opinion, at least he gives that side the best of the argument, that the system of early composition is prejudicial to the improvement of the mind. The principle is, that ideas are to be acquired, before they can be communicated. But why is one mode of communication to be discouraged, more than another. Why does not the author adopt and improve upon the five years silence of Pythagoras, and ordain, that no child shall be allowed to speak, till he has something rational to talk about. There are many good and sensible discussions, that we have not room to notice; but, on the whole, as a book of essays, we could recommend this work to the publick, as containing much instruction, conveyed in a style of the utmost plainness and simplicity; many good political observations, that, if digested, "cum grano salis," are far preferable to scandal and noisy abuse.

We will conclude with a few observations on the style; because it is professedly a great point with the author, insomuch, that he holds it forth, as the sole and individual object of his writing, to give the publick a specimen of a perfect English style. Some casual passages render it probable, that what was written, apparently in jest, was, in some measure, true in reality. The qualities of the style, that are commendable, are plainness, perspicuity, and simplicity. His model is probably the manner of Addison; but, upon a pretty careful observation, we cannot discover much of the classick simplicity of that elegant writer. His simplicity seems to be drawn from a long habit and necessity of speaking and composing in the most perspicuous manner; and not the effect of a brilliant fancy, chastened by correct judgment and careful observation of the best models of classick literature, both ancient and modern. Hence he sinks most successfully from the

common plainness of style, into vulgarity, as some of our extracts may shew; and perhaps in this part, is more fortunate than in any other; but when he attempts to elevate his style, in correspondence with some elevation in his topick, we find him seldom so successful. There is scarce a better instance of burlesque in the whole book, than the description of the adventure of the unfortunate lady, "that hanged herself one morning in her garters," which was doubtless intended for a very serious and affecting narrative. [Vid. Vol. p. 157.]

As a specimen, however, of what his powers are capable of producing, we extract the following introduction to a fourth of July Oration; which was read to the Captain by an orator of that day, on an accidental encounter. It is among the few passages, where an attempt is made at elegance, and we think it is here not altogether unsuccessful.

Compatriots! I wish to say those things, that never have been said, and that never will be said again. Because, in this case, there will be the characteristics of novelty and singularity; the two great constituents of pleasure, in all intellectual entertainments. But what can I say new? Has not the whole world resounded with the justness of the cause in which we have been engaged; with the greatness of the attempt to withstand the power of Britain? And have not we ourselves felt, seen, and known the great variety and changes of good or bad fortune? What will it contribute to our immediate enjoyment to go over such scenes, unless the particular achievements of each officer can be enumerated, which decency forbids, and which indeed, cannot be done in the limits of one harangue. Leaving, therefore, ourselves, and these scenes, wholly out of the question, let us speak a little of those whom we left behind. But why need we speak; for all time will speak of them. The bards that shall live, will draw hence their choicest allusions. Consider them, indeed, as more happy than you, because they ascended from among the group of their companions, who were at that time instant witnesses of their achievements. The warriors who fall in battle, are the most glorious subjects of panegyric. Hector and Achilles, form the most splendid part of the song of Homer, and especially, because their bodies were interred in the presence of the two armies. Oh what a noble object! an army mourning a brave officer, and tears drawn even from the foe, struck with the sublime of his personal prowess, and excellent knowledge of the military art. Much unlike, and far above those who languish with sickness on a bed in calm life, where relations standing round wish the departure of the shade, and grasp at the property which he leaves behind. But the fame of a soldier none but himself can enjoy, there can be no heir or devisee of his property. It is his own, and it mounts with him. His blood only remains to bless the earth, from which flowers and roses spring, and clothe the woods and groves with enchantment and delight. For here the song of poesy is awakened, and at morn, and noon, and at still eve, their voices are heard who rehearse where the brave fell, and where they sleep. Sublime spirits! whether you inhabit the Pagan elysium or the Christian heaven, you are happy; and listen to those immortal lyres which are strung to the deeds of heroes.

Several pieces of rhyme are inserted toward the end, but that they cannot be called poetry, the following is sufficient proof.

Come gather away to the new town,
There's nothing but lilting here,
And piping and singing and dancing,
Throughout every day of the year.
No maid that comes here but gets married,
Before she is here half an hour;
The brown, the black, or the hair red,
To live single is not in her power.
Come gather away, &c.
Our governour is a fine fellow,
Chief justice as blind as a bat;
The governour sometimes gets mellow,
And blinks himself like a cat.
No lawyers are here but a couple,

Just enough to keep up the breed,
The word of their mouth is a bubble,
And not worth a copper indeed.
Come gather, &c.
The air of this country is clearer,
The water is clearer by far,
The words of our wooing are dearer,
Such words as a body can spare;
When we smother the maids with our kisses.
And they smother us in their turn;
I swear by St. Patrick that this is
The best country that ever was born.
Come gather, &c.

With this mixed opinion of censure and approbation, we dismiss the volumes of "Modern Chivalry."—We can venture to affirm, that it will never, like its great model, the work of the immortal Cervantes, assume a commanding rank in the literature of the world; still less will it root out the seeds of ambition, of restless, aspiring ambition, from republican bosoms. Neither is it to be wished that it should, for notwithstanding the visionary ideas of its author, the same stroke that levelled the shoot of ambition, would destroy every production of generous sentiment, the springs of enterprise and the charm of life. Notwithstanding this, it may be read without disappointment, and even with much satisfaction, by those, who would beguile a vacant hour with amusement, and he that reflects on the argumentative parts, may draw from them no small improvement. As the work is scarce, our extracts have been copious; if our readers find them amusing, they will not repine that they are abundant.

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ART. 33.

Reports of Cases argued and ruled at Nisi Prius, in the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas, from Easter Term, 33 George 3, 1793, to Hilary Term, 39 George 3, 1799. By Isaac 'Espinasse, of Gray's Inn, Esq. Barrister at Law.

Quando artibus unquam honestis
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum? *Juv. Sat. 3d.*

A new edition; with Improvements. By Thomas Day, counsellor at law, Vol. 1 and 2, 3 and 4, in 2 vols. Hartford. Printed by Hudson & Goodwin. 1808.

WHATEVER is the comparative value of these Nisi Prius Reports in the Courts of Westminster Hall, they have certainly been very useful in this country, which is proved by the explanations they afford of the practice on innumerable points; which frequently cannot be found in the solemn adjudications of the whole Court. Disputes on practice, and on principles of evidence may be severely contested here, which, having been long settled, are allowed no more to be controverted in Great Britain. If such is the importance of these Reports, their value is doubled by the labours of Mr. Day. In the hurry of jury trials, little opportunity is afforded to the counsellor for research among the authorities; and to the collected wisdom of hundreds of years, as displayed in the annals of the law, or explained by the treatises of grave and learned men, the reporter has less leisure to make references, when the usefulness of his volume depends so much upon its early publication. With all his diligence, Mr. 'Espinasse has not usually referred to more than one book in the course of ten or a dozen pages; but the citations in Mr. Day's edition amount to many thousands, and he has more on a single page in some cases, than are to be found in the whole four volumes

of the English reporter. We shall extract part of Mr. Day's advertisement, to show the publick what were his objects in this work, and we assure them, they are completely attained.

The improvements attempted in this edition, consist of *references*, *notes* and *corrections*. The references are to other reports of the same case; to other cases supporting or oppugning the same point; to analagous cases; and to the opinions of eminent jurists. The notes are abstracts of analagous cases; and observations upon them. The corrections are limited to such errors in the text, as were evidently either clerical or typographical.

The notice taken of *American* cases, the editor trusts, will add something to the value of the work In the states in which they were decided, they will, of course, be regarded as authorities. In the other states, their use to illustrate principles, and to guide in the application of them; to extend the range of juridical inquiry; to concentrate the wisdom of many, sanctioned by the test of experience; to guard against sudden impressions, and local prejudices; and, especially, to lead to a uniformity of decisions in different jurisdictions, which, though separate, are yet so connected, that uniformity is essential to reciprocity and justice, will be perceived, and acknowledged by every liberal lawyer.

Besides the references to English authorities on the same topicks, or to analagous cases, the law books of our side of the water are found in the margin. This will open new sources of information to many of our bar, who, however conversant with the ancient and modern adjudications in England, are not unfrequently so ignorant of the decisions in any other state, than their own, as never to have heard the names of some of the reporters. Mr Day's American authorities, though perhaps all of them do not deserve that name, are, 1 and 2 Washington's Reports, Addison's do. 1 Hayward's do. Taylor's do. 1, 2 and 3 Cranch's do. Bay's do. 1, 2, 3 and 4 Dallas's do. Wallace's do. 1, 2 and 3 Caines's New-York Term Reports, 1 and 2 Johnson's Term Reports, 1 and 2 Caines's Cases. Pennington's Reports. 1 Hening and Munford's do. 1 Peters's Adm. Decisions. Kirby's Reports. 1 and 2 Root's do. 1 Day's Cases. 1 and 2 Massachusetts Term Reports. Caines's Lex Merc. Am. Chipman. 2 Swift's System.

It is not to be expected, that the case, cited by a lawyer, will always have a favourable influence on the principle, he would support. In a note to Arden vs. Sharpe et alt. 2 Esp. 525, Mr. Day says, it is not necessary, "that the act" of one, "in order to be binding upon the partnership, should be done with the assent or knowledge of the others; Nor that it should be done on the partnership account. The act of one partner, in the usual course of business, in the name of the partnership, though on his *private account*, will bind the partnership." For this latter point we are referred to Drake & alt. vs. Elwyn & alt. 1 Caines 184. But the difficulty in that case was chiefly the proof of partnership. To the point, after that, whether the note, signed by the stile of the firm was given on a partnership transaction, Judge Kent says: "The intendment is, that it was on a partnership account, and that intendment ought to have been repelled by the defendants, if not founded in truth." This appears to us a little at variance with the principle it was cited to establish, which is, however, good law.

Another part of this same note is worth extracting, to show the

strange custom of our sister state of Connecticut.

The principle, which makes the act of one partner, in the course of trade, the act of the partnership, does not apply to *deeds*. One partner cannot bind the partnership by deed, though executed in the partnership name. *Harrison v. Jackson, et al.* 7 *Term Rep.* 207. *Gerrard v. Boare, et al.* 1 *Bos.* 119. And, *a fortiori*, a covenant, or a promissory note, where such notes are specialties,* executed by one partner, in his *individual* name, though on the partnership account, will not be binding on the partnership. *Maud v. Tomlinson*, 1 *Day's Ca.* 148. *Ripley v. Kingsbury*, 1 *Day's Ca.* 150, note (*a.*) Neither can partners compel each other to *appear in suits*, nor *represent each other in courts of law*. *Per* CHASE, *J. Hill, et al. v. Rose*, 3 *Dal.* 331.

* *In* Connecticut, *promissory notes are regarded as specialties.*

That Lord KENYON's opinion, in Rex v. Eden, 1 Esp. 98, was erroneous, is fully proved in Mr. Day's notes. The defendant was indicted for perjury, in his testimony on a former trial; and Brett, against whom a verdict was given, in consequence of Eden's testimony, being called as a witness for the prosecution, was objected to, as incompetent, unless he had paid the debt and costs in that action. His Lordship admitted the force of the objection, and rejected the witness, because, "it appeared to him, that, in case the defendant was convicted on this prosecution, that Brett would be relieved in a court of equity against the judgment, the verdict having been obtained on the sole evidence of Eden. That therefore the conviction of Eden, being the means of relieving him from the judgment, was an interest which rendered him incompetent."

Part of another note on this case we extract, as a specimen of the diligence of the American Editor:

The person, in whose name an instrument has been *forged*, has been uniformly held to be an incompetent witness to prove the forgery; and this is considered by Lord Ellenborough, [4 East. 582] as an anomaly in the law of evidence. "Upon what principle," he adds, "the anomalous case was so settled, I cannot pretend to say; but, having been so settled, it may be too much for judges sitting upon trials, to break in upon it. The anomaly can only be remedied now, by the legislature." Vide *Watts' case, Hardr.* 332. *S. C.* 3 *Salk.* 172. *Rex v. Russell, Leach's Cro. case*, 10. *Robert Rhodes' case, Leach's Cro. case*, 25, 26. *Rex v. Taylor, Leach's Cro. case*, 215. *Caffy's case*, 2 *East's P. C.* 995. *Rex v. Rhodes*, 2 *Stra.* 728. *Peake's Ev.* 168, 9. In *Connecticut*, this anomaly has been adopted from the English law. *State v. Bronson*, 1 *Root.* 307 *State v. Blodget*, 1 *Root*, 534. But not in *Pennsylvania*. *Respublica v. Keating*, 1 *Dal.* 110. *Pennsylvania v. Tarrel, Addis.* 248. *Respublica v. Ross*, 2 *Dal.* 239; nor in *Massachusetts*. *Commonwealth v. Hutchinson*, 1 *Mass.* Term. *Rep.* 7. Mr. *East*, in his *Treatise of the Pleas of the Crown, vol.* II. *p.* 994, attempts to shew, *that the distinction is not an arbitrary one.* His reasons in support of it are certainly plausible. One of them, Mr. *Evans*, in the appendix to his translation of *Pothier, p.* 316. says, he has heard assigned by a learned Judge.

The cases, in which the action for money had and received will lie, and where not, are well marshalled by Mr Day in a note to Marriott v. Hampton. 2. Esp. 548. An important note will be found on Chaters v. Bell & alt 4 Esp. 49.

The American authorities are usually cited after the English upon the same point; and we wish the editor had uniformly adhered to that rule. The names, that most frequently appear in the notes, are Dallas, Caines, Johnson, Bay, and Cranch. Root's reports are perhaps quoted oftener, than their value will justify. Our Massachusetts Reports occur but twice or three times. Mr. Day's Reports of Cases in Error, which the character of the editor must

stamp with high value, are referred to with a parent's fondness; but we hope the gentleman will favour the publick with another volume of them and will also continue the publication of these Reports at Nisi Prius on the same principles, which he has followed in the work before us. Such unusual diligence must be successful; and to every American lawyer, desirous of possessing the Reports of Espinasse, we earnestly recommend this edition of Mr Day.

The mechanical part of the book deserves praise: the paper is better than our American press often employs; the proof sheets have been revised with considerable care, so that the book is decently correct, more so than the London copy, which is certainly not to be said of one book in three from our printers; the binding is the best we have seen. The price, though the work is one of the few American editions worth much more than the English, is three dollars less than the copies imported. This may appear a proper place for censure on some of our Philadelphia and New York publishers, who charge enormous prices on their editions of English books. We may specify Bosanquet and Puller's Reports, as uncommonly dear, and of very villanous execution.

ART. 36.

Marmion, a Tale of Flodden Field. By Walter Scott, Esq. Boston. Farrand, Mallory & Co. 2 vols. 12mo. 1808.

THIS poem is, in many respects, superiour to the Lay of the Last Minstrel, yet it may safely be asserted, that no one has read it with the same pleasure. The descriptions in it are clearly more elaborate; the plot is more studied, and, in fact, much better, though by no means in itself free from exception: but it wants the air of originality, belonging to the first production; partly because it is posterior, and partly, perhaps, for the reason given by Dr. Johnson for the general superiority of the first poets: "the first writers took possession of the most striking objects for description, and left nothing to those, that followed them, but transcriptions of the same events, and new combinations of the same images."

Among those parts that have disappointed the admirers of Scott, who open these volumes with enthusiastick curiosity, the most apparent are the introductory epistles at the beginning of each Canto. The short parenthetical notices of the Minstrel at the beginning and conclusion of the Cantos in the Lay, were universally admired. This Mr. Scott was no doubt apprised of, as he appears by the preface to this poem to be very ready in apprehending the civil things that have been said of him by the publick, and to be perfectly convinced of their justness. Reasoning with great arithmetical exactness, he concludes, that, if one page of introduction gave pleasure, two pages would delight, four would ravish, and that by a dozen, his readers must be "lapt in Elysium." By an equally plausible process, though not extending so far above Number One, he concluded, that, if an ancient minstrel, the last surviving brother of the bards of old, in the sadness of decrepitude and age, could touch the feelings by alluding to his desolation, and his lost child, what could be more natural than that a modern minstrel, piping on a winter's evening before a cheerful wood fire from Ettricke forest, in his own parlour, could interest the publick,

mind, by talking about his boyish tricks and whippings, or describing the wholesome puddings, and good blind man's buff of Christmas Eve. Far be it from us, like our old Puritanick ancestors, to

"Quarrel with minced pies or disparage
"Our best and dearest friend plum porridge."

on the contrary, should our Governour favour us with a proclamation for Thanksgiving, we hope to show ourselves, even before Christmas Eve, their zealous admirers; but that which is good in a patty pan, may be very bad in a poem, and Mr. Scott should remember, that a man may be pious overmuch. More especially is this true, when these, or similar important subjects are discussed, in such lines as these:

For omens we in Livy cross
At every turn "locutus Bos."
As grave and truly speaks that ox,
As if he told the price of stocks,
Or held in Rome republican
The place of common councilman.

Gentle Reader, is this Hudibras that speaks, or is it Walter Scott?

The character of the hero may be objected to this poem. This same Marmion is a bad man, a very bad man: he makes nothing of stealing a nun from her convent, and afterwards leaving her to be taken, and starved to death in a dark cold, stone cellar. Another of his ways and means is forging letters, with a view to lead away silly women. To be sure he is a very brave man, and withal considerably generous; insomuch as he is allowed to have thrown a handful of silver among the heralds, when he went through the gate of Norham castle. But in England, whatever it may be here, forgery is ranked among those crimes considered infamous, and, of course, inconsistent with the character of a hero. A man may kill half a dozen in fair battle, without much imputation on his moral character; there are even some examples amongst the Theseuses and Æneases of a man's ruining a woman and leaving her, without being thought a worse hero; but to forge a letter is generally considered a great meanness. Mr. Scott was aware that it would be very injudicious to make his hero a faultless monster; but he ought to have left something pleasing in him besides his "falcon bright" and his brawny bravery. The other principal hero, de Wilton, who is probably meant to relieve the bad impression of Marmion's character, is but a milk and water composition, when he appears in propria persona, and when he is disguised under the Palmer's dress, he appears so differently, that we can scarcely believe it the same man. Bad man as Marmion was, however, he held it out to the last, like a brave fellow, without any flinching or twitching of conscience.

With dying hand above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "victory."

which, with the rest of his last words, though we must allow it to be excellent poetry, contains but an indifferent moral.

We have said that the descriptions in this poem are elaborate, and we add, that many of them are extremely beautiful. The descriptions of dresses are, after all, too frequent: for the mere curiosity of it, and to see how neatly an author can dress up a trifling subject handsomely, we are pleased to have a few of them. That of King James, in the fifth canto, is the best of this kind, though we think it inferiour to a very simi-

lar one of Lord Howard in the Lay. But every reader is surprised, at least, when he finds the poet relating, at every turn, the cloth his hero is dressed in, its texture and quality, and the place whence it was brought, and not even letting it slip his notice, if a lady puts off her veil to cool herself. This is another caricature of a very necessary principle viz. that description should not be vague and general; but there is as much danger to be apprehended of exceeding, as of falling short in the application of general principles. It is the overdone as well as the come tardy off, that while it pleases the unwary, makes the judicious grieve. We will now mention one or two of the best passages. The interview of Constance with her judges, in the second canto, and particularly her speech on that occasion, are in the highest style of poetry. When she stands before those marble hearted ecclesiasticks, a condemned criminal, the despair that petrifies her soul imparts a deadly chill to the reader; his heart throbs with horror at the impressive prophetick imprecations of the dying maiden; and when she descends into the dark vault, when the priests withdraw, and the cold rock closes around her, so fine is the description, that the soul sinks into itself in a kindred despair. The battle, which occupies part of the sixth canto is, for picturesque effect, fully equal to any thing of the kind in the compass of poetry. We take a station with the squires on an adjoining hill, when the freshening Western blast has brushed away the smoke, the battle is displayed before us, a picture and not a description. We see, as if present, every circumstance; the line where the contending armies meet; the banners of different warriours waving in the air; the rush of onset; and the faintness of the vanquished: at once, all is confusion, and all distinctness.

In observing on the plan of this poem, some have affected to fear, lest a spirit of imitation might inundate the world with metrical romances, and have advised Mr Scott, as he values his own fame, and the peace of the Commonwealth, to employ his talents about something else. Yet it seems rather tyrannical, when a man has discovered a new field in the region of poetry, where he is gathering many fruits and flowers, for another to say to him, for God's sake, my good sir, come out, and do not think of touching any thing more, for if you do, a crowd of fools will follow and collect nothing but weeds. Men do not now need to be told, that it is bad reasoning to argue from the abuse of any thing against its merits. Private events are equally fitted for poetical purposes, since they are equally calculated to excite interest as the great revolutions, that form the basis of epick narrations; and he that proscribes invention, in order to avoid the curse of servile imitators, scarcely reflects on the consequences of his principle.

Upon the whole, if we should conclude, as we began, by alluding to the Lay of the Last Minstrel, we should say, that the author had lavished on that his most favourite and poetical images and characters, and that for interest, no character in Marmion will parallel the vagrant Minstrel. Reading them, as we read all poems after the first perusal, for the beauty of particular passages, they stand with few exceptions on exactly the same footing. If we assimilate them to natural objects, the Lay is fresh and sparkling like the opening rose-bud, wet with the dew of morning; the Marmion is the same

rose at once unfolded and desiccated by the noon-day sun.

ART. 37.

An Oration delivered before the Medical Society of South Carolina, at their anniversary meeting, Dec. 24, 1807, and published at their request. By Joseph Johnson, M. D. President of the Medical Society of South Carolina. Charleston, printed by Marchant, Willington & Co. pp. 24. 8vo. 1808.

THIS oration, which might with more propriety receive the appellation of a diary, is a concise account of meteorological variations, and of the nature and effects of the diseases at Charleston, during the year 1807. As a record of the physical changes in the atmosphere, and of the extensive range of certain diseases, which appear intimately connected with these peculiar states of the weather, it is interesting both to the physician and the naturalist. The remembrance of this year will not readily be obliterated in a city, in which one tenth of its inhabitants were swept away by the destructive force of disease. The nature of the local situation of Charleston, and the long continuance of the heat of its climate, have usually rendered it in the summer and autumnal months almost invariably fatal to constitutions, which have not been accustomed to its effects from infancy. The last year was marked by the peculiar virulence of its diseases. They were not only more widely extended, but also more fatal than had been observed for many preceeding years. It was ushered in by such unusual variations of temperature, that were they to be considered as the result of the operation of an uniform cause, would doubtless render its climate in the vernal months, neither more comfortable, nor less injurious to the existence of the valetudinarian and the convalescent, than the blasts of the eastern states fresh from the ice-bound shores of Newfoundland.

In March, according to the thermometrical observations of Dr. Johnson, the temperature of the air in one instance, sunk 32° in seventeen hours, in another was augmented 27° in thirty one hours, and in the course of the month of February, fluctuated between 24° and 69° of Fahrenheit. The quantity of rain which fell during this period, was proportional to the variations of the weather; in February it amounted to 7. 3. inches, and in March to 6. 6. inches.

The spring having been so backward, the accession of summer was as rapid in proportion, and the eleventh of June was one of the hottest days to which our climate is subjected; the thermometer standing at 92°, in a very cool situation, and at 94°, generally, through the city. The average heat of July, was 86°. The *endemial causes* commenced about the eighteenth of August, which was aggravated by the extremely hot weather from the first to the fifth of September, when the thermometer, at noon, in the coolest situation, raised from 90° to 92°. September was, from sickness and death, the blackest month ever recorded in Charleston, there having been 328 interments, of which 114 were from *endemial causes*; and at least one fourth of the inhabitants were affected with the influenza about the last of the month.

By "endemial causes" we presume is here meant the disease, to which strangers resident in that city are peculiarly exposed, while the inhabitants, or natives, whose constitutions are assimilated to the climate, enjoy a degree of comparative security; hence it has been popularly denominated the "Stranger's Fever." After reading the above

statement, we cannot avoid the remark, that there appears to exist an intimate connexion between the heat and *dryness* of season and the energy and extension of disease. In Boston it has often been the subject of observation, that the dryest are generally the most unhealthy seasons: the eloquent pen of Dr. Rush has recorded the same fact in his history of the bilious remitting fever of Philadelphia, and its truth would appear confirmed by the later observations of Dr. Johnson. "From the twenty sixth of July to the eighteenth of August," says he, "there had been but one shower; and none from the second of October to the fifth of November. All the ponds and many of the wells and springs were dry. The atmosphere was hazy and thick, as if filled with a subtle dust, and the sun, as if deprived of his rays, appeared of a fiery redness." For the space of three months and ten days, there fell but one inch and four tenths of rain.

It appears from the "Oration" of Dr. Johnson, that the influenza, which became so general in the Eastern states, in the latter part of summer and the commencement of autumn extended to South Carolina, and was experienced in its greatest severity about the middle of October. Its effects in that part of the union were severe, and the mortality, particularly in the interiour of the state, was far beyond what usually results from this comparatively mild disease. The dysentary was also more acute than usual.

The oration is closed with two valuable obituary tables, one of which is reported by the City Marshall, and the other from Dr. Johnson's Dispensary and private practice. The year 1807 terminated the existence of 2203 persons, of whom 1611 were Blacks. There were 328 interments in the month of September. The number of Africans imported into that city amounted to 15676 and 1112 of these were sacrificed to the "Endemial causus" and other diseases of the country. "The proportion of deaths among them has greatly increased; at first a twenty ninth part of the number imported died; but now a fourteenth of the whole. A great proportion of deaths from tetanus and worms occurs in the summer months; convulsions, pulmonick affections, apoplexy, and sore throats are much more fatal in the first part of the year. The proportion of deaths among children is distressing, one fifth and, in some years, one fourth of all that are born, die under five years of age; among these however, the number of deaths is one seventh less in proportion than in New York. Of the deaths under the head of consumption the number amounts to an average of rather less than one sixth; of these it is fair to remark, that many cases are brought to us from the Northern states, on account of the mildness of our climate in the winter season. In New York from one fourth to one third of all that die, perish by this complaint."

Among the deaths in the year 1806, we noticed one marked against the Cow-Pock.

CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,

FOR OCTOBER, 1808.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.——MART.

NEW WORKS.

The History of Don Francisco de Miranda's attempt to effect a revolution in South America, in a series of Letters. By a gentleman who was an officer under that general, to his friend in the United States. To which are annexed, sketches of the life of Miranda, and geographical notices of Caraccas. Boston. Oliver & Munroe. 12mo. pp. 300.

An Enquiry into the chymical character and properties of that species of Coal, lately discovered at Rhode Island: together with observations on the useful application of it to the arts and manufactures of the eastern States. Boston. Printed by Snelling and Simons. Devonshire Street. 12mo. pp. 21.

An address to the citizens of Massachusetts, on the causes and remedy of our National Distresses. By a Fellow Sufferer. Boston, printed at the Repertory-Office. pp. 13.

A new literary paper has been issued by Messrs. Oliver & Munroe, of this town, entitled the "Boston Mirror." The establishments of "The Emerald," and "The Times" are united in this publication, price 3 do'ls. per ann.

The constitution and associate statutes of the Theological Seminary in Andover; with sketches of its rise and progress. Published by order of the trustees. Boston. Published by Farrand, Mallory, and Co. Belcher and Armstrong, printers. 8vo.

A Sermon preached at the opening of the Theological Institution in Andover: and at the ordination of Rev. Eliphalet Pearson, LL. D. Sept. 28, 1808. By Rev. Timothy Dwight, D. D. president of Yale college. Boston. Printed by Belcher and Armstrong 8vo. pp. 56.

Three Dissertations on Boylston Prize Questions for the years 1806 and 1807. By George Cheyne Shattuck, M. D.—Being the Dissertations to which the Boylston Prize Medals were adjudged. To which is prefixed, the Publick Account of their Adjudications. Published by Farrand, Mallory & Co. and Hastings, Etheridge & Bliss, Boston; by Hopkins & Bayard, New-York; and Hopkins & Earle, Philadelphia. Belcher & Armstrong, Printers. 8vo. pp. 196.

NEW EDITIONS.

The Middlesex Collection of Church Musick; or, Ancient Psalmody revived. Containing a variety of plain psalm tunes, the most suitable to be used in divine service; to which is annexed, a number of other pieces of a more delicate and artificial construction, proper to be performed by a choir of good Musicians occasionally, in Schools and Publick Religious Assemblies. Second edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged. Boston, printed and sold by Manning & Loring, No. 2, Cornhill.

Begone Dull Care; or, How will it end? a comedy, in five acts; as performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden. By Frederick Reynolds. Boston, published by E. Larkin, No. 47, Cornhill. Greenough & Stebbins, printers.

The Ancient History of the Egyptians, Carthagenians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes and Persians, Macedonians and Grecians. By Mr. Rollin, late principal of the University of Paris, professor of eloquence in the royal college, and member of the royal academy of inscriptions and belles lettres. Translated from the French; in eight volumes. Vol. V. The twelfth edition, illustrated with maps. Boston, published and sold by Hastings, Etheridge and Bliss.

The sixth and last volume of the Fam-

ily Expositor; or, a paraphrase and version of the New Testament; with critical notes, and practical improvement of each section, in six volumes. Containing the epistle of Paul the apostle to the Hebrews, James, I. Peter, II. Peter, I John, II. John, III. John, Jude, Revelations. By P. Doddridge, D. D. To which is prefixed, a life of the author, by Andrew Kippis, D. D. F. R. S. and S. A. From the eighth London edition. 8vo. pp. 621. S. Etheridge, printer, Charlestown.

WORKS ANNOUNCED.

Doctor Ramsay, (the celebrated Historian) has issued Proposals for publishing a History of South-Carolina, from its first settlement in 1670, to 1808. The work will be put to press in November next.

Wm. Hilliard, of Cambridge, (Mass.) has issued proposals for publishing by Subscription, An American Biographical and Historical Dictionary, containing an account of the Lives, Characters, and Writings of the most ancient persons in North America, from the first discovery of the country to the present time, and a Summary of the History of the several Colonies, and of the United States. The work to be printed in one vol. 8vo. containing 500 pages. Price to Subscribers, two dollars and fifty cents.

George W. Woodman of New-Bedford, proposes publishing that valuable and scarce book, entitled, "Thoughts on Religion, and other Important Subjects; newly translated from the French of Blaise Pascal. To which are added, memoirs of his life and writings. To be comprised in one vol. 8vo. of about 400 pages, on a fine wove paper, and delivered to subscribers at two dollars.

Hopkins and Earle, Philadelphia, and Farrand, Mallory, and Co. Boston, have issued proposals for publishing a system of exchange operations between the principal places of Europe Containing the names and divisions of the different monies; the usances of Bills; the times of grace, payment, protest, and the course of exchange between relative places in Europe, as respectively established; the manner in which their respective accounts are kept, and the manner of reducing bank to current money; with a reciprocal deduction of the different monies calculated upon the order of exchange, &c. In the manner of the French system of Joseph Rene Ruelle, by Peter Kuhn, jun. Esq late consul of the United States of America, near the republick of Liguria. To which will be added, the weights, qualities, and names of all current coins, foreign and ancient, &c. &c. It will appear on a fine wove paper, in an 8vo. size of between 3 and 400 pages, and delivered to subscribers, in boards at 4 dollars.

Proposals are issued by E. Bronson and others, Baltimore, for publishing a new periodical work, to be entitled, Select Reviews, and the Spirit of the Foreign Magazines.

Manning & Loring intend publishing, by Subscription, a new and improved edition of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, sung at the Chapel of Lock Hospital. This work, (compiled by the celebrated MADAN,) comprised in about 200 royal quarto pages, printed on a fine and thick paper, and on a page of the size of the last London edition; and no alteration of any kind in the Musick shall be permitted. The price to subscribers, stitched in a printed paper covering, will be two dollars fifty cents.

NOTE.

[*** *We regret that our readers are deprived of the Retrospective Review for this number, by the accidental loss of the manuscript; and hope that the following abstract will not be without interest.*

FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Abridgement of the Trial, in an action, in which Sir John Carr, Knt. was Plaintiff, and Messrs. Hood and Sharpe, Defendants: damages laid at £2000. The trial took place in Guildhall, on the 25th of July, 1808, before Lord Ellenborough and a special jury: taken down in short hand, by Thomas Jenkins.

THIS abridgement shall contain all that is material. The reader will find in it every principal point touched upon by Mr. Garrow, the leading counsel for the plaintiff; the whole of what was said by the Judge, and by the Attorney General, who was the leading counsel for the defendants, with the sole exception of what the latter said by way of return for the trade-like compliments paid him by Mr. Garrow, and which interchange of compliments I omit for the sake of decency.

The case, as stated by Mr. Garrow, was this: That Sir John Carr (whom hereafter I shall call *Carr*, not perceiving that he has any right to claim the cramming up of my pages with his lengthened name) was the author of several works which he had sold for considerable sums of money; that he was about to publish a new work of the nature of his former works, which had hitherto been well received by the publick; that, at this juncture the defendants published the libel in question, called, "*My Pocket Book;*" that the evident object of this work was utterly to destroy Carr as an author, in which object it must succeed, unless censured by the verdict of the jury; that the "Pocket Book," besides ridicule in words, contained several caricatures, exhibiting Carr in the most ludicrous light; that he was there represented as a stupid writer, a gleaner of insipid stuff, a fool, a lunatick, and as so nearly like a mere vagabond, as to carry about his wardrobe in a pocket handkerchief; that the defendants had said, that they had a rod in pickle for Carr, and that they would do for him; that the effect of all this had been a clearly proved damage to Carr; that Sir Richard Phillips had, merely from the effect of this attack, been deterred from purchasing the intended new work, for which, otherwise, he would have given £700; and that there must necessarily have arisen to the plaintiff other damages, of which it would be impossible to estimate the amount. The evidence first given, was to prove the publication of the "Pocket Book," and then evidence was produced of a *continuation* of the publication after notice of action, which evidence in aggravation having been objected to by the Attorney General, the following conversation took place between the Judge and Mr. Garrow.

Mr. Garrow.—The ground on which I offer it, is this: I say, that these defendants meant to publish to the world, a work, the object of

which is, to render Sir John Carr ridiculous. I say, this publication of these defendants, is false and scandalous. Can it be doubted that I may prove, that the defendants have continued that publication, to shew the extent of the injury, and the spirit of the offending party?

Lord Ellenborough.—But we must allow a latitude to the free discussion of the merits and demerits of authors and their works; otherwise we may *talk* indeed of the liberty of the press, but there will be in reality an *end* of it.

Mr. Garrow.—Suppose I had a wen on my neck, or had any other deformity. Am I to be held up to ridicule, to gratify the malice of an individual, who chooses to be my enemy, and is that individual to continue to expose me, after notice given to him of his misconduct? That notice is given to him by the service of a process, which is the commencement of the action.

Mr. Attorney General.—The answer to all this, is, that you can bring another action, if you are damnified by any subsequent publication.

Lord Ellenborough.—We must really not cramp observations upon authors and their works. They should be liable to exposure; to criticism, and even to ridicule, if their works be ridiculous; otherwise, the first who writes a book upon a subject will maintain a monopoly of sentiment and opinion upon it. You must never shew the absurdity of it, although it be absurd, that is, you can never do it with effect. This would tend to the perpetuity of errour. A bad book might appear, it would propagate errour, and so we should go on to the end of time. How any body could conceive that an action is maintainable, for publishing a work, exposing another work to ridicule, is to me surprising. Reflection upon personal character is another thing.

Mr. Garrow.—I am not contending that the defendants may not endeavour to shew, that the plaintiff's book is a ridiculous one; but, they must not endeavour to destroy the plaintiff altogether, as an author.

Lord Ellenborough.—I do not know that. Suppose a person publishes a book containing sentiments that are injurious to publick morals; of infinite mischief to the publick taste: *or bad maxims of government;* or any thing else that *ought to be decried;* are we not to be at liberty to expose that work; aye, and expose the *author of it too*, as far as he is *connected with that work*, and that, in the most pointed language of wit, humour, or ridicule; the more pointed and forcible, the better? He who does so, if the work be ridiculous, or a bad one, confers a favour on, by producing a benefit to, the publick. That it destroys the reputation of an author, and puts an end to the circulation of his works, is nothing, if his works be worthless. Mr. Locke published an answer to sir Robert Filmer; would any body give twopence, after that, for the works of sir Robert Filmer? What then? was Mr. Locke to be made the subject of an action, for destroying the reputation of sir Robert Filmer? Not at all. *It was a reputation that ought to have been destroyed*, and was destroyed; for which the world has been greatly indebted to Mr. Locke. I really do not know where we are going to. To talk of the liberty of the press, if one man may not write freely, on *the work of another*, lest he should destroy the reputation of that other, would be idle. Shew me an attack on the *moral* character of this plaintiff, or *any attack on his character unconnected with his books*, and I shall

be as ready as any man, who ever sat here, to protect him in that character; but I cannot hear of malice, on account of turning his works into ridicule.

Mr. Garrow.—They prevent the sale of all the plaintiff's works, by this immoderate ridicule of him, by wholesale, as an author.

Lord Ellenborough.—They do so. They depreciate his character as an author, conceiving they have a right to do so.

Mr. Garrow. Then let them shew that they have done it *fairly.*

Lord Ellenborough. No, *they need not.* YOU must show that they have done it unfairly.

Mr. Garrow. So I do, my Lord, by the exhibition of this frontispiece; which shews, that this book is *not a fair criticism*, but a malignant slander.

Lord Ellenborough. Go on with your case.

Evidence was then given to prove that Carr was the author of other works. Lord Valentia was called to prove, that the "Pocket Book," was intended, in his opinion, to expose Carr's Irish Tour to ridicule. *Lord Mountnorris*, under whose name a letter has been published, stating that he "attended *solely* and conscientiously on *behalf* of sir John Carr," said, upon his oath, that "he had read the *Pocket Book*, and also the *Stranger in Ireland*; that he had compared them both, chapter and chapter; that he considered the former as intended to ridicule the latter; that the caricatures are so strongly drawn, that it was impossible to mistake their application to sir John Carr; and, finally, that he should have bought the Stranger in Ireland, but would not after reading the Pocket Book, the latter having depreciated the former so much in his opinion." In a cross-examination, which appears to have been gone into by the Attorney General, for the purpose of obtaining a repetition of this evidence so complimentary as well as useful to his clients, Lord Mountnorris said, in terms, if possible, still more explicit, that after a most attentive perusal of both the work and the criticism, he was induced, by the impression produced on his mind by the latter, not to purchase the former, though he was before disposed to make that purchase.

Sir Richard Phillips's Examination might have been very short; but owing to his own indiscretion, it was rendered very long; and as he appears to have been considered as the *real cause* of the action against Messrs. Hood and Sharpe, the whole of this Examination shall be given. He was examined by Mr. Dampier, and cross-examined by the Attorney General.

Q Did you, sir Richard Phillips, purchase of sir John Carr, a book, called, "The Northern Summer; or, a Tour round the Baltic?"

A. I did.

Q. And also a "Tour through Ireland; and another along the Rhine?" A. I did.

Q. They are all in quarto, I believe? A. They are.

Q. What was the purchase money for each? A. The price of the first was fixed by Mr. Hayley, who introduced sir John Carr to me.

Q. Will you state the sums which you paid for these books? A. Four hundred pounds for "The Northern Summer; or, Tour round the Baltic," and in consequence of a small increase in the quantity, I added another 100l. of my own accord.

Q. So that he had 500l. for his book? A. Yes, he had. Mr. Hayley, of whom I have a high opinion, settled the price of that book.

Q. Then as to "The Tour through Ireland," what did you pay for that? I gave sir John Carr, 600l. for that, and a conditional 100l. more, I think, on the second edition; or, on the sale of a certain number; but previous to the whole of that number being sold, (considering that it would be sold,) I gave sir John Carr 100l. more. So that he had 700l. for the "Tour through Ireland"

Q. What did you give him for the other book, which you purchased of him, "The Tour through Holland?" *A.* The same price. It is a sort of rule with booksellers, (at least it is so with me)—that when we are satisfied with the work of an author, we give him, for similar works, the same as we did before, without any treaty.

Q. So that you gave sir John Carr 600l. for "The Stranger in Ireland, and, if it went through a second edition, you were to give him 100l. more; which you did?" A. Yes.

Q. Now, sir, have you seen a work of his called, "A Tour in Scotland?" A. I have seen it in a manuscript; sir John Carr has put it into my hands.

Q. It is a work prepared now for publication? A. It is.

Q. Now sir, when you saw that, had you seen the present book, called "My Pocket Book?" A. Yes, I had.

Q. Did you at any time, see one of these defendants, Mr. Hood? A. I frequently saw him.

Q. So as to have a conversation with him concerning this work; I mean the book, called "My Pocket Book?" A. I have met Mr. Hood, and he has spoken to me particularly on the subject of the book called, "My Pocket Book."

Q. Will you state to us, what he said to you, on that subject? A. He began by asking me "how sir John Carr did?" I said he was very well. He went on to ask me, have you seen or read, "My Pocket Book?" I answered him by saying, "I never read any *scurrility* of that kind."

Q. Did he make any answer to that? A. He did. He said, "the Lord have mercy upon sir John Carr: we have a rod in pickle for him: we will do for him:' or, "we will do his business;" or words to that effect. I believe the words were, "the Lord have mercy upon him, poor sir John," or some phrase of that sort, was thrown in; "we will do his business," or, "will do for him."

Q. Do you know whether this book, called "My Pocket Book," has been extensively circulated? A. I have reason to believe it has been very actively and industriously circulated. I have seen it in the windows of booksellers, attracting some attention, in consequence of a ridiculous frontispiece; and booksellers are some of them apt to expose works of this nature, on account of the oddity of appearance in them.

Q Has it been circulated, in what they call "the trade circulation, and sale?"—*A.* I do not attend trade sales myself, and I cannot speak to that, but I can speak to this—that the whole edition was offered to the trade, at the trade price, and, that a thousand copies were so to be disposed of; as appears by this catalogue.

Attorney General.—You must say nothing to us about that catalogue, for it is not evidence.

Ld. Ellenborough.—Certainly not; you must prove that publication, as well as every other publication by the actual sale. The catalogue is nothing.

Mr. Dampier —Q. Was this work called the "Tour through Scotland," or whatever other title it might have, offered to you for sale? A. Yes it was.

Q. Did you buy it, or did you decline it?—A. The impression which was made on my mind, in consequence of the publication of the book, called "My Pocket Book;" and the activity with which it was circulated, (as I perceived from the manner in which it was advertised) together with the conversation I had with Mr. Hood, was such, that I certainly declined to buy it.

Q. What was the reason of your declining to buy it? A. I certainly declined to buy it, in consequence of the publication of this book, called, "My Pocket Book."

Q Had you, before you were aware of this publication, made any offer of any sum of money, for that work of sir John Carr's which you saw in manuscript? A. Not at that time.

Q. Did you at any time? *A.* Sir John Carr, subsequent to this, proposed and offered it to me, for 400l. together with the contingent advantage as before, but I declined it. If this libel had not been published, I should have given sir John Carr the same as he had for the former works; for it is a custom of our trade, unless something happens to make us dissatisfied with the author's work, to give him the same sum for every similar work, as he had for the preceding one—and had I purchased this work now in manuscript, of sir John Carr, I should certainly have given him 600l for it.

Cross examined.—Q. You state yourself not to be a reader of *scurrility*?—*A.* I certainly do; I wish to read nothing of that kind.

Q. As you state yourself not to be a reader of any thing of that kind, I take it for granted, you never publish any thing of that sort? A. I mean, that I never read *anonymous scurrility*. If I see the name of a respectable author on a title page, it becomes another thing.

Attorney General. Do not overpower me, sir Richard Phillips, by a multitude of words, or by answering my questions before I put them to you; especially by references to anonymous writings.

Q. I take it for granted you never read the Edinburgh Review?—*A.* I have seen the Edinburgh Review—but I pay no respect whatever to that, or to any other work of *anonymous* criticism.

Q. I take it for granted, then, sir Richard, that criticism owes its effect to the circumstance of a knowledge of who the author is?—*A.* It certainly ought to do so; to my mind criticisms should always bear the names of the authors. I do not generally consider that *fair* criticism which is *anonymous*.

Q. When did you publish these works of sir John Carr?—A. I published the first work, "The Northern Summer," I suppose in 1803 or 4; "The Stranger in Ireland," in 1806; and the "Tour in Ireland," in 1807; "The Tour in Scotland," I saw in 1808—the present year.

Q. As you do not read criticism, except you know who the critick, or the author is, I take it for granted, you do not attend to the Edinburgh Review. If sir John Carr has been praised, or censured in the Edinburgh Review, I take it for granted you do not know it?—A. I never saw it.

Mr. Garrow.—I object to the introduction of the Edinburgh Review. It is no evidence.

Lord Ellenborough.—I understand

the Attorney-General's question to be to this effect to take the Edinburgh Review as a mere illustration of the present subject.

Mr. Garrow. If it be either directly complimentary to, or directly detracting from, the merit of sir John Carr as an author, the Edinburgh Review may be referred to, as an evidence of the opinion of literary persons, as to the merit of sir John Carr, as an author; but, I submit to your Lordship, that otherwise, it is not evidence in this cause.

Lord Ellenborough. They are not taking any thing out of the Edinburgh Review, but the Attorney-General is cross-examining the witness, as to his acquaintance with that publication. I see nothing in the course of this examination, which calls upon me to stop it.

Attorney General. I ask sir Richard Phillips, whether he knows that this book had been reviewed by the Edinburgh Reviewers? A. I do not know it; I do not read the Edinburgh Review.

Q. You do not know there is such a publication, perhaps, as the Edinburgh Review? A. There is such a publication, certainly, but I do not recollect that I have read the Edinburgh Review at all, except some parts of the first volume. I thought some of it scurrilous, and I abhor scurrility.

Q Now, as you think this publication, which is complained of, is scurrilous; as you abhor scurrility; and, as you know it to be anonymous: you do not soil your pure mind with the perusal of it; are there any reviews published by any persons which are not anonymous? A. None that I recollect, at this moment; there was one sometime ago by Dr. Maty.

Q. But you do know there is such a publication as the Edinburgh Review? A. I do.

Q. Do you know whether there is such a publication as the Annual Review? A. I know there is such a publication.

Q. Is that anonymous? A. That has a name.

Q. Now, as you do not read scurrilous anonymous writings, and as that is not anonymous, since it has a name, perhaps you do read the Annual Review? A. Never, now; I have looked into former volumes of it, but I never read it now; it is a very ponderous publication, which I do not read, because I have not leisure.

Q. Have you had a large sale of sir John Carr's works? A. A very respectable sale; a very considerable sale, of the first work. Of "the Tour in Ireland," and of "the Tour round the Baltic," I have sold, I think, very nearly 1500 copies.

Attorney General. I think, sir Richard, that your reprobation of anonymous criticism, cannot be too much commended; certainly, nothing should be published without a name; it is proper we should always know who to resort to, in case any thing be published which is not proper.

Q Pray, sir Richard, was there not a review called "The Oxford Review?" A. Yes.

Q. Who published it? A. It was printed by a person at Oxford.

Q Very likely: but who published it in London? A. I was the publisher in London.

Lord Ellenborough. Here, I think I should caution you, sir Richard Phillips, for although I do not know what the publication contained, it may contain something for which you may be responsible, and which may lead you into diffi-

culty; we are here treading upon tender ground; you are not bound to answer any thing which may tend to involve yourself in difficulty.

Sir Richard Phillips. I thank your Lordship, but I shall certainly answer any questions which the Attorney General chooses to ask me; I never printed a line, to my knowledge, which was calculated to hurt the feelings of any person living.

Lord Ellenborough. It is my duty to caution you, sir Richard, and to tell you, that you are not bound to avow that you are the publisher of any work, which may contain any objectionable matter. You are entitled to a protection as a witness. You have laid yourself open already to many questions, which could not have been regularly asked of you, had you not chosen to avow yourself publisher of the work just alluded to.

Attorney General. There was a work intitled "Publick Characters," I believe? A. There was.

Q. And you published it, I believe? A. I did.

Lord Ellenborough. By the name of it, that is a work very likely to be extremely delicate; I caution you once more, how you admit yourself to be the publisher of such works; you are not bound to admit any such matter. You appear to me to be admitting too much: I now give you notice, that I shall not caution you again. You have just admitted yourself to be the publisher of a book called "Publick Characters," that, from the title of it, is likely to contain a great deal of very delicate matter.

Sir Richard Phillips. I repeat again, my lord, that I have no disinclination to avow every thing that I ever published. I never published any work which I should be ashamed to avow in this place.

Attorney General. On that ground, sir Richard, you will tell me, whether you published a book called "Publick Characters of the French Revolution?" A. I do not know of any book under that title. There was a book published in 1796, by myself, giving an account of the Founders of the French Republick; but it was a plain narrative of facts. It was a chronological account of publick men, who had figured away in France, in the course of the revolution. It was published with a view of giving an account of such persons, there was no scurrility in it, certainly.

Attorney General. No scurrility? A. Certainly none, that I am aware of.

Mr. Garrow. My lord, I rather think I ought to object to this, as an entirely wrong course of proceeding. One would think, from the course which my friend, the Attorney General, is now taking, that sir Richard Phillips was the plaintiff, instead of sir John Carr, for my learned friend seems, now, to be going into the publick life and character of sir Richard Phillips. Sir John Carr, the plaintiff upon this record, has nothing in common, nothing to do with sir Richard Phillips. They have no connexion with each other, except that the one of them is the author, and the other the publisher, of a certain work, and then, my lord, how can any part of the life of sir Richard Phillips be evidence upon this issue between sir John Carr and these defendants?

Lord Ellenborough —I do not know any thing of what is common or what is not common, between this plaintiff and this witness; but, you see here, that sir Richard Phillips

is the purchaser of this work; which is reviewed, or, if you please, censured, by the publication of the defendants. On the credit of the author of this work, of which sir Richard Phillips is the purchaser, depends the sale of the unsold part of that work, that is, of the edition now on hand; and this evidence, which he is now giving that he is the proprietor, and consequently interested in the sale of this book, does not indeed go to his competency, but has a strong bearing on his credit, as a witness; and therefore the Attorney General should, I think, be allowed a larger scope than he should otherwise have, in his cross examination. He has put to sir Richard Phillips many questions, to which sir Richard does not choose to demur, but to which he is certainly entitled to demur, he chooses to say that he is the publisher of many of these works, after the caution which he received from me. I wish he would be guided by other discretion than his own.

Mr. Garrow.—All this, my lord, is very well, as between the Attorney General and sir Richard Phillips; but, I submit, has nothing to do with the interest of my client.

Lord Ellenborough.—More or less, I think it has—it has some reference to it certainly.

Attorney General—*Q.* You have very properly uttered your sentiments in reprobation of all criticism which is anonymous—and you are the publisher of a book which gives us the character of those persons who figured in the French revolution. Pray what was the title of that book?—*A.* "Anecdotes of the Founders of the French Republick." It was published ten or twelve years ago; it was merely a matter-of-fact book; there was no scurrility in it whatever.

Q. Then it contains nothing but an account of facts within your own knowledge?

A. No, not so; I was not the author, but the publisher.

Attorney General—And yet you say it is a mere narrative of facts; how can you say so, unless they are facts within your own knowledge?—*A* It was a mere plain narrative of facts.

Lord Ellenborough.—How do you know them to be facts, if you were not present at the transaction? *A.* It was certainly a narrative of what the author stated to me, and what I considered to be facts. It was like every other book of grave biography and history.

Attorney General.—I think we have now got pretty well rid of the book, which you call the "Narrative of Facts."

Q. You were publisher of the Oxford Review?—*A.* Yes.

Q. You had nothing anonymous in it of course. Pray what were the names of the Oxford Reviewers? Were they known to the publick?—*A.* They were not.

Q. You say you would not put your name to any thing that was anonymous, or a scurrilous publication. And you say that you published "Anecdotes of the Founders of the French Republick." And you say that you, yourself, published the Oxford Review, which was anonymous?—*A.* Yes; but they had not the character of the works which I have reprobated.

Attorney General.—To be sure; for you state that those were facts which you published in your "Anecdotes of the Founders of the French Revolution." And you state also, that you were not the author, but merely the publisher of that book. Pray was that book anonymous?—*A.* Yes, but not scurrilous.

Q. No, not scurrilous, God for-

bid ?—*A.* Yes, God forbid. I thank you for the phrase.

Attorney General.—You say there is such a book as the Edinburgh Review, which is anonymous, and the Annual Review, which is not anonymous, which is published, I believe, by Mr. Aikin. Now, did it ever occur to you, when you were so much interested in the credit of sir John Carr's works, to inquire what Mr. Aikin, who is not an anonymous writer, says of his works ?—*A.* In respect to periodical criticism of the anonymous kind, I ought to say that I have neither time, nor inclination, to look into it; nor do I often look into the Annual Review. It is a ponderous volume, and if I had inclination, I should not have time to read it.

Q. The Oxford Review, I take it for granted, you read, since you were the publisher of it ? *A.* Yes.

Q. I take it for granted, you had the honesty to subscribe your name to that opinion ? *A.* I shall never withhold my opinions. I published the Oxford Review from a desire that there might be a fair review. My wishes and my feelings suggested to me, that there ought to be at least one honest review in the country. A number of gentlemen at Oxford, united their labours to write for it; and it was printed there, under their direction, and published by me in London. It had no scurrility in it whatever; but I found that a review which had no personal abuse, would not succeed, and therefore I discontinued its publication.

Q. That was your feeling, and such your reasoning ? *A.* Yes.

Lord Ellenborough—That is, you are now slandering all publishers but yourself. That is calling all other reviewers slanderers. I wish you would attend to the advice of others, whose prudence you seem to want.

Sir Richard Phillips. My lord, I know a great deal about reviewers !

Attorney General. Q. Perhaps you never, in advertising a book of your own, annexed to it any commendation of reviewers ?—*A* I have not done so for many years, I was in the habit of doing it formerly, but I have not done it for many years. I became ashamed of the practice, and I left it off.

Attorney General.—That is, you grew up into virtue, as they fell into vice.

Lord Ellenborough.—This is saying that every publisher is dishonourable but yourself. Pray do not arrogate to yourself all the virtue in the publication of books. Are you aware of the effect of your testimony ? You have just this instant, told us, that you have been doing that of which you are ashamed. And that you discontinued it because you were ashamed of it. Answer the questions plainly without these comments.

Sir Richard Phillips. My lord, I have endeavoured to do so. I have said that I formerly published advertisements of books with the characters of reviewers annexed to them. It was the ordinary practice of the trade. I have said, that I discontinued it, and I did so. And I have said that I left it off because I was ashamed of it, and I am so.

(To be continued.)

ERRATA.

On page 525, 2d col. 12th line, IDEAS, for IDEA. On the same page and col. 12th line, EFFECT for AFFECT.

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY

FOR

NOVEMBER, 1808.

For the Anthology.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

In almost all the collections of "*Sacred Poetry,*" which I have seen, (and which are now so fast multiplying,) certain much admired hymns are generally found in them, and in various other compilations, of a serious and moral description. This is one proof of their excellence, and strengthens the desire to ascertain their real author; and this is the motive of the present enquiry. I refer more particularly to those, for which credit is given to Addison; but as this eminent writer does not need, and I believe would not desire, illegitimate fame to add to his evergreen wreath, it may be worth our time to pursue the inquiry, for the pleasure of doing justice to forgotten merit.

These hymns are so well known, that to repeat the first line of each, may be sufficient.

One is a paraphrase on the 19th Psalm.

"*The spacious firmament on high.*"

Another is of the 23d Psalm.

"*The Lord my pasture shall prepare.*"

Another is of the 114th Psalm.

"*When Israel freed from Pharaoh's hand.*"

Another is on the — Psalm, or "*David's Hymn of Gratitude.*"

* "*When all thy mercies, O my God,*"

Another (in some collections) is called "*The Traveller's hymn.*"

"*How are thy servants blest'd, O Lord.*"

Perhaps there are others, to which my information does not extend.

[If the two last were meant as translations or paraphrases of *particular* psalms, they are not mentioned by Thompson, nor in any of the collections which I have had opportunity to examine.]

In the 453 No. of the Spectator, Mr. Addison himself, gives us the following account.

"*I have already communicated to the publick, some pieces of* Divine Poetry, and as they have met with a very favourable reception, *I shall, from time to time, publish any work of the same nature, which has not yet appeared in print, and may be acceptable to my readers.*"

In the preface to Thompson's

* In Thompson's edition of Marvell, there are 13 verses to this Hymn. In Dr. Belknap's Collection and some others, there are only 12.

life* [*see note*] of the immortal Andrew Marvell, we have the following information.

"Whenever a man publishes the works of another, or attempts to give any account of an author, the publick expect in general to know the reasons of such an undertaking. I have ventured to give the excellent compositions of this great and exalted character, because they have never been given to the world, but in a mutilated and imperfect state. The best edition of his poems is published by Mr. Thomas Davies, from those given by Cooke fifty two years after the death of Mr. Marvell; but his political and controversial works, were never yet collected. The late Mr. Thomas Hollis, of honourable memory, had once a design of making a collection of his compositions, and advertisements were published, for that purpose, by the late Andrew Millar; and all the MSS. and scarce tracts, collected for that purpose, were afterwards given me, by his ingenious friend. In this design the late Mr. Robert Nettleton assisted; and all his papers, since his death, have been politely allowed to me by his kinsman, Mr. Thomas Raikes."

Thompson proceeds to claim the aforementioned hymns, as the production of that most excellent man, (Marvell,) and says, "*How these come to Mr. Addison's hands, I cannot explain; but by his words, they seem to be remitted by correspondents, and might perhaps come from the relations of* Marvell."

He also vindicates the right of Marvell to several other pieces, on lighter subjects, and thus asserts their authenticity: "Since the death of Mr. T. Hollis, I have been favoured by his successor with many anecdotes, mss. and scarce compositions of our author, such as I was unable to procure any where else; and by the attention and friendship of Mr. Raikes, I have been put in possession of a volume of Mr. Marvell's poems, *some written with his own hand*, and the rest copied by his order."

In Thompson's edition, printed from Marvell's mss. book, he supplies omissions, corrects the mistakes, mutilations, or various readings of the Editor of the "State Poems," of Cooke, and others, by giving a faithful copy of the text. "*for* (says he) *I have given his words, as they were written by his own pen.*"

A very concise account of A. Marvell, is given in *Watkin's Biographical Dictionary*; perhaps as much, as might be expected in such a work; but I should be highly gratified to hear of any other author, who has written the life, or given any further account, of this admirable man.

You, gentlemen, or your correspondents, whose extensive reading and acquaintance with the Poets in our language are far beyond mine, will do me a favour, and probably others, by investigating these claims, and rendering to the true author the merit of these charming Hymns.

THOMAS POPPLE.

[NOTE.]

* "The Works of Andrew Marvell, Esq. Poetical, Controversial, and Political, containing many original letters, poems, and tracts, never before printed, with a new life of the author. By Capt. Edward Thompson, in three volumes, large 4to. London, printed for the editor, by Henry Baldwin, and sold by Dodsley, in Pall-Mall, (and several other booksellers mentioned). A. D. 1776."

The title page is thus copied, with a view to make this work more generally known, and I cannot resist expressing the wish, that this, or a better, (if there is any better) life,

of that incorruptible Senator, Andrew Marvell, were to be found in our bookstores, in a more compressed, and cheaper American edition, which might be very easily done, in one 4to volume of the same size, by using the *long primer* type, instead of the *pica*, as in the British edition.

This would be profitable reading indeed to young gentlemen, who have a taste for Biography, Poetry, Politicks and Miscellany, and who may, at some future day, be in situations, that may put their virtue to the proof, will find it much strengthened by the example of a patriot so illustrious, and being thus proved, will shine in the same resplendent dignity. I have not the talents necessary, to give a critical analysis, or to pronounce on the merit of these three volumes, considered as models of good taste and elegant writing; but the sublime virtues of the man give his works a title to an attentive perusal. So far, however, as my limited reading extends, his stile is said to possess a masculine strength and perspicuity, his wit brilliant, and his satire the most keen. As a man, though poor in pelf, he had the true riches—an independent and honest heart. As a member of Parliament, he was above all price, for he could not be bought, by the *minion*, the lord treasurer *Danby*, with the gold or caresses of his master, King Charles the 2d.

"*What is the chaff to the wheat?*"

What are the tinsel titles, what is the smoke, which envelopes Marlborough, Eugene, or Nelson, to the lasting fame, the serene light which surrounds, from a ray of the Divinity, shining through the mind of Andrew Marvell.

Under his portrait, in the first of these volumes, we read,

"Andrew Marvell, Member for Kingston upon Hull, in the Parliaments, which began 25th April, 1660, and 8th May, 1661; the last Commoner who received allowance from his constituents, and the friend and protector of John Milton. Drawn and engraved, 1776, by James Basire, from a portrait, painted in the year 1660, which was in the possession of Thomas Hollis, of Lincoln's Inne. F. R. and A. S. S.

But whether Fate or Art untwin'd his thread,
Remains in doubt; Fame's lasting Register
Shall leave his name inroll'd as great as those,
Who at *Phillippi* for their country fell."

Note by the Editors of the Anthology.

We are pleased with the interest, which our correspondent appears to discover in reclaiming for the virtuous Andrew Marvell the devotional poetry, which has so long gone under the name of Addison. The extracts from Capt. Thompson's preface to his life of Marvell are not new to us; and we must add, have never seemed sufficient to counterbalance the internal evidence, that Marvell was not the author of these hymns. For to what does Capt. Thompson's evidence amount? He received, it seems, from Mr. Thomas Raikes, kinsman of Mr. Thomas Nettleton, who assisted in Mr. Hollis's design of republishing Marvell, a MSS. volume of Marvell's poems "some written with his own hand, and the rest copied by his order." We are not told, whether the devotional poems in question were in Marvell's hand writing, nor whether the volume contained any poems of other writers. That it *did*, however, we are certain from this single fact, that Dr. Watts's version of the 114th Psalm, which was communicated to the Spectator, and which has always been printed with Watts's Psalms

and Hymns, is here claimed as Marvell's, because it is found in this MSS. collection of poems. This circumstance alone shows us, that it is not a sufficient reason to attribute any of these fine hymns to Marvell, that they are found in a MSS. collection of poems in his possession "some of which are written with his own hand."

But the internal evidence against Marvell is so strong, that the testimony of a thousand editors would hardly persuade us to doubt for a moment, that he has no right to them. They are not only far more pure, flowing, sweet and elegant, than any of his acknowledged poems, but are also far beyond the perfection and polish of his age. The finest devotional hymns in the English language cannot be the production of a man, who has left nothing truly poetical, but some lines addressed to Milton. We find that the Monthly Reviewers in their review of Thompson's edition of Marvell, 1776, are of the same opinion, and the weakness of Capt. Thompson's assertions is also acknowledged by Dr. Aikin in his General Biography, article [Marvell].—We should be glad to hear again from the author of the above communication, whenever he finds any thing rare in his critical and antiquarian researches.

ABSTRACT OF INTERESTING FACTS RELATING TO THE NEW TESTAMENT.

(Continued from page 547.)

Sec. IV.—Means of improving the Received Text—Ancient Manuscripts.— Vatican, Alexandrine, Cambridge, Clermont, Ephrem.

The books of the New Testament having been more highly valued, more generally circulated, more attentively studied, more accurately transcribed, and more frequently cited than the works of any other ancient author, the Text is consequently less corrupted, and the means of correcting and restoring it are far more abundant than of any other work of equal antiquity.

1. The first and best source of materials for improving the Text is the collation of Ancient Manuscripts.

The early editors of the New Testament possessed but few manuscripts; and those of inferiour value. Those of the Complutensian editors are destroyed, but they were not numerous, nor of great account. Erasmus consulted only five or six; and R. Stephens fifteen. Beza indeed possessed two of the most ancient and valuable manuscripts now extant, the Cambridge and the Clermont; but he made very little use of them. So that the Received Text rests upon the authority of no more than twenty or thirty manuscripts, most of which are of little note.

But since the Received Text was completed by the Elzevir edition of 1624, upwards of Three Hundred Manuscripts, either of the whole or of different parts of the New Testament, have been collated by learned men with much care, industry and skill. Of these manuscripts some are of far greater antiquity and authority than any of those upon which the Received Text is founded, Beza's manuscripts only excepted. From these manuscripts a vast number of various readings have been

extracted, by the assistance of which the Received Text has been greatly improved.

Ancient manuscripts are found to consist of three distinct classes, or editions; the copies of each edition agreeing, in the main, in the readings peculiar to it. The first is the Alexandrine edition, which agrees with the citations of Clement and Origen in the second and third century. To this edition belong the Vatican, Ephrem, and some other valuable manuscripts; also the Coptick, Ethiopick, and other ancient versions. The second is the Western edition. It agrees with the citations of Tertullian and Cyprian, with the Vatican copy of the Gospel of Matthew, also with the Sahidick and old Italian versions, and was in use in Africa and Italy, and in the western provinces of the Roman Empire. The third is the edition of Constantinople, and is supported by the Alexandrine and many other manuscripts: it agrees with the citations of the ecclesiastical writers in Greece and Asia Minor in the fourth and fifth centuries, and it is the edition which most nearly coincides with the modern Received Text.

Ancient manuscripts are commonly written upon parchment. The most ancient are written in what are called *uncial* or square capital letters. In some copies the ink has been effaced, and the works of some later author have been written upon the same parchment: but the form of the original letters still remains distinguishable even under the more modern writing. Very few manuscripts contain the whole New Testament; and the most ancient are often mutilated and imperfect, and usually contain many corrections: but whether these corrections are improvements or otherwise, cannot easily be ascertained.

Those manuscripts which are most ancient, and of the highest reputation, are 1. The VATICAN manuscript, which was formerly preserved at Rome in the Vatican Library, but is now removed to the Imperial Library at Paris. The earliest date assigned to this manuscript is the third century; the latest is the fifth or sixth. It is written in large uncial letters, and originally contained the whole of the Old and New Testament. Some of the last leaves are wanting. The ink in some places is faded, and the letters have been retouched by a skilful and faithful hand. The various readings of this manuscript were published at the latter end of the last century, after a very careful collation by professor Birch, of Copenhagen, and form an inestimable addition to the treasure of sacred criticism.

2. The ALEXANDRINE manuscript was presented by Cyril, patriarch of Alexandria and afterwards of Constantinople, to Charles the First, king of England, and is now deposited in the British Museum. A facsimile of this manuscript was published by Dr. Woide, A.D. 1786. It was probably written in Egypt: it consists of four volumes, containing both the Old Testament, and the New, in the large uncial character. Dr. Woide conjectures that it was written in the latter end of the fourth century, but some criticks bring it down as low as the sixth.

3. The CAMBRIDGE manuscript, or CODEX BEZÆ, contains the four Gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles. It is written very fair, and in the large uncial letters. This manuscript yields in antiquity to none but the Vatican, and is supposed to have been used as a publick copy for reading in the church. Theodore

Beza made some use of it for his edition of the New Testament, and afterwards gave it to the University of Cambridge, where it is now deposited in the publick library. A splendid fac-simile of this manuscript was published A. D. 1796, under the auspices of the University, by Dr. Kipling.

4. The CLERMONT Manuscript contains the Epistles of Paul; the Epistle to the Hebrews is written by a later hand. This manuscript also belonged to Beza, who professed to have received it from Clermont in Beauvaisis, and who made use of it in his edition of the Greek Testament. It is now deposited in the Imperial Library at Paris. It was long supposed to be a 2d volume of the Cambridge manuscript, but this is discovered to be a mistake. It is written in the large uncial letters, and is assigned by criticks to the seventh century.

5. The EPHREM manuscript is in the Imperial Library at Paris. It was written upon vellum in large and elegant characters, the ink of which was effaced with great care to make room for the works of Ephrem the Syrian, a writer of some note in the sixth century. The original characters are, however, in many places legible under the writing of Ephrem's Works. This, which Griesbach calls a most ancient and excellent manuscript, lay for many years unnoticed, and was first discovered by Dr. Allix in the beginning of the eighteenth century, since which time it has been repeatedly and accurately examined by the learned, and particularly by Wetstein. The Ephrem manuscript is of high antiquity, at least of the seventh century, and probably much earlier. It originally contained the whole Old and New Testament, but many leaves are lost; the rest are tacked together in great disorder, and many passages are totally illegible.

Besides these, about twenty other manuscripts, in large letters, of different portions of the New Testament have been collated, and some hundreds in small characters, many of which are in high estimation. But those described above are of the highest antiquity and repute.

Sec. V.—Means of correcting the Received Text continued.—Ancient Versions.—Ecclesiastical Writers.—Critical Conjectures.

2. The Received Text is corrected by the assistance of the ancient Versions.

The Christian Religion having been rapidly propagated through all nations, the writings of the Apostles and Evangelists were soon translated into different languages, and many of these versions are still extant.

Every new version became an additional security to the text. It is not to be imagined, whatever might be the inclination of some individuals, or of particular churches, to corrupt the Scriptures, that all churches of all nations would agree in the same interpolations or omissions. Some of the countries where christianity was professed were beyond the limits of the Roman Empire: and it is not to be believed that the christians of these countries would suffer their versions to be altered, to conform to the peculiarities of the church of Rome. The general agreement, therefore, of the ancient versions with the Greek copies which are now extant, forms a very strong presumption in favour of the genuineness of the books of the New Testament. Nevertheless, as the Received Text is not perfectly correct, the ancient versions are often of singular use in discovering the true reading of a doubtful passage.

They are sometimes preferable even to manuscripts themselves; for some of these versions were made from manuscripts which were more ancient and more correct than any which are now extant. They are not all of equal value, some being of greater antiquity, and more correctly translated than others. Some indeed are not original versions, but are merely translations of preceding versions.

Of all the ancient versions the Syriack is reckoned to be of the most remote antiquity and of the highest authority. There are two Syriack versions. The most ancient and valuable, called the Peshito, was brought into Europe A. D. 1552, and printed at Vienna at the expense of the Emperour Maximilian. It contains only those books which according to Eusebius were universally acknowledged; together with the Epistle of James: and it is in general use among the Syrian christians of every sect. There are strong presumptive evidences of its great antiquity.

A later Syriack version, more literal, but less elegant, was made in the sixth century under the inspection of Philoxenus, bishop of Hierapolis, from whom it is called the Philoxenian Version. An edition of this was published at Oxford by Professor White, A. D. 1778.

Two very ancient versions, of the New Testament, of high reputation, in the old Egyptian language, for the use of the christians who abounded in Egypt, are still extant. One is called the Coptick, the other, the Sahidick. The former is the dialect of the Lower, the latter of the Upper Egypt. The Sahidick version has never yet been published. Two valuable manuscrips of it are in the British Museum, from which some curious readings were extracted by the late Dr. Woide, who conjectures that this version was made in the second century. The Coptick version is still read in the churches of Lower Egypt, though it is not understood. It is accompanied with an Arabick translation which is more intelligible to the hearers.

The Ethiopick version is used in Abyssinia. It contains the whole of the New Testament, and is supposed to have been made in the fourth century. It agrees with the Alexandrine edition. This version was first published at Rome, A. D. 1548, by three Ethiopian editors. They had a very imperfect copy of the book of the Acts, the chasms of which, that is, as they acknowledge, the greater part of the book, they supplied by translating from the Greek and Latin into the Ethiopick. Similar liberties have probably been taken with other books, which greatly impairs the credit of the version; of which, if a genuine copy could be obtained, the authority would be very high. Mr. Bruce the celebrated traveller brought over a copy of the Old Testament, but he could not succeed in procuring the New.

Many Arabick version sare extant, but it is believed that none of them is of greater antiquity than the seventh century. The Armenian version was made in the fifth century: it would be of great value, if genuine copies could be procured, but those which we have are notoriously corrupted from the Latin.

There are many Latin versions of the New Testament, some of which are of great antiquity, and are full of barbarisms. By order of pope Benedict XIV. A. D. 1749, a magnificent edition of four of these versions was published at Rome in four folio volumes. These are sometimes called the Italick versions, to distinguish them from the Vulgate.

The Latin Vulgate version was made by Jerome in the fourth century, by order of pope Damasus. Jerome was well qualified for the office by his abilities, learning, and industry: he performed it with great care, and completed his undertaking A. D. 384. This translation was very generally received and read in the Latin churches. The council of Trent pronounced it to be authentick, and ordered it to be used wherever the Bible was publickly read, and in all disputations, sermons, and expositions. In pursuance to an order of this council a pompous edition of the Vulgate was printed at Louvain A. D. 1573. Sixtus V. published a new edition A. D. 1590, which he declared to be the authentick Vulgate, and that it was to continue for ever: notwithstanding which his successor Clement VIII. published another edition very different from and in some passages contradictory to that of Sixtus: this he asserted to be the only authentick copy:—a difference of judgment which exposed the pretensions of the popes to infallibility to the sarcastick animadversions of protestant writers.

The protestant divines of the sixteenth century under-rated the value of the Vulgate version, from opposition to the papists, who were too blindly attached to it. The truth is, that the Vulgate is found in its most important various readings to agree with the most approved manuscripts, and with the ancient versions of the best authority; so that the character of this version has risen greatly in the estimation of modern criticks.

8. The Received Text is corrected by comparing it with quotations from the New Testament which occur in the works of the ancient ecclesiastical writers.

These quotations are very numerous in the writings of the Fathers from the second century downwards, and are of the greatest use in rectifying the text of the New Testament.

It ought, however, to be remembered that these writers sometimes quoted from memory, and sometimes merely by way of accommodation; in which cases they often quote loosely and inaccurately, and their citations are of little use. These citations therefore are of the greatest value when they profess to quote from manuscripts which lie before them, and especially if they criticise or comment upon the text itself. And in disputed passages this is sometimes the only criterion by which we can judge how the text was read by the author who cites it. For the editors of the works of the Fathers have sometimes taken the liberty to alter the readings of the author whose works they publish, to make it correspond with the Received Text. Thus in the works of Gregory Nyssen, the printed text reads 1 Tim. iii. 16. "God manifest in the flesh;" whereas it is evident from his comment, that the word *God* was not in his copy; nor is it found in any ecclesiastical writer till the sixth century.

With these limitations, quotations from the New Testament which occur in the works of ancient ecclesiastical writers are of the highest value and authority: for they quoted from manuscripts of more remote antiquity than any which are now extant: so that their authority in favour of a various reading is sometimes paramount to every other.

The ecclesiastical writers sometimes cite as scripture, texts which are not to be found in any manuscript or version now extant. On the other hand, their silence with respect to

some disputed texts is a demonstration that such texts were not in their copies. That 1 Tim. iii. 16. "God manifest in the flesh," and 1 John v. 7. "There are three that bear record in heaven," &c. were never cited by any ecclesiastical writer before the fifth or the sixth century, notwithstanding the vehemence with which the Arian controversy was conducted, is a full proof that these texts were not to be found in any manuscripts then existing, and, therefore, that they are certainly spurious.

The works of those writers who are called hereticks, such as Valentinian, Marcion, and others, are as useful in ascertaining the value of a reading as those of the fathers who are entitled orthodox: for the hereticks were often more learned and acute, and equally honest. Citations from scripture even in the works of the ancient enemies of christianity, such as Celsus and Porphyry, also have their use. They show what was the common reading in their time.

4. Attemps have been made to correct the Received Text by Critical Conjecture.

This is a remedy which ought never to be applied but with the utmost caution, especially as we are furnished with so many helps for correcting the text from manuscripts, versions, and ecclesiastical writers. This caution is doubly necessary where the proposed emendation affects a text which is of great importance in theological controversy; as the judgment of the critick will naturally be biassed in favour of his own opinions. It ought perhaps to be laid down as a general rule, that the Received Text is in no case to be altered by critical, or at least by theological conjecture, how ingenious and plausible soever.

Nevertheless there is no reason why critical conjecture should be entirely excluded from the New Testament, any more than from the works of any other ancient author; and some very plausible conjectures of no inconsiderable importance, have been suggested by men of great learning and sagacity, which to say the least, merit very attentive consideration. See particularly John i. 1; vi. 4; and Romans ix. 5.

For the Anthology.

ORIGINAL LETTERS;

FROM AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER IN EUROPE, TO HIS FRIENDS IN THIS COUNTRY.

LETTER TWENTY-THIRD.

Rome, Nov. 14, 1808.

My dear Friend,

You will perceive that I now address you from the *proud* mistress of the world, as her citizens once proudly and justly called her. My progress has been not only rapid, but much more so than I either expected or wished. On my arrival at Bologna, I had the great mortification to find all intercourse with Tuscany prohibited. The reports which had prevailed as to the existence of a malignant fever at Leghorn, were but too well founded; and a cordon of troops most effectually checked our hopes of seeing

our friends at that place. Unfortunately, all my letters were either for Leghorn or Naples. Thus I found myself without friends, without letters, with a scanty supply of money, in a foreign country, whose language I very imperfectly understood. I was compelled either to push on to Rome or to return to France. I determined on the former, were I shall remain till I can receive assistance from my friends.

Before I give you a detail of my interesting tour through the Papal dominions, and of the objects which have arrested our attention in Rome, I think it best to go back to Milan, to which place, if I recollect right, I had conducted you. Milan, the third city of Italy, in point of population and importance, is inferiour to none of them, except Rome, in antiquity. It has always been the capital of the Milanese, one of the richest parts of Lombardy, which is itself the garden of Italy, and indeed of Europe. It has successively been the prey of the various powers of Europe, and has followed the fate of the nations to which it has been subject. The house of Austria had however held it for three or four centuries past, until the French, in that revolution which has shaken Europe to its centre, wrested it from that ancient and powerful house, and, under the name of a new republick which it has created in Italy, holds it in fetters the most ignominious. The Italian Republick, (for so it is called) consists of the fairest and finest portion of Italy, which, with the semblance of independence, is really a province of France. It is said, that its subsidy to France is 14,000,000 livres, and it is *certain*, that the General and *Commander in Chief of the Italian Republick* is at the same time a French General, being no less than the celebrated General Jourda

Milan is not an elegant or well built city; it much resembles the cities of France, and has not that air of elegance and taste, for which most of the cities of Italy are distinguished; being situated in a plain well watered with numerous rivers, they have been enabled to surround it with canals, which having a rapid current, contribute to its salubrity, and facilitate its commerce. Its theatres are vast and elegant, and the lovers of opera declare, that the performances are delightful. We went to the opera, twice; but not being virtuosos, after yawning and gaping for an hour or two, we retired determined for the future to trust the judgment of the more enlightened as to the excellence of Italian musick.

One thing I must commend in the Italian opera houses, and which I think proves that even the refined Italians cannot endure forever the delights of their own musick, and that is, the convenient arrangement of their own boxes. They have elegant silk curtains in front, which they occasionally drop, and take a game of cards, conversation, supper or other refreshment, and only come forward when a favourite performer is upon the stage: thus there are thirty or forty different parties talking or supping at the same moment in the theatre, and it is only when some distinguished *Eunuch* or some accomplished female singer are performing, that you find a general attention to the piece. There is one thing in the economy of the city of Milan peculiar to it and worthy of imitation. In the middle of the street, and also just at the ordinary distance of the wheels of a carriage, are neatly arranged flat pavements, so that the two wheels constantly

run upon them without the least noise or jolting motion: a carriage in Milan would last as long again as in any other place, and the pleasure of riding is infinitely increased.

But the most interesting object in Milan is its Cathedral: it is, next to St. Peter's at Rome, the largest in the world; it is wholly built within and without of white polished marble; it has been upwards of 300 years in building and is yet incomplete. Its chief peculiarity is the number of its statues. Mr. Addison, who saw it about a century ago, computes them at *eleven thousand*, and they have been adding to them ever since: some of them are celebrated and most of them of respectable workmanship. The bas reliefs relating chiefly to the different parts of ecclesiastical history are beautiful: on the whole, the building is august and sublime; its size is imposing; the infinitude of the statues astonish you; and when you reflect, that, since successive generations have laboured in the erection of it, and now slumber in peace, while it is yet unfinished, it produces a combination of ideas and feelings, which approach to my notion of the sublime.

There is nothing else in Milan worth notice, except a number of fine churches, which you find in every city of Italy, and of the splendour of which I should vainly labour to give an American any idea.

The most magnificent architectural decorations of our country are insignificant, are mean, are truly despicable, compared to the sumptuous, and shall I say *vain*, extravagance of Italian architecture? The celebrated picture of Leonardo da Vinci of the last supper, the admiration of the world for four centuries, is now in its last stages.—I am happy that I saw it even in these. The attitudes are fine, though the colours are almost effaced. But I find from my own experience, that a taste for the fine arts is not natural, it must be acquired, and it can only be obtained by studying the best models. I find myself frequently deceived, when judging according to what I thought a good natural taste.

From Milan we made a little detour to see *Pavia*, for many centuries, the residence of the Lombard Kings, who were the successors of the Roman Emperours, and of course, during that time, the capital of Italy. It has since been celebrated by the defeat of Francis I. who was here made prisoner; and by its University, one of the most famous in Europe.

It has all the marks of decayed grandeur; but it is now small and insignificant compared to its former splendour. Its university is still respectable and well supported.—The buildings are large and elegant. Its anatomical school and collections are admirable, and its collections of natural history inferiour to very few in Europe. We passed some pleasant hours in viewing these curiosities, and I could not help reflecting, and blushing as I reflected, how much we are behind Europe in the *fine arts*, *in the sciences*, and in establishments which contribute to their perfection. There are nearly twenty Universities in Italy, *and each of them* has collections of natural history, superiour to all the *publick and private* collections in the United States.

In addition to which, in every great city here, there are twenty private collections shown for money, superiour to those of any of our publick seminaries. It is not that

they are so much richer or more populous, but we want the taste.

Although I feel an ardent desire to arrive at the description of this most magnificent capital, as much distinguished by its present splendour as by its ancient greatness, this city, destined, I fully believe, from climate or some other unknown cause, to be the nusre of genius and the patroness of the fine arts, yet I think it proper to detail my tour though Italy, because, although you may find this country better described by many writers, yet my self love flatters me with the belief that you have never before been so interested in descriptions of this sort. There is something in the recital of those whom we know intimately, that seems to bring objects nearer to us, and to make us in some degree spectators of the scene.

Parma, for many years the inheritance alone of the royal family of Spain, who exercised sovereignty under the title of Duke of Parma, is placed in that most beautiful of all plains, Lombardy, watered by the finest rivers in the world, intersected with canals which carry refreshment to every portion of this thirsty soil. It is not to be wondered at, then, that Parma should produce the finest cattle, and most delicious cheese, famed in every portion of the world. It is a fact which may be relied upon, though contrary to received opinion, that, as no country is richer, so none is better cultivated than this part of Italy. Because the Campania of Rome, and those parts of Italy most observed are now neglected and barren, unobserving or hasty travellers have represented Italy as being generally ill-cultivated, and the people as idle. But I can positively state, from my own observation, that Lombardy, the largest portion of Italy, is the best cultivated of any part of Europe, not excepting Great Britain, and that no people on the globe are more industrious. Why then are they not rich? The answer must be sought, and will be found, in political causes. Fourteen millions paid to France, an expensive government at home, numerous and most extravagant ecclesiastical establishments: these are the causes. To which we may add, that the lands are owned by lords, or by religious houses, the rents spent in supporting persons in celibacy and idleness, or in useless decorations of churches, and the poor labourer receiving but the remnant after all these drains. These are the natural and obvious causes of the poverty of the inhabitants, notwithstanding the fertility of the soil and their extreme industry. It is generally supposed, that Buonaparte will establish in Italy the two brothers, whom he has not provided for in the Senatus Consultum; that he will make Jerome, Duke of Parma; and Lucien king of Lombardy. Time will shew.

Parma is a beautiful, and has been a magnificent city. Its theatre was the largest and noblest in Europe: Its remains which you now see, excite astonishment. It is three hundred feet long and proportionably wide. They were enabled to give naval combats on the stage with tolerable dignity. Its academy of sculpture and painting are still respectable, and its library is extensive and rare. A number of Fresco paintings of the great Correggio adorn this city. I cannot give you a better idea of the merit of one than by saying, that, having painted for his relation a picture of the Virgin, it became so celebrated among the Catholicks, that the presents made to the picture soon enabled them to buy the house in which it was placed, and to convert it into

a church, where we had the pleasure to visit this celebrated piece. If it had not acquired this reputation, I should not have thought it superiour to several which I have seen.

From Parma you pass to Modena, through the plain of Lombardy, with the Appenine mountains on your right, in full view. Modena is also the capital of another little state of Italy, now amalgamated into the Italian Republick, one of the creatures of the late revolution. It has nothing at present worthy of notice. Soon after quitting Modena, you reach Bologna, once a part of the papal territory, but which this same revolution has wrested from the Pope, for the benefit eventually of Buonaparte's brother.

Bologna, next to Rome and Florence, is one of the most splendid cities of Italy, more especially in relation to the fine arts. But as I deferred my visit to these objects till my return from Rome, when I shall be obliged again to pass through this city, I shall only notice the celebrated fountains by John de Bologna, one of the few celebrated sculptors of the later ages. Let me here remark, that, whether from the heat of the climate or from some other cause, all the Italians are more attentive to the supply of their cities with water, than any other people in the world. As early as the time of the Romans, they were as much distinguished by those, as by their valour or success. The Appian, Titan, Agrippan aqueducts, have been for ages the wonder of the world. Wherever they extended their arms, you find traces of their magnificence in this respect. It is, to be sure, an inconceivable luxury in a hot climate, to have baths, fountains, lakes, jets d'eau of the purest water, murmuring, and in some instances, rushing through the streets. These fountains are generally introduced in every publick square, have been ornamented and beautified at an incredible expense. The first artists have been employed in seconding the beauties of nature, shall I not say in rivalling them, by the wonders of art.

The fountain at Bologna, which one may gaze at for hours with delight, and which has delighted and ravished connoisseurs for ages, is a *Neptune*, in bronze, of dimensions larger than human, of a countenance and mien worthy of the ancient idea of a Sea Divinity, with one hand grasping the trident, the other outstretched, commanding the sea-nymphs, tritons, and other monsters of the vasty deep to pour forth their treasures, which they submissively obey. It is a noble exhibition of human talent.

Not being permitted to pass by the way of Florence, on account, as I now suppose, of the passage of the Pope, who has gone to crown his Most *Christian* Majesty, the Emperour of the French, we took the course of the Adriatick, and passed by Ancona. The first object worthy of our notice at this route was the celebrated river Rubicon, from which, and from the anecdote connected with it, has grown up an adage, *he has passed the Rubicon.* This *very little* river, now called the Pisatello, was the ancient boundary between Italy and Cisalpine Gaul, and the senate passed a decree, "that any General, or armed man who should pass this river in arms, should be deemed an enemy to the Republick, and (what they considered the highest punishment) that his household goods should be removed." Cæsar, when he resolved to crush Pompey and the senatorial party, marched from Gaul,

where he had been waging a glorious war, and when he arrived on the banks of this river, he is related by some historians to have stopped and hesitated, whether awed by the imperious prohibition of the senate or restrained by a sense of the horrours of civil war, is uncertain. He however resolved—he passed the Rubicon—and Rome lost her liberties. Connected as it is with the history of the greatest nation the world has known, it is very interesting. Authors dispute about the position of this river, but as they all concur within a few miles, and as we passed both of the two rivers between which the contest lies, I am easy and do not meddle with the dispute.

Rimini is an ancient city, celebrated in the time of the Romans. It has a beautiful bridge erected by Augustus, forty years before our christian æra, which is still in perfect order, and a triumphal arch erected to the same Emperour, which serves as a gate to the town. I beg you will not get tired of Roman antiquities, for I shall give you a volume of them, of which what you have yet had is not even a prototype.

For the Anthology.

SILVA No. 45.

Hic ver purpureum; varios hic flumina circum
Fundit humus flores. VIRG. g. lc. 9.

BIOGRAPHY.

One of the most interesting departments of literature, when the subjects of it are marked by peculiar traits of character, and uncommon excellence in learning, or in any of the dignified pursuits of life, has deservedly fallen into some disrepute, partly from its extension to those who were remarkably eminent for nothing, and partly from the manner in which well meaning men have compounded a *farrago libelli* upon a prince or a poet, an admiral or a player, a fine gentleman or a rustick, professing equal affection for the memory of their friend, and equal submission to the calls of the publick. But where is the biographer, that a man of common pride would select, to exhibit him to the publick, when he can no longer speak for himself? He would not probably choose the male or female gossip, who would gravely relate how many cups of tea he drank at a sitting, by what diminutive titles of endearment he addressed his wife, how many men he had called fools, and how often he himself had appeared like one, when reposing in the confidence of friendship. He would be as little disposed to fall into the hands of one seized with that epistolary *mania*, which leads an author to arrange into an indiscriminate, a continuous and chronological mass the letters of his friend, whether addressed to a mistress or a critick, to a buffoon or a confessor. Almost as reluctantly would he be at the disposal of any of those dry metaphysicians, who lose sight of the man in the analysis of his works, and leave the reader at last in doubt, whether he has been perusing the *life* of a litera-

ry man, or a review of his productions. If I have not supposed a cause for complaint that does not exist, it follows, either that the proper subjects of biography are few in number, or that the qualifications for this sort of writing are seldom combined in a single author. I believe that neither of these conclusions is far from the truth. The lives of industrious men are made up of few incidents; and, in general, if the scholar has left any memorials of his acquirements in learning, if the statesman and warrior are rescued from oblivion in the political history of their country, if the divine lives in the discourses that he has committed to the publick, and the lawyer is recognised in the volumes of the reporter, all the security for their fame is obtained, which they have a right to demand, and what remains to be done may be safely intrusted to the compilers of biographical dictionaries, in which the time of their birth and their death, and an account of their writings and their actions may be included in a few comprehensive paragraphs.

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A CRITICAL DANCE.

The celebrated Scaliger thought he had discovered the manner of executing the ancient Pyrrhick dance: and in his enthusiasm for antiquity, he danced it, armed cap-a-pied before the Emperour Maximilian and his court. A singular exhibition for a grave critick and commentator!

.....

BUCHANAN.

There is something very amusing in the prejudices of this writer. In his opinion, all Catholicks are devils, and Popes and Cardinals too depraved even for the mansions of the wicked. Where he had *just* cause for censure or praise, he exaggerates beyond all bounds. Take the following verses as an example:

"*The counterfeit presentment of Two Sisters.*"
MARIA REGINA ANGLIÆ.

Sum Marie, malè grata patri, malè grata marito;
Cælo invisa, meæ pestis atrox patriæ.
Nulla aberat labes; nisi quod fuit addita custos
Fida pudicitiæ forma maligna meæ,
In Elizabeth, Angliæ Reg.
Cujus imago Deæ, facie cui lucet in una,
Temperie mixta, Juno, Minerva, Venus?
Est Dea, quid dubitem? cui sic conspirat amicè
Mascula vis, hilaris gratia, celsus honos;
Aut Dea si non est, Diva est quæ præsidet Anglis,
Ingenio, vultu, moribus æqua Deis.

.....

BREAKFAST.

Without attempting to settle, if it be question, which, as being more restorative, is the preferable meal, breakfast or dinner, the latter, I confess, is less grateful to me than the former.

The fumes of the tea-pot or coffee-urn, and even the lazy volumes, which steam and curl from a full, mantling bowl of chocolate, seem, if such heathenish allusions are allowable, like morning incense offered to the Lares. And if the olfactories of these chimney-corner deities are as grossly sensible as my carnal nostrils, they keep banquet on such sacrificial vapours with more delight than they listen to the cricket's musick, when they dance a saraband on the hearth, or celebrate their revels in the Rumford.

METAPHYSICKS.

To what absurdities cannot the human mind be reduced! I have now before me a ponderous volume of metaphysicks, in which, among other subjects of equal importance, there is a book on the nature of Angels. It is divided in the following manner. 1. Whether Angels are a substance? 2. If a substance, whether corporeal or incorporeal? 3. Whether the substance of Angels is simple or compound? 4. Whether two or more Angels can be in the same place at the same time? 5. Whether the thoughts of Angels can be diminished? 6. Whether the union of degenerate Angels with fallen man would produce Devils? On the fourth topick, the author gravely decides in the affirmative; but the fifth he thinks can be determined only by experiment. The introduction to these absurdities is at least as ridiculous. "Rodolph Goclenius, a most acute philosopher, and by far the greatest man of his age, dedicates this work to his liberal readers."

We may smile at the vanity and absurdities of our fathers; but have we not their parallel among ourselves? They reasoned on the nature and properties of matter and spirit; we deny their existence. They went beyond the limits of their understanding; we arrogate to ourselves the faculties of omniscience. They were the disciples of Aristotle; we of Hume.

.....

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

The following lines in praise of this immortal man are extracted from a poem not much known in this country, entitled "Lewesdon Hill," by the Rev. Mr. Crowe:

——————And blest are they,
Who in life's toilsome journey may make pause
After a march of glory: yet not such
As rise in causeless war, troubling the world
By their mad quarrel, and in fields of blood
Hail'd victors, thence renown'd and call'd on earth
Kings, heroes, demigods, but in high heaven
Thieves, ruffians, murderers: these find no repose:
Thee rather, patriot conqueror, to thee
Belongs such rest, who in the Western world,
Thine own delivered country, for thyself
Hast planted an immortal grove, and there,
Upon the glorious mount of liberty
Reposing, sitst beneath the balmy shade.

.....

CALVIN AND SERVETUS.

As the conduct of Calvin towards Servetus has been lately the topick of conversation, and as the cruelty of this great reformer has been denied by some of his admirers, I have endeavoured, though without success, to ascertain the truth from authentick history. Gibbon, however, who was well read in ecclesiastical history, but whose prejudices ought surely to weaken the authority of his opinions, has the following passage:

I am more deeply scandalized at the single execution of Servetus, than at the hecatombs, which have blazed in the Auto da Fès of Spain and Portugal. 1. The zeal of Calvin seems to have been envenomed by personal malice, perhaps envy. He accused his adversary before their common enemies the judges of Vienna, and betrayed, for his destruction, the sacred trust of a private correspondence. 2. The deed of cruelty was not varnished by the pretence of danger to the church or state. In his passage through Geneva, Servetus

was a harmless stranger, who neither preached, nor printed, nor made proselytes. 3. A Catholick inquisitor yields the same obedience which he requires, but Calvin violated the golden rule of doing as he would be done by.

The historian refers to the article, SERVET in the Dictionaire Critique of Chauffepiè, as containing the best account of this shameful transaction.

See the Decline and Fall, vol. 10, p. 191, in notis.

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PREFACES.

ONE of the essential improvements in book making, invented by the moderns, is the art of Prefacing. The most striking advantage in this discovery is, that on any given subject a larger book may be written with the same ease, as formerly a smaller one. When a man, whose ambition leads him to the glorious career of literary fame, has projected his book, and finds his materials too narrow for the bookseller's demand of pages, where could he turn for relief, did not a needful Preface at once fill the volume, and honey the edge of the sometimes bitter, and oftener insipid cup with a drop of modesty and another of flattery. "Gentle reader!" there is magick in the sound: it persuades every candid man to be what he beholds.

Fair befall the memory of the man or the set of men, that invented the glorious muster-roll of Dedications, Prefaces, Advertisements, Remarks, Preliminary Notes and Annotations, whether critical, historical, or philological, together with the rearguard of index, appendix and table of contents. I consider that man as little better than beside himself, who, when the patterns of these useful and ornamental swaddling clothes are cut to his hands, sends forth his bantling into the world shivering in nakedness. To be sure the day has past, or, rather, in this country it never arose, when a dedication was worth to its author a suit of clothes or even a sumptuous dinner; but no one can prevent it from occupying its stated portion of letter press: this expedient no malice of enemies can render abortive.

Useful as prefatory writings are allowed to be, they are not the least difficult of composition. Some men have a peculiar talent for them; and Johnson, the great literary Hercules, is known to have twirled the distaff in this way with remarkable dexterity. Having lately discovered in myself a considerable talent for the manufacture of this article, I have prepared in conjunction with another member of the society, who is equally adroit, a machine for this purpose, by which we propose shortly to supply the publick with the article in all its various forms at an easy rate and short notice; and have actually on hand:

Dedications of various forms, with blanks for the name and title.

English Prefaces to Latin authors, and Latin Prefaces to English authors, with a few in the Choctaw, and Cherokee for the use of Indian Representatives.

Prospectuses for journals literary and political.

N. B. This article is in great demand, and is warranted free from grammatical mistakes.

Historical introductions, containing from two pages to any number of volumes.

Answers to committees requesting a copy for publication, for the use of July Orators: likewise a few whole orations with and without meaning: any quantity of figures can be inserted at short notice.

We have also: Poetical Epistles Introductory, more or less than twelve pages.

Imitations without resemblance, and resemblances without imitation.

Messages for those that can understand them.

Two hundred quires of sonnets, epistles, and acrosticks panegyrical.

A few choice Reviews with proper blanks to be supplied by the purchaser.

.....

RAPHAEL MENGS.

Extravagance will excite a degree of ridicule, even on occasions, which call forth pity and sorrow. The father of Raphael Mengs had twenty-two daughters, and one son, of course this celebrated painter had *twenty-two aunts*, who all died of the plague at one time, when the city of Prague in which they lived was afflicted with it.

.....

COMMENTARY.

In Psalm CXX. David enquires "What shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue? Sharp arrows of the mighty, *with coals of juniper.*" If the following observations of an old Commentator are true, they are worthy of preservation. "In fontibus Hebræis," says he "lingua hæc virulenta et dolosa, nominatim comparatur carbonibus juniperorum, scribunt autem de materia juniperi accensa, quòd mirum in modum adurat, et ignem vel ad integrum annum foveat, modò cinere cooperiatur. De eadem Plinius scribit, quòd serpentes ipsam fugiant, ideoque etiam homines eò tutiùs sub ea quiescere possent, quod de Propheta Eliâ perhibetur 1, Reg. 19, 4."

CUI BONO.

This celebrated phrase is commonly understood by us to signify "to what purpose." *Cui* is considered as agreeing with *bono*, and the phrase equivalent to, "what advantage is it?" Bayle, however, in the article LUCIUS CASSIUS, has examined the question, who was the author of this phrase: and from the following passage, which he quotes from Cicero, Orat. pro Roscio Am: it would seem, that the construction at least has, in modern times, been misunderstood. "Lucius Cassius ille, quem populus Romanus verissimum et sapientissimum judicem putabat, identidem in causis quærere solebat, CUI BONO FUISSET." Which Bayle thus renders: "L. Cassius, he whom the Roman people esteemed to be the best and wisest of Judges, was wont, upon causes, to inquire, WHO IS THE GAINER?" In its translation he is justified by the following note of Grevius upon the phrase: "Hujus autem locutionis *cui bono fuerit*, hæc est sententia, cui homini, aut rei hæc res fuerit bono, hoc est profuerit." The meaning amounts to nearly the same thing, whichever way it is construed.

But to illustrate this shade of difference, take the following: If any man, after reading this article, should ask in the common acceptation of the phrase, cui bono est? the proper answer would be "none." If he should use the phrase as it has been explained, the proper answer would be "no man." In this case I think even Lucius Cassius would be puzzled, to find his maxim of any use.

.....

THESIS.

A friend of mine, lately visiting

at a neighbouring College, was presented with a large sheet of printed paper A few days since I was sitting amid the fumes of a social segar, when he took it from his pocket, and, with expressions of surprise, demanded of me, why it was dedicated to the Governour: Is it usual to trouble his Excellency with exercises of bad Latin prepared for correction? Bad Latin, said I, not without irritation, for I saw at the first glance it was the Commencement Thesis, bad Latin, my friend! this paper contains the deliberate wisdom of ages, condensed by the wisest youths of ourseminary, and corrected by their sagest insructors. In this are collected and arranged those maxims, that ancient philosophers would have died to know. Here we are annually told, that logick is an art, and that Metaphysicks is a science; that the magnet attracts ferruginous substances, and that they in turn imbibe attraction from the magnet; that the moon collects the tides; and that the product of the extremes is equal to the square of the mean. And shall a prying grammarian come, and tell me of concord, and government; of classical arrangement, and pure Latinity? When my breast is swelling with deep draughts of science, shall he cut me down with a rule from Adam, or an example from Cicero? I found by the contortions of my friend's countenance, that I was insensibly growing warm, and desisted; but I thought I could see, that he still retained a bias from some obsolete notions, derived from Lilly, and Ainsworth.

For the Anthology.

ACCOUNT OF THE ESTABLISHMENT FOR NATURAL HISTORY, IN CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, Nov. 20, 1808.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ANTHOLOGY.

Gentlemen,

Your valuable publication being devoted to the interests of science and literature, I presume it will be acceptable to have a short notice of the professorship of natural history, lately established at the university, Cambridge.

It had been long perceived and lamented by the friends of natural history, that this delightful and indeed useful branch of knowledge received no considerable encouragement in our places of education or in the country at large. In our university, the academick laws of course exacted a partial attention to the science, from candidates for medical degrees. A limited number of the under graduates also attended a very pleasing course of lectures on the more interesting and striking views of nature, which had for some years been delivered by one of the medical professors. No provision, however, was made for systematick instruction, for a complete cabinet, (although a valuable collection of minerals had been obtained) and there was no botanick garden. The college library was almost destitute of books on these

subjects. If any student had a strong natural taste for these pursuits, the university afforded him but scanty means of indulging his genius

Hence it happened, that our state offered but two or three examples of individuals, possessed of any respectable portion of knowledge in natural history. Impressed with these mortifying truths, a few publick spirited gentlemen, and among the rest the trustees of the Massachusetts society for promoting agriculture, apprised of the intimate connexion between every branch of natural history, but more especially botany and the improved cultivation of the soil, determined to set on foot a subscription to raise a fund for establishing a professorship of natural history with a botanick garden, a cabinet, &c. connected with the university in Cambridge.

The affluent class of the citizens in this commonwealth, especially in our seaport towns, are distinguished for their liberality in the promotion of honourable and useful publick undertakings On no occasion have they more evinced their desert of this encomium, than on that now mentioned. Within a short time, the sum of thirty-one thousand dollars was raised by private donations. The legislature of this state, honourably seconding the patriotick views of individuals, granted a township of land to the trustees of t Massachusetts Agricultural Society, to be applied under their direction, to the benefit of the new institution. Among the liberal benefactors to this institution should also be mentioned the late excellent Mrs. Bracket, of Portsmouth, N. H. widow and sole devisee of her husband, the Hon. Joshua Brackett, M. D. who bequeathed three shares in the capital stock of the Massachusetts Bank: a testimonial of her love of science, as well as of her particular respect to the professor.

The subscribers having agreed upon the constitution and statutes of the professorship and appointed a committee to procure a scite for the garden, committed the whole concern to the corporation of the college and the visitors of the establishment, reserving to themselves the right of nominating the first professor. In pursuance of this reservation they chose William Dandridge Peck, Esq. the first professor, and in the spring of 1805, he was duly inducted into office. They were led to this election by knowing that Mr. Peck, having been graduated at our university in 1782, had, from within a few years of that time till that of his election, been very much occupied with the study of natural history, and particularly of botany and entomology. It was his favourite pursuit. Decided specimens of his skill, accuracy, and taste had been made publick, particularly in the printed papers of the Massachusetts society for promoting agriculture. His known exactness and patience in his investigations, his enthusiasm for the science and his acquisitions joined to other qualities adapted to the office, pointed him out as a person calculated to stimulate and assist the researches of our youth in this hitherto unexplored field of knowledge.

An institution of this nature being new in our country, it was deemed important, that the professor should avail himself of the information to be derived from a survey of similar establishments in Europe. The visitors accordingly requested him to cross the Atlantick for this purpose, and made a suitable provision for his voyage, and his expenses

during his absence. In compliance with this request, Mr. Peck has visited Great Britain, Sweden, Holland, and France; has examined their principal establishments for natural history; and formed acquaintances and settled correspondences with the most distinguished naturalists, and friends and patrons of the science of nature in those countries. We are authorized to say, that these gentlemen received an impression from their knowledge of Mr. Peck, honourable to the country and himself; and promising benefit to the institution he is to conduct. To these great benefits derived from the professor's visit, may be added the collection of a large number of rare and valuable books in various branches of natural history, obtained by purchase and donation. How much his presence and personal attention must have contributed to this object, can be duly appreciated by those only, who have attempted to form a library of natural history.

For the formation of a garden, a finely situated and beautiful piece of land, about half a mile West of the college edifices, was purchased by the subscribers; to which Andrew Craigie, Esq. with honourable munificence has added another tract adjoining; making the whole scite for the garden upwards of seven acres. This area is much larger than that of many of the gardens annexed to European universities, and abundantly sufficient for the cultivation and exhibition of all our indigenous plants, shrubs and trees, and any desired number of exoticks. Considerable progress has been made in preparing this land for the reception of plants; so that a tolerable idea may already be formed of its distribution and arrangement, and its future appearance. The professor, whose stay in Europe was protracted much longer than was expected, in consequence of ill health, is now fixed at Cambridge, and has entered upon his duties.

Notwithstanding the aid, so far given to this establishment, it is apprehended that it may languish, and the hopes and expectations of its munificent founders, be, in some measure, disappointed, unless some addition be made to its pecuniary means. The demands on the funds necessarily incident to its commencement, to the expenses of the professor's three years residence and travels in Europe, the purchase of books and of the land, to the inclosure, the preparation and the arrangement of the garden, with the advances yet to be made for the green house and requisite buildings, justify this apprehension.

I cannot however admit for a moment, that, in this publick-spirited commonwealth, any essential failure of the institution, through such a cause, will be suffered. I am confident, the same sense of duty and regard to education and improvement, which led to its foundation, will insure it further countenance and support.

Ten thousand dollars more will be amply sufficient to place this professorship and garden on a footing as respectable as those of Cambridge and Oxford, and superiour to those of Edinburgh and Leyden. It cannot be possible that an undertaking of our own, so auspiciously begun, shall languish for want of this sum in a community, which has contributed more than *twenty thousand dollars* within five years to the aid of the universities and seminaries of other states.

There are three modes by which the requisite aid to this establishment may be expected, and we doubt not it will experience benefit from all of them.

1st. By a further grant from the legislature. Their former bounty

is a pledge of their disposition to see it flourish; and to encourage the liberality of individual citizens by publick support.

2d. By an increased subscription, either by the addition to the number of its patrons of the names of those young men, who have entered into business, and been prosperous in their affairs, since the circulation of the original subscription; or by an enlargement of the subscription of those, who, having already contributed, are able and inclined to give full effect to their former bounty, by a moderate addition to their former contributions.

Lastly. By an attendance on Mr. Peck's course of lectures on botany; a study interesting to various descriptions of persons, very fashionable in Europe, and allowed to ladies as well as gentlemen.

If this brief account shall be acceptable, and especially if it shall excite a favourable attention to the object, I shall be amply rewarded.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Account of a dead body, found under the porch of Christ Church, in Boston, in a high state of preservation.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

A circumstance occurred a short time since, while the workmen were repairing Christ Church, in this town, and erecting some new tombs under it, that deserves to be recorded in the Anthology. The ground under the porch at the entrance of the church was directed to be dug up, this spot having been given for the erection of two tombs.* At the distance of six feet from the surface, a grave was discovered, in which was found a coffin of hard pitch pine, commonly called the Norway pine, very little decayed, which on being opened, contained another of the same wood, very handsomely made and not at all injured; the lid of this being lifted, showed a body wraped in tarred sheets, that on being removed from the face, presented the countenance of a man that appeared quite recently to have died; his face was fresh and florid, as though just shaved; the flesh hard to the touch, and every appearance of a new corpse, from a short and not painful illness; two or three sprigs of myrtle or box, green as just cut from the stock, were also laying on the outside of the tarred sheets. Both coffins had on their lids, in brass nails, the letters I. T. and a grave stone, at the head of the grave, declared the person interred there, to be a Mr. John Thomas of the Island of Barbadoes, Æt 45 years, who died 25th June, A. D. 1726, more than *eighty two* years ago. The number of persons who came to see this curious fact, from the fineness of the preservation, and the manner of it, induced the wardens to direct the coffin to be closed again and buried, which it is, at the N. E. corner of the church. The soil under the porch was a yellow clay, mixed with small stones and some gravel. Whether the body had been partially embalmed previous to interment is not known; but the verdure of the sprigs of myrtle induces one to think it may be owing wholly to the exclusion of external air; yet his being of Barbadoes, and such care taken of the corpse, with a

* One for the family of their late rector Dr William Walter, the other for Shubael Bell Esq. They are since completed, and the floor of the porch is now a very handsome tessalated marble pavement.

view perhaps to removal, would occasion one to imagine the intestines had been taken out, and herbs substituted. The fact is, however, as stated, and the curious may draw their own conclusions. W. W.

For the Anthology.

REMARKER, No. 38.

In dicendo, vitium vel maximum est a vulgari genere orationis, atque a consuetudine communis sensûs abhorrere. . . . . *Cicero.*

There is no greater proof of the small progress, which polite literature has made amongst us, than the extreme want of *taste* in our compositions. In fertility of thought, and cogency of argument, our writers are excelled by few; but in the chaste elegance of a style, at once dignified and simple, we are greatly inferiour to the authors of Europe. To say nothing of provincial barbarisms, and unauthorized combination, we are too fond of meritricious ornaments. We admire what the ladies call *hard words*. Thus instead of *becoming* and *unbecoming*, we say *decorous* or *indecorous*, and aim to *latinize* our language, to the destruction of English idiom. Our periods swell, when they ought to flow; and the most delicate of all figures, the metaphor, if not broken, is so clumsily handled by our writers, as to disgust instead of pleasing. Our orations abound in similes and comparisons, which, as we employ them, obscure rather than illustrate, and though they generally cost the writer great labour, they afford little pleasure to the reader. There is a stiffness, an elaboration, a want of ease and freedom in our manner of expressing our thoughts, which proves the pangs of parturition severe. We appear to sit down to think what we shall write, not to petually aiming at something sublime and original, and though we may cause the *judicious to grieve*, we may be certain of pleasing the million. We substitute bombast for sublimity, and finery for elegance.

This want of taste, which is visible in all our productions, may be observed in the senate, at the bar, and in the pulpit; so that a man of refined ear will seldom hear a speech, a plea, or a sermon, in which there will not be something harsh or grating. The matter may be excellent, and even the manner not displeasing, but there will almost always be an inaccuracy in the language, which will offend the sensibility of a correct scholar. The senator instead of grounding his argument, will *predicate* it; the lawyer instead of exposing his client's cause will *advocate* it; and the clergyman will pray, that heaven may *succeed* our attempts at moral and religious improvement.

It is questionable, notwithstanding the improvements of Lowth, and the assertions of Godwin, whether they write as pure English in Great Britain, at the present day, as in the reign of Queen Anne. In grammatical accuracy modern writers may have surpast the writers of that age, but are greatly their inferiours in elegance, simplicity and natural expression. The following

passage, with which Addison closes the paper, that records his visit to Westminster Abbey, appears to me far more beautiful and striking than the pompous descriptions and gorgeous language which we find in the popular authors of more modern times: "When I look," says he, "upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those, whom me must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day, when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

[The three great writers, who have corrupted the publick taste, are Johnson, Gibbon and Burke. They abound indeed in sublime and beautiful passages; but the colours of their style are too glaring; there is too much artifice, there are too many balanced sentences, there is too much appearance of labour, in the two former, to please a man of correct taste.] Burke is the oracle of the modern politician, and has been justly termed the Cassandra of the French revolution. We read his prophecies with astonishment, since we have lived to see them fulfilled, and feel the magick power of his genius in the perusal of every page. But there is a strange want of taste in the style of his political writings. He borrows his metaphors, with equal indifference from the sublime objects of nature, and from the butcher's stall. He is the Shakespeare of prose, and has all the excellencies and faults of that supereminent dramatick poet.

Whilst these great writers are considered as the best models of imitation, we cannot expect, that American authors will be distinguished by dignity and grace. The energy of Johnson, without his stiffness, united with the ease and elegance of Addison, exempt from his feebleness, would go far towards forming a consummate writer. The repeated perusal of Addison might remedy the most striking defects of our compositions, by affording us a natural and easy flow of period with imagery, that has the glow of nature, not the glare of art.

[Our writers seem to think, that a fine style consists in fine words, and consequently accumulate ungraceful ornaments with a lavish hand. Whatever is forced, strained and unnatural, excites their emulation, and ensures their applause. A neat composition, in pure English, they would consider insipid; as those, who are accustomed to drams, have no relish for the more simple and salubrious liquors, and as plain cookery is rejected with disgust by the palled appetite, which has been vitiated by habitual indulgence in sweetmeats, pickles and cayenne.

I shall conclude this speculation, with a quotation from Mr. Melmoth, the elegant translator of Pliny and Cicero, who illustrates my ideas of graceful writing in a manner much superiour to myself, and who, indeed, is one of the finest

writers, that I have read, in any language.

When I apply (says he) the term *grace* to compositions of genius, I would resemble it to that easy air, which so remarkably distinguishes persons of a genteel and liberal cast. It consists, not only in the particular beauty of single parts, but it arises from the general symmetry and construction of the whole. An author may be just in his sentiments, lively in his figures, and clear in his expression; yet may have no claim to be admitted into the rank of finished writers. Those several members must be so agreeably united, as mutually to reflect beauty upon each other. Their arrangement must be so happily disposed, as not to admit of the least transposition, without manifest prejudice to the entire piece. The thoughts, the metaphors, the allusions, and the diction should appear easy and natural, and seem to arise like so many spontaneous productions, rather than as the effects of art or labour.

Whatever, therefore, is forced, or affected in the sentiments, whatever is pompous or pedantick in the expression, is the very reverse of *grace*. Her mein is neither that of a prude nor a coquette. She is regular without formality, and sprightly without being fantastical. Grace, in short, is to good writing what a proper light is to a fine picture; it not only shows all the figures in their several proportions and relations, but shows them in the most advantageous manner.

As gentility, to resume my former illustration, appears in the minutest action, and improves the most inconsiderable gesture, so *grace* is discovered in the placing even of a single word, or the turn of a mere expletive. Neither is this inexpressible quality confined to one species of composition only, but extends to all the various kinds; to the humble pastoral as well as to the lofty epick from the slightest letter to the most solemn discourses.

I know not whether Sir William Temple may be considered as the first of our prose authors, who introduced a graceful *manner* into our language. At least that quality does not seem to have appeared early, or spread far amongst us. But wheresoever we may look for its origin, it is certainly to be found in its highest perfection, in the essays of a gentleman, whose writings will be distinguished so long as politeness and good sense have any admirers. That becoming air, which I realy esteemed the criterion of fine composition, and which, every reader, he says, imagines so easy to be imitated, yet will find so difficult to attain, is the prevailing characteristick of all that excellent author's most excellent performances. In a word, one may justly apply to him what Plato, in his allegorical language, says of Aristophanes; that the *graces*, having searched all the world round, for a temple, wherein they might forever dwell, settled at last in the breast of Mr. Addison!

THE BOSTON REVIEW.

FOR

NOVEMBER, 1808.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. PLIN.

ART. 38.

The Constitution and Associate Statutes of the Theological Seminary in Andover; with a Sketch of its Rise and Progress. Published by order of the Trustees. Boston, published by Farrand, Mallory & Co. 1808. 8vo. pp. 68.

We consider the establishment of the Institution in Andover as the most important event, which has occurred in the ecclesiastical history of our country. The ingenuity and activity of our Divines have been hitherto almost exclusively directed to *what may be called the Metaphysicks* of theology; and this field has been explored by them with an acuteness and penetration, which has never been surpassed, and perhaps never equalled. It was the labours of Jonathan Edwards, which first gave a plausible, or even intelligible statement of the distinguishing doctrines of Calvinism; and the school of divines, who take their denomination from the late Dr. Hopkins, in defending his opinions and carrying them to their proper consequences, have displayed a subtlety of disquisition, which would not have disgraced the most eminent of the followers of Aquinas. The *essential* and *practical* tenets of our religion too have been explained and illustrated by a long line of as able, and amiable, and sincerely pious men, as, considering the circumstances of our country, the world has ever seen. But in that department of Theology, which is called *critical* and *exegetical*, which has for its object, the investigation of the origin and state of the sacred text, and which brings to the illustration of its meaning, all the multiplied and important lights, which are thrown on it by Christian, Jewish, and even Pagan antiquities, we have been, to speak very moderately, a century behind the theologians of Europe. Of late years indeed the spirit of inquiry has been awakened among us, and the first advance towards improvement, has been made by a pretty general discovery of the extent of our ignorance. Whether the institution of which we speak had its origin in this discovery, we do not venture to say. But as such an institution, if conducted with only tolerable ability, must ultimately tend to lessen the evil under which we suffer, we heard of its establishment with the greatest and most unaffected delight. The question,

whether the principles of those, who founded it, were, in our opinion, free from errour, was to us of comparative unimportance. Although we are at least as confident as we ought to be, of the general correctness of the principles, we have embraced, we are far from believing, that we have such a complete exemption from errour, as to wish that they should universally prevail, without further inquiry and scrutiny. We believe, that it is among the most important reasons for the permission of the existence of so much division of sentiment among christians, to nourish a perpetual spirit of investigation and activity on the subject of religion; and of consequence we believe it even criminal for any man to repose in the opinion, that he has arrived at the acquisition of all truth, to wrap himself up in consciousness of complete infallibility, and never to allow his quiet to be disturbed by discussion or doubt. We endeavour to keep all our sentiments open to improvement and modification from the discoveries of learning and investigation, and if it were the *only* tendency of this institution, to promote learning and investigation, under the influence of piety, we would join with the directors in laying the first stone of their seminary, and, from the bottom of our hearts, would pray, felix faustumque sit. We profess then, before we commence the review of this pamphlet, that we rejoice in the foundation of a Theological Academy at Andover; we do not lament that it is directed by men, whose opinions differ from ours, and our only inquiry will be, whether the principles, on which it is established, are such, as, in any degree to impair or destroy the good, which such an institution is calculated to effect.

We are first presented with a "Historick Sketch," which, from the title page, we presumed would give us a complete account of the rise and progress of the seminary. We find, however, it gives us only an account of the "connexion between Phillips Academy and the Institution." It contains a very deserved eulogy of the munificence of the Phillips family, in which we very cordially concur. On such a subject it was scarcely possible that praise should be too extravagant. We cannot conceal our surprize, however, that in a tract, which professes so much, we should find no explanation of the appearance of a *coalition* between *two distinct bodies* of men, which the statutes disclose. The nature and grounds of it are certainly not so obvious, as to be discerned without comment, and why none is given, is to us perfectly inexplicable. We will endeavour to supply the defect for our readers, in the best manner we are able; but as we are left without a guide, we are not secure from errour. We shall found our conjectures only on what we can collect from the pamphlet before us, and make use of no information, which we may have derived from any other quarter. With private report, when we write for the publick, we can have nothing to do.

It appears that the original design of the founders of Phillips Academy extended to affording assistance to indigent students in Divinity, and even contemplated the future establishment of a professor of theology. The liberality of the relict of the late lieutenant governour Phillips, of his son, John Phillips, Esq. and of Samuel Abbot, Esq. has carried this excellent design into full effect; and to their donations, united to the original fund, we owe the actual establishment of the sem-

inary. To the "Historick Sketch" succeeds the "Constitution," as established under the names of these persons. From this constitution we learn that it was the *intention* of the *Founders* to endow an institution for the support and dissemination of principles *strictly Calvinistick, as they are contained in the "Assembly's Shorter Catechism."*

William Bartlet, Moses Brown and John Norris Esqs influenced by the same honourable spirit with the Phillips family and Mr. Abbot, have likewise devoted a most munificent sum to a similar object. To this second instance of splendid liberality we again give our ready and sincere eulogy. Whether their donation was *originally intended* for the institution in Andover, we find nothing in the pamphlet to inform us. We however presume *not*; since, as we shall attempt to show, it is given to support very different principles, and guarded from perversion by the most jealous restrictions. It is, in short, evidently intended to establish principles, as purely *Hopkinsian*, as the other donation was to establish principles purely *Calvinistic*. We do not mean to say, that the very respectable persons who gave these donations had any other intention, than to contribute to the diffusion of pure and unmixed Christianity. It cannot be imagined, that we mean the slightest disrespect to either of them, when we suppose, that the points of distinction between these sects or perhaps of any others, have never occupied a very great share of their studies. It has so happened we presume, that the management of the donations of the one has been committed to those, who call themselves Calvinists; and of the other to those, who consider themselves Hopkinsians. We hold these Gentlemen therefore, as standing clear of any of the defects which this establishment may contain, and towards them we feel no other sentiments, than those of admiration of their generosity, and reverence of their piety. We leave them entirely out of the question in the observations we are about to make, and shall speak in future of the two funds under the convenient denominations of the Calvinistick and Hopkinsian.

It might perhaps be supposed, as "the Associate Statutes" make it necessary that the Professors on that foundation shall be "orthodox and *consistent* Calvinists," (page 51) that either the distinction we have made does not exist, or that the peculiarities of the Hopkinsians had been *given up* to promote the general design of the Institution. But a nearer examination of these Statutes will disabuse us of this error. We do not see that the "Associate Founders" have yielded a single inch of important ground. Every peculiar and distinguishing feature of Hopkinsianism is visible we think in their creed, though indeed concealed under a studied latitude and ambiguity of phraseology, which seems designed to adopt it to the different dimensions of the consciences of either party. These are assertions which we are aware convey a very unpleasant insinuation, and require to be supported by very indisputable proofs. We shall endeavour then to show that almost *every peculiar principle* of the Hopkinsians may be discerned in this creed, which both Hopkinsians and Calvinists have united in signing.

We shall first of all quote this creed at length, and beg our readers to compare the loose and indeterminate expressions, in which those parts which appear to touch on the differences between the Calvinists and Hopkinsians are clothed, with

the precise and unqualified decisions on the points, in which those sects differ from other Christians.

I believe that there is one and but one living and true God; that the word of God, contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, is the only perfect rule of faith and practice; that agreeably to those Scriptures God is a Spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth; that in the Godhead are three Persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and that these Three are One God, the same in substance, equal in power and glory; that God created man after his own image in knowledge, righteousness, and holiness; that the glory of God is man's chief end, and the enjoyment of God his supreme happiness; that this enjoyment is derived solely from conformity of heart to the moral character and will of God; that Adam, the federal head and representative of the human race, was placed in a state of probation, and that in consequence of his disobedience all his descendants were *constituted* sinners; that by nature every man is *personally* depraved, destitute of holiness, unlike and opposed to God, and that previously to the renewing agency of the Divine Spirit *all his moral actions are adverse* to the character and glory of God; that, being *morally incapable* of recovering the image of his Creator, which was lost in Adam, every man is justly exposed to eternal damnation; so that, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God; that God, of his mere good pleasure, from all eternity elected some to everlasting life, and that he entered into a covenant of grace to deliver them out of this state of sin and misery by a Redeemer; that the only Redeemer of the elect is the eternal Son of God, who for this purpose became man, and continues to be God and man in two distinct natures and one person forever; that Christ, as our Redeemer, executeth the office of a Prophet, Priest, and King; that, agreeably to the covenant of redemption, the Son of God, and he alone, by his suffering and death, has made atonement for the sins of all men; that *repentance*, faith, and holiness, are the personal requisites in the Gospel scheme of salvation; that the righteousness of Christ is the only ground of a sinner's justification; that this righteousness is received through faith; and that this faith is the gift of God; so that our salvation is wholly of grace; that no means whatever can change the heart of a sinner and make it holy; that regeneration and sanctification are effects of the creating and renewing agency of the Holy Spirit, and that supreme love to God constitutes the essential difference between saints and sinners; that by convincing us of our sin and misery, enlightening our minds, working faith in us, and renewing our wills, the Holy Spirit makes us partakers of the benefits of redemption; and that the ordinary means, by which these benefits are communicated to us, are the word, sacraments, and prayer; that repentance unto life, faith to feed upon Christ, love to God, and new obedience, are the appropriate qualifications for the Lord's supper; and that a christian church ought to admit no person to its holy communion, before he exhibit credible evidence of his godly sincerity; that perseverance in holiness is the only method of making our calling and election sure; and that the final perseverance of saints, though it is the effect of the special operation of God on their hearts, necessarily implies their own watchful diligence; that they, who are effectually called, do in this life partake of justification, adoption, and sanctification, and the several benefits, which do either accompany or flow from them; that the souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory; that their bodies, being still united to Christ, will at the resurrection be raised up to glory, and that the saints will be made perfectly blessed in the full enjoyment of God to all eternity; but that the wicked will awake to shame and everlasting contempt and with devils, be plunged into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone forever and ever. I moreover believe that God, according to the counsel of his own will, and for his own glory, hath foreordained whatsoever comes to pass, and that all beings, actions, and events, both in the natural and moral world, are under his providential direction; that God's decrees perfectly consist with human liberty; God's universal agency with the agency of man; and man's dependence with his accountability; that man has *understanding* and *corporal strength* to

do all, that God requires of him; so that nothing, but the sinner's aversion, to holiness, prevents his salvation; that it is the prerogative of God to bring good out of evil, and that he will cause the wrath and rage of wicked men and devils to praise him; and that all the evil, which has existed, and which *will forever exist* in the moral system, will *eventually* be made to promote a most important purpose under the wise and perfect administration of that Almighty Being, who will cause all things to work for his own glory, and thus fulfil all his pleasure. And farthermore I do solemnly promise that I will open and explain the Scriptures to my pupils with integrity and faithfulness; that I will *maintain* and inculcate the Christian faith, *as expressed in the Creed*, by me now repeated, together with all the other doctrines and duties of our holy religion, so far as may appertain to my office, according to the best light, God shall give me, and *in opposition*, not only to Atheists and Infidels, but to Jews, *[Papists,] Mahometans, Arians, Pelagians, Antinomians, Arminians, Socinians, [Sabellians,] Unitarians, and Universalists, and to all †*other heresies* and errors, ancient or modern, which may be *opposed to the Gospel* of Christ, or *hazardous* to the *souls* of men; that, by my instruction, counsel, and example, I will endeavour to promote true Piety and Godliness; that I will consult the good of this institution, and the peace of the Churches of our Lord Jesus Christ on all occasions; and that I will religiously conform to the Constitution and Laws of this Seminary, and to the Statutes of this foundation. p. 52.

The preceeding Creed and Declaration shall be repeated by every Professor on this Foundation at the expiration of every successive period of five years; and no man shall be continued a Professor on said Foundation, who shall not continue to approve himself a man of sound and orthodox principles in Divinity agreeably to the aforesaid Creed p. 56.

It is strictly and solemnly enjoined, and left in sacred charge, that every article of the above said Creed shall forever remain entirely and identically the same, without the least alteration, addition or diminution. p. 65.

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* *The words in brackets are not in the other constitution.*

† *This word is used in the other plate.*

The Hopkinsians it is well known have always agreed with the Calvinists in maintaining the doctrines of the Trinity, of the divine decrees, of particular and unconditional election and reprobation, of total depravity, of the special influences of the spirit, of justification by faith alone, and of the final perseverance of the saints. They have indeed always claimed to be the only "orthodox and consistent" Calvinists. They coincide with Calvinists in all their peculiar doctrines except that of *imputation*, and besides this, differ from them in nothing but in the *consequences which they draw* from these principles. No argument therefore can be drawn from the recognition of all the abovementioned principles in this creed, that it is not truly and peculiarly Hopkinsian. All we expect to prove is this, that the whole surrender of principle has been on the part of the Calvinists; that the *only* article in which they differ from the Hopkinsians, is *omitted*, and that almost every important article which the Hopkinsians *add* to Calvinism is either expressed or *strongly implied*.

That the doctrines of the imputation of Adam's sin and of Christ's righteousness are parts of the Calvinistic system, we presume no one will dispute. They are most unequivocally expressed in the symbol of faith, which was taken by the original founders, and has always been taken as the standard of Calvanism. The reply to the question, "in what consisteth the sinfulness of that state whereinto man fell?" is this: "The sinfulness of that state, &c. *consisteth in the guilt of Adam's sin*, &c. The reply to the question, "what is justification?" is this: "Justification is an act of God's free grace in which he pardoneth all our sins and accepteth us

as righteous in his sight, *only for the righteousness of Christ imputed to us* and received by faith alone," It is equally certain with regard to the first article, that the disciples of Hopkins believe, that though men became sinners by Adam, according to a divine constitution, yet they have been and are accountable for no sins but personal; see Hopkins's system of Divinity, Adams's view of Religion, &c. Let us now see what notice is taken of this doctrine in the creed of the new institution.

"Adam the federal head and representative of the human race, was placed in a state of probation, and in consequence of his disobedience all his descendants *were constituted sinners*," p. 33. It appears then this article is expressed in language to which the most scrupulous Hopkinsian could not object.

With regard to the second article it is the belief of the Hopkinsians, "that though believers are justified through Christ's righteousness, yet his righteousness is not transferred to them." See H. Adams.

On this subject the expressions of the creed are these:

"The righteousness of Christ is the only ground of a sinner's justification; this righteousness is *received* through faith, and this faith is the gift of God." *p.* 33.

This also is perfectly unexceptionable to every Hopkinsian. It is true, that the tenets of Calvinism are not directly *denied*; but as the whole creed is *affirmative*, this was to be expected. So much as this is clear; that there is no trace of the only doctrine, which the Calvinists believe, and the Hopkinsians deny. We proceed therefore to the proof of the second part of our proposition, that almost every important article, which the Hopkinsians *add* to Calvinism, as it is contained in the Shorter Catechism, is either expressed or strongly implied, or follows inevitably from the principles expressed in this creed. If we have any exception to make to this assertion, it is with regard to the Edwardean theory of benevolence, by far the most sublime and unexceptionable tenet, which the Hopkinsians maintain. We presume they will say it is included in the proposition, that "supreme love to God constitutes the essential difference between saints and sinners" p. 34. It can, however, at most, only be said to flow from this as a consequence: for the proposition, as it stands, is affirmed by every sect of Calvinists which exists. The doctrine which Hopkins derived from his peculiar view of the nature of holiness, but which some of his more recent followers have a good deal modified, viz. that we ought to be willing to be damned for the glory of God, is also omitted with the doctrine on which it is founded.

The Hopkinsian doctrine of the evil of all the doings of the unregenerate is very explicitly declared in these words:

"Previously to the renewing agency of the Divine Spirit, the *moral actions* of every man are *adverse* to the character and glory of God." p. 33.

Another doctrine, which they claim as peculiar to themselves, is that "the inability of a sinner is moral not physical:" and this is as strongly implied in the creed as if it were affirmed. "Man has understanding and *corporeal* strength to do all, that God requires of him" p. 35. The proposition as it stands is a mere truism, if it does not imply, that though he have *corporeal* strength, he has not *moral* strength; and in-

deed they have before expressed it in ambiguous language, when they say, we are *morally incapable*, &c.

All the *principles* on which the Hopkinsian founds his doctrine, that God is the author of evil, are distinctly affirmed in the passage beginning with "I moreover," &c. though the conclusion is not directly drawn. It is true that one or two phrases are introduced such as "human liberty," "man's agency," &c. as a sort of quietus for the conscience of the Calvinistick signer. But every one knows that the necessarian claims the right of using all these phrases, meaning by "liberty" *physical* liberty and by "agency" *physical* agency. That these words can fairly mean nothing more, is evident from the clause in which *corporeal* strength only is acknowledged with a strong implied denial of any moral strength.

No one can mistake the intent of all the concluding clauses to assert the doctrine, that the introduction of sin is for the glory of God, and the good of the universe; though it must be confessed that the address with which phrases have been selected, which may possibly bear another meaning, has probably never been equalled since the destruction of the order of the Jesuits.

The doctrine that "all sin consists in selfishness," is implied in the doctrine, that "all virtue consists in disinterested benevolence," of which we have already spoken.

There is one more doctrine, which is considered as peculiar to the Hopkinsians, that "repentance is *previous* to faith in Christ," but as this is little more than verbal and seldom disputed, we presume it was not considered important enough to be *expressly* recognized, though we think we discover in the arrangement of the words in the following clause: "repentance, faith and holiness are the personal requisites in the gospel scheme of salvation," that it was *not* by *accident* that the *order* of these words is reversed, from that in which they stand in the catechism.—This will not therefore affect the position with which we began and which we think has been fully maintained that all the *important* principles of Hopkinsianism are either expressed or strongly implied, or follow naturally from the principles advocated in this creed.

It may however be said, that the construction we have put on these expressions is unfair; and that since they are so general, that almost any Calvinist may sign them in some sense or other, the persons who have signed this creed were not *obliged* to suppose any other than a Calvinistick sense *intended*. In reply to this, we think it has been proved, that at least two of the distinguishing doctrines of the Hopkinsians are expressly asserted, and that the rest are so strongly implied, that no man of common intellect can mistake them But the right to make this plea we think is excluded by the circumstances, which have attended the formation of this creed If the union of the two funds had been formed on grounds merely Calvinistick why should the new associates require a different symbol of faith from the assembly's catechism? *To a certain extent* they have adopted the very words of this catechism; and can any man avoid to see, that when they depart from it, it is because the doctrines they have to express are not found in it? The clauses added or *altered*, must mean something It is clear they do not mean Calvinism, and we

think it as clear, that they must mean Hopkinsianism. Why too all this jealousy on the part of the new associates? Why this distinct and independent board of visitors? these "Guardians" and "Protectors" of their foundation, "against all perversion or the smallest avoidance of their true design?" Why all this, if they did not think that they had a distinct set of principles to defend? if they did not know, that they had secured such a creed, as no man of ingenuousness can sign, who is not in the main a convert to Hopkinsian principles? and that, therefore as long as this creed remains untouched, they are certain that their *future* Professors must be *unequivocally* Hopkinsian? The force of these conclusions drives us to a most unpleasant dilemma, from which we would gladly see some method of extricating ourselves; that any Calvinist, who signs this creed, must either believe it to contain an exposition of *merely* Calvinistick principles; and then we know not what to think of his head; or he must know, that it is meant to contain something *more* than Calvinism, but yet thinks he may "palter in a double sense," and shelter himself under the designed ambiguity of its language; and then we are equally at a loss what to think of his heart.

Our readers, we believe, are now acquainted with as much of the history of the union of the two funds, as can be collected from the pamphlet before us. The creed which forms the bond of union, we think, bears all the appearance of a compromise, most adroitly managed on one side, and most awkwardly on the other. The "associate founders" appear to have succeeded in preventing any thing essential from being subtracted from the breadth of their peculiar belief; yet, like skilful workmen, by trimming it away a little in one part, stitching it a little closer in another, and covering it with new facings, they have contrived to give it a new shape without diminishing its original dimensions. We envy not the ingenuity, by which all this has been effected.

Such is the creed which forms the basis of the new institution. This creed, it is established, "shall be *repeated* by every Professor on the foundation at the expiration of every successive period of five years, "and no man shall be continued a professor on said foundation, who shall not continue to approve himself a man of sound and orthodox principles in divinity, agreeably to the aforesaid creed."

It is not our intention to inquire into the accuracy of any of the principles, which this creed contains. But we have the strongest and most solemn objections to the imposition of *any* creed whatever, and as the merits of this Institution are so much involved in the question, we beg leave to state these objections somewhat at large.

It is our first objection to the use of creeds, that they are founded on the assumption, that the essential doctrines of Christianity are not *distinctly* and *explicitly* expressed in the language of the volume which contains them. It is implied in the very nature of a creed, that it professes to lay down the sense of the words of Jesus and his Apostles, more clearly and unequivocally in *unscriptural* expressions, than is done in those employed by Jesus and the Apostles. We know very well, that this is a form in which the advocates of creeds are unwilling to see their position stated. They are unwilling to say directly, that they can give a better and more precise

exposition of the doctrines of Christ, than he has done himself; but this assertion is at the bottom of every defence of these unscriptural formularies, which has ever been made. If the doctrines of a creed are clearly stated in scripture, why not use the language of scripture? The answer must be, because we can state them more clearly. If it be said, that these doctrines are indeed *clearly* laid down in scripture; but then men, who do *not believe* these doctrines will yet *assent* to *any scriptural* mode of stating them; these men, then, are either *dishonest* or *not*. If they are *dishonest*, and subscribe to the words of scripture, *knowing* them to mean something, which they themselves do not believe, will they hesitate to subscribe, with the same dishonest intention, to *any* form of words in which you can state these doctrines? If the design of creeds, therefore, is to guard against dishonesty, they are utterly useless and contemptible. But if it be the design of creeds to guard against the intrusion of *honest* and conscientious but *mistaken* men, then we come again to the assertion, that there are essential doctrines in scripture, which are so ambiguously or inaccurately expressed, that honest and conscientious men *may* mistake them; and that creeds & confessions of faith express them more clearly and accurately, than Jesus and his Apostles could express them. If it still be said, that creeds are merely short and *convenient compends* of the doctrines of the gospel, we again reply: These doctrines are either clearly stated in the language of scripture, or not. If they are clearly stated in the scriptures, then surely there can be no comparison between the evil *of using a few more words in order to retain the very language of inspiration*, and the danger of errour in substituting our *own unauthorized diction*. Should it however be asked, may not a christian society declare in *what sense* it understands, the words of scripture: We must take the liberty of bringing this plea also to a point. The doctrines, concerning which the declaration is to be made, are either clearly revealed or not. If *clearly* revealed in SS, there can be no doubt of the true sense among honest men, and, therefore, the declaration is useless; if *not*, unless you assert, that there are *essential* doctrines of scripture, which are *not* clearly revealed, your declaration can only regard *unimportant* points, and is, therefore, likewise useless. It is an idle and childish quibble to say that *we* are contending for the *words* of scripture, in contradistinction from the sense. The position we take is this: *that the words of scripture do clearly convey the sense of every essential doctrine of Christianity*; and that this sense cannot be *more* unequivocally stated in any unscriptural expressions. The advocate of a creed is obliged in *fact*, though he dare not do it in *words*, to maintain the contrary. He is obliged to maintain that the scriptures are *ambiguous* on articles *essential* to salvation; and this we think a direct crimination of the sacred writings, and their inspired authors. We think it, though we do not suppose that it is so intended, we think it, in reality, is treachery to the cause of protestantism, to the cause of non-conformity, and treachery to the cause of christianity itself. As soon as you convince us, that a study of the scriptures will not certainly secure an honest man from *fatal* errour, we shall either give up our faith in christianity, or have recourse, not to you, but to the infallible judge at Rome, to direct us.

It is our *next* objection to the use of creeds and confessions of faith, that they are directed against the honest and conscientious, and operate as a *temptation* and *premium to dishonesty*. Every creed contains this implied tribute of respect to those, whom it is intended to exclude, that they would disdain disingenuity and falshood. It is perfectly idle to suppose, that it is the design of any religious test to exclude the dishonest, because it is not supposable, that a man who will dishonestly profess a belief of *all doctrines of the scriptures*, will have any scruple to *add* to his crime a false profession of faith in *any human* articles of belief. And what sort of communion must that be, from which it is necessary to exclude the honest, and conscientious, and anxious inquirer after the real will of God and the genuine terms of salvation? But the effect of a creed has this further evil. *It offers the amount of whatever privileges, immunities or advantages of any kind, subscription will open to us, as a premium to dishonesty.* The language of the imposers of creeds is this—"We suspect that your belief on certain speculative topicks may be somewhat different from ours. Your signature to these articles will be the test. If our suspicion be true, you will either candidly confess it or basely dissemble it. Be *candid*, and we will indignantly banish you from our communion. Be *dishonest*, and we will take you to our bosoms, and make you share in all the advantages which we have to bestow."

It is our *third* objection to creeds, that they *aim* at what, from the very nature of the human mind, is impossible. The coincidence of opinion, which it is the design of these instruments to produce, we believe, from the intellectual nature of man, can never take place. We allow, that a complete *verbal* conformity is not, in the nature of things, impossible; and that a greater *real* conformity than at present exists is supposable; but nothing like what the advocates of creeds desire. Such is the difference in the construction of men's minds, that the same proposition, if it be at all complex, can never appear exactly the same to different persons. The shades of difference may be greater or less; but they are always visible on a close examination, even among the most sincere and unbiassed inquirers for truth. However great, therefore, may be our verbal agreement to any speculative truth, it is not too much to say, that no two persons will hold it under *exactly* the same form. It is an inherent and unavoidable imperfection of language on every subject, where the meaning of words cannot be settled by a reference to sensible objects, to be in some degree uncertain and ambiguous. On the subjects which form the grounds of division among christians, this is felt more than on any others. Let us take for example the subject of the Trinity. We mean to speak with reverence, and take this instance only because it is rather more remarkable than any other. On this subject, we say, examine any two or any fifty believers. They will all unite in a verbal affirmation of belief in it. But inquire what meaning they affix to their words; ask the meaning of the words "one," "three," "person" or "hypostasis," "being," "God;" and we venture to say, every one will have ideas more or less different from the other. Now it is certain, that there is *only one sense* of all the words in the proposition, which *can* be true, and that, therefore, every point of difference

among these men is a greater or less degree of heresy. If you say, that they all honestly mean to believe as much and no more of this doctrine as is contained in the scriptures, and that, *therefore*, their errour is innocent; we reply that this is exactly the case with those, who honestly believe, that the scriptures *do not contain it at all.* This instance alone completely convinces us, that the coincidence of opinion, which it is the object of creeds to produce, is, from the nature of the human mind, an utter impossibility. You may make men use the same words; but it is beyond your power to give them the same ideas.

We meant to have pursued this idea somewhat farther, and to attempt to prove that such a coincidence is as undesirable as it is impossible. We believe that considerable division of sentiment is designed; that it is intended as part of our moral discipline, and that, if it should be extinguished, a most important part of the evidence of christianity would be withdrawn. But these considerations open so wide a field, and this article is already swollen to such an unexpected length, that we must forbear.

We hasten then to remark as a *fourth* objection, that all creeds are founded on the assumption of a right, which it is the *very essence of Protestantism to deny to any human being.* The moment, that it is admitted that any human power whatever possesses the right of settling the terms of salvation, the defence of the Reformation must be abandoned. As soon as it is admitted, that it is essential to the preservation of the unity of the faith in the bond of peace, that no differences of opinion should exist among christians, and that, in order to prevent these differences, some standard of essential doctrines must be fixed, from which it shall be heresy to depart, the question arises, *who* shall fix the standard? It must be replied, that there is no church, which can produce claims to be compared with those of the church of Rome. They can plead the prescription of ages, the tradition of Fathers, the decisions of councils, and the authority of numbers. It is in vain to say, that this church has loaded the faith with innumerable corruptions. You gave up the right of making this plea, when you gave up the right of private judgment. But you say, that its tenets are opposed to the clearest declarations of the scriptures, and the whole genius of christianity, as the scriptures unfold it. With what face can you, who acknowledge, that *individual* christians cannot be trusted with forming articles of faith for themselves; who acknowledge, that the scriptures *may be fatally* misunderstood and perverted by honest minds; with what face can *you* oppose your opinion of the sense of the scriptures, to that of the most ancient and numerous church in Christendom? Miserable man! you are caught in the toils; and, if you are true to your principles, you must yield to the decisions of the infallible church. If it should be replied, that we may deny the right of any church to *impose* its creed on us, and yet maintain a right to *adopt* one for ourselves, as the standard of admission to our communion and advantages; we answer: The difference in the two cases is not in the *kind*, but only in the *degree* of wrong. The church of Rome says to the heretick, "conform to my standard of doctrine under the penalty of a given punishment." The church *adopting* a creed says, conform to my standard under penalty of *exclusion* from my commu-

nion. Now we take exclusion from a christian church to be a punishment, and a very severe one. It is true, that it is not so great as confinement in the Inquisition but it is nevertheless a punishment. But you say "it is your own fault; we are sorry for your errours; but we cannot permit you to infect our members with them." We reply, that this is precisely the language of the members of the church of Rome, and just as far as this plea vindicates you, just so far must it vindicate them. But it is said, must we then admit to our communion any one who chuses to apply? We have already shown, that a creed is no protection from a *dishonest* applicant; and we are perfectly ready to say, that against an honest and conscientious *believer, that God has made a revelation from heaven, and that the scriptures contain it*, against such a man, however mistaken in his views of the nature of its doctrines, God forbid that any christian church should shut its doors.

In reply to our remarks, we know it may be said by the founders of this seminary, that they have no where declared this creed the term of christian, or ministerial communion; that it is only a condition annexed to these professorships. But, why, gentlemen, have you *not* expressly made it a term of ministerial communion? Or why have you not, at least, told us, that no student from your seminary, who does not subscribe, shall have your recommendation, or, as far as your power extends, be authorised to preach? The same reasons which induced you, to make this creed the test of your professor's faith, that is, because you think it contains the essentials of christianity, or because it is dangerous to teach any doctrines which oppose it, call upon you, if you have any respect to your own principles, to require the same profession of those, whom you permit to go out into the church. Or is one degree of orthodoxy necessary for a professor, and another for a pastor of a society? Or are there truths *essential* to one teacher of theology, and not to another? Or, rather, were you afraid to tell a protestant publick, that your principles would compel you to refuse your recommendation to any candidate issuing from your seminary, if he refused to subscribe, or saw reason to doubt your formulary of doctrines?

We have room for only *one more* objection, which is directed more particularly against the use of the *creed of the institution* which we are examining. Its effects must be deadly to the best feelings of the minds of the professors. This we believe to be the first instance on record of a creed's being *originally formed with a designed* ambiguity of meaning, with the express intention of permitting men of different opinions to sign it. The circumstance, which disgraces the old age of creeds in other countries, pollutes the infancy of this. Another particular which distinguishes this creed from any other, with which we are acquainted, is, the *repetition* of the signature at regular intervals. In other communions, if a man can, at the period of signing, conscientiously believe the creed, his mind is afterwards comparatively free. But these unhappy men are never out of chains. It will never be safe for them to exercise their minds on the objections, which may be offered to the minutest article of their creed. Their interest and their duty must be perpetually at war. They have a code of propositions put into their hands, in which all their inquiries must terminate, under the penalty of the loss

of their station and its advantages, It is their interest never to *improve* or *modify* any one of their opinions. We acknowledge that the motive against examination is not absolutely *irresistible*. A man advanced in life *may* hazard the loss of that which makes him and his family happy and respectable; but have we a right to suppose that men are often to be found, who *will* encounter the danger? Such are the horrible principles on which this institution is founded, that the venerable Watts himself, if he had been a professor in it, must, in his *old age*, have been turned on the world, to trust to the charity of his friends. What must be the effect of such an institution on the minds of the professors, and what its effect on those they are to instruct? We dare not trust ourselves with attempting to predict it.

We designed to make many more observations; but we forbear. Our feelings may already have carried us too far. As far, however, as any men have a right to judge of their own intentions, we acquit ourselves of being biassed by the consideration of the *kind* of opinions, which are to be taught in this seminary. We should rejoice to see an institution, established on christian principles, the object of which was to make learned theologians, whatever might be the opinions of those who founded it. We have no fear of the effects of learning and impartial investigation. Our sole objection to this establishment is, that it is founded on such principles as we think must defeat the ends, which those, who have so liberally endowed it, designed to effect. We fear, that it is not to be expected, that men of learning and talents will be prevailed on to accept professorships, which must fetter forever the freedom of their minds. It is a yoke too galling to be endured by any man, who has felt the difficulty of investigating truth, a yoke, which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear. In this age of religious light and liberty, to see an institution rising among us, which would have disgraced the bigotry of the dark ages;—but we repress our feelings. We most devoutly pray, that the being, who brings good out of evil, will make this institution an instrument to effect his purposes of benevolence and wisdom, and disappoint the forebodings, which we confess, at present almost overwhelm our hopes.

ART. 39.

The Wild Irish Boy. By Dennis Jasper Murphy. N. York, published by D. & G. Bruce. 1808. 2 vols. 12mo. Vol. I, pp. 278, Vol. II, pp. 282.

WHATEVER species of writing has obtained general circulation is entitled to the notice of the critick. Fictitious history, though generally useless and insipid, and often the vehicle of vice and infidelity, may become a powerful auxiliary of virtue and religion. The general appetite for fictitious events is adduced by Lord Bacon, as a proof of the dignity of man. Common virtues, and common incidents do not satisfy his imagination: he pants for something more heroical; more interesting to his feelings, and more agreeable to his wishes. Dramatick poetry and novels are founded upon the same principles, and must therefore be judged by the same rules. The unities of time, place, and action are to be preserved in each; though with more latitude in the latter class, than in the former. Episodes and reflections may be in-

troduced into novels; but with the same design, and the same caution as in epick or dramatick poetry. Novels may be dividedinto two classes; those which represent human life as it is, with all its foibles and vices, and those which hold up a perfect character for our imitation, or a monster for our abhorrence. The works of Richardson are an example of the one: those of Fielding, of the other. The novel now before us may be assigned to the former class. The narrative is briefly this.

Ormsby Bethel, an illegitimate member of an ancient Milesian family, is brought up in obscurity, and in ignorance of his parents, till the age of sixteen; when, by the death of an elder brother, who is killed in a duel, he is acknowledged by his father, and carried to his estate on the western coast of Ireland. Soon after his arrival, Lord Montrevor and family remove thither from England, in consequence of a discovery that he is not the legal heir to the titles and estates of Westhampton, which he has long enjoyed. Here Bethel becomes acquainted with Lady Montrevor, and imbibes for her a romantick passion, which he is unable to subdue. He flies to Dublin, and plunges into dissipation of every kind, till by his profligacy and extravagance he has destroyed his health, and subjected his uncle, the chieftain of his family, to the disgrace of a publick arrest. After this his uncle, who had restored him to his favour, imputing his melancholy to a concealed attachment, was at length informed, "that the cause of his dejection was to be sought in Montrevor house." Misled by the ambiguity of the phrase, the chieftain asks and obtains the *daughter* of Lady Montrevor in marriage for his nephew. Bethel does not discover his mistake, till it is too late to rectify it. He complies; and soon after his marriage, by the death of his uncle, comes into possession of a large and flourishing estate. Returning to London with the Montrevor family, who are restored to their ancient splendour, he relapses into his former habits of dissipation and profligacy. Having at length ruined himself at the gaming table, and by a series of unfortunate events forced his wife to an elopement, he is thrown into prison, from whence he is released by lady Montrevor, and his real father, who proves to have been her former lover. The volume concludes with the death of lord Montrevor, and the restoration of Mrs. Bethel to her husband.

The manner in which the story is conducted, though faulty in many particulars, is upon the whole interesting. Lady Montrevor, who shines with unrivalled splendour of beauty and wit, giving laws to the fashionable world, and charming every heart by her grace and elegance, is the head of a respectable family, the mother of statesmen and embassadours, and the *grandmother* of a numerous offspring. However incongruous such a character may appear, it is not impossible; for such was Ninon de L'Enclos. Deprived of the love of her husband and the affections of her children, she seeks for pleasure in the admiration of the world, and for tranquillity in the stupor of laudanum. Bethel, ardent and enterprising, and ambitious, of firm principles, but strong passions, betrayed into practises which he abhors, but maintaining a sense of the dignity of virtue amid the blandishments of vice, excites at once our admiration and pity. Though not an uncommon character, it is perhaps the best supported of any in the work.

There are scattered through these volumes some criticisms on living au-

thors, and some remarks on the state of the Irish nation, which in their proper place would repay the trouble of perusal. Of the style of the author we can say nothing favourable. It is unequal; for some parts are less faulty than others. The following strictures on Southey are perhaps the best written in the work.

"I have read his poems, said I; to me they strongly bear the marks of a mind forced and flattered into an early maturity; a man who versified, before he had read or thought, and who still continues to versify, without often calling on either reading or thought for assistance. He certainly possesses imagination, but never was imagination less purified by taste; his embellishments are grotesque, and laboured, and voluminous: they strike by exaggeration, and do not shine, but glare. His sentiments are generally pure, but it is prosaick and common-place morality, in the bloated and uneasy garb of a versified homily. His descriptions and manners are certainly pure; and perhaps no other praise can be compared to that which Southey has deserved, of having given to the publick, in early youth, a mass of pages, from which modesty would not wish to expunge a single line. Were I the gentleman's friend, I would wish him to alter his line of study. His appears to be a mind, that has adopted its habits of reading too much from a fantastick and misguided choice. I believe his literary education has had no restraint, and no adviser. His mind, if I may judge from his *notes*, appears to be inveterately depraved, by a course of reading which has starved his understanding, and fed his fancy with the most morbid food. The legends of superstition, ancient and modern; the gleanings of monkish fabulists; the researches of mystick science; the wonders of the invisible world, however related, or however attested; all that "fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived, Gorgons and Hydras and Chimæras dire," appear to constitute all the resources of his library, and of his mind; and so desirous is he of accumulating the shades of horrour upon us, that he mingles the mythology of different ages, and nations; introduces the vampire tales of Hungary and Greece into Arabia; and arms the wizards on the banks of the Euphrates with the *band of glory*, one of the darkest fictions of Western superstition. Every part of his writings has assumed the complexion of a sombrous and melancholy mind, darkened almost to despondency by peculiar habits of reading. When he is merry, he tells us the story of Cornelius Agrippa and his bloody book; when he is grave he rehearses a legend from Matthew Paris: when he gives political instruction, it is by the vision of the Maid of Orleans; a vision such as never floated before the "eye in a fine phrenzy rolling"; "a vision compounded of the murky fumes of querulous democracy and shapeless delirium; &c."

We cannot conclude, without noticing the very abrupt manner in which the work commences. It reminds us of the beginning of "Cassandra" where two persons, who are afterwards discovered to be the Heroes of the story, start up on the banks of the Euphrates, and engage in single combat. We are presented during six or seven successive letters with the ravings and delirium of a love-sick girl, who had seen a handsome boy in the street. Take a specimen.

"Think that I have a task to do, a pilgrimage to go, so long, and sad, and sombrous, a life of hopeless love; and to live out a long, long waste of

of years, which may be protracted from time to time by the sight of him, (a cordial of cruel sweetness!) and never to have a gleam of hope from his eye, or a sound from his lip, no more than if I wooed a star from Heaven! and when I die of a broken heart, to know that he may walk over my grave, and never know that the heart which moulders there was broken for his love, that the hovering spirit would be absolved by his sigh—all this must be, and it is my pride that all this must be."

Give me some civet, good Apothecary,
To sweeten my imagination.

We hear nothing more of her till the close of the second volume, when we are told that she died "all for love." Upon the whole, he who takes up these volumes for amusement, will not be disappointed. He, who seeks in them for instruction, will find much to deter him from dissipation, and will be convinced that "Splendid Misery" is something more than the name of a novel.

ART. 40.

The History of Don Francisco de Miranda's attempt to effect a revolution in South America, in a series of letters. By a gentleman, who was an officer under that general, to his friend in the United States. To which are annexed, sketches of the life of Miranda, and geographical notices of Caraccas. Boston. Oliver & Munroe. pp. 300. 12mo.

A general account of Miranda's expedition, including the trial and execution of ten of his officers, and an account of the imprisonment and sufferings of the remainder of his officers and men, who were taken prisoners. Upon the authority of a person, who was an officer under Miranda, who was taken and condemned to ten year's imprisonment, and who after suffering nearly two years, effected his return home. N. York. McFarlane & Long. 8vo.

THE enterprise of General Miranda was a remarkable event in this most eventful æra. It excited at the time much interest in the United States and in the West Indies generally, as well as in the Province, against which it was destined. In Europe it was but little known, except in England, where of course it became a subject of interest, after it was protected by their navy. It was deeply regretted by wise politicians here, as affording to Spain the only subject of complaint against the United States, which she could urge, after the numberless grievances and injuries we had experienced from that power. We hope the trial of certain persons in New York on a government prosecution may have satisfied the world, that our laws were secretly and basely evaded by persons with whom the administration had not the slighest connivance. We trust, that no supposed sympathy of philosophical notions, or previous acquaintance between General Miranda and any members of the American cabinet, will be allowed to weigh in a transaction that deeply implicated the honour and policy of the United States.

The works, which form the subject of this review, give us a minute, and no doubt faithful account of it. The N York publication is a mere printer's pamphlet, abounding with verbal errours, but from its simple narrative of the sufferings of those who were captured, is well calculated to excite the curses of their friends against the authors of the scheme.

The volume published at Boston is divided into twenty eight letters; and the author appears to have been one of the "Officers," who embarked on board the Leander at New-

York: His letters form a regular journal of events from the moment of their sailing, till the dispersal of the adventurers at Trinidad; the three last are dated in the U. States, just before the publishing of the book. The author is desirous of justifying his motives and those of some of his comrades, for having entered into this project: if he has not wholly succeeded, we are little disposed to blame those who were the dupes of Miranda and his abettors; they have expiated their fault, some of them with their lives, all of them by their sufferings and mortifications. Besides, the Spaniards have always been subject to this kind of events. The English say that they are catholicks and governed by the Inquisition, and have therefore been preying upon them for ages. Lord Melville gave orders to attack their Frigates in time of peace, to prevent the dollars they were conveying from getting into the hands of Papists. The French alledge, that they are jealous of their wives, and have therefore always interfered in their concerns; and lately, the Emperor Napoleon has attempted to take them under his protection altogether. We, too, have constantly declaimed on their miserable, slavish condition, and tempted them by the offers of the trial by jury and the blessings of frequent elections. Indeed these people possess such vast quantities of gold and silver that no other apology is necessary: to attack them is perfectly natural, and these attacks though they may displease, cannot be unexpected by the Spaniards themselves.

The author seems to have been early discontented with his leader, and revenges himself in a style of jesting and sarcasm against the General, which is appropriate in him, though the publick can never feel any sentiment less than indignation towards Miranda. We must here remark one inconsistency: the writer was well acquainted with Miranda's history and character, and yet he seems surprised at his indifference about the sufferings of his followers, and at his having shewn no eagerness to rescue those who fell into the power of the Spaniards. What! a citizen of the world going to liberate fifteen millions of people occupied about the handful of men who were to aid him in the acheivement, how preposterous! No, Miranda is a distinguished member of a sect, whose eyes are so fixed on the end, that they disregard the means, who sacrifice one generation to benefit the next, and who, as their object flies before them, march magnanimously over the desolation of the world: he was bred too in a school, where the life of a soldier was never considered, where intoxication and numbers were made to overpower valour and discipline. No, Miranda was all this time occupied with framing plans of government for his future fellow citizens, composing the addresses he should make to them, and so occupied with their "amelioration," that he had no time to attend to the poor devils, who were his subalterns.

A desire to see our country absolved from any participation in this undertaking, in a national point of view, was the most earnest feeling in perusing these books, and if there is any thing equivocal with respect to the outfit, we were gratified to find, that, within a week of the Leander's leaving port, we were relieved from all future responsibility. From the period of her speaking with the British frigate Cleopatra, till it was more openly espoused by Admiral Cochrane, the expedition proceeded under British auspices; and, as they were at open war with Spain, it was, as regards them, a

mere question of expediency, and not of right. The British navy exercise the police of the ocean, and the world knows, that they are neither lax nor remiss in any of its operations.

In reading these two works, we have observed with surprise, that, notwithstanding the manifest extravagance of the undertaking, there was a chance of success, if Miranda's enterprise and courage had equalled that of his followers. If he had pushed forward with alacrity, or even persevered in retaining his first conquests, aided as he would have been by the British forces, we think an able, daring leader would have obtained possession of the Province. Miranda plunged into a desperate scheme, which could only have succeeded by promptitude, vigour and boldness; and he acted with as much timidity and hesitation as a Militia Colonel on his first march. Once landed, he should have thought no more about communication with his ships, but, with the ring of Hannibal on his finger and his sword in his hand, he should have marched onward to a grave in the forest, or a mausoleum in the capital. When the son of the *Pretender*, in 1745, landed in Scotland, he was accompanied by only seven followers, who had left France with him in a private ship of 18 guns, without the knowledge of the court; he threw himself into the arms of the first persons he met, and engaged them in the cause. When he first drew his sword, he threw away the scabbard, and his bravery and affection for his followers procured him a temporary though not unimportant success in his romantick attempt.

On the whole, we must say of this expedition, which was productive of much mischief and individual suffering, that it was undertaken with all the rashness and want of principle of the ancient Buccaneers of America, and conducted without any portion of the skill and audacity, by which they were distinguished.

The book is amusing, and the style of it good enough for the subject. A table of errata, at the end of it, might be enlarged. As a specimen of the work we extract the twenty-seventh chapter, entitled *Notices of Miranda.*

General Miranda in conversation was reserved on the subject of his own life. He wrapped himself in mystery; and apparently enjoyed a sort of satisfaction, in leaving people to conjecture and wonder. He would talk of what he had seen and done; of his studies, his adventures and sufferings; his perils and escapes. But he avoided detail and circumstance: time, place and persons he kept out of view. In his relations he stopped at generalities. For this reason, his officers know less of him than you would imagine. Of the place of his nativity there are several and disagreeing accounts. But beyond doubt he was born in the city of Caraccas, in the province of that name. It is taken for granted that he is descended from one of the oldest Spanish families. Some accounts represent that his grandfather was governour of a province and his father a candidate for the same place; but defeated in his expectations, through the jealousy which the court have ever entertained of the natives. This disappointment is mentioned, with what truth I cannot say, as a cause of our hero's discontent with the government. If such an event ever occurred, it probably had a large share of influence on a mind like that of Miranda. But the ardour of his feelings, the boldness of his speculations and the republican bias of thinking, which he always manifested, afford sufficient solutions. He was educated like other young men of the better families in Caraccas, at the schools and university of that city. He never mentioned his teachers nor his school. He said that he learned Greek after he was forty. Depons observes, that at present the Spanish youth, sensible of the insufficiency of their education, apply with avidity to the reading of foreign books. It is said Miranda began his travels in the

provinces in early manhood. He entered the army and was captain in the regular troops of Spain. Biographers say he rose to be colonel; but this is doubtful. One of his stations was at Guatimala. Here he improved his opportunities of becoming acquainted with New Spain.

He left his native country from necessity, to avoid the displeasure of government. The causes of his precipitate disappearance are variously stated. It is ascribed to his expressing obnoxious sentiments relating to the independence of the colonies and having laid a plot for effecting it. One of the most celebrated French generals told me, that whilst Miranda was stationed at the Havanna, being in the engineer corps, he was commissioned by the military commander to go to Jamaica for the purpose of surveying the fortifications and making out a report of their strength and condition. To disguise his character and design, he was allowed to smuggle ten thousand dollars value of commodities. On his return he was charged with exceeding the limits of his permission. His property was seized. The cause was carried to Madrid, where it was decided against him. He thought it wise to decamp, in order to avoid the penalties which he had incurred.

In 1783, he visited the United States. I have conversed with many persons who knew him at this time. They say his mind was full of the ideas of reform and innovation, of liberty and philosophy. He went from this country to Europe. London was his most constant place of residence, whilst he was not on his travels. He visited almost every portion of the European world; every principal city and court; and went to Constantinople. He had a superb library in London. This literary treasure was pledged for a part of the necessary funds to defray his expenses. In the negotiations and disputes and naval preparations respecting Nootka Sound, he had an agency under the English ministry. When the French revolution commenced he was in Russia. This event opened a career suited to his genius. He repaired immediately to Paris; and soon obtained favour, fortune and place under the protection of Pethion. He was employed in the French army. In 1792 he was sent in quality of a general officer to Champagne, under Dumourier, whom he afterwards accompanied to Belgium; and he was nominated in Sept. commandant of the army of Flanders in the room of Labourdonnage; during the winter he had the chief command in the absence of Dumourier.

In the spring of 1793 Miranda besieged Meastricht, by order of the executive council; but general Lanoue, who was posted at Roer, being beaten at Aldenhoven, he was obliged to raise the siege after twenty days bombardment. The defeat at Aldenhoven and the bad success at Meastricht overturned all Dumourier's plans. How far Miranda was to blame let military men judge.

The commander in chief, Dumourier, having retired from Holland, again appeared at the head of the Belgick army. Miranda commanded the left wing on the 13th of March in the affair of Nerwinde. This battle would probably have terminated in favour of the French, had not Miranda retired from the field, soon after the middle of the day. One of his columns was panick struck, and the other two were driven back. This retreat has been ascribed in some French publications to the treachery and cowardice of our hero. A celebrated French general, now in this country, is of a different opinion. He declares it was by a military fault of Miranda's that the French lost the victory at Nerwinde; "Miranda," says he, "is not justly chargeable with treachery or cowardice." Dumourier says, "that either disconcerted, or willing to sacrifice his rival, Valence he ordered his troops to retreat." He sent no advice of his retreat to Dumourier, which neglect exposed the right wing and centre of the army to the whole weight of the enemy.

It seems that Miranda was no friend to Dumourier. Three days after the battle, it has been asserted, he wrote a letter to Pethion against this general. Miranda's partizans say this letter afforded him no justification. He afterwards published a memorial, in which he tells his protector, Pethion, that the expedition against Holland had been undertaken contrary to his advice; that he had foreseen the mischiefs which would result from such a project; and that Dumourier, in concert with Thouvenot, had decided upon every thing without consulting him. As

to the defeat at Nerwinde, he endeavoured to confirm the opinion then circulated, that it was owing to the treachery of the commander in chief and his adherents. At the same time he continued to correspond with Dumourier. Miranda did not save himself by this doubled faced precaution. He was arrested at the moment of the desertion of that general and was sent to Paris for trial. The revolutionary tribunal acquitted him in May. Before the end of the same month he was again arrested. He appeared in person at the bar of the convention, to justify himself, but he did not obtain his liberty until the fall of the mountain.

In October, 1795, he attempted to recover his lost influence by serving the convention against the sections. This expedition did not succeed. On the 22d of the same month his arrestation was decreed. He was sentenced to be transported beyond the limits of France. In vain he endeavoured to effect a retraction of his sentence. He was delivered to a body of gens des armes, who were charged to conduct him to the frontiers. He got away from his escort and wrote to the directory, demanding a reversion of his sentence. This business was kept in train a long time, although the director Detouveur was his particular enemy. Finally, the 4th of September, 1797, finished his residence in France. He was included in the grand deportation. England afforded him refuge. He was among the number whom Bonaparte did not recal in 1799. After this period he continued in London. Failing in various attempts to interest the British ministry in his project respecting South America, he embarked for New York, under the assumed name of George Martin, of New-Orleans. On the 2d of September he sailed from England and arrived in the United States on the 12th of November following. Here he commenced operations for carrying into effect his project of twenty years contemplation, to revolutionise his native country. A mercantile house in New York furnished him with the ship and armament, as has been described in this history. He gave Mr. Ogden three bills, one of five thousand, one of two thousand and one of eight hundred pounds sterling. The two last only were duly paid. The property taken by him from New York was all spent, dissipated, or remains in his hands. No part of the proceeds of the sale of the Leander was ever repaid to the original owners.

Dumourier says of this personage "that he was a man of capacity and extensive information. He was better versed in the theory of war than any other of the French generals, but he was not equally versed in the practice." He had been of great service to him in the different attacks on the Prussians. But "he had a haughtiness of disposition and bluntness of manner, which begat him many enemies; and he was unfit to command the French, whose confidence it is impossible to gain, but by good humour, and conduct expressive of respect for them."

In the preceding history, Miranda's injudicious selection of his place of landing is mentioned as one cause of his failure. The reasons in favour of his choice were not stated. His principal inducement probably was, that from information or rumour he imagined he had friends in Coro. In stating his grounds for expecting success, I might have placed them in a summary form by reciting four positions laid down by one of his advocates at the outset.

First, From the boundless extent of the coast of Spanish America, he can choose his point of landing.

Second, From the same circumstance, the whole military force, that is to say, the military force from the mother country, is distributed into small detachments, and these detachments are most remote from each other. In no single post in America can there be more than one thousand men.

Third. The militia of the country are invariably in his cause.

Fourth, If he could therefore, raise a sufficient force to withstand the attack of two or three of these detachments, for more could never join, he would be enabled to maintain his ground; and revolutionizing as he went, add his conquests to his force.

From this narrative in connexion with the prior history of general Miranda, you will receive an impression of his character not so favourable as that entertained by many persons. I have related facts. They must be allowed to speak for themselves. His imagination and feelings were an overmatch for his judgment. He is more rash and presumptuous in projects, than dexterous in extracting himself from

difficulties. In religion he is reputed skeptical; but in our hearing he never derided subjects of this nature. He used formerly to talk infidelity to the offence of the serious; experience has taught him caution, or he has changed his sentiments. It is said upon good authority that he partook the sacrament at Coro. He is too much of an enthusiast in his favourite objects to allow his means to be enfeebled by moral scruples. I am willing to believe he has as much conscience as the impetuous passions of such men generally admit.

I make a few remarks on his person, manners and petty habits.

He is about five feet ten inches high. His limbs are well proportioned; his whole frame is stout and active. His complexion is dark, florid and healthy. His eyes are hazel coloured, but not of the darkest hue. They are peircing, quick and intelligent, expressing more of the severe than the mild feelings. He has good teeth, which he takes much care to keep clean. His nose is large and handsome, rather of the English than Roman cast. His chest is square and prominent. His hair is grey and he wears it tied long behind with powder. He has strong grey whiskers growing on the outer edges of his ears, as large as most Spaniards have on their cheeks. In the contour of his visage you plainly perceive an expression of pertinaciousness and suspicion. Upon the whole, without saying he is an elegant, we may pronounce him a handsome man. He has a constant habit of picking his teeth. When sitting he is never perfectly still; his foot or hand must be moving to keep time with his mind which is always in exercise. He always sleeps a few moments after dinner, and then walks till bed time, which with him is about midnight. He is an eminent example of temperance. A scanty or bad meal is never regarded by him as a subject of complaint. He uses no ardent spirits; seldom any wine. Sweetened water is his common beverage. Sweetness and warmth, says he, are the two greatest physical goods; and acid and cold are the greatest physical evils in the universe.

He is a courtier and a gentleman in his manners. Dignity and grace preside in his movements. Unless when angry, he has a great command of his feelings; and can assume what looks and tones he pleases. In general his demeanour is marked by hauteur and distance. When he is angry he loses discretion. He is impatient of contradiction. In discourse he is logical in the management of his thoughts. He appears conversant on all subjects. His iron memory prevents his ever being at a loss for names, dates and authorities.

He used his mental resources and colloquial powers with great address to recommend himself to his followers. He assumed the manners of a father and instructor to the young men. He spoke of the prospect of success, and of the preparations made for him with great confidence. The glory and advantages of the enterprise were described in glowing colours. At another time he detailed his travels, his sufferings and escapes in a manner to interest both their admiration and sympathy. He appeared the master of languages, of science and literature. In his conversations he carried his hearers to the scenes of great actions and introduced them to the distinguished characters of every age. He took excursions to Troy, Babylon, Jerusalem, Rome, Athens and Syracuse. Men famed as statesmen, heroes, patriots, conquerors and tyrants, priests and scholars he produced, and weighed their merits and defects. Modern history and biography afforded him abundant topicks. He impressed an opinion of his comprehensive views, his inexhaustible fund of learning, his probity, his generosity and patriotism. After all, this man of renown, I fear, must be considered as having more learning than wisdom; more theoretical knowledge than practical talent; too sanguine and too opinionated to distinguish between the vigour of enterprise and the hardiness of infatuation.

CATALOGUE
OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,
FOR NOVEMBER, 1808.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.——MART.

NEW WORKS.

The universal spread of the Gospel. A Sermon preached at Northampton, before the Hampshire Missionary Society, at their annual meeting, Aug 25, 1808—by the Rev. Timothy Cooley, A. M. Pastor of the first Church in Granville. (Mass) to which is annexed, the annual report of the Trustees of the Hampshire Missionary Society, at the meeting of the Society, Aug. 25, 1808. Northampton, W. Butler.

A Sermon preached at Northampton, Oct 27, 1808, at the opening of Northampton Bridge. By Samuel Willard, minister of Deerfield. Northampton, Bull & Butler.

The Messiah of the Scriptures. A Sermon preached at the Tabernacle, in Salem, April 8, 1808—also at Beverly, May 1, 1808. By Samuel Worcester, A. M. Pastor of the Tabernacle Church, in Salem, Boston, Lincoln & Edmands.

Memoir of the Northern Kingdom, written A. D. 1872, by the late Rev. Wm. Jahnsenykes, I. L. D. and honourable Member of the Royal American Board of Literature, in six Letters to his Son. "Olim meminisse juvabit." Now first published, Quebec, A. D. 1901.

A Discourse delivered before the Society for propagating the Gospel among the Indians in North America, at their anniversary meeting in Boston, Nov. 3, 1808. By Abiel Holmes, member of the first church in Cambridge. Boston, published by Farrand, Mallory and Co. Belcher & Armstrong, Printers.

The Columbian Preacher, or, a collection of Original Sermons, from preachers of eminence in the United States, embracing the distinguishing doctrines of of grace, vol. 1. Catskill, Nathan Elliot.

A Seimon preached May 11, 1808, at the Ordination of the Rev. Ebenezer Hubbard, over the second church and society in Newbury. By Timothy Flint, pastor of the church in Lunenburgh. Newburyport, published by Thomas & Whipple. E. W. Allen, printer.

New German Text Copies, for the use of schools. Thomas & Whipple, proprietors, Newburyport.

Large and small round Text, round and running hand, biogresshical copies, with the component parts of letters, and an Alphabet of Capitals, arranged according to their similarity, &c. Thomas & Whipple, proprietors, Newburyport.

An Anthem for Ordination, selected from the scriptures, and set to musick by Samuel Temple, A.M. Boston, printed for the author, by Manning and Loring.

A Thanksgiving Anthem, by Daniel Hardy, jun. A. M. Boston, printed by Manning & Loring, for the author. 8vo. p. 32.

No. 1, of Evangelical Tracts; narrative, instructive and devotional; containing an adventure in Vermont, or the story of Mr. Anderson. Boston, Lincoln & Edmands.

William Sawyer & Co. of Newburyport have now in the press, to be published in the course of the next month, the third volume of Massachusetts Reports, containing the cases from June 1807, to the end of the year.

NEW EDITIONS.

A Monitor for an Apprentice; or, a sure guide to gain both esteem and estate, with rules for his conduct to his master, and to others. By a Lord Mayor of London. To which is added, Advice to a young man, on his entrance into the world: by J. Watts, D. D. and two essays by Dr. Benjamin Franklin. First American, from the sixth London Edition. Boston, published by Ebenezer Blake. Belcher & Armstrong, Printers.

Poems by the Rev. George Crabb, 1 vol. 12mo. Philadelphia, Bradford & Inskeep.

The works of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, Minister of the Gospel, in Northhampton, Mass. and afterwards President of the College in New-Jersey. 8 volumes—the 4 first only published. Worcester. Isaiah Thomas, jr.

Particulars respecting the trial, condemnation and execution of Major Henry Alexander Campbell, at the Armagh Assizes, August 10 1808, for killing in a duel, Alexander Boyd; together with two letters by Major Campbell, one to his confidential friend, written several months previous to his condemnation; the other to his wife, on the day previous to his execution, and which he continues writing and dating from hour to hour, until within a few moments of his exit. Also, a letter from Mrs. Campbell to her condemned husband in prison, and a memorial to his Majesty, petitioning the life of her husband. Boston—J. Cushing.

Debates, Resolutions, and other proceedings of the Convention of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, convened at Boston, on the 9th of January, 1788, and continued until the 7th of February following, for the purpose of assenting to, and ratifying the Constitution, recommended by the grand Federal Convention, together with the Yeas and Nays, on the decision of the grand question. To which the Federal Constitution is prefixed; and to which are added, the amendments which have been made therein. Boston, Oliver & Munroe and Joshua Cushing.

Thoughts on the revival of Religion in New England about the year 1740, in a treatise offered to the publick on that subject. By Joathan Edwards, A. M. Worcester. I. Thomas. Jun

A Compendious History of New England, designed for schools and private Families. By Jedidiah Morse, D. D. and Elijah Parish, D. D. ornamented with a neat Map of New England. Second Edition, with Improvements by the authors. Published at Newburyport, by Thomas & Whipple, Proprietors of the work. 12mo. pp. 336. price 1 dol. 12½ cents.

WORKS IN PRESS.

Greenough & Stebbins, of this town, have in the press, and will shortly publish Mrs. Grant's Letters, from the Mountains.

David West, of this town, has in the press, and will shortly publish Bishop Butler's Analogy, a book which has lately been introduced into Harvard University.

A. Sherman, of New Bedford, has in the press an addition of Wakefield's Mental Improvements, from the 5th London edition.

Charles Tappan, Portsmouth, N. H. has in press a handsome edition of the Children of the Abbey, in 2 vols.

William Sawyer & Co. Newburyport, have in press, the Romance of the Pyrenees.

WORKS ANNOUNCED.

Thomas & Whipple, of Newburyport, and M. Cary, of Philadelphia, propose to print by subscription, four kinds of quarto bibles, to be published in December, at six, seven, ten and twelve dollars, to be handsomely printed, on good paper, and neatly and strongly bound, in plain or elegant bindings, to be embellished with from ten to twenty Maps and Historical Engravings; containing the Old and New Testaments, the Apocrypha, Brown's Concordance, a Chronological Index of the years and times from Adam to Christ, a curious Analytical Dissection of the Books of Scripture, a Geographical Sketch of the boundaries, rivers, mountains, chief towns, population, and other particulars respecting Palestine, with a view of the present masters and miseries of that once happy country, a Family Record for marriages, births, deaths, &c. a concise view of the evidences of the Christian Religion, above *eight thousand* Marginal References, in addition to those in the common editions, together with tables of different characters and offices in the Bible, of Scripture weights, measures, and coins, reduced to those of the U.S. of the divisions of time among the Jews, of kindred and affinity, of all those passages in the Old Testament quoted by Christ and his apostles, a Chronological Table of the most remarkable events recorded in the Scriptures, an Alphabetical Table of proper Names used in the Bible, &c.

Lincoln and Edmands, of this town, propose to publish by subscription, the Works of the Rev. John Arndt, late superintendant-general of Luneburgh, written originally in High dutch, entitled, True Christianity; or, the whole Economy of God towards Man, and the whole duty of man towards God. The work will consist of one volume, octavo. Price to subscribers, *two dollars* in boards.

FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Abridgment of the Trial, in an action, in which Sir John Carr, Knt. was Plaintiff, and Messrs. Hood and Sharpe, Defendants.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 572.]

Attorney General—Q. At what time did you change your system. Will you swear, that within these last six years, you have not published a book annexing to its advertisement, the commendation of reviewers? —*A.* Yes, I have no doubt I have. It may have happened within these two or three years, perhaps, but this has arisen from accident. We keep our old advertisements standing in the form in which we have been used to send them to the newspapers, for five or six years together. So that an advertisement may latterly have gone into a newspaper with the same paragraph in it, of the commendation of the reviewer, a long time after I had determined to discontinue that practice.

Q. You know of the Annual Review, and there is the Monthly Review?—A. Yes.

Q. And there is the Eclectick Review, and the Critical Review? —A. Yes.

Q. Now, I ask you, there being this number of reviews, have you never looked into any of them to see if sir John Carr's work was reviewed by them?—A. I do not recollect to have done so, within the last twelvemonth.

Q. I ask you whether you have not looked into them concerning "The Stranger in Ireland?"—A. I do not recollect to have seen "The Stranger in Ireland," noticed in more than one review. I have seen it in some review; I do not recollect which it was.

Q What was the character given of it in that review?—A I think, in the review in which I saw it, it had a very good character.

Attorney General.—Now, Sir Richard Phillips, I will ask you another question; have you not yourself assigned as a reason for not publishing this work of sir John Carr's, which you have seen in manuscript, "The Tour in Scotland," "That sir John Carr was worn out?"—A. I never used the phrase.

Q Nor any thing like it?—A No, nor any thing like it.

Q. You never have assigned that as a reason for not publishing that work? Nor any other reason except that of this publication, called "My Pocket Book," and these imputations cast upon the genius of the author? *A.* I have been asked by booksellers, questions, which they had no business to ask me, about sir John Carr's works, and conceiving such questions to be impertinent, I have said to such booksellers, "that my publick engagements would prevent me from embarking in such publications, and I have given that answer in tenderness to sir John Carr."

Q. Have you read "The Tour

through Scotland ?"—*A.* I have looked into it, but not read it through.

Q. It is finished ?—*A.* It is.

One of the Jury—Q. I think, sir Richard, you told the booksellers that your publick engagements would prevent you from embarking in such publications; and that you gave that answer out of tenderness to sir John Carr. Pray what was that tenderness ?—*A.* Because I would not have it understood that any work of that kind, (meaning such works as "My Pocket Book,") had had an effect, which appeared to me to be so prejudicial to his character.

Attorney General.—I will deal candidly with you, sir Richard: The person to whom I alluded, when I asked you whether you had not said, "sir John Carr was worn out," is a Mr. Murray. Now I ask you, did you not say so to him ?—*A.* No, I did not, that I recollect.

Q. Will you take upon yourself to say, upon your oath, that, to Mr. Murray, you did not say "that sir John Carr was worn out ?—*A.* I could not say such a thing.

Q. Do you swear positively, that you did not say that "sir John Carr was worn out ?"—*A.* I certainly do say, that I did not say so.

Attorney General.—May it please your lordship: gentlemen of the Jury,—I could, certainly, make many observations on the very many ridiculous passages which are to be found in the works of sir John Carr, and which fully justify the ridicule of this book, of which he complains. But I abstain; the case is so rich with ridicule, without it, that it would be bad taste to take that course. There is so much in the dramatis personæ, that it renders every thing in the way of ridicule superfluous.—First we have *sir Richard Phillips*, who has given us evidence of his being either one of the greatest fools that ever lived under the sun, or that he is not to be credited on his oath. I say that it appears from his own testimony, either that he has given us false evidence, or that he is the greatest fool that ever walked upon the face of the earth—without a guide.

Lord Ellenborough interposing.—Weakest, perhaps weakest.

Attorney General.—The weakest man that ever walked upon the face of the earth, without a keeper. Erasmus would have given any thing for him when he wrote his Encomion Moriæ—or Pope, when he wrote his Dunciad. If the author of the Dunciad were now living, he would have changed his hero. If we were living in the days of Pope, we should have a new edition of the Dunciad after this scene. Sir Richard Phillips tells us, that he is publisher of three of these voluminous works, which have been exhibited to you as the productions of sir John Carr. He has told you, that he had given large sums of money for them.—That he was about to open a negociation with sir John Carr, for the purchase of another work, and he tells you, there are I think five different reviews, the object of which is, to treat of the merits or demerits of different publications as they appear in the world, and that they must rise or fall, in a great measure at least; that is, fail of success, or succeed with the publick, according to the impression produced by these periodical publications. This must be the case with "The Stranger in Ireland," as well as any other work. And sir Richard Phillips being interested in pocket, as to the credit of that work with the publick, tells you that he never looked into any one of these reviews.

He felt that, as soon as he said it, to be a strange thing to be said by a bookseller. For a man who derives emolument from the credit of authors—who eats and drinks their labour—lives upon it.—He felt himself bound to account for this strange expression.—He does account for it—"I never mix myself," says he, "with anonymous scurrilous publications." That is, in substance, "this, my love of virtue, prevents me from opening publications of that kind. They are productions so much beneath me, that I despise them. The purity of my mind might be corrupted by perusing them." Have you read the Edinburg Review?—"I have formerly, but I do not now. I have two objections to them, that they are anonymous, and that they are scurrilous:" and yet he admits, that himself was publisher of "Anecdotes of Publick Characters in this country," and, "Anecdotes of the founders of the French Republick." He is the publisher himself of these two works, and they are both anonymous—but he startles at the bare mention of scurrility. "The anecdotes are *facts*; a simple narrative of *facts*." Did these facts, sir Richard, happen to fall within your own knowledge? Answer me that plain question.—"No, no, no; facts, as the authors of the works stated to me." That is what sir Richard Phillips calls a narrative of facts!—so much for sir Richard Phillip's narrative of facts, and his abhorrence of scurrillity. Now for his abhorrence of anonymous publications. I feel, he says, and so he ought to feel—so we all ought to feel—"an abhorrence of anonymous currillity," and yet he publishes two books, which are anonymous; whether they contain any thing that is scurrilous, we will not here stop to inquire. But we now come to the Reviews: he holds them in great abhorrence: I suppose some of his publications have been roughly handled by them. But who was the publisher of the Oxford Review? Himself, and here he elevated himself above all other booksellers; for, says he, I published the Oxford Review, that there might be *one honest review* in the kingdom," consigning all others, Dr. Aikin's and the rest, to ignominy—placing himself upon a pedestal, looking down on others and degrading them altogther—a condition in which he is not intitled to place himself. Now, gentlemen, is sir Richard Phillips that pure, immaculate character, which he states himself to be? I put it to you thus—do you believe he swears truly, when he swears he became the publisher of the Oxford Review, *merely* for the purpose of giving to the publick one honest review in this kingdom? Do you believe he swears truly when he swears that? Gentlemen, I told you that sir Richard Phillips was either a witness who had tript in his evidence, or else, that he is a man the most infirm in judgment that ever walked on the face of the earth without a keeper. He states to you, that he would have given the same sum for the work of sir John Carr, now in manuscript, that he gave for the others, had it not been for the publication of this book, called "My Pocket Book." He tells you there are five Reviews, in all of which, he knows, as well as any body, that this work must be handled as others are; but so little does he read reviews or anonymous criticisms, that he hardly looks at them, and he hardly looked at this work, called "My Pocket Book," and yet he tells you in the same breath, that in consequence of these petty com-

ments, as he calls them, of this book, "My Pocket Book," he declined to buy the other work of his favourite author, sir John Carr. But for this scurrilous little work, he would have given sir John Carr 700*l.* for the work which he now has in manuscript. Now, I do say, either that is not true, or sir Richard Phillips is the weakest and most absurd creature that ever crept on the face of the earth. I could not conceive, had I not seen it, that a man could have made a figure so foolish. I cannot conceive, that a man should so act against his interest, as knowing there were these reviews and publications, and knowing how the next book of sir John Carr might at least be handled, and yet would have given 600*l.* in the first instance for this manuscript of sir John Carr's, if it had not been for this little book, "My Pocket Book," which sir Richard Phillips tells you, at the same time, is a contemptible little work, and which, if that be true, could have had little, if any effect upon the publick mind. I have been led into this mode of reasoning, from the ground, which sir Richard has thought fit to take. He has arrogated to himself all the honour in the kingdom, as far as it regards the publication of books, and reviews of books. What standard shall I take to judge of the propriety or impropriety of this publication, called "My Pocket Book; as containing just or unjust criticism on the work of sir John Carr, called "The Stranger in Ireland?" I will appeal to my Lord Mountnorris, who has a high personal respect for the author of the book called "The Stranger in Ireland," and partial towards the subject of it. The truth is, that sir John Carr went to Ireland well recommended. He received there the honour of knighthood; and knighthood, fine clothes and genteel manners, are an introduction into genteel circles, and gain a high name for a while, to an author, and may be a short substitute for genius, to a person who chooses to figure as an author. He thought his name would uphold his book, but that will never do long, unless the book can uphold his name. Sir John Carr thought that his book would pass on account of his name. And it very nearly had. My Lord Mountnorris had very nearly got himself into the scrape of buying this book of sir John Carr's called "The Stranger in Ireland." He would have done so, but from the circumstance of his having seen this book, called "My Pocket Book." And here I think my Lord Mountnorris has some reason to complain of his friend sir John Carr, and of those who gave him that name. Not that I mean to insinuate, that sir John Carr is unworthy the honour of knighthood; I am speaking of him merely as an author, and in that view, knighthood may sometimes have the effect of a false token. "*Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia et spes.*" But what effect has this book, called "My Pocket Book," had on the publick mind? Why, my Lord Mountnorris, who has a personal respect for sir John Carr, shall answer that question. He said, that understanding sir John Carr to have spoken handsomely of Ireland, and feeling an interest in that subject, he was disposed to buy the book; but he read this criticism, and having read it, he read the book, which was the subject of it. He then compared them with each other—what was the effect of his doing so? why, that he would not buy the book. Why did he not buy the book? Because it had

been so successfully ridiculed. How came it to be so successfully ridiculed? Perhaps you can guess My Lord Mountnorris had like to have reposed too much confidence in the name of the author. But having looked at the book which gave an account of it, and then having compared them with one another, that is, he compared the book of sir John Carr with the manner in which it had been turned into ridicule, he said to himself—"This work of my friend sir John Carr will not do for me—I will not buy it." This is putting things to the test—this is exactly the use of criticism, which is preventing those who have not seen, from buying bad books. This is a proof that in the judgment of my Lord Mountnorris, a man of erudition, a friend to the author too, and partial to his subject—thinks the book, after an attentive perusal of it, not worth buying. My Lord Mountnorris did not content himself with reading this criticism, but he read the book itself, and after perusing both, he found the book of sir John Carr so ridiculous a work, that he would not buy it, for he did not choose to be laughed at by those who might see it in his library.—I do not complain of those who purchase books without having read them, or hearing something of their character from men of judgment; but those who, like my Lord Mountnorris, take the precaution to peruse a book before they buy it, are, I think, a great deal more prudent. My Lord Mountnorris has shewn us the use of criticism; and I think he has shewn us the justness of the criticism here complained of.—Gentlemen, I think this case a great deal too clear to require any further observations. I confess I had brought my mind up to saying a good deal on the subject of sir John Carr's literary labours. I had been almost tempted to do so; but I think it has become unnecessary after the evidence you have heard. I might have compared the works of sir John Carr with authors of antiquity whose works have been treated with ridicule. There was Socrates, and Aristophanes criticised him; but his doctrines were not the less published on that account. Why? *Because the ridicule did not affect his fame. It is because works are ridiculous, that ridicule affects them.* Whoever sends into the world a book, gives to the publick a right of dealing with the contents of that book, as the contents deserve. If the book be a work of genuine merit, *no attack upon it, however violent, or however ingenious, will do it any permanent injury.* If, on the other hand, it be a work which has for its support, nothing but knighthood; a large margin; hot-press; gilt leaves, morocco and binding, it really can never stand the test of criticism, and the sooner it is sent into the shades the better. The publick are indebted to the critick who so disposes of it; for the publick have an interest in the discouragement of bad books, almost as much as in the encouragement of good ones. It has another good effect. It shews those who have not otherwise means of discovering the true character of a book, how to save their money. Such is the effect of genuine criticism, and a very valuable thing it is to the publick. I have my learned friend's concession, that fair and manly criticism, even if you do not agree in opinion with the critick, is not to be complained of. I think my Lord Mountnorris has proved this to be of that character. Gentlemen, I will detain you no longer; I am quite satisfied that you will

be of opinion, that this book, although severe, was published in the spirit of fair criticism, and, of course that your verdict will be for the defendants.

Lord Ellenborough.—Gentlemen of the jury; this is an action brought by sir John Carr against these two defendants, booksellers, of the names of Hood and Sharpe, for having published, what he contends to be a work intending to turn him into ridicule; and he alledges in his declaration, that he has suffered special damages on account of this book; that he, being about to sell another work to sir Richard Phillips, that bookseller declined to purchase that work; on which account he could not sell it, whereby he lost the considerable advantage which has been stated to you.—Now gentlemen, before we advance to the work itself, let us look at the principle of this species of action. Every person who writes, any book, and publishes it, of whatever description it may be, commits it to the publick; any person may comment upon it, upon its principle, upon its tendency, or upon its style—may answer, and expose to ridicule its character, if it be ridiculous—and may do the same thing with the author, as far as he is embodied in the work. Now this publication of the travels of sir John Carr, makes "a description of the place where he is," a principal part of the work. He is taking his departure from Dublin; and he speaks of himself in a manner that connects himself with the work. The book published by the defendants takes notice of this part of the plaintiff's work, and it is exhibited in the print, and it refers to parts of sir John Carr's book, wherein expressions are used similar to those used in the present publication. It is contended that this work of the defendants should not be suffered, because it ridicules, immoderately, the works of the plaintiff. Why, gentlemen, if the thing itself be ridiculous—if the principle of it be bad—or, though the principle be unobjectionable, if the work itself be ill digested—bad composition—written with bad taste, or otherwise defective, so as to deserve the character of a "bad book,"—it is doing great service to the publick to write it down; such works cannot be too soon exposed—the sooner they disappear the better. I speak this without prejudice to the work of sir John Carr, for I have not read a word of it. It may be, for aught I know, excellent. It would be unfair in me to censure what I have not read, like the sheriff—God forbid I should do so; the books of this gentlemen may be very valuable works. But this I say:—whatever character his works merit, others have a right to pass their judgement upon them, and to censure them, if they be censurable, and to turn them into ridicule, if they be ridiculous. If there were no such right, we should have no security for the exposition of errour; bad systems of philosophy would not be written down, as that of Des Cartes was by Newton; and bad system of government would not be written down, as that of sir Robert Filmer's was by Locke. After Mr. Locke had published his work upon government, against that of sir Robert Filmer, I dare say this sheriff, sir Richard Phillips, would not have given a shilling for the book of sir Robert Filmer, if it were a publication of the present time. What then? Could any body maintain an action against Mr. Locke for his publication, for writing down the fame of sir Robert Filmer? Certainly not. Mr. Locke did great service to the publick by

writing down that work; and, indeed, any person does a service to the publick, who writes down any vapid or useless publication, such as never ought to have appeared. It prevents the dissemination of bad taste, by the perusal of trash; and prevents people from wasting both their time and money. I say this, however, as applicable to *fair and candid criticism*, which every person has a right to publish, although the author may suffer a loss from it. It is a loss, indeed, to the author; but is what we in the law call *Damnum absque injuriâ*; a loss *which the law does not consider as an injury, because it is a loss which he ought to sustain.* It is, in short, the *loss of fame and profits to which he was never entitled*; and the person who occasions that loss, by fair criticism, is not guilty of that species of conduct which subjects him to an action in a court of justice. Why then, let us suppose that the plaintiff in this action has lost the benefit of selling his Scotch Tour, now in manuscript, to sir Richard Phillips; if he has lost it, by *fair criticism* upon his former works, which criticisms have rendered his writings ridiculous, he must abide by such loss, it being his fate to sustain it by *fair criticism.* This I take to be law. *If it were otherwise, I do not know where we are to stop.* No man will be at liberty to expose the works of another, however ridiculous. I think we ought to resist a complaint, against *fair and liberal* criticism, at the threshold; I think it is our policy, in every view of the thing. I do not know any thing that more threatens the liberty of the press, in the times in which we live, than giving too much encouragement to this species of action. But do not let me be misunderstood; for I do not mean to say, that if there was any thing in the book, published by the defendants, of a libellous tendency, wholly foreign to the work, or unconnected with the author of it, as embodied in the work; if there was any thing in it, tending to render him ridiculous, unconnected with the work, the action is maintainable. *Neither you nor I have appeared before the world in the character of an author, at least I have not*; but, if I had, I should not think myself entitled to maintain an action against any body else, who ridiculed my work, *and proved it to be ridiculous.* If any person chooses to exhibit a picture, which was itself ridiculous, another cannot be liable to an action, for pointing out wherein it is ridiculous. If another chooses in his work to draw a picture of himself, to place himself in a given situation, another person has a right to finish that picture by exposing it to ridicule, *if it be ridiculous*; and by criticising upon the words which the author has made use of. If, therefore, you think this is a criticism of the work of this author, and of the author himself, as far as he is connected with the work only, and not written by way of calumny upon him as an individual; I am of opinion that this action is not maintainable. But if you are of opinion, that this work is written against this author, *as a man*, and unconnected with his work, then, my opinion is, that the action is maintainable. We do not find, that there is any charge here on account of the work being anonymous. In a word, if you are satisfied, that this criticism is levelled at the plaintiff's work, and at the plaintiff himself, only as he is connected with, and embodied in, the work, I am of opinion that he must take the consequences of it; and indeed it does not appear to have done any material injury.—

tament at Tubingen, A. D. 1734. He was a man of great ability and learning, and of high character for integrity and piety. He made considerable improvements in the Received Text; but, that he might not be charged with arbitrary innovation, he made it a rule to introduce no alteration which had not been sanctioned by some printed edition, excepting in the Apocalypse. Select various readings he placed at the bottom of the page, distinguishing their various gradations of authority by the five first letters of the Greek alphabet—(α) expressing that the reading was, in his estimation, genuine, (β) probable, (γ) uncertain, (δ) improbable, and (ε) certainly spurious, though by some criticks approved. The excellence of Bengel's character, and the orthodoxy of his sentiments, brought biblical criticism into repute among the German theologians. Bengel's various readings are chiefly taken from Mill, with the addition, however, of some valuable ones of his own, collected from manuscripts and other authorities. His "Introductio in Crisin" contains a clear, concise and correct account of manuscripts and editions, together with some excellent critical rules.

4 The celebrated edition of John James Wetstein was published at Amsterdam in two volumes folio, A. D. 1751, 1752. Of this edition Michaelis says, that "it is of all editions of the Greek Testament the most important, and the most necessary for those who are engaged in sacred criticism." And his learned and acute translator and annotator, Dr Herbert Marsh, speaks of it as "a kind of standard in sacred criticism." It was the original intention of Wetstein to have printed his text from the Alexandrine manuscript; but the high estimation in which he at first held this manuscript being abated, he abandoned this design. He afterwards proposed to have published a new and improved text; but being dissuaded by his friends, lest it should excite the clamour of bigots, he at last determined to adhere to the Received Text, that is, to the Elzevir edition of 1624.

Immediately below his text he has placed those readings which he regards as genuine, and which in his judgment ought to be introduced into the text. Below these are arranged his collection of various readings with their respective authorities. In this respect, it is allowed that he has done more than all his predecessors together. He has collected most of the readings which had been published before, and has corrected many of the errours of Mill. To these he has added a great number of original readings from manuscripts and versions collated either by himself or by his friends. He was the first who collated the Philoxenian Syriack version from the manuscript at Oxford, and he examined with the most persevering assiduity the Ephrem manuscript in the Imperial Library at Paris. He has also introduced into his various readings the critical conjectures of others, but has added none of his own. Some inaccuracies have been detected in these collations, which in a work of such great extent it was impossible to avoid. But, upon the whole, Wetstein is entitled to the character of a laborious, sagacious, and faithful critick. A. D. 1763, an edition of the Greek Testament in quarto was published in London by Bowyer, the learned printer, in which those alterations are introduced into the text which were proposed by Wetstein as the true readings.

Underneath the various readings in Wetstein's edition, are printed his notes. These are numerous and invaluable. They are philological, critical, and explanatory. They contain a great number of parallel passages from the classicks, and of quotations from the Talmudists, which tend to elucidate the idioms of the language or the customs of the Jews. They are accompanied with many judicious observations, and supply an inexhaustible fund of theological and critical information. It is computed that the quotations in Wetstein's volumes amount to upwards of a million.

The Prolegomena are prefixed to the first volume. They are learned, copious, and judicious; but they are deficient in urbanity, and discover too much of an angry and contemptuous spirit towards his opponents. He first gives an interesting account of ancient manuscripts in general, and of the condition in which they are commonly found. After which he proceeds to describe briefly, but correctly, the manuscripts which have been collated to correct the text of the New Testament distinguishing those which are wirtten in uncial or capital letters by the great letters of the alphabet, viz A. for the Alexandrine, B for the Vatican manuscript, &c. and marking the manuscripts which are in small letters by numeral characters. He then gives some account of ancient versions, and of the ecclesiastical writers, of whose quotations from the New Testament criticks have availed themselves. After which follows a detailed description of former editions of the New Testament; and the whole concludes with an account of his own undertaking, and a defence of his character. These Prolegomena have been republished by Dr. Semler in an octavo volume, augmented with Notes by the learned editor.

5. Between A. D. 1782 and A. D. 1788, Christian Frederick Matthaï, formerly professor in Moscow, and afterwards in Wittenburg in Saxony, published an edition of the Greek Testament in twelve volumes octavo, with various readings from Moscow manuscripts, which had not been before collated: to which he has added critical remarks, and a copy of the Vulgate from a Demidovian manuscript Some of these manuscripts are of considerable antiquity; they have been collated with great care, and contain some curious and important various readings.

6. A. D. 1786—1787, Professor Alter of Vienna published a critical edition of the Greek Testament in two volumes octavo. The text of this edition is the Vienna manuscript, which is preserved in the Imperial Library: it contains the whole of the Old and New Testament, and is a manuscript of considerable reputation, though it is suspected of having been altered from the Latin copies. Where the text of this manuscript is evidently erroneous, the professor has corrected it from Stephens's edition of 1546. And four chasms in the Book of Revelations he has supplied from another manuscript. He has collated this with others in the Imperial Library, and has noted their various readings, together with those of the Coptick, Slavonian, and Latin versions.

7. A. D. 1788, Professor Birch of Copenhagen published a splendid edition of the four Gospels, in Greek, in folio and quarto. The text of this edition is taken from the third of R. Stephens, A. D. 1550, and the various readings were collected from a considerable num-

ber of manuscripts in France, Italy, Spain, and Germany, by Professors Birch, Adler, and Moldenhawer, who travelled for this purpose at the expense of the king of Denmark. It is a truly magnificent work, and of the highest importance to Scripture criticism. Its chief value consists in the copious extracts which it contains from the celebrated Vatican manuscript, which had never before been thoroughly examined, but which was now completely and very carefully collated by Professor Birch himself. Its value is likewise enhanced by many extracts from an ancient version discovered by Professor Adler in the Vatican Library, to which he gives the name of the Jerusalem-Syriack, and the readings of which remarkably coincide with those of the Cambridge manuscript. The Vatican copy of this version is dated in the eleventh century, but the version itself is computed to have been made not earlier than the fourth, nor later than th sixth century. The second volume of this princely edition, which was expected to appear soon after the publication of the first, was prevented by a dreadful fire at Copenhagen, which put a stop to the work. But in the year 1798 Professor Birch published his collection of various readings in a separate volume without the text.

8. The first edition of the Greek Testament by Dr. John James Griesbach, in two volumes octavo, was published A. D. 1775 and 1777. The second edition, very much enlarged and improved, appeared A. D. 1796 and 1806

This is an edition of unrivalled excellence and importance, the publication of which will constitute a memorable æra in the history of Scripture criticism. In the construction of this admirable work the learned editor had two objects in view. The first was to exhibit to the publick a text of the Greek Testament as correct, and as nearly approximating to its original purity, as it could be made by the assistance of that immense quantity of critical materials, which had been accumulating during the last century. And, secondly, to compress a great mass of critical information into as narrow a compass as possible, in order to bring it within the reach of those, who could not afford either the time, the labour, or the expense, which would be necessary to collect it from those numerous and expensive volumes, in which it was diffused.

As the basis of his own edition, Dr. Griesbach has selected the Elzevir text, 624, every, the most minute, variation from which, he carefully notes. No alteration is admitted, which is not fully warranted by the established laws of just and rational criticism. All conjectural emendations are excluded from the Text, though a few, by way of specimen, are admitted into the Notes. If any of the words of the Received Text are omitted or changed, these words are inserted in a large type, in what he calls his inner margin, which in the printed page is immediately below the text; and the authorities for every alteration are inserted in the collection of various readings at the bottom of the page. Where new words are introduced into the text, they are printed in a smaller type: and to some passages which are not expunged from the text he has prefixed marks expressive of their doubtful authenticity. Many various readings which, though probable in themselves, the learned author has not thought fit to introduce into the text, he has inserted in his inner margin, with signs pre-

fixed to denote their greater or less degrees of probability. And he has noted with asterisks those passages in the text, in which a variation in the punctuation produces a considerable change in the sense. After all, he does not presume to affirm that he has exhibited a perfect text; he only professes to have made the best use in his power of the materials in his possession, for correcting and improving the Received Text, fairly stating the grounds of his own decisions, and leaving others to form their own opinion.

The various readings, and the authorities by which they are supported, are placed below the inner margin. They are collected from nearly four hundred manuscripts, besides ancient versions and ecclesiastical writers. In the selection of these readings Dr. Griesbach has made use of the collections of all his learned predecessors, to which he has added a very considerable number extracted by himself from many of the most ancient manuscripts and versions, and from the early ecclesiastical writers, and particularly from the works of Origen. In his second edition he has greatly enlarged and improved his collection of readings and authorities from the valuable publications of Alter and Matthaï, but especially from the splendid edition of Birch. The learned editor does not form his judgment of the probability of a reading, solely from the number, or even from the antiquity of manuscripts by which it is supported; but he also takes into consideration the edition or family to which a manuscript belongs,—a circumstance which is of indispensable necessity to a right decision of the question. The readings exhibited by Griesbach are avowedly a selection of those only which are of the greatest importance. But he has omitted none which could be of use either to ascertain the true reading, or to illustrate the sense or the phraseology of the sacred writer, or to settle the affinity of the manuscript. He adopts Wetstein's plan of distinguishing uncial manuscripts by great letters, and the rest by numeral characters; and to save room, where a reading is supported by a great number of copies, he specifies particularly only a few of the principal, to which he annexes the total number of the remaining authorities. By these methods he has contrived to compress within the limits of two octavo volumes as much critical information as is often contained in as many folios. Griesbach's edition, however, though it contains in a narrow compass a vast body of useful instruction, does not entirely supersede the labours of former editors, and particularly of Wetstein, whose learned and incomparable Notes still retain all their original value.

To the first volume are prefixed the Prolegomena, in which the learned editor gives a clear and succinct history of the origin of the Received Text, and ably justifies the exertions of himself and others to correct and improve it: justly alledging, that neither the Complutensian editors, nor Erasmus, nor Robert Stephens, nor Theodore Beza, nor the unknown editor of the Elzevir edition, made any pretensions to inspiration or infallibility, and that modern editors enjoy advantages for correcting the text far beyond the reach of the original publishers. He then states at large the design, which he had in view in his edition of the Greek Testament: viz. to exhibit an improved text, accompanied with a copious selection of various readings, condensed into as narrow a compass as could be done consis-

ently with perspicuity, in order to furnish a manual for critical students of the sacred writings. He next lays down the rules to which criticks by long experience ha e learned to adhere, in forming a judgment concerning the probability or improbability of a various reading; and here he introduces a brief, but perspicuous and curious account of the distinction of ancient manuscripts into different editions, classes, and families, according to their affinity with the copies which were in use at Alexandria, at Constantinople, or in the West of Europe; a careful attention to which distinction is an essential qualification in a Scripture critick. The learned Professor then proceeds to describe the method which he has pursued in compiling his edition of the Greek Testament, to which he adds the particulars in which the second edition differs from and excels the first, which was published twenty years before; and that not merely by an improved arrangement, but chiefly by a very considerable addition of important various readings from the celebrated Vatican, Vienna, and Moscow manuscripts, the Sahidick, the Jerusalem-Syriack, the Coptick, the Slavonick, and the old Latin versions, and likewise from the works of the Fathers, and particularly of Origen, for which he is indebted to the learned labours of Alter, Matthaï, Birch, Adler, Sabatier, Blanchini, Dobrowski, and others, together with his own renewed and indefatigable attention to the subject. In consequence of which, he has been enabled to correct the errours of the former edition, to amend the text, and to enrich the notes. He concludes with a distinct enumeration of manuscripts and versions, accompanied with brief remarks. In his preface the learned editor expresses his gratitude to his Grace the Duke of Grafton for his liberal patronage of the work. This is one of the numerous obligations under which sacred literature has been laid to the munificence of that illustrious nobleman, and for which he is entitled to the cordial acknowledgments of every lover of truth and enlightened friend of the Christian Religion.

Sec. VII.—Great Number of Various Readings—Inferences.—Propriety of editing a Correct Text.—Griesbach.—Newcome.—The present Version.—Conclusion.

THE number of various readings collected by Dr. Mill is computed at thirty thousand. And it is reasonable to believe that since the publication of his celebrated edition, a hundred thousand at least have been added to the list, by the indefatigable industry of those learned criticks who have succeeded to his labours, and by the great extension of the field of their operations in consequence of the additional number of manuscripts and versions which have been since discovered and collated.

These various readings, though very numerous, do not in any degree affect the general credit and integrity of the text: the general uniformity of which, in so many copies, scattered through almost all countries in the known world, and in so great a variety of languages, is truly astonishing, and demonstrates both the veneration in which the Scriptures were held, and the great care which was taken in transcribing them. Of the hundred and fifty thousand various readings which have been discovered by the sagacity and diligence of collators, not one tenth nor one hundreth part, make any perceptible, or at least any material va-

riation in the sense. This will appear credible if we consider that every, the minutest deviation, from the Received Text has been carefully noted, so that the insertion or omission of an article, the substitution of a word for its equivalent, the transposition of a word or two in a sentence, and even variations in orthography, have been added to the catalogue of various readings.

In those variations, which in some measure affect the sense, the true reading often shines forth with a lustre of evidence, which is perfectly satisfactory to the judicious inquirer. In other cases, where the true reading cannot be exactly ascertained, it is of little or no consequence, which of the readings is adopted, v. g. whether we read Paul the servant, or Paul the prisoner of Jesus Christ, Philem. ver. 1. Also, where the various readings are of considerable importance, consisting, for example, in the omission or addition of sentences or paragraphs, the authenticity of the rest of the book remains wholly unaffected, whatever decision may be passed upon the passages in question. Thus the genuineness of the gospel of John continues unimpeached, whatever may become of the account of the pool of Bethesda, or, of the narrative of the woman taken in adultery.

The various readings, which affect the doctrines of christianity, are very few: yet some of these are of great importance; viz. Acts, xx 28; 1 Tim. iii. 16; 1 John, v. 7. Of those passages, which can be justly regarded as wilful interpolations, the number is very small indeed: and of these the last mentioned text, 1 John, v. 7, is by far the most notorious, and most universally acknowledged and reprobated.

Upon the whole, we may remark, that the number and antiquity of the manuscripts which contain the whole or different parts of the New Testament, the variety of ancient versions, and the multitude of quotations from these sacred books in the early christian writers, from the second century downwards, constitute a body of evidence in favour of the genuineness and authenticity of the Christian Scriptures, far beyond that of any other book of equal antiquity.

Nevertheless, the immense number of various readings in the text of the New Testament, many of which cannot be satisfactorily settled by the most unwearied assiduity or the acutest sagacity of critical investigation, demonstrates that no superstitious regard is due to the mere language of the Received Text, which like the works of other ancient authors, is open to rational and liberal criticism. Ignorant and injudicious persons are sometimes apprehensive that men's regard to the christian religion will be impaired, and their veneration for the Scriptures diminished, if the infallibility of the Received Text is called in question. But intelligent and well-informed readers are apprised, that the great practical truths of the christian religion do not rest upon verbal niceties, but consist in obvious conclusions from notorious and well-established facts. The apostolick summary of the christian faith is, "that God will judge the world in righteousness by the man whom he hath ordained, whereof he hath given assurance to all men in that he hath raised him from the dead." This doctrine beams forth with unclouded splendour from every page of the New Testament, whatever becomes of the correctness and accuracy of the Received Text.

And whether greater respect be shown to the writers of the Christian Scriptures and to their works by adopting as infallible the imperfect editions of Erasmus and Stephens, of Beza and Elzevir. then by endeavouring to approximate as nearly as possible to the apostolick originals by a sober and judicious use of the ample materials which the labours of the learned have supplied for the purpose of rational criticism, let candour and good sense determine. In some few instances the alteration of the Received Text is indispensably requisite, in order to correct the erroneous impression conveyed by a false reading: and in all cases a change is desirable where the proposed alteration is supported by competent evidence. If it be justly regarded as a useful and an honourable office to publish a correct edition of the works of a classical author, it cannot surely be reckoned less important, or less honourable, to exhibit the text of the sacred writings in a form as nearly as possible approaching to the original standard.

Upon these principles Professor Griesbach undertook, and notwithstanding the loud clamours and malignant opposition of many, he persevered in, and completed, his great work of publishing a corrected Text of the New Testament, with the various readings and authorities subjoined, for which he is entitled to the warmest thanks of the whole Christian world. Upon the same principles the late Dr. Newcome, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, printed what he modestly calls An Attempt toward revising our English Translation of the Greek Scriptures, in which he professes generally to follow the text of Griesbach: the publication which was, however deferred till after the decease of that venerable and learned prelate, in deference, as it has been rumoured, to the opinions of some persons high in authority and rank, who were fearful of disturbing vulgar prejudices.

For the Anthology.

REMARKER, No. 39.

Political bigotry, reduced to definition, may be described and considered, as the result of that wilful or venial errour or mistake, which induces the bad, and compels the weak to ascribe to and expect from none but such as think and act like themselves, those high and sacred principles and purposes, which are justly regarded as constituting the essence, and indicating the object of patriotism.

Political bigots are, with few exceptions, perhaps I should rather say, that, in every instance, they are are either cheats or dupes. The zeal of the former arises from their ambition, while the latter and the paradox, palpable as it may seem, challenges belief, derive their ardour, not less from the tame and servile submission with which they receive, than from the indefatigable perseverance displayed by them in executing the commands of their superiours, the aspiring knaves.

But as their motives are different, so the means and views of these two kinds of patriots, for patriots they, indeed, call and, perhaps, think themselves, are distinct.

On the effects and ends arising from and sought by the zeal of the lower order of political bigots, it were useless to descant. It is the creed, as well as the design, so far as it can be learned from the conduct of those, who belong to the first rank of political bigots, which presents a subject, worthy, in both its parts, of a discussion, far more elaborate and minute, than the limits of an essay admit.

But, before I proceed to the remarks about to be offered on these topicks, it may not be improper to observe, that such and so versatile in its nature and accidents is this species of bigotry, that its subjects, whenever their circumstances appear to require and sanction such transformations, can easily assume the shapes, and exhibit and support in their full and perfect proportions and relations, the characters not only of the two extremes, but also of all the intermediate vices and follies, from the simpering apologist for the foulest debauchery, to the foaming fanatick, who, to shew his sincerity, bawls himself hoarse against the indulgence of those pleasures, which, so far from criminal, are, beside their innocence, eminently productive of health and cheerfulness.

It is when it appears in the guise, and conforms its conduct to the maxims of fanaticism, that bigotry of this sort discovers and exerts its most rancorous malignity. At that deplorable crisis, when the majority of its citizens are political bigots, acting from the brute impulse of political fanaticism, then it is that the safety, the prosperity, the liberty, the honour of a country, each and all of them are endangered almost to inevitable destruction, by attempts to impose in wanton experiment, on a whole people, the miserable *whimsies* (they do not deserve the name, nor do I call them *theories*) of such statesmen as are much fitter to make mouse-traps and toast cheese to bait the same therewith, than to direct the pursuits and control the destinies of a nation. It is then that the distinctions, which beautify and preserve society, are, because they *designate* genius, learning, honour, virtue, piety, long-tried fidelity, and well-attested valour, exploded as so many palpable violations of the rights of man. And then too it is, that, no longer disguising their wishes, or concealing their nefarious projects in a stiffling secrecy, the authors and advocates of civil discord come boldly forward, and, addressing the idle, the worthless, and abandoned, of every rank and species, exasperate the worst and fiercest of their animosities; till, having heated the malice of the rabble to a degree of madness that disdains restraint, these engineers of ruin direct the popular fury against the strength and pride, against that native honour and inalienable magnanimity, which characterise the higher orders of a community, and constitute its defence and ornament.

Political bigotry, in high ferment, and when exalted to the full and bubbling effervescence of political fanaticism, is of all the perverse affections incident to human nature the most formidable and mischievous. It operates like witchcraft: it enchants, it besots and embrutes with a sorcery more certain, more fatal and resistless, than the cup of Comus "with many murmurs mixed," or all the wiles and charms,

the potent herbs and magick songs of Circe and the Syrens. To effect and secure its usurpation and stern, relentless despotism, reason is dethroned; and, stripped of their authority, their awful honour, and sacred, inviolable majesty, virtue and piety are left naked and exposed to the mercy of the most remorseless of all democracies, the democracy of lawless passions and implacable prejudices. When its favourite, might I not say, its exclusive object, the elevation of the unworthy to trust and power, presents itself, the longings of this rabid affection, seem indignant of control. The whole man is inflamed to frenzy; the tumultuous emotions of his bosom display themselves by every action, and appear and threaten in all his limbs and motions,

Tremit artus,
Conlectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.

In their versatility, the resemblance between political and religious bigots, is strong enough to convince the most obstinate doubter, that the cause, which produces the former, has an efficiency, not indeed exclusive of, but directly concurrent with the cause usually considered as producing the latter. For where, (the question is general, and none, I hope, will accuse or even suspect me of any personal allusion in asking,) where is the religious bigot, who, if his envy, his jealousy, his revenge, or any other of the detestable motives, that naturally actuate persons of this description, should prompt to such a strange variety and rapid succession of metamorphoses, would scruple or hesitate for a moment to shuffle off his gravity, and, as his situation should permit, to appear by turns in every shape and station of cunning and hypocrisy, till, having at last sunk to the character, he should become willing to take the name, and stand ready to discharge the office of a spiritual pimp.

Of the sentiments openly and with a shameless and unblushing effrontery avowed by political bigots, it is not possible to speak, and if it were possible, it would betray something more than a tacit acquiescence in their truth, to speak of such sentiments, without a degree of indignation, that almost suffocates. They are sentiments such as cannot, such as never did and never ever will find their way into any honest mind.

One of the articles, (they perhaps would speak and boast of it, as the principal and discriminative article) of their creed is, that every man, whose opinions happen to differ, though the shades of difference might elude the severest scrutiny, from the formulary adopted and imposed by these champions of orthodoxy, is a political heretick, and as such, not only deserves their censure, but requires and justifies such inquiry and punishment, as they are pleased to institute and inflict.

But the lenity of these inquisitors is not without her twin and sister virtue. For such and so liberal is their charity, that every one

Brontesque, Steropesque, et nudus membra Pyracmon.

who has blown at their bellows, and toiled, and sweated, and panted almost to suffocation and instant death over the foul smoke and fierce heat of their infernal fires, and wielded, till his strength failed, and he could no longer wield their hammers and sledges, in order, on their anvil, to forge his opinions into something, which they call consistency; opinions, which, by the way,

and to push the allusion, if it will bear it, a little further, too often, in their wild, unnatural mixture, resemble the thunder of the Cyclops :

Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, rutili tres ignis, et alitis Austri.
Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque, metumque
Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras.

None but such persons, and of such tenets, are, according to the test of political bigots, considered as patriots.

The Remarker finds it impossible, at present, to pursue the subject. His last metaphor—and this apology, which he is constrained to offer, will, he hopes, protect him from the suspicion of idleness—his last metaphor, he is sorry to say, has left him almost breathless. If, however, he should recover from his present exhaustion, the Remarker will, in some future paper, resume the subject, and endeavour, from their actions, to ascertain the objects of those, who rank in the higher class of political bigots.

MEMOIRS OF PAULUS MANUTIUS,

THE SON OF ALDUS.

The labours of the Aldine press, were not materially affected by the death of its founder. Andreas Asulanus, who had undertaken the care of the four young children of Aldus, continued the business, which he conducted with great alacrity, assisted by his two sons Francis and Frederick. Filled with an ardent and laudable emulation, they paid the greatest attention to their editions; they first undertook to complete those which were already begun, and to produce the great number of revisals and collections which Aldus had left; they were also careful to notice in their prefaces those editions to which he had contributed by anticipative labours. Although inferiour in knowledge to Aldus and to his son Paulus Manutius, most of their editions, prove them to have been deficient neither in learning nor industry In Greek, Pausanias, Strabo, the Greek Septuagint, different commentaries on Aristotle, Plutarch, Artemidorus. Apollonius Rhodius, Æschylus, Xenophon, Galen, Hippocrates, published for the first time; in Latin, Terence, Livy, Plautus, Pliny, Celsus, Macrobius, Priscian, Silius Italicus, Valerius Flaccus, Claudian, Justin, Quintus Curtius, Suetonius, Ausonius, and many other works in Greek, Latin, and Italian, most of which were printed for the first time, employed their presses.

During the management of Andreas Asulanus, the sons of Aldus passed their childhood, and made some progress in their education. The time which they spent at Asola with their mother, was not favourable to their advancement in literature; what they then learnt would have been rather injurious than useful, by vitiating their taste, had they not been early removed to Venice, where Paulus Manutius in particular, was kindly received and assisted by those who had been the sincere friends of his father, and who were celebrated in every branch of litera-

The latter was an ecclesiastick of some celebrity, who wrote a philosophical discourse on the immortality of the soul, which was printed by Paulus Manutius in 1557, 4to. Some disagreement had subsisted between these two brothers, which was amicably terminated through the kindness and friendly mediation of Paulus Manutius, who equally esteemed them both.

The first child of Paulus Manutius, was Aldus, born in the month of February, 1547. He gave his child this name, from a tender respect for the memory of the elder Aldus, and hoping, at some future time, to impress on the mind of his son the great exertions which that name required of him. He had also other children; Girolamo, who died in 1559, aged nine years, at Ragusà, where he had been entrusted to the care of Paul Bosio; and a daughter whom he mentions several times in his letters, and who married in 1573.

Among other pursuits which engaged his attention, the study of antiquities ought to be mentioned as being intimately connected with the knowledge and understanding of ancient authors. One of his first literary projects was a tract on Roman Antiquities.

Paulus Manutius entertained a desire of establishing himself at Rome. The reception which he had met with in that city, in 1535, and again in 1543, gave rise to a hope, that he might be there more advantageously situated than at Venice, where he was accumulating a number of editions, which, excellent as they might be, had so tardy a sale, as not to recompence him for his labour and expences.

In 1550, he informed Gir. Dolphin of his intention to quit Venice in the month of February, and repair to Rome, but to remain there only till the middle of the following May. It seems, however, that the journey was not undertaken till 1553, as appears by one of his letters to Fr. Coccio, at the latter end of that year, in which he mentions having passed about two months preceeding summer at Rome.

His ill health even from his youth had frequently interrupted his literary labours. In 1554, he was attacked with a tertain ague, succeeded by a severe complaint in his eyes, with which he was long afflicted, nor was he entirely cured till 1559, by the skill of Gabr. Falloppe. In 1555, when his sight was somewhat restored, he went to Bologna, to see his brother Anthony, who had been obliged to quit Venice, on account of some affair, of which the particulars are unknown, but which Paulus Manutius calls "juventutis erratum." Being in ill health, when he set out on his journey, he found himself much worse on his arrival at Bologna, and was obliged to remain a long time in that city, where he was earnestly solicited to fix his future residence.

In 1556, Feder. Badoaro, one of the most distinguished senators in the republick of Venice, formed the project of founding in his own house an academy, the plan of which was so vast, that though conceived and carried into effect by an opulent individual, the authority of a sovereign was necessary to render it durable. This academy was styled "Academia Veneziana," and also "della Fama," because its device was a figure of fame, with these words: "Io volo al ciel per riposarmi in Dio." This academy was composed of about a hundred of the most learned men in every branch of science; and was formed nearly on the same plan as the National

Institute of France, with the exception of the improvements, resulting from the progress of knowledge, and the new direction of ideas.

Paulus Manutius was professor of eloquence in this academy, and had also the direction of its press, which was entirely furnished with new founts cast from his own matrixes; and he had under his direction several other printers, one of whom was Domenico Bevilacqua During the years 1558 aud 1559, this press issued fifteen editions, none of which are voluminous; they were only the prelude to many more considerable labours.

Such an establishment, composed of the most learned men in Italy, excited great expectations. Sovereigns were desirous of honouring it with their protection, and of granting to it various privileges. The academy, however, was of very short continuance; in the year 1562, no trace of it remained, and its short exitsence would scarcely be recollected, but for the books which issued from its press, under the care and direction of Paulus Manutius.

Disengaged from the attention which this press required, he received, in March, 1561, letters from Cardinal Seripandi, who informed him of the earnest desire of Pope Pius IV. to have the sacred volumes and the works of the fathers published with care and exactness, "vel hominum incuria, vel improbitate corruptos:" also, that his holiness, looking towards him, invited him to undertake this important concern. The project was not a new one. Since the year 1539, two learned Cardinals, Marcello Cervino and Aless. Farnese, had conceived the idea of establishing at Rome a magnificent press; they had chosen Antonio Blado of Asola, to superintend it, who was come to Venice to obtain from Paulus Manutius founts of his beautiful letter.

The conditions which were proposed to Paulus Manutius by the sovereign pontiff, were equally advantageous and honourable. He could not, however, immediately determine to accept them, since nothing had been further from his intentions, than to abandon his country, his family, and favourite studies. After some hesitation, however, he accepted the propositions of the pope, upon the conditions mentioned by Cardinal Seripandi. The expences of his journey, and of the removal of the printing utensils, were to be defrayed by his holiness, and, according to Zeno, his annual salary was to be about 600 crowns, though, according to one of his own letters, only 500. He repaired to Rome about the month of August, 1561. The first publications from this new press were to be the Bible in Latin, and the works of St. Cyprian: but, from numerous obstacles, they were delayed; the latter did not appear till 1563 and the Bible at the end of twenty-eight years, in 1590. Paulus Manutius opened the press by a small work written by Cardinal Polo, "De Concilio, et de Reformatione Angliæ," 1562, 4to. which is now very scarce. Several other works of little importance succeeded this volume, till 1564, when he appears to have kept his press constantly employed. The edition of St. Cyprian was executed with the attention which it deserved; several excellent manuscripts were sought and carefully consulted; and many important unpublished pieces were printed with it. He likewise undertook to translate into better Latin the catechism of the Council of Trent; the doctrinal parts of which

had been at first entrusted to three theologians. He printed it in 1556, folio, and several times afterwards in 8vo. and 4to. both at Rome and at Venice. Many excellent editions successively occupied his presses, the Epistles of Jerome, Salvinius, and some other works. These continued labours were not suitably rewarded. During the life of Paul IV. Manutius had no absolute reason to complain; if he was not enabled to enrich himself, he could at least comfortably support his family; but, after the death of this pontiff, his situation was exceedingly distressing; he found considerable difficulty in obtaining his salary: his health being much impaired, increased his afflictions and made him wish to return to his own country. At length, in September, 1570, after having passed nine years at Rome, where he had surmounted many difficulties, and suffered many anxieties, without reaping any advantage, he quitted that city. During his continuance at Rome his press at Venice was not unemployed. Many editions were annually published, among which were several of his own; and latterly it had been conducted by Aldus, his son, with an attention far beyond his years.

Having at length quitted Rome, after an illness of nine months, and ardently desiring the restoration of his health, Paulus Manutius did not engage in the cares of his office, but sought that repose in the country, which he so much needed. He first retired to Piove del Sacco; and in October, 1571, he resolved to make an excursion in Italy. He visited Genoa, Reggio, and Milan, where he passed the winter in the society of Bart. Capra, and of Ottaviano Ferrari, to whom he was united by the ties of friendship. Though his health was impaired, he could not renounce his former studies, and the time which was not passed with his two friends, was devoted to his Commentary on the Orations of Cicero. In May, 1572, he returned to Venice, which he soon quitted for Rome, for the purpose of bringing home his daughter, but where he was induced again to stay by the liberality of Gregory XIII. Surrounded by his books, and finding in the midst of a populous city all the advantages of solitude he there continued his commentary, and suffered no abatement of his studies, but that which his constant state of ill health required. In three months he completed his commentaries on six orations; those for Ligarius and Dejotarus afterwards engaged his attention. The commentary upon the oration for Archias, was printed separately at Rome, apud Josephum de Angelis, 1572, with a preface by Paulus Manutius, inscribed to G. Boncompagno.

In February, 1573, his daughter married a young man of good family, who had gained some reputation in the profession of the law. Paulus Manutius had now apparently only to enjoy the repose which he had so long desired. Kindly received and greatly esteemed in the first city in the world, then the centre and the seat of learning, having only his favourite studies and his friends to engage his thoughts, residing with his son in-law and his daughter, whom he tenderly loved, nothing was wanting to complete his felicity but the certainty of a continuance for some years of this kind of life, so suitable to his inclinations. This happiness was denied; from the month of September, 1573, the year of his daughter's marriage, his health evidently declined. Three

months after he thought himself better; but great weakness remained, and a violent head-ache, which at times deprived him of the use of speech. Different remedies were applied, but his illness increased so rapidly, that he died April 6, 1574. He was interred without any inscription in the church of the Dominicans. He had lived sixty-one years, nine months, and twenty-one days. He expired in the arms of his son, who, on the first intimation of his father's alarming state, had quitted Venice with the hope of returning with him to that city, where he would be better enabled to pay him the necessary attentions; but he only arrived in time to receive his last breath.

Such were the life and death of Paulus Manutius, the honour of his family and of his art; universally regretted, because he was universally esteemed. He was in great favour with the rich and powerful, but derived very little benefit from their patronage, of which, however, during his whole life, he received continual assurances.

His literary productions are numerous, and in particular remarkable for their pure and elegant diction, formed upon the style of Cicero, which he made his constant study; as well as for their erudition and justness of criticism, 'argutum judicis acumen,' by which he is eminently distinguished from the multitude of editors and commentators. Among the principal are, the collection of his Latin Letters and Prefaces, which rank among the very best modern writings in that language; his Italian Letters; Commentaries on Cicero's Epistles, Rhetorical and Philosophical works, and on his Orations; Notes on Virgil; four treatises of Roman Antiquities, viz. De Legibus, De Senatu, De Comitiis, and De Civitate Romana. He also translated the Philippicks of Demosthenes, and wrote other treatises which accompanied some of his editions.

For the Anthology.

ORIGINAL LETTERS;

FROM AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER IN EUROPE, TO HIS FRIENDS IN THIS COUNTRY.

LETTER TWENTY-FOURTH.

Rome, December 6, 1804.

MY DEAR SISTER,

You will perceive by the dates of my letters, that if my days are devoted to curiosity and amusement, *all* my evenings are sacred to my friends. If I do not succeed in giving you a tolerable picture of Rome, it will be for want of talents, rather than exertion.

I have remarked, that the Romans in the later periods of their history, were more devoted to luxury, than they had ever been even to military glory. I have given a short sketch of their amphitheatres and circuses, which were devoted to pugilistick

combats, and to contests of gladiators; to races, both pedestrian and equestrian; and to combats with wild beasts. In the latter case, criminals condemned to die, were thrown in to combat with lions, tigers, wild-boars and buffaloes; and if they were happy enough to vanquish their ferocious enemies, they were liberated.

Rome had besides these, two Naumachias, or large basons of water, in which naval combats were exhibited, for the amusement of the people. One of them, that of Domitian, was in the square, a place on which we at present reside; and it is now replaced by a fountain made by the celebrated Bernini.

The exhibition of *naval* combats in the midst of a great city, though astonishing to a citizen of the present age who has not seen Rome, ceases to be so, when he knows the grandeur and extent of the Roman works for the transportation of water into the cities.

If the Romans deserve celebrity for the manner in which they triumphed over the obstacles, which opposed their progress: if their valour, their love of their country, their vast power, their extensive dominions, their magnificence and splendour demand our admiration; believe me, their operations and their labours in Italy, and in every country, to which their arms extended, in procuring water in their cities, are worthy of admiration, scarcely inferiour. The noblest relicks, which have resisted the hand of time, are their aqueducts. Not to mention the Aqua Felice, the Aqua Appia, and several other inferiour aqueducts, the Aqua Claudia alone would have rendered the name of the Romans immortal. If more is not said of these things, in speaking of the Romans, it is only because so much can be said of them on every topick. The Aqua Claudia is brought to Rome from a distance of not less than forty miles: it is conveyed the whole distance in a vast aqueduct, supported by brick arches, and which preserves its level throughout. It comes from ground so elevated, that they are able to carry it to the highest mountains in the city, on the top of which it rises in vigorous and picturesque Jets d'eau. Many people, willing to depreciate every thing grand, have lamented, that the Romans did not know the art of transporting water under ground, that they were unacquainted with the laws, which govern fluids, that they deemed it necessary always, to preserve the *level*. Be it so, if you please; though I *doubt it*. I came to Europe with the same *prejudices*, for I call them such; but I have reason to alter my opinion. The nations who now perfectly understand the laws of fluids, cannot manage them so well as the Romans did, in order to convey them under ground, to rise and descend hills, you must have pipes perfectly tight and strong. They must be either of lead, iron, or wood. No art that has yet been discovered can enable you to carry a *large volume* of water, in any degree equal to that conveyed by the Roman works, confined in any substance yet known. If you exceed certain dimensions, the pipes burst. To procure a great quantity of water, you must multiply the number of your pipes, and thus your expense equals that of these grand aqueducts. In all the great cities of Europe, except Rome, water is a precious and scarce article; they are obliged to be avaricious of it. But in Rome, where they have availed themselves of the labour of their ancesters, where the old aqueducts in some places still

remain, they bring a whole brook into the city, in a single aqueduct, and after supplying all the wants and luxuries of the inhabitants of every description, after exhibiting it in a thousand charming forms; millions of tons of water are hourly poured and wasted away in the Tiber.—One single fountain, that of *Trevi*, the most magnificent in the world, wastes as much water as would supply any ordinary city; but it is a rich and luxuriant waste, it cools and refreshes the air in summer; it cleanses their streets, and it exhibits the most enchanting spectacle, which Europe can boast. That I am not singular in these sentiments, is certain, because within 40 years, and since the laws of fluid have been perfectly known, the city of Montpelier, in France, with the aid of the province of Languedoc, have made a vast aqueduct on Roman principles, supported by double rows of arcades, one over each other, and conveying the water of a lake for more than seven miles to that city; when arrived at the city, it is suffered to form little lakes, cool, refreshing, grateful, luxurious. Not like the paltry aqueduct of Boston, conveying its streams through reeds or quills, and of which you are *even then*, frequently deprived; but descending in torrents, with a noise and freshness, that at once delights and astonishes! The remains of the aqueducts at Rome, besides those which supply the city at present, are the most considerable and extensive relicks of ancient grandeur. In whatever quarter of the environs you ramble, you encounter these vast piles, lifting their massive heads on high, and stretching beyond your view. They are still in high preservation.

Connected with their aqueducts were their baths. No people were more luxurious in this article, than the Romans. Possessing a country whose climate is peculiarly enervating in summer, and in which putrid diseases would undoubtedly be generated, without the greatest attention to cleanliness. The Romans, wise as they were noble, were peculiarly attentive to this part of their police, and this branch of domestick economy. Hence their cloacæ, or drains, were, and are still, the wonder of the world; and it has been often said, that Rome was more worthy of admiration, under the surface of the earth than above. Every rich man had his private bath; it was an article of the first importance. But in addition to these, many of the emperours built and furnished publick baths, which for magnificence and splendour, exceeded all the wonders of this astonishing city. I shall say nothing of any, but those of which there are yet some remains. These are Titus's, Diocletian's, and Caracalla's. Before I go into a description of the nature of them, I would observe, that they occupied each of them several acres of ground, that they often enclosed rotundas for statues, dancing rooms, theatres, and every convenience for publick amusement, for the gratification of the populace and nobility, when they retired from the baths. One of them was so extensive that two thousand persons could bathe in it at the same moment. I will defer any further remarks till another opportunity.

No person is better entitled, than you are to my unremitted attentions, for in addition to the claims you have, in common with others, you can exhibit them of a kind, almost peculiar to yourself. There has been scarcely an arrival from America, which has not brought us some new proof of your affectionate recollection. Believe me, my dear sister,

these tender proofs of regard are not lost upon me. It is however of little importance, to which of you I address my letters, since I well know that as soon as they are opened, they become a species of common property. But I hope you had the prudence and tender regard for my reputation, to recollect, that these letters, written for the private eye of my friends, will do me little, if any credit in the opinion of strangers. They are too negligently written, *often* too dull, and always too full of common-place remarks to give a respectable view of either my talents, or acquisitions. To the partial eyes of friends, these defects are of no moment, as they will not place affection in one scale, and nicely balance it against abilities and erudition.

Those who love me too well to judge with a critick's eye, and who feel an interest in whatever affects or interests me, I am very willing should see them, but no others.

Having landed you safely in my last letter on this side of the Rubicon, we are not like Julius Cæsar about to wage war upon our country, but we shall certainly commence hostilities upon Roman antiquities. I shall begin by a very formidable example. There is near the Rubicon a column restored by a cardinal of Rome, *the antiquity of which has been doubted*, but the Abbé Richard, the most eloquent writer of travels in Italy of all those whose works I have yet seen, says, that he does not see *why its authenticity has been doubted*. Upon it, is the following inscription in Latin, but which I shall translate for the benefit of the ladies, though I wish to preserve in my letters the original.

"Jussu Mandatove PR. Cos. Im. Trib. Miles. Tyro, Commilito armate. Quisquis es, manipularisve centurio turmæve Legionarium, hic sistito, arma deponito, nec citra hunc amnem Rubiconem signa ductum, exercitum commeatumve, Traducito. Si quis hujusce jussionis ergo adversus præcepta, ierit feceritve, adjudicatus esto hostis SPQR. ac si contra patriam arma tulerit, penatesque è sacris penetralibus, asportaverit SPQR Sanctio.

Plebiscito SVC.

Ultra hos fines arma proferre nemini liceat.

Which may be liberally and briefly thus rendered:

"By the solemn command of the Roman people—to all armed bodies and descriptions of men whatsoever, whether consuls, generals, tribunes, or subordinate officers or privates—here stop—lay down your arms—nor dare to pass this river, or to lead across it your embodied troops. If any one shall, in violation of this command, proceed, he shall be adjudged an enemy; and if he shall bear arms against his country, his household gods shall be removed from their sacred retreats."

Such is the solemn denunciation now recorded on this pillar, and I agree with Abbé Richard in the belief of its authenticity, because it is well known, that in very early times an opinion has prevailed as to the existence of such a prohibition, and because it is certain that this was the boundary between Cisalpine Gaul and Italy, in the time of the Romans. It was therefore natural, that they should prohibit their troops and generals from entering in hostile array into the bosom of their country. Had Cæsar been a man, who could be diverted from his purpose by a solemn decree of the senate, perhaps the liberties of Rome might have been preserved for ages. As you leave Rimini,

you coast along the shores of the Adriatick, till you reach Ancona, a distance of sixty or seventy miles. The view of this sea presenting a horizon to the east and south, limited only by the convexity of the earth, enlivened and diversified by vessels sailing in every direction, while at the same time, the land-prospect is variegated with hills, and covered with olive trees and vineyards, produces a combination of scenery, truly enchanting. Nothing is more beautiful then the Italian fashion of building their cities upon the tops of the mountains. Whether the idea of superiour salubrity in a hot climate, or security from those attacks, to which these unhappy people have been the constant prey, in all ages, induced them to this mode of building, is unimportant; all which the traveller knows, is the delightful effect: and we could not refrain from remarking, that if they had done it to beautify the country, for the gratification of strangers, they could not have paid them a happier or more agreeable compliment. These mountains, the Appenines, are almost universally cultivated, shaded with forests of olives, or decorated with vines.

Among these hills, near Rimini, and within view of the road, stands the celebrated republick of St. Marino, which owes more than half its reputation to the eloquence of Mr. Addison, who visited and described it, in 1704; just *one century ago*. But a century produces great changes in the affairs of men, and of course in opinions. It was a mighty fashionable and pretty thing, for literary men, in Addison's day, *and since*, to write sweet sounding sentences about a species of liberty which nobody had tried, and of course nobody understood. The practical lessons which have been taught us, in the latter part of that same century, have given birth to new and more correct opinions on that subject We agree, that although it may be possible for seven thousand *poor labourers*, without property, without commerce, with that sort of real equality which arises from general indigence, as is the case at St. Marino, to maintain a mere democracy, yet that the thing is perfectly Utopian in a populous, rich, and growing nation, where property must be unequal, and where the *walls and the fences* must be secure, in proportion to the value of the treasure they contain. That a free republick can be maintained even in countries of the last description is true, but not *that sort* of free republick which Mr. Addison, Dr. Moore, and other writers, who have thought and reasoned, rather than *felt*, upon the subject, would give us. It must be a free republick, with sufficient stability, energy, and force, to resist the spirit of democracy and faction, to preserve the rights of person and property, and which does not owe its strength, to the mere force of popular opinion; a thing never fixed, often erroneous, and even when right, frequently upon improper grounds.

But what a dish of politicks I am serving up, out of so small materials as the little republick of St. Marino. It is like the French or Italian cookery, so changed you can hardly recognize the origin. St. Marino is a little city, with some small environs, which owed its origin to a *Religieux*, or hermit, who retired hither, and whose reputation for sanctity became so great, that the inhabitants flocked into his vicinity, aud founded a city. As the country is mountainous, the

inhabitants have been confined to their own settlement, have remained poor and contented. The climate of Italy favours this indifference to wealth; you find it every where. The inhabitants of St. Marino having no commerce, no extra wealth; they have no inequality, and of course have maintained their liberties for thirteen hundred years; but it ought to be added, that they have few or no enjoyments, and are little above savages. It is almost the only *government* in Italy, which has not been altered by the French revolution But happily for them, they had no money, no statues, no pictures; there were therefore, no inducements for the friends of liberty, to take compassion on them, as they have done upon the oppressed of all their rich neighbours, kindly relieving them of their oppressive wealth, and their burdensome relicks of antiquity.

A few miles beyond Fano, on the borders of the Adriatick sea, and not farther than thirty miles from Rimini, you pass the river *Metaurus*, very celebrated by the victory which the Romans gained over Asdrubal, the Carthaginian general, who came to the assistance of his brother Hannibal. You may remember that Hannibal having passed the Alps, and repeatedly defeated the Roman armies, took up his winter quarters in the kingdom of Naples, waiting for this recruit, which he expected from Spain.—Claudius Nero, the Consul, who was watching Hannibal with an army, hearing of Asdrubal, ordered the fires to be kept up in his camp, to deceive Hannibal, decamped in the night, met Asdrubal at this spot, the banks of the Metaurus, wholly defeated his army, killed him, returned to the siege of Hannibal's camp, and by throwing in Asdrubal's head, gave the Carthaginians the first notice of his arrival and defeat. It was the greatest and most decisive event in the whole Roman history. Had Asdrubal joined his brother, it has been often remarked that probably Rome would have fallen like Carthage.

For the Anthology.

SILVA, No. 46.

. . . . . Te nostræ, Vare, myricæ,
Te nemus omne canet: nec Phœbo gratior ulla est
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.
VIRG. 6 EC. 10.

MORE OF GRAY.

THE incorrigible admirers of Gray, quote with enthusiasm the following lines;—

Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

To say nothing of the inadmissible rhyme of *cloud* and *flood*, in a writer, cried up as a model of correctness, he offends in this stanza against purity of language. We talk of repairing a house, and re-

pairing a bridge; but who ever heard before of *repairing a flood?*

In order to defend the obscurity of their favourite bard, these ingenious gentlemen have lately discovered that obscurity increases the sublime; than which, there cannot be a more absurd notion, the authority of Burke notwithstanding. [Men write to be read, and are read to be understood; and there can be neither good poetry, nor good prose, without good sense.] Le Sage, admirably ridicules this absurd notion, in the conversation between Gil Blas and the poet Fabricius. "I found the work so obscure, says the former, that I could not comprehend it.—He perceived it. This sonnet, says he to me, appears to you to want clearness, does it not? I acknowledged to him, that I could have wished for a little less obscurity.—He laughed at my expense, and replied; if this sonnet is wholly unintelligible, so much the better — Sonnets, odes, and other works, that aim at sublimity, must not be reduced to simplicity and nature; it is in their obscurity that their whole merit consists. Surely, interrupted I, you are jesting with me, my friend. Goodness and clearness are indispensable in all poems of whatever nature they may be."

Gil Blas Liv. 17. ch. 13.

Gray's Latin poetry is extremely elegant; but I am rather surprized that so excellent a scholar should have been guilty of a false quantity. In the following line he makes the i in the conjunction *uti* short, which is uniformly long.

Ac uti longinquis descendunt montibus amnes.
De principiis cogitandi. V. 54.

The following poem, addresed to Mr. West, from Genoa, consisting of a single stanza, was, surely, not worth publication.

Horridos tractus, Boreæque linquens
Regna Taurini fera, molliorem
Advehor brumam, Genuæque amantes
Littora soles.

The information contained in these lines, is scarcely as important, as in the following:

From rocky Marblehead, where we
Could get nor wine nor brandy,
We joyful came to Boston town,
For Boston is the dandy.

.....

IMPORTANCE OF HINTS.

MANY of the shades and singularities in the characters of men, which are extremely difficult to be accounted for, are sometimes discovered by the observation of trifling incidents, or remarks not intentionally relating to them. Thus I was always surprized at the taste of Mr. ——, in admiring a lady, till, in dining with him one day, I heard him remark, while mingling Cayenne profusely in his gravy, that he liked every thing *highly relished.*

.....

FACILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI.

THIS a is literary, as well as a moral truth; at least it is almost as much a matter of course, for a poet to give his hero a passport to the infernal regions, as it is for a man, on his entrance into life, to take the most direct road to them.

"And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes."

The famous descents of the much enduring, and of the pious man, are familiar to most readers. Homer gives but a sorry account of the

shades below: "I would rather," says Achilles, "be a hired workman, in the service of the humblest man on earth, however poor, than to bear rule over all these decaying carcasess." Virgil's is more tolerable. He informs us, that the air is more free, and the sky never clouded; that the charioteer can there drive his steed without molestation, and the wrestler battle, till the stars appear in the sky. Of all the infernal descents, one described by the French Homer, is not the least curious. He there assigns an honourble place to most of those, called great and good men.

Tu sais, lecteur, qu'en ces feux devorans
Les meilleurs rois sont avec les tyrans.
Vous y grillez, sage et docte Platon,
Divin Homere, eloquent Ciceron,
Et vous, Socrate, enfant de la sagesse,
Martyr de Dieu dans la profane Grece,
Juste Aristide et vertueux Solon,
Tous malheureux morts sans confession.

The same poem, that contains this extract. whose name, for obvious reasons, I omit to mention, is remarkable for many passages of the most sweet and luscious description. The elegance of the following passage, is enough to abstract the mind from any dangerous ideas it might otherwise excite. It describes the meeting kiss of two tender lovers.

De dire un mot aucun d'eux n'eut la force
Ni le loisir; le feu prit à l'amorce
En un clin d'oeil; un baiser amoureux,
Unit soudain leurs bouches demi-closes,
Leur ame vint sur leurs levres de roses;
Un tendre feu sortit de leurs beaux yeux
Dans leurs baisers leurs langues se chercherent;
Qu'e'oquemment alors elles parlerent!
Discours muets, language des desirs,
Charmant prelude, organe des plaisirs
Pour un moment il vous fallut suspendre
Ce doux concert et ce duo si tendre.

WINCKELMAN.

THIS celebrated critick and connoisseur was born in the greatest poverty and obscurity. In his youth, he kept a school in an obscure village on the Elbe, the place of his birth; the following extract of a letter, written at Rome, to a friend at Zurich, shews strongly the contrast between the thoughts and occupation of his youth. "Let us be always as children at table, and content ourselves with what is served us, without putting our hand to the dish, and without murmuring, when little is given us. Let us play our character, whatever it may be, in the best manner we can. I formerly filled the function of schoolmaster with the greatest punctuality, and I taught the ABC to dirty, scratching children, while I was aspiring, during this recreation, to a knowledge of the *beautiful*, and meditating on the comparisons of Homer. I said then, as at present, peace, my heart, thy force is still greater than thy fatigues."

.....

ARCHIMEDES.

Many have striven to account in various ways for the astonishing influence of ecclesiasticks in society. An ingenious authour has illustrated it by an allusion to the boast of Archimedes. "Give me a place on which to stand," said he, "and I can move the earth." The ecclesiasticks have stationed their machines on another world.

.....

ELEGIACK POETRY

THOUGH, in its original design, intended to interest, and, by interesting, to refine and elevate the social

affections to a severer purity, and an end far higher and nobler than they generally attain, is, in modern times, as the general disrelish for such writing fully evinces, almost always tame and inanimate. There creeps through every English elegy, I ever attempted to read, such a cold and lifeless languor, such a drowsy, monotonous, funeral pageant of undertaker's imagery and sobbing snivelling sentiment, that, under oath, I should hardly dare to say, I ever, at one sitting, read even the Elegy written in the Country Church Yard, from one end to the other. And yet none is readier than I, to acknowledge that Gray, whose laurels, instead of withering, are every day shooting into richer luxuriance, derives much of his fame from that popular poem.

A young lady, just opening into life, full of hope, ardent, lovely, innocent and artless, is suddenly arrested; disease fastens on her frame; the roses on her cheek sicken; her tongue, which once rivalled the mellowest warbles of the thrush, is now hardly able to articulate the last sad farewell; her eye no longer beams with love, or sparkles with intelligence, or flashes with rapture; her beauty, her vivacity, her joys, her wishes, all that could sooth her vanity, or gratify her pride, these, alas, and more than these, all her fondly cherished expectations; nay, even her serenity, which, before her health declined, was placid as the smile that dawns and brightens to seraphick beauty on an infant's cheek, is ruffled by the pangs of sickness. Such and so meagre, is the usual and perhaps the most fertile subject of elegy. Is it then strange, that elegy seldom pleases, and never delights. For my own part, and with my present opinions, I would not give the worst ode of Horace or Pindar for all the moping melancholy of all the elegies in christendom. Such an exchange would be like trucking off, in a fit of petulance, the honest and generous luxuries and enjoyments of a city life, for the turnips and trencher, the gloomy solitude, and sullen equanimity of such miserable old boobies, as, from disgust or niggardliness, sneak into retirement, and then are willing to be called, and even call, and, perhaps, sometimes fancy themselves, hermits.

.....

COTILLONS.

The Cotillon, or under-petticoat dance, received its name from that garment, which, to the exclusion of others was appropriated to its use. It is painful to observe that the ladies of Boston, are so far backward in the ranks of fashion, that, on those days of battle array, when they are drawn up to near and warm engagements, they have not yet ventured to assume their uniform. Is there no one of sufficient publick spirit to stand forward, and, like Ulysses, throwing off her useless rags, assume the majesty and simplicity of the Cotillon. An objection, indeed, may be raised, that, provided the external finery be removed, the expected substitute would not appear: that fashion has long since deprived a lady's person of that useless incumbrance. Without pretending to enter into the merits of this objection, or to decide, whether the garment, next but one to the skin, whatever be its quality and texture, be not the one in question, we would, with all humility, beg leave to inquire, whether Mrs. Cruft, and Miss Brown, and Mrs.

——, and Miss ——, &c. ad infinitum, are not sufficient to supply any demand, which this town and its vicinity can create. Away with such frivolous evasions.

.....

ALGEBRA AND SOAP.

THERE may appear, to most readers, to be very little connection between these two things, and I am not going to prove the contrary; but I have joined them together, to illustrate this position, that those inventions, we never make any use of ourselves, we never should have discovered, had we accompanied the globe, from its first revolution, till the present day. If this position be true, algebra would not have owed its existence to me, and Mathesis would never have found out the art of making soap.

.....

LAUDES CANTABRIGIÆ.

THOUGH naturally more disposed to admire, than to envy, I confess, I often feel this passion excited by the fair retreats of a college graduate. Our college does not yet furnish the enviable privileges of the English ones; our fellowships are not fat, and our professorships, at least some of them, are not sinecures; but there is still much room for indulgence. Who cannot but envy the sweet sociability of a class, refined, not by the contact of common intercourse, but of classick research; the contemplation of ancient heroes softens their manners, and theirs are those nights, which a brilliant orator has styled "refections of the Gods; delightful, because spent

> .....not in toys, and lust, and wine,
> But search of deep philosophy,
> Wit, eloquence, and poesy:
> Arts that I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.

Those, who, like me, are enamoured alike of collegiate scenes and authors, will be pleased with an application of

HORACE, Lib. 2, Ode 6.
Septimi, Gades aditure mecum, et *Cantabrum indoctum*, &c.

To J. B.

Dear Jac. did peace attend my quill,
I'd pass my days in Boston still,
Farfamed for dinners, cooked with skill,
That literary town;
But forced by fate to douse my peak,
I've often wished with thee to seek
A seat in Cambridge, snug and sleek,
And set me quiet down.

There fair and softly lulled to rest
An Alma Mater's downy breast,
With cares of fame nor self distrest,
Of sleep we'd take our fill;
O'er Greek and Latin gently snore,
Relieve with wine our arid lore,
And try, when streams Parnassian pour,
To drive a mutual quill.

There, haply, lobsed from griping claw,
Of physick thou, and I of law,
The lot propitious each may draw
To fill tutorial chair.
No wayward wife shall scold and weep,
No brawling babies break our sleep,
Nor busy female dare to sweep
The learned cobwebs there.

What though they lure to sad surprize
With rising breasts, and rolling eyes;
Convinced we know the seeming guise,
And shun the shining woe.
And then, when Clotho cuts my twine,
Thy hand shall weave the serious line,
A drop of ink, and one of brine,
Shall say, in sacred peace, recline
The student's bones below.

For the Anthology.

ENGLISH TRAVELLER'S JOURNAL.

Gentlemen,

As you have published a translation of a French memoir, I offer for your miscellany the following extract from a manuscript journal by an English traveller. The English are not easily pleased with other nations, and they have many reasons to be satisfied with their own; but it may not be absurd to inquire, whether some of their travellers, who *travel to publish*, do not sometimes, speak of countries they visit, in a way to *ensure a sale* by gratifying the prejudices of those, who remain at home. I cannot pretend to say how far Weld, Parkinson, or Thomas Ashe, Esq. have been influenced in this way; but I think the person, whose manuscript has fallen in my way, has probably read, if he has not imitated these authors. I cannot say exactly, who or what he was, but from some hints, in the manuscript, I should conjecture that he was an English agent, and that he had previously passed some years in India, where he had originally gone as a writer, or in some other subaltern employment, in the civil service of the East India Company.

Extract from the Journal of an English traveller, addressed to his friend.

Boston—Being now landed in this town, I have resolved to note down without method, such circumstances and observations as may occur to me, with a hope that their perusal may sometimes recall a distant friend. Having seen India, and once more bid adieu to Old England, and crossed the Atlantick ocean, I am resolved to look at objects as they present themselves, without prejudice; though the comforts and conveniences, which an Englishman leaves behind him, when he quits his country, and for which he cannot find even tolerable substitutes in any other, are sufficient to depress the most ardent curiosity, and seem inconsistent with that spirit of restlessness, and design of travel, that are so common to Englishmen.

This town is called, I know not why, the capital of New-England. Alas! how different from the capital of Old England. They are just laying the foundation of a state-house, which I should judge must be a stupid building.* Some of the houses in State street, which is the principal street, have railings on the top of them, for drying clothes, which gives them a curious appearance.†

Their meat, poultry and vegeta-

* A man must possess considerable ingenuity, to judge of a building from its foundation; if the writer had seen it in its finished state, he would have shrunk from giving any opinion about it.—Ed.

† By force of habit, people grow insensible to what is most remarkable. Few people in Boston have noticed this appearance, which must have been striking, as it is mentioned in the same way, by Weld, one of the most intelligent English tourists in our country, and is almost the only observation he makes upon Boston.—Ed.

bles, are inferiour in both size and flavonr to those of England, but the quality out of the question, are rather cheaper in price. This inferiority is attempted to be concealed by a greater variety of dishes, than is common at our tables. They boast a great deal of their fish, but I know of none that can be compared to a Thames salmon. Their port wine is so bad, that it is impossible to drink it, and I have followed the general custom of drinking Madeira. Indeed I have found my countrymen generally, who are very fond of port in England, prefer drinking Madeira here.

Many of their customs have appeared to me very uncouth; my residence has been so short, that I have not been able to remark them all, but I must mention one which struck me as very strange, and which I think would seem so to the ladies of our acquaintance. One evening a lady who lodges in the same house with me, and who was going in full dress to a ball, ordered the servant "to get her a hack." I could not help exclaiming at this, and asked her, if she was going to make use of a hack? She blushed, and said, she had no other way of going. If the evening had been bad, I do not kuow how she would have managed.*

The battle of Bunker's-Hill was fought in the neighbourhood of this town, and I was particularly induced to visit it, from col. Mac Donald's description of it, in his preface to the translation of the field service of the French Infantry; he says that "the British though incumbered with their knapsacks, and three days provisions, ascended Bunker's-Hill, in the most sultry weather, and stormed the enemy's works, defended by three times their number." The hill is opposite the town, and only a narrow river to cross; and after taking the hill and destroying the works, it was intended that their army should return into the town; this arrangement, therefore, was singularly preposterous, and even cruel towards our brave soldiers, and I am surprised the commanding officer was not reprimanded for a measure, that must have occasioned great part of the loss on that day.† In this contest, as on every other occasion, the bravery, valour, generosity, benevolence, liberality, and charity of the British were eminently shewn.

These people are the vainest in the world; they are always prating about their science and literature; and yet, you may believe me, I have not found a single individual, who can speak the modern Persian, or even the Hindostanee, while there is not one of the Company's servants, who has resided only ten years in India, but can speak one or the other of the languages of India with tolerable fluency.

Montreal—I have made my journey hither, in a vehicle, called a sleigh, which is drawn with great rapidity. The snow was three feet in depth over the whole country, which appeared to me poorly and thinly cultivated. At a town, called Andover, I was much shocked, on finding that there were two persons insane in the town where I stopped, and I was told, there were as many in several other houses. What a dreadful calamity, that the

* This is one of those mistakes which lively travellers are apt to fall into. In England, a *back* is a name given only to a horse; and instead of our abbreviation, *go call me a back*, they say, *go call me a coach.*

† The writer is needlessly angry with the British officers, as their troops were not encumbered in the way he supposes.

loss of reason should be so common.*

Canada possesses vast advantages over the United States. The cold here is regular, and lasts six months; their means of transportation, therefore, are more easy and expeditious. In the United States it does not last more than three, and they are subject to great variations in their temperature in the spring and autumn. Canada is free from those perpetual squabbles of elections, which are a great annoyance in the United States. The commerce of Canada has not hitherto flourished so much as its agriculture; but if the United States should ever lay an embargo on their commerce, it would add vastly to the prosperity of these flourishing provinces.†

* The writer was not aware, that persons, in this unfortunate situation, are frequently sent to Andover.

† This would have been once thought a whimsical argument in favour of Canada, but recent events prevent the expression of any such opinion.

POETRY.

SELECTED.

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

BY MRS. MADAN, THE AUNT OF COWPER.

IN my dark cell, low-prostrate on the ground,
Mourning my crimes, thy letter entrance found:
Too soon my soul the well known name confest,
My beating heart sprang fiercely in my breast.
Through my whole frame a guilty transport glow'd,
And streaming torrents from my eyes fast flow'd.
Oh, Eloisa! art thou still the same?
Dost thou still nourish this destructive flame?
Have not the gentle rules of peace and heav'n
From thy soft soul this fatal passion driv'n?
Alas! I thought you disengag'd and free;
And can you still, still sigh and weep for me,
What powerful deity, what hallowed shrine
Can save me from a love, a faith like thine?
Where shall I fly, when not this awful cave,
Whose rugged feet the surging billows lave,
When not these gloomy cloisters, solemn walls,
O'er whose rough sides the languid ivy crawls,
When my dread vows in vain their force oppose,
Oppos'd to love, alas, how vain are vows!
In fruitless penitence I wear away
Each tedious night and sad revolving day.
I fast, I pray, and with deceitful art
Veil thy dear image in my tortur'd heart.
My tortur'd heart conflicting passions move:
I hope, repent, despair—yet still I love!
A thousand jarring thoughts my bosom tear,

For *thee*, not God—oh, Eloise, art there!
To the false world's delusive pleasures dead,
Nor longer by its wandering fires misled,
In learn'd disputes harsh precepts I infuse,
And give the counsel, I want power to use.
The rigid maxims of the grave and wise
Have quench'd each milder sparkle of my eyes;
Each lively feature in this once-lov'd face,
By grief revers'd, assumes a sterner grace.
Oh, Eloisa! should the fates once more
Indulgent to my wish, thy charms restore,
How from my arms wouldst thou with horrour start,
To miss the form familiar to thy heart.
Nought could thy quick, thy piercing judgment see,
To speak me Abelard, but love to thee.
Lean abstinence, pale grief, and haggard care,
The dire attendants of forlorn despair
Have Abelard the gay, the young remov'd,
And in the *Hermit*, sunk the *man* you lov'd.
Wrapt in the gloom these holy mansions shed
The thorny paths of penitence I tread,
Lost to the world, from all its interests free,
And torn from all my heart held dear in *thee!*
Ambition with its train of frailties gone,
All loves, all forms forgot, but thine alone.
Amid the blaze of day, the dusk of night,
My Eloisa rises to my sight.
Veil'd as in Paraclete's secluded towers,
The wretched mourner counts the lagging hours;
I hear her sighs, see the swift falling tears,
Weep all her griefs, and pant with all her cares.
Oh vows; O convent! your stern force impart,
And frown the melting image from my heart.
Let other sighs, a worthier sorrow show,
Let other tears, for sin repentant flow!
Lo to the earth my guilty eyes I roll,
And humble to the dust my heaving soul.
Forgiving power! thy gracious call I meet,
Who first impower'd this rebel heart to beat;
Who through this trembling, this offending frame,
For nobler ends infus'd life's active flame;
Oh change the temper of this lab'ring breast,
And form anew, this beating pulse to rest.
Let springing Grace, fair Truth, and Hope remove
The fatal traces of destructive love.
Destructive love from his warm mansions tear,
And leave no trace of Eloisa there.
Are these the wishes of my inmost soul?
Would I its soft, its tenderest sense control?
Would I this touch'd, this glowing heart refine
To the cold substance of that marble shrine.
Transform'd like these pale forms that round me move
Of blest insensibles, whok now not love;
Oh! rather let me keep this hapless flame,
Adieu false honour! unavailing fame!
Not your harsh rules but tenderer love supplies
The streams that gush from my despairing eyes.

I feel the traitor melt about my heart,
And through my veins its treach'rous influence dart.
Inspire me Heaven! assist me grace Divine!
Aid me ye Saints, unknown to griefs like mine!
You, who on earth all griefs serene could prove,
All but the torturing pangs of hopeless love.
A holier rage in your pure bosoms dwelt,
Nor can you *pity* what you never *felt*.
A sympathetick grief alone can cure,
The hand that *heals*, must *feel* what I endure.
Thou, Eloise, alone canst give me ease,
And bid my struggling soul subside to peace.
Restore me to my long lost heaven of rest,
And take thyself from my reluctant breast!
If crimes like mine could an allay receive.
That blest allay thy wond'rous charms could give.
Thy form, that first to love my heart inclin'd,
Still wanders in my lost, my guilty mind.
I saw thee, as the opening blossoms fair,
Sprightly as light, more soft than summer's air,
Bright as their beams, thy eyes a mind disclose,
While on thy lips, gay blush'd the fragrant rose.
Wit, youth and love, in each dear feature shone,
Prest by my fate, I gaz'd, and was undone!
There died the generous fire, whose vig'rous flame,
Enlarg'd my soul and led me on to fame.
Nor fame, nor wealth my softened heart could move,
Dull and insensible to all but love.
Snatch'd from myself, my learning tasteless grew,
Vain my philosophy oppos'd to you!
A train of woes succeed—nor should we mourn
The hours that cannot—ought not to return!
As once to *love* I sway'd your yielding mind,
Too fond, alas! too fatally inclin'd,
To *Virtue* now let me your heart inspire,
And fan with zeal divine the heavenly fire,
Teach you to injur'd heav'n all chang'd to turn,
And bid your soul with sacred raptures burn.
Oh! that my bright example might impart
This noble warmth to your soft, trembling heart;
That mine, with pious, undissembled care,
Could aid each latent virtue struggling there!
Alas! I rave. Nor grace, nor zeal divine,
Burns in a heart oppress'd with crimes like mine.
Too sure I find, while I the tortures prove,
Of feeble piety, conflicting love,
On black despair my forc'd devotion's built,
Absence for me has sharper pangs than *guilt!*
Yet, yet my Eloise, thy charms I view,
Yet my sighs breathe, my tears pour forth for you.
Each weak resistance stronger knits the chain—
I sigh, weep, love, despair, repent—in vain.
Haste Eloisa, haste, thy lover free,
Amid your warmest pray'rs, oh think on me!
Wing with your rising zeal my grov'ling mind,
And let me mine from your repentance find.
Ah! labour, strive, your love, yourself controul,
The change will sure affect my kindred soul:

In blest content our purer sighs shall breathe,
And Heav'n assisting shall our crimes forgive;
But if unhappy, wretched, lost—in vain,
Faintly th'unequal combat you sustain;
If not to Heav'n you feel your bosom rise,
Nor tears refin'd fall contrite from your eyes,
If still your heart its wonted passions move,
If still—to speak all pains in one—you love;
Deaf to the weak essays of human breath
Attend the stronger eloquence of death.
When that kind pow'r this captive soul shall free,
(Which only then can cease to think of thee,
When gently sunk to my eternal sleep,
The Paraclete my peaceful urn shall keep;
Then, Eloisa, then, thy lover view,
See his quench'd eyes no longer gaze on you;
From their dead orbs that tender utt'rance flown,
Which first to thine, my heart's warm tale made known,
This breast no more (at length to ease consign'd,)
Pant like the wav'ring aspen in the wind:
See all my wild tumultuous passions o'er,
And thou, amazing change, belov'd no more.
Behold the destin'd end of *human love*,
But let the sight your zeal *alone* improve.
Let not your conscious soul, to pity mov'd,
Recal how much, how tenderly we lov'd!
With pious care your fruitless griefs restrain,
Nor let one tear the sacred veil prophane.
Nor e'en a sigh in my cold urn bestow,
But let your breast with new-born raptures glow;
Let LOVE DIVINE frail mortal love dethrone,
And to your mind immortal joys make known.
Let heaven relenting strike your ravish'd view;
And still the bright, the blest pursuit renew,
So with your *crimes* shall your *misfortunes* cease,
And your rack'd soul be calmly hush'd to peace.

ON READING WERTER.

Thy self wrought sorrows Werter, when I view,
Why falls not o'er the page soft pity's dew?
Are there no tears for thy unhappy lot?
Is tenderness no more, and love forgot?
Or chill'd my breast by fifty winters' snow,
And dead the touch of sympathetick woe?
No! o'er this bosom fifty winters old,
Love, wedded love, still prints his shafts of gold;
Still waves his purple wings, and o'er my urn
With brightest rays his constant lamp shall burn.
Not such thy torch of Love, in angry mood,
By furies kindled, and put out in blood!
From the black deed affrighted pity flew,
And horrour froze the tear, compassion drew.
While from thy gloomy page I learn to know,
That virtuous tears alone for virtuous sorrow flow

THE BOSTON REVIEW.

FOR

DECEMBER, 1808.

Librum tuum legi & quàm diligentissimè potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maximè laudari merentur. PLIN.

ART. 41.

The Apostolick Origin of Episcopacy, asserted in a series of letters, addressed to the Rev. Dr. Miller, one of the pastors of the United Presbyterian churches in the city of New-York. By the Rev. John Bowden, D.D. professor of moral philosophy, logick, and belles lettres in Columbia College. New-York, printed and sold by T. & J. Swords. 1808. 2 *vols.* 12*mo.*

WHETHER controversy be friendly, or hostile, to the interests of religion, is a disputed point, on which mankind, probably, will never agree. On the one hand, it unquestionably tends to the investigation and developement of truth, excites industry, and promotes learning; but, on the other hand, it is too apt to kindle the flame of uncharitable zeal, and, by stimulating the bad passions of our nature, to lead to sectarian bigotry and personal animosity.

Every liberal and enlightened christian, of whatever persuasion, will readily acknowledge, that whoever believes in the Saviour, and makes his gospel the rule of his life, will be accepted; and that, at the great day of final retribution, no enquiry will be made, to what sect we may have belonged, or what mode of worship we may have embraced.

If these, then, are objects of inferiour consideration, we may justly express our surprise at the importance that many attach to creeds and forms, for the belief and adoption of which no man can, in reality, be either the better or the worse. In affairs of indifference, it is, perhaps, the wisest way to persevere in the mode of worship, in which we have been educated, whether it be Presbyterian, Congregational, or Episcopalian.

But, though we profess ourselves wholly uninterested in the present controversy, yet, as we have reviewed the work of Dr. Miller, the impartiality, which we boast, compels us to do the same justice to Dr. Bowden. We shall state, as concisely as possible, the sentiments of the writer, and not, like some of our brother criticks, make ourselves parties in the dispute. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.*

Dr. Bowden, in his first letter, accuses his antagonist of having withholden from his readers, nume-

rous testimonies, very pointed and decisive, in favour of Episcopacy, and of having misrepresented, in a most striking manner, matters of fact. He affirms, that the authority of Jerome is decisive in favour of Episcopacy, from whom he quotes the following passages. "That we may know (says Jerome) that the apostolick traditions were taken from the Old Testament, that which Aaron, and his sons, and the Levites were in the temple, let the bishops, presbyters, and deacons claim to themselves in the church."* The Doctor thinks this a most pointed and unequivocal testimony in favour of Episcopacy, and argues, that the sense, which Dr. Miller would give to this passage, cannot be sustained. "We know (says Jerome) that what Aaron and his sons *were*, *that* the bishops and presbyters *are*.† "The apostles (says Jerome, addressing the church) were thy fathers, because they begat thee. But now that they have left the world, thou hast, in their stead, their sons, the bishops."‡ Here (says the Doctor) Jerome asserts, that the bishops succeeded to the station of the apostles, which could not be true, if the apostles had not devolved their office upon the bishops; and he repeatedly declares, that bishops, superiour to presbyters, were set over certain churches by apostolick authority; as James over the church of Jerusalem, Timothy over the church of Ephesus, Titus over the church of Crete, Epaphroditus over the church of Philippi, and Polycarp over the church of Smyrna. The Doctor then expresses his surprise, that his antagonist should misrepresent these passages in favour of ministerial parity. Without the bishop's licence (says Jerome) neither presbyter nor deacon has a right to baptize; and he asserts that Polycarp was made bishop of Smyrna by St. John himself.§ In his 54th epistle, Jerome mentions the difference between the Catholicks and the Montanist hereticks: 'With us, the bishops hold the place of the apostles, that is, the first rank; with them, the bishop holds the third place.' They placed him (continues the Doctor) below a deacon, and this was one mark of their being hereticks; for it was contrary to apostolick truth and institution. 'It is the custom of the church (says Jerome) for bishops to go and invoke the Holy Spirit by imposition of hands on such as were baptized by presbyters and deacons, in villages and places remote from the mother church.'* Do you ask (says he) where this is written? In the Acts of the Apostles. Here (says the Doctor) Jerome gives it as his opinion, that the authority of the bishops to administer the rite of *confirmation*, is founded on the word of God; consequently, the episcopal office has a divine warrant. Our author proceeds to prove that the sense, which Dr. Miller gives to these passages of Jerome, is preposterous, and inconsistent with the established canons of criticism. He then advances to the consideration of those passages from Jerome, which his antagonist had called 'explicit and decisive testimony,' premising, that, if Dr. Miller's quotations could prove that Jerome did not believe Episcopacy to be an apostolick institution, then that father would have grossly contra-

* Ep. ad Evag.
† Ep. ad Nepot.
‡ De Scrip. Eccles.
§ Dial. adv. Lucifer. c. 4.
* Ibid.

dicted himself, and would be entitled to no credit from either party.

The first passage from Jerome, quoted by Dr. Miller, and taken notice of by Dr. Bowden, is the following. 'Before there were, by the instigation of the devil, parties in religion, and it was said among the people, *I am of Paul, I of Apollos, and I of Cephas*, the churches were governed by the common council of presbyters.' Our author argues, that, as these words were written by St. Paul when the apostles were still living, Episcopacy was, in all probability, immediately established, or soon after, for the important purpose of checking the schism which had broken out at Corinth. Dr. Miller's inference from this passage, that Episcopacy did not take its rise till the fourth century, our author styles a *monstrous assumption*, which he did not expect from a person of Dr. Miller's good sense and learning.

"Jerome (says Dr. Miller) adduces proof, that bishop and presbyter were originally the same, from portions of the New Testament, which were certainly written *after* the first epistle of the Corinthians." But, says Dr. Bowden, the latest of those epistles, even if we adopt the dates of Pearson, which *are* the latest, was written but eight years after the schism broke out at Corinth; that hence it is evident, that bishops were placed in those churches soon after that event, for Jerome expressly declares, that Timothy was made bishop of Ephesus, Titus of Crete, Epaphroditus of Philippi, by St. Paul himself. If Dr. Miller will persevere in insisting, that Jerome means to affirm that there is no ministerial officer superiour to presbyter, then he makes the writer flatly contradict himself, who, in other places, has expressly declared, that there were three degrees in the christian ministry, bishop, presbyter, and deacon, of which the first was supreme.

The next proof adduced from Jerome, by Dr. Miller, in favour of ministerial equality, is this. 'Jerome (says Dr Miller) further informs us, that the pre-eminence of bishops at Alexandria, was only such as the body of presbyters were able to confer. They were only standing presidents or moderators, and all the ordination they received, on being thus chosen, was performed *by the presbyters themselves.*' Dr. Bowden denies that Jerome asserts this. He affirms, that he merely says, 'the bishop was *chosen* by them out of their own body, and accuses Dr. Miller of suppressing this most important sentence. 'For what (says Jerome) does a bishop, which a presbyter may not do, *excepting ordination?* Dr. Bowden thinks, that if Jerome speaks here of his own time, as Dr. Miller may suppose, that there is neither sense nor grammar in the passage. He considers the following circumstance a strong presumption, that Dr. Miller has entirely mistaken the meaning of Jerome, respecting the church of Alexandria; because, if Origen, who was one of the presbyters of that church, one hundred and fifty years before Jerome, and complains of being ill treated by his bishop Demetrius, had considered him merely as his fellow presbyter, he would not, in all probability, have failed to have reminded him of his equality. But, so far from this, Origen repeatedly declares, that Episcopacy is a divine institution. Bishop Pearson, our author observes, quotes several writers, who particularly mention, that the bishop of Alexandria was always ordained, not by presbyters, but by a bishop.

The Doctor expresses his surprize, that his antagonist should place any dependence on *Eutychius*, to whose testimony he objects for the following reasons. 1. Eutychius lived as late as the tenth century, and quotes no authorities. 2. He seems to have known little of the Alexandrian church in the earlier ages, and, in some well-known particulars, contradicts the best writers of antiquity. 3. His ignorance of the history of the Alexandrian church is conspicuous from what he says of Origen, the most noted man of his time. He says, that Origen was bishop of the Mangabenses, though it is well known, that he never rose higher in the church than presbyter; and that he lived in the reign of Justinian, in the fifth and sixth centuries, when it is notorious, that he lived in the second and third. These reasons the Doctor thinks sufficient for setting aside the authority of Eutychius, respecting the history and discipline of the primitive church.

The Doctor then recapitulates his arguments, and finishes his letter with an animated quotation from Dr. Hobart, which terminates in these words of Dr. Maurice. 'If the presbyterian parity had any place in the primitive times, as some do imagine, it must needs have been an *intolerable kind of government*; since, all on a sudden, it was universally abolished. It must have given strange occasion of offence, when all the christian churches in the world should conspire to abrogate this polity, and *to destroy all the memory and footsteps of it.*'

(To be continued.)

ART. 42.

Commentaries on the Laws of England, in four books. By Sir William Blackstone, Knt. one of the Justices of his Majesty's Court of Common Pleas. From the last London Edition. With the last corrections of the author; and with notes and annotations by Edward Christian, Esq. Chief Justice of the Isle of Ely, and the Downing Professor of the Laws of England in the University of Cambridge. Portland, printed and published by T. B. Wait & Co. 1807. 4 vols. 8vo, price twelve dollars, in boards.

Commentaries on the Laws of England, &c. Portland. T. B. Waite & Co. 1807. 4 vols. 12mo. price ten dollars, bound.

THE completion of these two impressions of the invaluable Commentaries, we think is matter of general felicitation. In this country, where every man, who has in any degree improved his talents, may come to be a legislator for freemen, that book, which will afford the most satisfactory information upon liberty and representative government, upon liberty regulated by law, and government, in which the ruler cannot ruin his constituents, will never cease to be studied with eagerness.

"The Commentaries on the Laws of England," says Professor Christian, "form an essential part of every Gentleman's library: the beautiful and lucid arrangement, the purity of the language, the classick elegance of the quotations and allusions, the clear and intelligible explanation of every subject, must always yield the reader as much pleasure as improvement; and whenever any constitutional or legal question is agitated, they are the first, and, in general, the best authority referred to."

To recommend such a work would be impertinent; but a histo-

ry of the editions may be worth perusal.

The first volume was published in November, 1765, and in the course of the four succeeding years, the other three volumes. So that it was not completed till 1769, yet so rapid was the sale of this large and costly work, that the fourth edition in 4to. was ushered from the Clarendon Press, in 1770, and a fifth from the same press, being probably the first 8vo, in 1773. A sixth edition came out the next year in 4to.

Eight editions had been printed in England, before the author's death, which happened on the 14th February, 1780. In 1783, the ninth edition was published by R. Burn, L. L. D. with a few notes, as is explained in his advertisement.

"The Editor judges it indispensible to preserve the author's text entire. The alterations, which will be found therein, since the publication of the last Edition, were made by the author himself, as may appear from a corrected copy in his own hand writing. What the Editor hath chiefly attended to is, to note the alterations made by subsequent acts of Parliament. These, together with some few other necessary observations, in order to prevent confusion are inserted separate and distinct at the bottom of the page."

The tenth edition with similar notes, "continued to the present time," was published by John Williams, 1787. Another came out in 1791.

Two years after some London booksellers issued an impression in numbers, with portraits of several of the judges; old Fortescue, old Littleton, Sir Edward Coke, Hale, Hardwick, Gilbert, Mansfield, &c. Professor Christian, whom they had selected as editor, throws on the proprietors the blame of such a fantastick work.

"The Editor disclaims all credit, but that which he may be thought to merit from the labour he has bestowed upon the notes and additions; and as he hopes that neither his taste nor his judgment will be questioned, where he has never been consulted, or where he had no right or power to control, so he wishes not to do the Proprietors the injustice to deprive them of any portion of that praise, which they are desirous to obtain by accommodating the Reader with a mode of publication and with ornaments, of which the Editor must confess the design and execution are entirely their own."

In 1800, another edition was published, in which Christian considerably extended his notes. The fourteenth, from which the Portland publishers copied, has still more copious annotations. The Commentaries are now out of print in England, so that a fifteenth edition must soon be ready for the press in London, and may be for sale next year.

The first edition of the Commentaries on this side of the Atlantick, was printed by Robert Bell, Philadelphia, 1771, 8vo. Between eight and nine hundred subscribers of great respectability encouraged the undertaking, in which patriotism and economy were united. The price was two dollars a volume, and the mechanical execution is creditable to the press of that period.—The publisher's advertisement is worth extracting:—

If any Reader of this Edition meets with *some* words erroneously *spelled*, he is requested not hastily to blame the *American* Editor; because report sayeth, the last *British* Edition was corrected under the *immediate* inspection of the *learned* Author, and it has of late been the Practice of several great Men to spell many words in their own peculiar manner. Therefore the *American* Editor

to make this *American* EDITION, a *perfect Transcript* of the LAST BRITISH EDITION hath adhered to it as *literally* as *possible*.

What unusual spelling is here spoken against we cannot easily ascertain. The Philadelphia printer probably copied the above mentioned 4to. of 1770, from the Oxford press, in which, *publick*, and all other polysyllables ending in *k* are abridged of their final letter, in defiance of Johnson, who says "according to English orthography, *c* never ends a word." If this innovation was intended to be censured by our countryman, we may observe, that he might have been pardoned for deviation from a new custom, more "honoured in the breach, than in the observance."

"There being no Greek characters at present in Philadelphia," says the printer, "we hope the learned reader will accept the Greek in Roman letters."

The second American edition was printed at Boston, by Thomas & Andrews, 1799, in 12mo. Although "carefully reprinted from the last London edition" is the boast of the title page, it is copied from Williams and not from Christian, though the latter had been publick four or five years. It is, in all respects, a very cheap book.

In 1803 was printed at Philadelphia, "Blackstone's Commentaries with notes of reference to the constitution and laws of the Federal government of the United States, and of the commonwealth of Virginia. In five volumes, with an appendix to each volume, containing short tracts upon such subjects as appeared necessary to form a connected view of the laws of Virginia, as a member of the Federal Union. By St. George Tucker, Professor of Law in the University of William and Mary, and one of the Judges of the General Court in Virginia."

The editor had a copy of the thirteenth edition of his author; but has neglected most of the English annotator's labours, and aimed at the dignity of an original work. This is not the place to review his tracts, which are highly esteemed by the young lawyers at the South. We have heard, that Professor Tucker received five thousand dollars for his copy-right; and, as a very large impression was struck off, we hope the publishers made an equally profitable speculation.

Of the present edition we can speak with high approbation. The paper is very good; the type well shaped; the ink takes well to the sheet; the letters are regularly set; and the operation of something like a hot-press, has given uncommon beauty to the page. So much for the appearance of the mechanical work. The labour of revision is of more importance, and has been faithfully performed. The fourteenth English edition has many errours of the text, which have been corrected by collation with copies of greater authenticity, particularly with the volumes from the Clarendon press. The marginal references have, by the continuance of former blunders and the perpetual additions of new ones, become a subject of general complaint in the late English impressions. That source of vexation is, in a great measure, cut off by the correction of the citations in many hundred places. After a rigid examination of nearly the whole of two volumes, we have not found more than seven or eight literal mistakes. Such praise cannot often be given to the works of the American press, except those, called the Philadelphia *premium* editions, that are printed with such confidence of

racy, that one dollar has been ed as a reward for every errour might be discovered. Even in we believe, scrutizing eyes ht detect errata enough to cause publishers to regret their bold- s of generosity.

ART. 43.

avels in America, performed in 1806, *for the purpose of exploring the rivers Alleghany, Monangahela, Ohio, and Mississippi, and ascertaining the produce and condition of their Banks and vicinity. By Thomas Ashe, Esq.* London, printed, Newburyport, reprinted for William Sawyer & Co. by E. M. Blunt. 1 vol. 12mo. 1 dol. 37 cts. (The English edition, printed for Sir Richard Phillips, is in three vols. 12mo. 6 dols. 50 cts.)

Our national vanity has been seldom flattered by reading the remarks of the English tourists in the United States; but their censure or misrepresentation are all forgotten, after the perusal of the work, which it is our hard lot now to notice. Thomas Ashe, *Esquire*, has certainly excelled, in boldness and profligacy, all who have gone before him on the same road, not only as regards the United States, but in imposing upon the English nation, for the observations of a traveller, the trashy schoolboy descriptions of situations that never occurred, and events that never happened.

To begin with the preface, which, as it is not written by the author, and as it is anonymous, we must attribute to his publisher Sir Richard Phillips; (and here, having a late trial in our mind, we cannot help asking the Knight, in what code of chivalry, or on what principles of honour, he finds it to be so harmless, to publish scurrility and defamation, with the name of some fellow on the title page, who may be obtained for twenty pounds, while it is so disreputable to publish works of taste, criticism, or science anonymously?) It informs us that Mr. Ashe "is gifted with all the necessary acquirements" for the work he has undertaken, and that "he has now returned to America," for what purpose we are not told—we hope, to repent, and hereafter recant his errours. The preface tells us, that "to the antiquary, he presents objects of absolute astonishment; the Indian antiquities of the western world, here first brought forward to the public, must create admiration." Is it not rather contemptible to insert in a preface, a falsehood of this kind, to entrap purchasers? These Indian antiquities have been described and reasoned upon by twenty different writers, in the last twenty years, and cannot be unknown to any person in England, acquainted with the geography of the United States.

We begin our extracts from the work with the concluding sentence of the fourth letter.

> I do not hesitate however to declare, that if a friend of mine were resolved on emigration, I would recommend these waters in preference to any place that I have seen east of the mountains; and as I have carefully travelled from Georgia to the district of Maine, you may depend on my opinion as possessing the advantages of experience.

We now recur to the first letter, and select the following paragraphs.

> The American States through which I have passed, are unworthy of your observation. Those to the north-east are indebted to nature for but few gifts

they are better adapted for the business of grazing than for corn. The climate is equally subject to the two extremes of burning heat and excessive cold; and bigotry, pride, and a malignant hatred to the mother country, characterize the inhabitants. The middle States are less contemptible; they produce grain for exportation; but wheat requires much labour, and is liable to blast on the sea-shore. The national features here are not strong, and those of different emigrants have not yet composed a face of local deformity: we still see the liberal English, the ostentatious Scotch, the warm-hearted Irish, the penurious Dutch, the proud German, the solemn Spaniard, the gaudy Italian, and the profligate French. What kind of character is hereafter to arise from an amalgamation of such discordant materials, I am at a loss to conjecture.

For the southern States, nature has done much, but man little. Society is here in a shameful degeneracy: an additional proof of the pernicious tendency of those detestable principles of political licentiousness, which are not only adverse to the enjoyment of practical liberty, and to the existence of regular authority, but destructive also of comfort and security in every class of society; doctrines here found by experience, to make men turbulent citizens, abandoned christians, inconstant husbands, unnatural fathers, and treacherous friends. I shun the humiliating delineation, and turn my thoughts to happier regions which afford contemplation without disgust; and where mankind, scattered in *small* associations, are not totally depraved or finally corrupt.—Under such impressions, I shall write to you with pleasure and regularity; trusting to your belief, that my propensity to the cultivation of literature has not been encouraged in a country where sordid speculators alone succeed, where classick fame is held in derision, where grace and taste are unknown, and where the ornaments of style are condemned or forgotten. Thus guarding you against expectations that I should fear to disappoint, I proceed to endeavour at gratifying the curiosity which my ramblings excite in your mind.

For the special amusement of Bostonians, we cite a description of them from the fourth letter, which really sets at defiance all comment.

This unexpected sight engaged and astonished him; nor were his reflections on it interrupted till he arrived in Boston harbour, where other scenes gave him fresh cause for wonder. A swarm of custom-officers were in an instant on board; and began their work of search, extortion and pillage. Having escaped from these, and landed, he found himself surrounded by a number of persons who, without any kind of ceremony, crowded on him with the most familiar and impertinent inquiries: such as why he left England, whether he intended to settle among them, what were his means, what line of life he meant to follow, &c. One of them could let him have a house and store, if he turned his thoughts to merchandise: another could supply him, at a low price, with the workshop of a mechanick, a methodist-meeting, or a butchers's shop, if either of these articles would suit him. Some recommended him to become a *land-jobber*; and to buy of them a hundred thousand acres on the borders of the Genessee country, and on the banks of *extensive* rivers and *sumptuous* lakes. This speculation was opposed by others: who offered him the sale of a parcel of *town lots*, from which, by building on them, he could clear 500 *per cent.*; or if he had not means to build for the present, he could cultivate the lots as cabbage-gardens, clear the first cost in a few years and sell the whole at an advanced price! Finding however that none of their advice had any effect, these sordid speculators gradually dispersed; forming different conjectures of the stranger's intention, and lamenting that he was not simple enough to be made their dupes.

At length he reached a tavern; where he had not been long before a succession of swindlers and imposters intruded on his privacy, asked him a new set of questions, and harrassed him with proposals varying according to the particular interests of the parties. If he had a desire to become a banker, he could purchase a share in a *capital-house*: or he might buy a *land-lottery*; take a contract for building a bridge; place his funds in a manufactory of *weavers-shuttles*; buy up unpaid-for British goods, twenty *per cent*, under prime cost: sell

We next extract a passage from the second letter.

An American has no conception of a person's being able to derive pleasure from a walk, or information from solitude: his sluggish faculties require palpable and active objects to give them exercise. I mention this to account for the astonishment of my landlord at my delay, and his insensibility to the enjoyments which a contemplative walk would every day present.

This account of the American character is given, because the host of an obscure tavern in the Alleghany mountains was unwilling to accompany the author to visit a spot, where an Indian camp had formerly existed. If an American traveller should meet with a Welsh alehouse keeper, or a Yorkshire boor, who would not walk five or six miles with him, to see some ruin that he had already seen, perhaps a hundred times, with indifference, it would then, imitating the manner of the author, furnish him with the following sentence. "An Englishman has no conception of a person's being able to derive pleasure from a walk, or information from solitude; his sluggish faculties require palpable and active objects to give them exercise." The whole second chapter is full of similar matter, but as our work, and the patience of the publick, are neither of them unlimited, we forbear to quote it, but return to the first letter, assuring our readers, that this *zigzag* mode of proceeding is not wholly unmilitary in attacking a book of this kind.

The town of Bedford is next to Strasburg, and consists of about two hundred well built houses. It is natural to inquire into the motives which could tempt men to settle in a region so remote from commerce and the world: iron-mines, and some fine *interval land* (as it is here called), were the original attractions. Bedford is but a short day's ride from the highest mountain of the prodigious chain; and which, by way of distinction, is called exclusively "the Alleghany:" the others having received names from local events, or something remarkable in their features; as *Conecocheque* or Bloody Mountains, the Three Brothers, the Walnut and the Laurel Hills, &c. I travelled along so attentive to the objects round me, and wasted so much time in visionary speculations, that I was overtaken by night on the summit of the mountain; where the road was narrow and bounded by frightful precipices. If I attempted to advance, a sudden and rapid death was unavoidable; or if I remained where I was, wolves, panthers, and tiger-cats, were at hand to devour me. I chose the latter risk, as having less of fatal certainty in it: I thought I could effect something by resistance; or that fortune might favour me by giving a more suitable supper, and a different hunting-ground, to the ferocious animals.

The progress of night was considerably advanced; and the powerful exhalations of the preceding sun, for want of wind to disperse or waft them to other parts, were returning to their parent woods. They at first hovered, in the form of transparent clouds, over small creeks and rivulets in the intervals of the mountain; and then assumed a wider range, spreading over the entire valley, and giving to it the appearance of a calm continued sea. This beautiful transfiguration took place several hundred feet below me; while the summit of the hill had no mist, and the dew was not sensible. The moon shone, but capriciously: for though some places were adorned with her brightest beams, and exhibited various fantastic forms and colours, others were unaffected by her light, and awfully maintained an unvaried gloom; a "darkness visible," conveying terror and dismay.

Such apprehensions were gaining fast on my imagination, till an object of inexpressible sublimity gave a different direction to my thoughts, and seized the entire possession of my mind. The heavenly vault appeared to be all on fire: not exhibiting the stream or character of the aurora-borealis; but an immensity vivid and clear, through which the stars, detached from the firmament, traversed in

eccentric directions, followed by trains of light of diversified magnitude and brightness. Many meteors rose majestically out of the horizon: and having gradually attained an elevation of thirty degrees, suddenly burst; and descended to the earth in a shower of brilliant sparks, or glittering gems. This splendid phenomenon was succeeded by a multitude of shooting-stars, and balls and columns of fire; which, after assuming a variety of forms (vertical, spiral, and circular), vanished in slight flashes of lightning, and left the sky in its usual appearance and serenity. "Nature stood checked" during this exhibition: all was

"A death-like silence, and a dread repose."

Would it had continued so for a time! for I had insensibly dropped on my knees; and felt that I was offering to the great Creator of the works which I witnessed, the purest tribute of admiration and praise. My heart was full: I could not suppress my gratitude, and tears gushed from my eyes.

These pious, these pleasing sensations, were soon forced to yield to others arising out of the objects and circumstances round me. The profound silence maintained during the luminous representation, was followed by the din of the demon of the woods. Clouds of owls rose out of the valleys, and flitted screaming about my head. The wolves too held some prey in chace, probably deer: their howlings were reverberated from mountain to mountain; or, carried through the windings of the vales returned to the ear an unexpected wonder. Nor was the panther idle; though he is never to be heard till in the act of springing on his victim, when he utters a horrid cry. The wolf, in hunting, howls all the time; certainly with the view of striking terror: for, being less fleet than many of the animals on which he subsists, they would escape him if he did not thus check their speed by confounding their faculties. This is particularly the case with the deer: at the hellish cry, the poor animal turns, stops, and trembles; his eyes fill; his flanks heave; his heart bursts; and he dies the moment before the monster rushes upon him. The tiger-cat was busily employed close by me. Like our little domestic creature of the same species, he delights in tormenting, and is admirably skilled in the art. He had now caught an opossum, as I understood by the lamentations, but was in no haste to kill it. By the action and noise, he must have let it escape his clutches several times, and as often seized and overpowered it again; dropping it from the tree, and chasing it up the trunk, till the wretch being wearied at length with his vagaries and cruelty, he strangled and devoured it.

The intervals between these cries and roarings, were filled by the noise of millions of other little beings. Every tree, shrub, plant, and vegetable, harboured some thousands of inhabitants, endowed with the faculty of expressing their passions, wants, and appetites, in different tones and varied modulations. The most remarkable was the voice of whip poor-will: plaintive and sad, "Whip poor Will!" was his constant exclamation; nor did he quit his place, but seemed to brave the chastisement which he so repeatedly lamented. The moon, by this time, had sunk into the horizon; which was the signal for multitudes of lightning-flies to rise amidst the trees, and shed a new species of radiance round. In many places, where they rose and fell in numbers, they appeared like a shower of sparks; and in others, where thinly scattered, they emitted an intermittent pleasing ray.

At length the day began to dawn: both the noisy and the glittering world now withdrew, and left to Nature a silent solemn repose of one half-hour. This I employed in reflections on the immensity and number of her works, and the presumption of man in pretending to count and describe them. Whoever dares to compose the history of nature, should first pass a night where I did: he would there be taught the vanity of his views, and the audacity of his intentions. He would there learn, that though gifted with a thousand years of life, and aided by ten thousand assistants, he still would be hardly nearer to his purpose; neither the time nor the means would be sufficient for him to pourtray, with their properties, the herbs under his foot, and, with their affections, the insects that dwell among them. Yet every country has its natural historian! A residence of three weeks, and a daily walk of two hours for that period, are deemed an ample qualification for the discovery and character of the productions of some of the finest regions on the globe. Such was not the disposition of St. Pierre: after

passing many years in the laborious search of natural objects, and many years more in investigating their laws and principles, as a preparation for writing the history of nature, he abandoned the pursuit as impracticable and impious; and favoured the world merely with his Studies, which are beautiful, intelligent, and unassuming.

I conclude for the present; again entreating you to observe, that in my letters you are not to look for the graces of style, or peculiar accuracy of detail. I write from the heart, from the impulse of the impressions made by real events; and this will, I hope, sufficiently gratify your tender and amiable feelings.

We shall only remark on all this, that we were once in a situation somewhat parallel, in a different part of the world; and without any hope of attaining Mr. Ashe's felicity of description, we shall proceed to narrate it; because such adventures as ours and the authors do not frequently occur; and, when they do, are seldom printed. We trust, if the reader is not too much confused by the brilliancy of the extract we have just given, he will perceive its resemblance to the following situation, in which we were once placed. We will only premise what precedes this description, that Mr. Ashe was going to pass the Alleghany mountains, and that we were going from the *city* to our lodgings in St. James's Street, in London.

.....Threadneedle-Street is next to Cornhill, and consists of several plain gloomy houses. It is natural to inquire into the motives, which could tempt men to reside in a street so remote from sunshine and clear air:* gold vaults, and the *'Change*, as it is called, were the original attractions. Threadneedle-street is but a short evening's walk from the furthest part of this prodigious town; and which, by way of distinction, is called the "West end:" the others having received names from local events, or something remarkable in their features; as, Moorfields, or Finsbury, Wapping, Westminster, &c. We walked along so attentive to the objects around us, and wasted so much time in gazing at the shops, that we were overtaken by night on the summit of Ludgate-Hill; where the street was narrow, and bounded by frightful prisons.† If we attempted to advance, a muddy, slippery descent was unavoidable; if we remained where we were, pick-pockets were at hand to pilfer us. We chose the latter risk, as having less of fatal certainty in it. We thought we could effect something by resistance; or that fortune might favour us, in furnishing a different prey, or a different stand to these marauders.

The progress of night was considerably advanced; and the powerful smoke of the preceeding day, for want of wind to disperse it or waft it to other parts, was returning to its parent chimnies. It at first hovered in the form of dense clouds, over small alleys and gutters in the intervals of the streets; and then assumed a wider range, spreading over the entire town, and giving to it, the appearance of a thick fog-bank. This ugly metamorphosis took place several hundred feet in front of us; while the summit of St. Paul's had no mist, and the dew was not sensible. The Moon shone, but capriciously: for though some places were adorned with her brightest beams, and exhibited various fantastick forms and colours, others were unaffected by her light, and awfully

* The Bank and the Exchange are in this street.

† Newgate has an opening into Ludgate street.

maintained an unvaried gloom: a "darkness visible," instilling terrour and dismay.

Such apprehensions were gaining fast on our imagination, till an object of inexpressible sublimity gave a different direction to our thoughts, and seized the entire possession of our minds. The heavenly vault appeared to be all on fire: not exhibiting the stream or character of the aurora borealis; but an immensity of light, through which the cinders, detached from the flames, traversed in eccentrick directions, followed by trains of light, of diversified magnitude and brightness. Many streams of water rose majestically out of the engines; and having gradually attained an elevation of thirty yards, suddenly burst and descended in a shower of glittering gems. This splendid phenomenon was succeeded by a multitude of sparks, and balls or columns of fire; which, after assuming a variety of forms, vertical, spiral, and circular, vanished in slight columns of smoke, and left the sky in its usual appearance and serenity. The "passers by stood checked" during this exhibition.

All was infernal noise and wild uproar: would it had continued so for a time! for we had insensibly approached a post, and felt, that we were admiring the wild and confused grandeur of the scene, we were witnessing. Our vessels were full; we could not suppress our ——.

These strong and pleasing sensations were soon forced to yield to others, arising out of the objects and circumstances around us. The loud clamour maintained during the luminous representation, was followed by the din of the watchmen. Clouds of blackguards came out of the lanes, and ran screaming about us. The girls of the town, too, held some prey in chace, probably inebriated young men; their laughings were reverberated from street to street, or carried through the windings of the alleys, and returned to the ear in unexpected wonder. Nor was the porter idle, though he is never to be heard, till jostling his victim, when he utters, "by your leave." The newsboy, in walking, howls all the time, certainly with the view of attracting attention: for being less stupid than many of the newsmongers, on whom he subsists, they would escape him, if he did not thus rouse their indifference, by stunning their ears. This is particularly the case with the quid nunc: at the hellish cry, the poor animal turns, stops and trembles: his pockets empty; his hands fill; his pence rattle, and he purchases the moment the fellow comes up to him.* The catchpole too was busily employed close by us. Like our domestick officer of the same species, he delights in tormenting, and is admirably skilled in the art. He had now caught some poor travel-writer, as we understood by the noise, but was not disposed to let him go. By the action and noise, he must have forced him off the pavement several times, and as often forced him on, and carried him along, till the wretch, wearied with his vagaries and his hold, was forced into the spunging-house.

The intervals between these cries and roarings were filled by the noise of millions of other little beings. Every street, court, alley, lane, harboured some hundreds of inhabitants, endowed with the faculty of expressing their passions, wants, and

* The newspapers are sold by fellows in the streets, who constantly blow a horn, and are a real nuisance in many parts of London.

appetites, in different tones and modulations. The most remarkable was the voice of the ballad-singer. Shrill and sad, she did not quit her place, but seemed to merit the charity she craved. The moon, by this time, had sunk into the horizon; which was the signal for multitudes of link-boys to rush into the streets, and shed a new species of radiance round. In many places, where they shook their torches in numbers, they appeared like a shower of sparks, and in others, where thinly scattered, they emitted a smoky, stinking ray.

At length the day began to dawn; both the noisy and glittering world now withdrew, and left to London a silent and solemn repose of one half hour. This we employed in reflections on its immensity, and the number of its inhabitants, and the presumption of man in attempting to count them. Whoever dares to compose the history of London, must first pass a night where we did: he would there be taught the vanity of his views, and the audacity of his intentions. He would there learn, that, though gifted with a thousand years of life, and aided by ten thousand assistants, he still would be hardly nearer to his purpose: neither the time, nor the means, would be sufficient to portray, in their proportions, the buildings at his side, and with their affections, the inhabitants that dwell among them. Yet every city has its historian!—— Eheu! jam satis.

Gentle reader, reflect that we have only extracted from this work a part of the trash contained in the first four chapters, and then sometimes pity reviewers.

ART. 44.

An Inquiry into the Chemical Character and properties of that species of Coal which has lately been discovered at Rhode-Island, together with some observations on the useful application of it to the Arts and Manufactures of the Eastern States. Boston. Snelling & Simons, pp. 21. 1808.

THE importance of the subject, and the interest which it has excited, has induced us to take an early notice of this pamphlet. The author commences his inquiry by stating, that his inducements to the undertaking arose from a wish to remove those erroneous impressions which were excited in the minds of many, from opinions which were formed of the qualities of this coal, founded either on ignorance or misrepresentation. He then takes a slight view of the geological situation of Rhode-Island, and describes the fossils which are found in the vicinity of the coal mine. Their mineralogical properties and their connection with the different veins of coal which have been discovered; from which description he draws this conclusion; that the appearances are such, as to leave no doubt, that the strata consist of what is called the true independent coal formation. The character of Rhode-Island coal is then described as follows:

Its colour is black, or greyish black, with a metalick lustre; it soils the fingers. Its fracture is slaty, but its cross fracture is conchoidal, and the sides of its natural divisions are sometimes covered with a ferruginous earth; It burns slowly, producing an intense heat, without smoke, and with a very light lambent flame, but emits no sulphureous or bituminous vapour, and when perfectly burnt leaves a very small quantity of grey ashes, the unconsumed

particles of it retain their original colour and lustre.

Specifick gravity from 1,450 to 1,750.

Having thus described its mineralogical character, the author proceeds to examine its chemical qualities, particularly to ascertain the quantity of carbon which it contains, and from experiments which seem to have been conducted with attention and accuracy, it appears, that it consists of 94 parts of carbon and 6 of ashes, but that it contains neither bitumen nor sulphur.

The use of coal in the arts and manufactures being but imperfectly understood in this part of America, the author is next induced to describe the different varieties of this article which are to be found in other countries, their various uses and properties, and by a comparison of each of these with Rhode-Island coal, to ascertain the particular purposes for which it is best adapted. In this part of the subject the qualities of coak and charcoal are also considered, and the essential distinction between those substances pointed out; from these observations and from the analysis which is given, the conclusions which are drawn, are, that Rhode-Island and Kilkenney coal are possessed of the same qualities and adapted to the same uses; that Rhode-Island coal comes nearer to the properties of pure carbon or charcoal, than most others which have been discovered, and that for those purposes in which charcoal will answer, it is equally applicable, and for many it is greatly superiour.

The author next proceeds to take a view of the different purposes in the arts, to which Rhode-Island coal may be applied with advantage, and to describe the best method of burning it, either in the large way, or for domestick use. The experienced artist or manufacturer will be at no loss to determine on that species of fuel, which is best adapted to his particular purpose; but for the information of those who have as yet had no means of experience, we must refer to the pamphlet for instructions on this part of the subject, and it is with much satisfaction we find, that this species of coal is particularly calculated for the use of those manufactures which the genius and talents of our countrymen have already established and which are now flourishing.

Whether the prejudice, arising from habit, and the general use of wood, will permit an early introduction of this coal into domestick use, is a circumstance of much doubt. The author seems aware of this, and concludes this part of the subject in the following manner.

> Those, who are persuaded, that this or any other coal can be made to burn in grates, will next inquire what are its advantages over wood, before they resign an article to which they are accustomed, and with which they are perfectly satisfied. To this I shall concisely reply, and upon this answer I rest its merits. First, such coal as this, when properly ignited, gives a more steady, intense, and durable heat. Secondly, it is much more economical, produces no disagreeable effluvia, and requires none of that attention to the renewal of the fire, which is so necessary in the use of wood. And, thirdly, from its emitting no sparks, and from the manner in which it burns, producing neither flame or smoke, many of those accidents arising from fire, which are at present so frequent from the use of wood in stores and dwelling-houses, would then be avoided."

On the whole, this pamphlet has afforded us much useful information. The author appears well acquainted with the subject, and his views of it are laudable and patriotick. It cannot be doubted, that this dis-

covery of pit coal at Rhode-Island will be of essential advantage to the Eastern States; and if it is found, by experience, that it is possessed of those qualities which are here pointed out, the publick in general will feel great obligations to the author of this essay.

As a specimen of the style of the pamphlet, and of the general ideas of the author on the subject of manufactures, we shall conclude with the following quotation from the latter part of his essay.

It will readily be allowed, that the different branches of manufacture which are pointed out in these pages, are objects of the first consequence. The materials are obtained in abundance, and no greater proportion of labour is required, than in the present state of population can be spared from other pursuits; they have also this advantage, that they have already been tried and succeeded.

Premature attempts to divert the channels of commerce, as well as to excite a rivalship in manufactures, however plausible they may appear in the reasoning of a philosopher, experience has shown them to be erroneous in theory, and dangerous in practice.

That species of industry, which has already succeeded, which has contributed to the wealth and prosperity of the country, which encourages a spirit of literature, and promotes the diffusion of knowledge, should not be rashly abandoned, for speculations, founded on false views of the real interests of the nation.

ART. 45.

Lectures on Jewish Antiquities, delivered at Harvard University, in Cambridge. By David Tappan, D. D. late Hollis Professor of Divinity in that Seminary. Published by W. Hilliard and E. Lincoln. 1807. 8vo. pp. 359.

Not many years have past, since these letters were read in the chapel of the university, and many can still remember the lively interest they excited. The subjects are as delightful, as they are important. The history of the Jews, so entirely different from that of every other nation, marked by such astonishing events, and filled with wonders, which none but an Almighty arm could achieve, is of itself sufficiently attractive. But the government of this nation, their religion with all its minute and burdensome rites, was not merely to preserve them from the contagion, of idolatry and to cherish within them a pure and heavenly worship, but to prepare the way for that perfect dispensation, which in these later ages has been given to bless the world. Hence though it may not be true, that christianity must stand or fall with Judaism, yet as many powerful arguments in its support are derived from the Jewish history, every thing connected with the Jews cannot fail to be interesting to christians.

So far as we may judge from a single perusal of the work before us, we are persuaded, that no reader, to whom the name of theology is not repulsive, will ever regret the time he may bestow upon it. We think he will rise from it with his mind enlightened, and his heart affected. He will find in it no ostentatious display of learning, no laboured disquisitions, which serve for little else, than to show an author's ingenuity. But he will find, what is surely far more valuable; the unaffected labours of a man, whose learning never made him forgetful of christian humility, whose heart was warmed by the contemplation of sacred truth, and who was desirous to impart of his knowledge, and to inspire in others something of the pious ardour which glowed in his own breast.

Compared with the works of some, who have made researches intothis subject, the lectures of Dr. Tappan may appear too general or even superficial. But this objection will be removed, when we consider the design of the author, and the audience, for whom they were written. As a course of lectures for two classes of the students, they must have been completed within the short term of two years. Dr. Tappan, we believe, has embraced within the compass of a moderate octavo, all that is *very* important in the Jewish antiquities; we cannot therefore suppose, that the time, to which he was limited, would have enabled him to be very minute; nor would the drooping attention of an audience of under-graduates have suffered him to enter into extensive investigations, such as have been studied and admired in the works of Spencer, Calmet, or Warburton. It is surely as much as we can expect from a publick lecturer, that he give a general view of the subjects, of which he treats. In this, we think our author has been happily successful. He may be numbered among those useful writers, who, by simplifying the labour of others, and disencumbering learning of its lumber, render a subject, otherwise laborious, interesting and instructive to the most superficial reader.

The several lectures in this course, differ as might be expected, as well in the nature of the subjects, as in the manner, in which they are treated. Should we particularize those, which have given us the most pleasure, we should mention the lecture on the nature of the Hebrew worship, its sacrifices, and offerings; those on the character of the Prophets, and one on the origin of the religious sects, which divided the Hebrew nation. These are numbered as the 10, the 16, 17, 18, and 20th. From the first of these we select the following as a favourable specimen of our author's manner.

> The sabbath was to the Jews the birth day of the world; it led them to recognize and adore the *divine* power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator. It *effectually* taught them, that the Gods, which the heathen worshipped, such as the Sun, Moon, and Stars, were the mere creatures of that Being whom they celebrated. Thus it openly separated them from the whole idolatrous world. By calling them every seventh day to the devout acknowledgment of one eternal, omnipotent, all-perfect Being; it proclaimed and confirmed their abhorrence of the senseless and impotent, the impure and fictitious gods of the Gentiles. It kept them stedfast to the worship of Jehovah, and to a thankful, united celebration of his attributes and benefits. It allured them to this, by the sweets of rest after toil, and compelled them to it by awful punishment threatened to transgression. It conferred upon all classes of the people, the incalculable moral advantages and pleasures, which result from publick religious instruction and devotion. It led forward the contemplation of the pious Jews, to that Heavenly rest, of which their sabbath was a lively figure and anticipation. *P.* 109—10.

We have called this a favourable specimen of our author's manner; yet even here our pleasure is interrupted by the unnecessary multiplication of epithets. They are probably used to express the ideas more fully; but while they fatigue both speaker and hearer, and impair the simplicity of the sentence, they seldom add enough to the meaning to compensate for the demand they make upon our patience and breath.

We should prefer the following extract as more simple; the exalted piety of the sentiment would of itself be sufficient to recommend it. Speaking of the sacrifice, which God required of Abraham, the lecturer asks:

Is it not wise and merciful in the Deity to put heroic virtue to the proof by great difficulties, to strengthen and exalt it by great efforts, and to crown its victories with high pleasure and glory? Was not Abraham's virtue thus proved and crowned? Was ever the triumph of the greatest military conqueror half equal to his at that moment, when God, by a voice from heaven, applauded and blessed him for his pious heroism; when he restored to him that dear son, whom the obedient father had intentionally sacrificed? The prompt obedience of the patriarch was worthy of a great and good man. He knew and felt, that compliance with the will of God, however notified, was the first of human duties. He felt that his duty to his child was nothing, compared with his obligation to his infinite Creator; and that entire submission to him, was the only road to personal, domestick, and general happiness. *P.* 208, 9.

In his remarks in the ninth lecture upon the origin and moral tendency of circumcision, our author vindicates the divine wisdom, in imposing so peculiar a rite. He proves, that it was a part of the original dispensation communicated to Abraham, and thus replies to the assertion, which has been repeated by some christian, as well as infidel writers, that this, with other prominent rites of the Hebrew worship, was borrowed from the Egyptians. The passage is too long to be quoted, nor should we select it as a very *favourable* specimen of the author's style. But in speaking of the political importance of this rite, he says: "That we may duly appreciate this memorial, let us suppose the American people in the same situation with the early Hebrews, without the use of letters, depending on oral tradition, and visible symbols for the conveyance of historick and religious knowledge; how inestimable would be the effect of some standing ceremony, or mark in the flesh, which should transmit to every citizen, to the latest generation, the story and the virtues of his venerable ancestors; for instance, the superiour excellencies of the *American Washington!*"—*P.* 102, 3. We trust, we feel with every one, who knows how to appreciate talents, virtue, and patriotism, the most exalted reverence for the character of the "American Washington." The American Congress too, which our author seems to delight to mention, would once have commanded our respect. But these illustrations are too often introduced, and they have become too familiar to the "American" ear, to give that impression, not to say dignity, to these sacred subjects, which they certainly admit and require. The sentence, we have quoted, which, protracted as it is, we have not completed, may serve as an example of the length of many of our author's periods.

In the twenty-third lecture, he has considered, with some minuteness, that part of the Hebrew law, which prohibited the use of certain meats, as unclean. In referring to the religious rites of the Gentiles, of the Egyptians and Greeks, he has displayed his mythological and classical skill. To those, who wonder at the divine wisdom for prohibiting to the Jews a meat "so delicious to many as that of swine," he tells them, "that this animal was subject to a contagious disease, which formerly prevailed in Palestine, and that the flesh of it produced cutaneous distempers in that climate. Besides, this creature exceeded all others in natural filth; and therefore must have been peculiarly detested by a people, habituated by their law to the nicest purity," How far the former is

son of the troubles, which had previously taken place in the United States, and which ended by the formation of a Southern and Northern Kingdom, while the middle states constituted a republick. Were we to occupy ourselves in speculations of this kind, we should not be disposed to predict the future fate of the country exactly as the author has done, even if we admitted the notion of the destruction of the present Union. The idea of anticipating the events of futurity, is not new, but this opens a wide field for ingenuity and political sagacity, if it be lawful even to think on the subject. The style of this publication is very good, but it has been too hastily written to preserve more than a momentary existence. The author possesses or affects the candour, which is natural, when treating about the political characters of *past times*.

ART. 47.

The Constitution and Associate Statutes of the Theological Seminary in Andover; with a Sketch of its Rise and Progress. Boston, published by Farrand, Mallory & Co. Belcher & Armstrong, printers. 1808. 8vo. pp. 68.

A Sermon, preached at the opening of the Theological Institution in Andover, and at the Ordination of Rev. Eliphalet Pearson, LL. D. By Rev. Timothy Dwight, D. D. President of Yale College. Same printers. pp. 38.

HAVING in our Review for November last examined at great length the principles of the Theological Institution, and deprecated their influence, we now proceed to give a brief character of the literary performances on the day of its consecration.

A historical sketch &c. by Eliphalet Pearson, LL.D. occupies the first eight pages. The origin of this Theological Institution is to be traced, says the Dr. to the Academy in Andover, in which the "promotion of true piety and virtue," was the first and principal object. We next find a new argument, never thought of by the Theologians of the old world, and unknown to our pious ancestors, to prove the existence of a Deity: "That so many persons, in different sections of the community, should at the same period, and without communication, be impressed with the necessity of such an institution, an institution unnamed in the annals of this country and of Europe; and that men, possessing the ability, personally unknown to each other, should at the same moment be moved, with almost unprecedented liberality, to devote their property to the education of a pious and learned ministry, must compel, one would think"— what? "even atheism itself to acknowledge that there is a GOD in heaven, who ruleth among the children of men."

The next paragraph explains the object of the new Institution to be the illustration and maintenance of "the great system of revealed truth, contained in the *Bible*, avowed by the Reformers, embraced by our forefathers, and expressed in the assembly's catechism." The Doctor warns us not to consider that system, sectarian, "which has been received and professed by *all* Protestant churches in Europe; which was the faith of the first settlers of this country, and is still the faith of *the great body of* their pious descendants." But the epithet "sectarian" belongs, it is said, to "some individuals, *who call themselves christians*," but who "have renounced

the doctrines of the reformation, in general, or any cardinal doctrine in particular." Of this sentiment the liberality is equal to the correctness in the preceding statement: the Doctor's charity is excelled only by his modesty.

The style of the "sketch" is sometimes chargeable with harshness, and sometimes with want of precision; but its chief fault is that refinement, which, in a young man's writing, might be called finical. In the ardour of the author's feelings, his nominative case forgets the verb; he calls the late lieutenant governor Phillips a "paragon of publick spirit:" and of the Academy he prays, "May this monument of his wisdom and piety be as lasting as time; and may the expansion of it stimulate many to come and do likewise." We believe the "expansion" of a "monument" seldom "stimulates" spectators, except to run away. Of the connection between Phillips's Academy and the Theological Seminary, the Doctor says, justice and gratitude require us "to recognize the former as the radix of the latter, and as the embryo of its future manhood." As christians, we hope that the pretty motto of a picture in our old Lily's grammar, radix doctrinæ amara, fructus dulcis, may never be reversed in its application to this Institution; but, as simple readers, we should adopt, for the Doctor, the words of humble Moth, respecting the erudite Holofernes, Nathaniel, and Armado: "They have been at a feast of languages, and stolen the scraps."

The sermon of Dr. Dwight is judicious in its subject, regular in its division, well adapted in its sentiments, but frequently impure in its style. All, who heard it with delight, however, will peruse it with pleasure. Of the style we may be permitted to notice a slight fault, since the high reputation of the author, which this sermon, perhaps, will not diminish, might give it currency without examination. "A cold preacher," says the Doctor, "naturally makes a frozen audience," which to us seems a gelid pun. "Should he escape this censure, the sympathy (if I may call it such) of a stagnant countenance, a marbled posture, and a lifeless tongue, will reach every heart in his congregation." Polonius would have quarrelled with one of these combinations. "The beautified Ophelia. That's a vile phrase; beautified is a vile phrase." To marble applies not to posture, but to variegations of colour. Too many similar violations of pure English idioms, and some of grammar, may be found.

The charge of the Rev. Jonathan French is simple, affectionate, pious, monitory, evangelical, and excellent throughout.

The right hand of fellowship, by the Rev. Jedidiah Morse, D.D. is historical and solemn; and would be affectionate, but that the Doctor of Divinity has confuted some of the observations of the Doctor of Laws, and overturned the powerful argument, we mentioned before. "From the days of Samuel the prophet, theological institutions have existed in the world, whose object has been to educate young men," &c. says Dr. Morse. "An institution, unnamed in the annals of this country, and of Europe," &c. says Dr. Pearson. Dr. Dwight's sermon, too, speaks largely of the universities of the Levites, of the schools of the prophets, &c. And can it be believed, that any christian nation has neglected to found and endow institutions for instruction in

our holy religion? What were the monasteries of all the religious orders in popedom? What are the universities of the established churches in the two divisions of Great-Britain, and of the Dissenters' academies in England? What were the colleges of the Jesuits, espepecially, all over the world, except in our own country? And what is the meaning of "Christo et Ecclesiæ" on the arms of our own Alma Mater, founded and endowed by our pious ancestors?

We will notice one other disagreement. "The LORD hath prospered, and, we confidently trust, will prosper, an Institution, which *you have been eminently instrumental, with others,* in raising to advance his glory," &c. When Dr. Pearson, as before quoted, wrote: "That so many persons, in different sections of the community, should at the same period, and without communication, be impressed with the necessity of such an Institution," &c. every reader understood it as a proof of the government of an omnipotent power, as it was certainly manifested without the intervention of human exertion in "impressing" "at the same moment" on the hearts of certain persons who never communicated together, a sense of the necessity of this Seminary. But the immediate agency of heaven is no longer discerned; the beautiful fabrick of providential favour is totally overthrown, even by the candour of Dr. Morse, one of the most zealous favourers of the Institution. It is really a pity, that the Doctor, who delivered the historick sketch of the Theological Institution, was ignorant of its history.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

So many valuable books, particularly in classical and oriental literature, have been published by the University of Oxford during the last fifty years, that it will gratify, we doubt not, some of our readers to know what has been lately done, and what is now doing, at the Clarendon press.

Dr. White, author or editor of many well known works, has just published the second volume of his Novum Testamentum Græcum; with the various readings, which, in Greisbach's judgment, are to be preferred, or to be considered as equal to the received text. It is not necessary to add, that the learned Professor published Testamenti Novi Versionem Syriacam Philoxenianam at the Clarendon press, in 1778, the Diatessaron in 1803, and the Specimen Historiæ Arabum, by Dr. Pococke, in 1806; nor that he has also published the Political and Military Institutes of Tamerlane, with a first volume of Ægyptiaca. A second volume of the latter will not be published by Dr. White, as intended. But the learned Professor, Anthony Sylvestre de Saci, of Paris, editor of Chrestomathie Arabe, will give a French translation, accompanied with the Arabic original and notes, of that work, which was to have composed Dr. White's second volume. Professor White is also preparing for the press, the Sylloge Crisews Greisbach.

Mr. Mozely, a gentleman of this university, distinguished for his acquaintance with Arabic literature, has just published his Vita Abdollatiphi, in Arabic and Latin, a work

to which Arabic scholars have for some time been looking with considerable expectation.

It will afford pleasure to our classical readers to hear, that a new edition of Hephæstion's Enchiridion on Greek Metres, a work much wanted, is now in the Clarendon press, and that the editor is so excellent a scholar as Mr. Gaisford, of Christ-church.

Biblical students will be glad to be informed, that though Dr. Holmes has been some time dead, his transcripts of MSS. are not lost. Of his Old Testament, from the Greek version of the Septuagint, with various readings, the Pentateuch, with the Prophet Daniel, and a General Preface, have already appeared. They were published in separate numbers. Two gentlemen of the university are now employed in collating the transcripts of MSS. brought by Dr. Holmes into this country, and another number of this work may be expected soon.

The following works are also in the press: Lowth de Sacra Poesi Hebræorum, 2 vol. 8vo. Euripides Græce, Notis Musgrave, 8vo. Sophocles Græce, notis Elmsley, 8vo. Wyttenbachi Animadversiones in Plutarchi Moralia, 4to. and 8vo. These animadversions will, in bulk, nearly equal the original work. One volume of the former has not yet appeared, but is in great forwardness. Andronici Rhodii Ethicorum Nicomacheorum Paraphrasis, 8vo. Cicero de Oratore, 8vo. Terentii Comœdiæ, 18mo. Shuckford's Connection of the Sacred and Profane History of the World, 2 vols. 8vo. Bishop Burnet's Abridgment of the History of the Reformation, 8vo. Herodotus ex Editione Reizii, 2 vols.—Republications, also, of Aristotle's Ethicks, and Xenophon's Anabasis, are in forwardness.

That important improvement in the art of printing called the Stereotype, so zealously promoted by the ingenious Lord Stanhope, has been introduced here. The excellence of this mode of this printing, as is well known, consists in its cheapness and correctness; but, from its nature, is applied only to works of rapid sale. The only books hitherto stereotyped by Mr. Collinson, the university printer, are bibles; but, in due course of time, school-books, and other works that are in great demand, will be stereotyped.

CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES, *FOR DECEMBER*, 1808.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.——MART.

NEW WORKS.

Analysis of the late correspondence between our Administration to Great Britain and France, with an attempt to show what are the real causes of the failure of the negociations. 8vo. Russell & Cutler.

A sermon delivered at the Ordination of the Rev. John Codman, to the pastoral care of the second church of Christ in Dorchester, Dec. 7. 1808, by William Ellery Channing, pastor of the church in Federal Street, Boston: Boston, Belcher, printer. 8vo. pp. 24.

The Deerfield Collection of Sacred Musick, compiled from the most approved authors of ancient and modern times. price 62½ cents.

Mr. Giles' speech, delivered in Senate of the United States, on Thursday, 24th November, 1808, on the Resolution of Mr. Hillhouse, to repeal the Embargo Laws. B. Parks, printer, 8vo. pp. 23.

Mr. Quincy's speech on the first Resolution reported by the committee of Foreign Relations. Greenough & Stebbins, printers. 8vo. pp 23.

A view of the Rights & Wrongs, Power and Policy of the United States of America, by Charles Jared Ingersoll. C. & R. Conrad & Co. Philadelphia.

NEW EDITIONS.

Hastings, Etheridge, & Bliss, of this town, have published the 6th volume of Rollin's Ancient History of the Egyptians, Carthaginians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes and Persians, Macedonians, and Grecians, by Mr. Rollin, late principal of the University of Paris, professor of Eloquence in the Royal College, and Member of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. Translated from the French. Illustrated with Maps. 8vo. pp. 603.

Matthew Carey, Philadelphia, has lately published the following works:—Christian Economy, price 25 cents; Letter Writer, 50 cts; David's Psalms, 37 cts.; Elizabeth, or Exiles of Siberia, 100 cts.; Taciti historiæ libri quinque, 112 cts.; Pablo y Virginia, (Spanish) 100 cts.

WORKS IN PRESS.

Mr. E. W. Kendal has in the press, Travels in Lower and Upper Canada. The work, which will be illustrated with plates, is expected to form one volume, quarto, and will be published in England about the time of its appearance in America.

Matthew Carey, Philadelphia, has in the press, Simson's Algebra; Ladies' Library; Gulliver's Travels, complete, Gay's Fables; Pamela, abridged; and David's Psalms, small.

I. Hoff, Charleston, S. C. is publishing a treatise on Martial Laws and Court Martial, as practiced in the United States of America, by Alexander Macomb, esq. Major in the U. S. Corps of Engineers, late Judge Advocate on several special trials, M. U. S. M. P. S. & C. & C. Recommended by Major General Pinckney and Major Davie. To contain about 400 pages 8vo. fine paper, price 3 dols.

WORKS ANNOUNCED.

Charles Tappan of Portsmouth, N. H. proposes publishing by subscription an essay on military law, and the practice of courts martial, by the Hon. Alexander Fraser Tytler, formerly Judge Advocate of North Britain, and now one of the Judges of the court of Session in Scotland. To be printed in one vol. 8vo, on a new type and fine paper.

Matthew Carey, of Philadelphia, will shortly put to press, an edition of Ferguson's Astronomy.

Proposals have been issued at Bennington, (Vermont) for publishing by subscription, a political work, to be entitled The Hornet, or a Republican Lash for Tories' Backs.—The work to be printed weekly, on paper of a demi size, in 8 pages. Price one dollar per year, payable in advance.

ERRATUM.

In the last Anthology, page 594, title Silva, article *Raphael Meng*, for "daughters" read "sisters."

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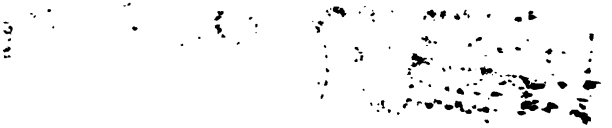

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